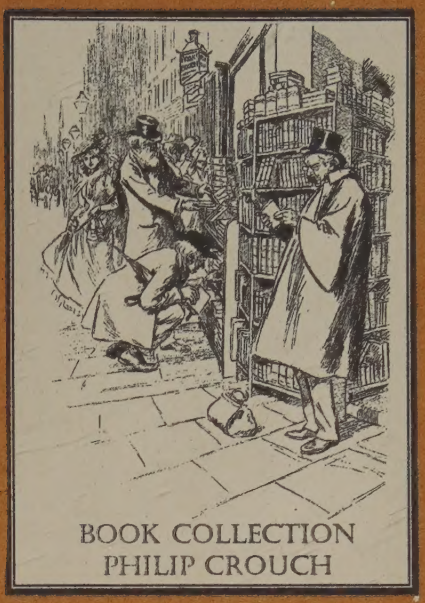
Dapdune Wharf
Guildford Surrey
June 2024

Alfred Buckmill



BOOK COLLECTION
PHILIP CROUCH

PUNCH

Vol. CLXIII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1922.

PUNCH

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ONESOME.

"To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man."

Wordsworth.

A SIMPLE modest flower that blew
Unscathed and careless on the battle-ground . . .
As the June day to evening drew,
Doing my lonely onesome round
Far from the fairway, shaven well
(But not, in my opinion, wide enough),
I mused on "Nature's holy plan,"
Feeling, as WORDSWORTH might, extremely loath
To think what woman has made of man
And golf has made of both—
When lo! I saw a little pimpernel
That dozed upon the rough.

Calm as a babe it slept,
Though many a strange oath, such as rips
From rude and godless lips
Of men whose pellets lie untracked,
Or, being tracked, require a frightful clout
To get them out,
Must here have rent the ambient air.
So innocent the look it wore,
A kindly Power, I told myself, had kept
Its moral tone intact,
And, with its soul, had deigned to spare
Its body too, which else might well have been
Sundered in twain (or more)
Beneath the niblick's devastating blow,
Or with a flying divot left the scene,
Never to be replaced *in statu quo*.

Calm as a babe, I say, it slept,
Although my Susan—seldom known to stray
Outside the pretty
Provided by the Greens Committee—
May possibly on some off-day
Have deviated where the grass grows lusher
And heavily stepped
Upon its features with Her hob-nailed crusher.
If so, it gave no hint,
Resilient flowerlet, of her foot's imprint,
No sign of being trodden flat.
I am not built like that.

It is not thus with this poor worm—
Me, who am, oh! so apt to squirm
Under my lady's trampling boot;
Who lack the spell
Of Nature's soporific balm,
And that indifferent calm
Exhibited by yonder pimpernel;
Who desperately pursue
A heaven I know that I shall never catch,
Being, by some infernal fate,
A golfer of a poor repute,
And so—in Susan's view—
Not worth considering as a mate
For such as She, whose handicap is scratch,
While mine
Has just been raised from 28
To 29.

O. S.

MORE MAXIMS FOR MINXES.

How to get on at the Summer Hotel. The "helpless" stunt.

BE SURE THAT YOUR ARRIVAL IS NOT UNNOTICED.

AN ALLEGED FLY IN THE EYE WHEN PLAYING TENNIS IS A GOOD OPENING.

GO ROUND THE LINKS BY YOURSELF AND EMERGE AT OPPORTUNE MOMENTS FROM THE BUSHES. A CERTAIN RISK IS ATTACHED TO THIS, BUT IT IS WORTH CHANCING.

IT IS EASY TO LOSE YOUR FROCK WHEN BATHING FROM THE ROCKS. TIME IT SO THAT YOU HAVE TO RETURN TO THE HOTEL JUST BEFORE THE DINNER-HOUR.

MORE MAXIMS FOR MINXES.

How to get on at the Summer Hotel. The "helpless" stunt.

A SPRAINED ANKLE IS EFFECTIVE BUT RATHER OBVIOUS. IT SHOULD BE USED ONLY ON THE YOUTHFUL AND CALLOW.

MORE ORIGINAL IS THE CLIFF ADVENTURE. THIS GIVES THE RESCUER A PLEASING SENSE OF HIS OWN GALLANTRY—WHICH HELPS.

GETTING OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE WHILE ADMIRING THE SUNSET IS USEFUL. A LITTLE LOCAL KNOWLEDGE AS TO HIGH-WATER MARK IS ADVISABLE.

IF THE FOREGOING SUGGESTIONS ARE INTELLIGENTLY FOLLOWED, THE SATISFACTORY RESULT DEPICIED ABOVE CAN BE CONFIDENTLY ANTICIPATED.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

9 A.M.

9.15 TO 12.15.

12.15 TO 2 P.M.

2.5 TO 6.

6.30 TO 6.35.

6.35 TO 8.

8 TO 9.45.

10 P.M.

TALL HATS ON THE CRICKET-FIELD.

Jougasse

OF COURSE WE KNOW ALL ABOUT—

THE TALL HATS—

THAT OUR FOREFATHERS—

USED TO WEAR—

ON THE CRICKET-FIELD—

BUT WHAT NO ONE—

SEEMS TO HAVE RECORDED—

IS WHAT—

THE UMPIRE—

THOUGHT ABOUT IT ALL.

Artist (*to garrulous model*). "NOW, JUST TURN THE HEAD A LITTLE AWAY, PLEASE, AND KEEP THE LIPS PRESSED TIGHTLY TOGETHER."

Billsticker. "'OLIDAYS? BLESS YER, SIR, WE DON'T GET NO 'OLIDAYS. THEY GIVES US A FORTNIGHT PUTTIN' UP THESE 'ERE, AN' IT BRACES US UP SOMETHIN' WONDERFUL."

THE STODGELEY-CUM-WODGELEY AGRICULTURAL SHOW. COMMITTEE JUDGING ENTRIES FOR THE SCARECROW PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE LINE OF DEMARCATION. A MARINE BALCONY STUDY.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

SEEING THAT GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER HAD HER BEST CHINAWARE SMASHED—

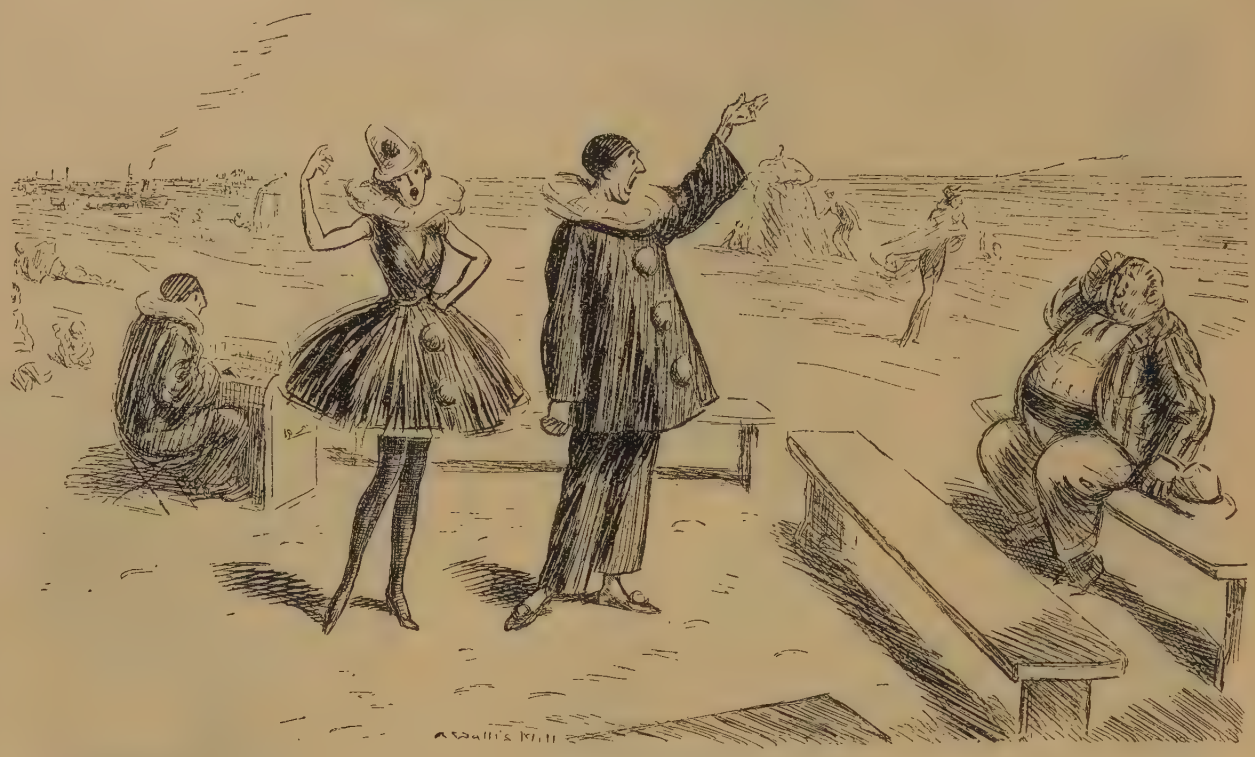
AND GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER COULD *NEVER* GET HER HAIR DONE TO HER LIKING—

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

AND GRANDMOTHER HAD A PERFECT *DEMON* OF A COOK—

WHY WORRY WHEN YOU CAN'T GET SERVANTS AT ALL?

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS OF THE NEW POOR.



"I UNDERSTAND THAT LORD AND LADY X. HAVE BEEN ENTERTAINING A LARGE PARTY AT A WELL-KNOWN WATERING-PLACE."

"THE DUKE OF BROKESHIRE AND HIS FAMILY HAVE DESERTED LONDON THIS SEASON. AGRICULTURAL AFFAIRS ARE OCCUPYING ALL THEIR TIME."

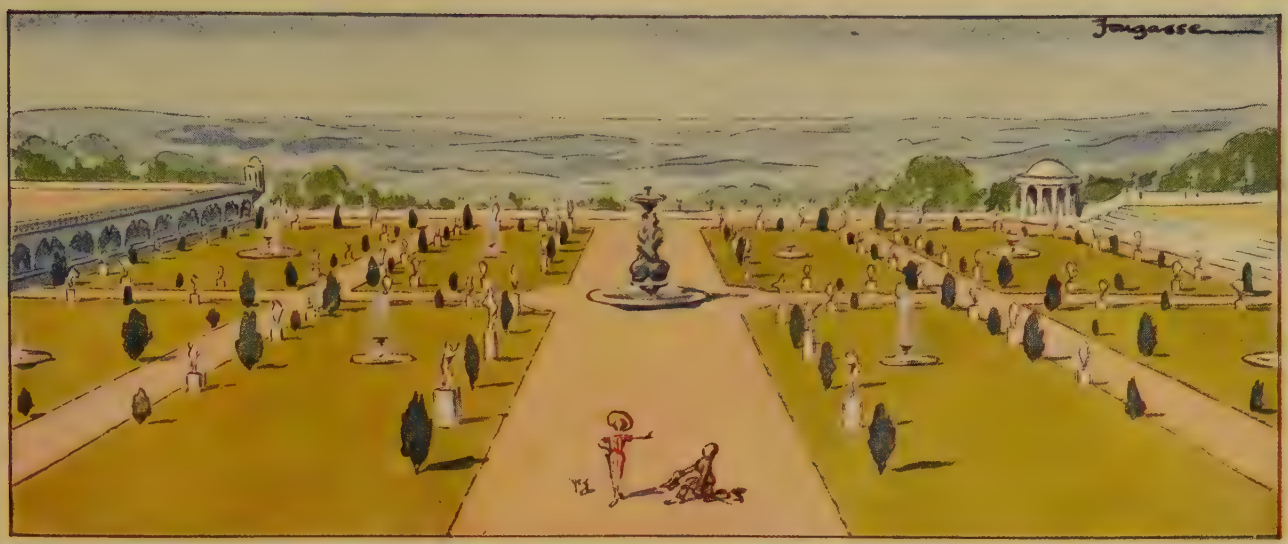
PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS OF THE NEW POOR.

"An engagement is announced between Miss Cora K. Saggs, only daughter of Senator K. Saggs, U.S.A., and the Hon. Robert (Bobbie) Brummell. It is understood that they renewed a former acquaintance in romantic circumstances under the roof of Mr. Blugg, the Sausage King, with whom the Hon. Robert was staying."

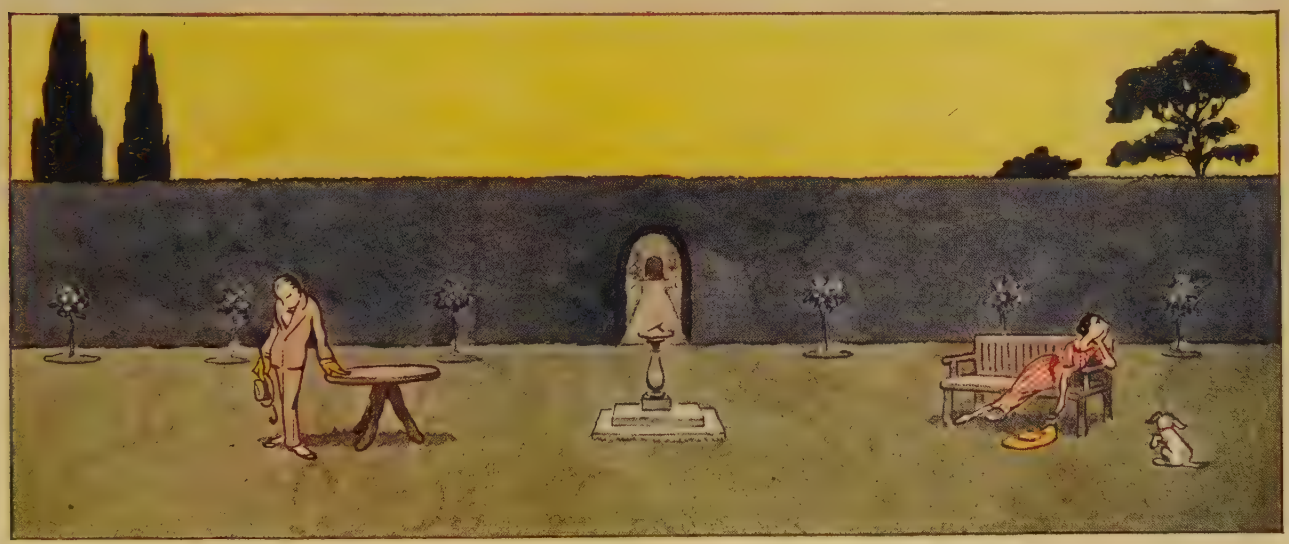
"I caught a glimpse of the Fitzroy twins at the Schwarzheim's reception. They were both in uniform, looking very smart. Simply smothered with orders."

BRIGHTER LONDON

ATMOSPHERE.



IT WAS AMID THE ORDERED STATELINESS OF AN ITALIAN GARDEN THAT THEODORE, IN SUCH FORMAL TERMS AS BEFITTED HIS SURROUNDINGS, FIRST SOUGHT THE HAND OF THE FAIR ISABELLA. ALAS! THE DIGNITY OF HIS SPEECH AVAILED HIM NOTHING.



NEXT IT WAS IN THE CALM OF AN ÓLD ENGLISH GARDEN THAT HE DECLARED HIS DEVOTION WITH A WEALTH OF ROMANTIC SENTIMENT SUITED TO THE SCENERY. POOR YOUTH! THE MAID CARED NAUGHT FOR HIS TENDERNESS.

HOWEVER, SHE FOUND HIM IRRESISTIBLE WHEN STAYING WITH SOME VORTICISTS AT "THE JUNGLE."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE DRAMA.

SUCCESSFUL COSTUME-PLAYS HAVE A MARKED EFFECT UPON FEMININE FASHIONS—

AND, SIMILARLY, A POPULAR DRAMA DEALING WITH, SAY, CHINA, WILL CAUSE CHINESE COSTUMES TO BECOME EQUALLY POPULAR;—

THE INFLUENCE OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET CANNOT BE DENIED,—

AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT SPANISH PLAYS HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR.

HAS THE TIME NOT COME FOR THE OTHER SEX TO REFLECT THE STAGE?

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS.

THIS IS THE AVERAGE FOREIGNER'S IDEA OF A TYPICAL STREET-SCENE IN PARIS—

AND IN LONDON—

AND IN AMSTERDAM—

AND IN MADRID—

AND IN NEW YORK—

WHEN, AS A MATTER OF FACT, OF COURSE A TYPICAL STREET-SCENE IN ANY OF THEM IS VERY MUCH LIKE THIS.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN "BRIGHTER LONDON."

THE SEDAN CHAIR HABIT—FOR OUR SHOPPING CENTRES.

THE LUNCHEON-HOUR BATTLE OF FLOWERS. STOCK EXCHANGE *v.* THE REST.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN "BRIGHTER LONDON."

THE AFTERNOON SIESTA IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

THE AQUATIC CARNIVAL.

THE ACADEMY BRIGHTENS CRICKET.

THE HOPE OF HIS SIDE (*after* SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.).

THE LIGHT ROLLER (*after* A. J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.).

THE ACADEMY BRIGHTENS CRICKET.

COUNTRY HOUSE CRICKET (*after* C. SIMS, R.A.).

THE WILLOW-BEARER (*after* G. CLAUSEN, R.A.).

THE ACADEMY BRIGHTENS CRICKET.

COWS ON THE PITCH (*after* ANNESLEY BROWN, R.A.).

WITH THE M.C.C. IN MOROCCO (*after* FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.).

THE ACADEMY BRIGHTENS CRICKET.

IN A CORNISH PAVILION (*after* H. S. TUKE, R.A.).

THE DEMON BATSMAN (*after* AUGUSTUS JOHN, A.R.A.).

OXFORD UNVISITED.

CAMBRIDGE UNVISITED.

THE ART OF SEEING THINGS.

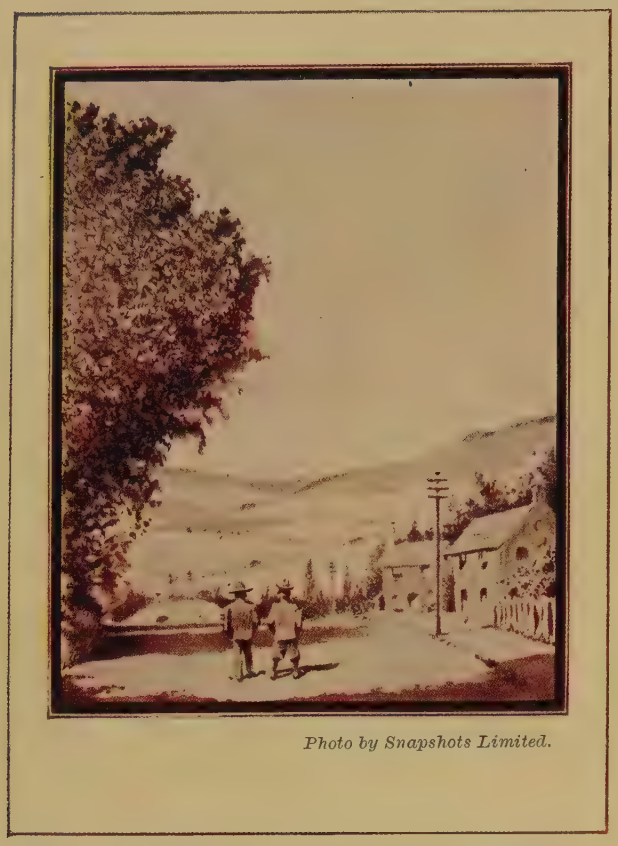


Photo by Snapshots Limited.

WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY, IF TWO ARTISTS LOOK AT A LANDSCAPE SUCH AS THE ABOVE,—

ONE SEES IT LIKE THIS—

AND THE OTHER SEES IT LIKE THIS—

WHEN ALL THE TIME IT'S PERFECTLY PLAIN TO ME THAT WHAT IT REALLY LOOKS LIKE IS THIS.

THE IDLE SHEPHERDESS.

In Arcady a shepherdess, neglectful of her flocks,
Would dance beneath a cypress in the flimsiest of smocks;
Her eyes were blue as gentians and she used them on the shepherds,
While half her lambs were carried off by lynxes and by leopards
As she danced beneath the cypresses and idled with the shepherds.

And Pan's own self he piped for her on merry reeds a-row,
And she danced her bonny hair down and she danced her cheeks aglow,
And she danced her wreath all crooked—down came buttercup and daisy;
In fact, apart from playing, she was lazy, lazy, lazy;
But her little foot fell lightly as a buttercup or daisy.

But Juno of Olympus, a severe and jealous dame,
Saw her dancing, always dancing, like the flickering of a flame,
And she said, "The little baggage, she deserves to get a slapping,
For her hands are always idle and her feet for ever tapping;
Had I time for mundane matters I should see she got a slapping."

As it was, she took a thunderbolt from Zeus's box of tricks,
And sent the pretty shepherdess across the gloomy Styx,
And bade her be with Pluto and work out her own salvation;
"And your hands shall do the tapping in your next reincarnation;
Your fingers, not your feet," said she, "shall be your soul's salvation."

Now, Time he's swept his scythe round and he's twirled his glass about,
And my shepherdess is working of her own salvation out;
Her Arcady forgotten, and the shepherds and the piping,
'Tis her fingers tap the hours by, for, in fact, she's doing typing;
And she's excellent at shorthand, she who once heard Pan a-piping!

Her hands are quick and capable; if still the gentians lurk
'Neath her lashes, scarce you'll see them, for they're always on her work;
And she's highly confidential and self-confident and zealous,
And she hears a hundred secrets she would die before she'd tell us;
For she's very confidential and discreet as she is zealous.

But always, come the Springtime (e'en in Eastcheap come it will),
There's a violet on her table or a yellow daffodil,
And, walking to the office, with the neatest of umbrellas,
Her foot still falls like blossom from the wreaths she wove in Hellas
(Did you ever see a wood-nymph with the neatest of umbrellas?)

But Time he swings his sickle and he twirls his glass, does he,
And, her expiation over, Juno soon may set her free;
Shall we wed her to a marquis with a mansion in the West End,
Who's director of her company? Perhaps 'twould be the best end.
I expect she'd *like* a marquis, with a ball-room in the West End
And a cypress'd lawn in Sussex. Yes, most likely that's the best end.

JOYS OF THE SEA.

The Unhappy One (to friend who has caught a crab). "I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TRY TO BE FUNNY."

Guest. "HOW MUCH FARTHER IS IT TO THIS CURSED HARBOUR OF YOURS?"

GEOGRAPHICAL ECONOMY.

[Our Press Photographer's half-hour at the seaside—and the results. (*The camera cannot lie.*)]

ARRIVAL AT NEAREST SEASIDE PLACE WITH TWO GIRLS AND A VARIETY OF BATHING COSTUMES.

"CHANGE QUICKLY—WE CAN DO THE LOT IN HALF-AN-HOUR."

TWO JOLLY BATHERS LEAVING THEIR TENT FOR A SWIM AT RAMSTAIRS.

"IS IT WARM?" (*Snapped at Brightgate.*)

"I JUST LIVE IN THE WATER." (*A happy snap at Slackpool.*)

"COME IN TOO—IT'S LOVELY!" (*Caught by our photographer at Shrimpton.*)

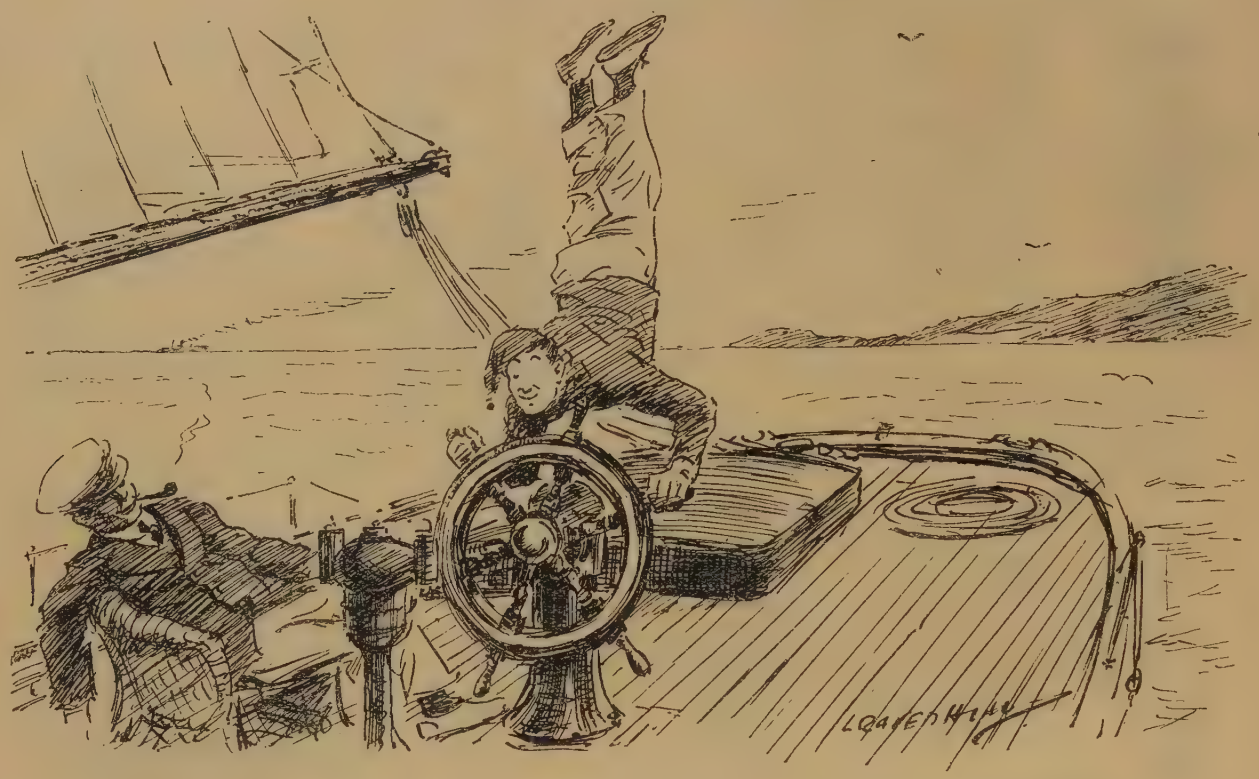
A FROLIC BEFORE THE DIP AT FOLKESTING.

TWO GRACES WHO BRAVE THE WAVES AT BROADGATE.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS WHO LEND A DASH OF COLOUR TO STARMOUTH.

A FEW SHRIMPS ADD ENJOYMENT TO THE BATHE AT POLVIEW.

"DON'T BE AFRAID TO SMILE." (*A taking picture at Winklemouth.*)



"Why shouldn't yachting be brightened? The trick at the wheel has great possibilities."

"One thing abaht bathin', it do level the classes. 'Oo's to say as yer pa there mightn't be a dook, or a bishop, or even a licensed man?"

"I SAY, AUNTIE, YOU 'RE STOPPING THE SEA COMING INTO MY MOAT."

[After the capsize the *Saucy Sally* has been taken into shallow water.]

Old Salt (with the bailer). "WILL YOU PLEASE, SIR, STAND A BIT FURDER OFF, JEST IN CASE WE MIGHT P'R'APS SPLESH YER?"

THE STONE KING.

[Being no more than the synopsis of the First Novel which recently won Messrs. Swiggle and Gugg's £830 prize, containing, it is claimed, more murders with happy endings than any previous work of fiction.]

I.

It all began with Professor Trant's passion for his garden and his fatal jealousy of his neighbour, Crump, a solicitor, I regret to say. Both these men were very fond of flowers; or rather they were very fond of their own flowers. The spectacle of large numbers of daffodils opening their eyes under Crump's tree did not excite in the Professor that disinterested admiration for the beauties of Nature which it would have excited in you and me. On the contrary, it annoyed him very much, and he would immediately purchase a number of tulips (in a box) and place them defiantly, box and all, under his own tree (they had one each).

Day by day they furtively examined each other's possessions across the intervening wall; and all summer the hideous rivalry went on. Not only in the matter of flowers, but in all garden appointments. When the Professor dug a small round pond, four foot square if it was an inch, for the use of goldfish, Crump countered with a water-lily lake, six by five. Trant hired a Virginia-creeper for the summer; Crump started a rockery. And so on.

And then the Professor had a great idea. He would pave his garden with Crazy Pavement, not common stones with dull straight edges, but angular and various, so artistic and original, so Chelsea. Such a thing had never been seen in Lilac Road. The slow-witted Crump would never think of *that*.

Some weeks later, when the Professor was out, two men arrived with two cartloads of heavy stones, of all shapes and sizes, squares and triangles and rhomboids and parallelograms, which they gently laid upon the tulips and the pansies. That would be on the Monday.

On the Wednesday the same men stopped at Crump's door and carefully placed a number of very similar stones on Crump's daffodils and other favourite flowers.

The Professor's blood boiled.

For Crump had had the same idea.

II.

Then in those quiet gardens a dreadful struggle went forward. Neither gentleman had bought enough stones, and those they had were strangely difficult to fit together. Both men worked hard, but the Professor, who understood all about EINSTEIN, was no hand at organisation, while Crump, like so many of these solicitors, had an orderly mind; so, after six weeks' work, a small portion of Crump's garden looked like a mosaic.

"LIKE A MOSAIC."

"LIKE A DEVASTATED AREA."

On the other hand, the whole of Trant's garden looked like a devastated area, in which the Professor could be seen sadly wandering about in search of a small triangle to fill up a space between two of the larger rocks. If he could not find a triangle of the right size he took a large stone and chipped at the edges of it with a chopper. After a little of this it broke into a thousand pieces. Altogether it was a trying time.

Few can see another person doing a jig-saw puzzle without wishing to lend a hand, and kind friends, of whom the Professor had many, used to drop in of an evening and laboriously fit a couple of stones together; but when they had gone he invariably found that the stones they had laid rocked like see-saws when he trod upon them, so he tore his hair and dug them up again.

The insufferable Crump, of course, had no real friends, but he used to issue elaborate invitations to what he called Crazy Pavement parties, at which each guest was given a small section of the garden to operate in and was allowed to carve his name on any stones he successfully fitted together. There was a good deal of heavy drinking at these parties.

Thus at last about half of the Crump estate was covered with stone; but everywhere there were yawning gaps, and, alas, the supply had run out. For a week or two, in a desperate mood, the Professor was tempted to throw over the wall his own by now detestable stones, and bid his neighbour finish the job with them.

This, though it would have spelled defeat, he might indeed have done had he not convicted Crump of a most unworthy device. Gradually, he noticed, Crump's gaps were being filled up—stealthily, in the night-time. And one or two of the new pieces had a vaguely familiar appearance. What was it? Was Crump purloining triangles and rhomboids from his own garden? No, the horror was deeper than that.

Prominent locally was one Smithson, an amateur sculptor, who had been engaged for many years on a gigantic group entitled "The Arming of Achilles." The Professor had seen and criticised this work at every stage

A CRAZY PAVEMENT PARTY.

of its progress, and one day he detected in Crump's garden a stone which at his last inspection of Smithson's group had almost certainly been the left ear of Achilles.

By degrees conviction grew, and at length he had no doubt at all that Crump was steadily completing his pavement with the mutilated limbs of Achilles and his myrmidons.

The Professor's blood boiled again. With the best wish in the world he could scarcely go one better than *that*.

III.

But Fortune favours the brave. And the Professor was a man not easily daunted.

Weeks passed. Crump, with an impudent gesture, had at last finished his pavement by laying down the whole of Achilles' colossal stomach, which covered a vast area. Late that night, sick at heart, the Professor was opening a mysterious package which had arrived from an old friend in the East. Before he had time to remove the sacking with which the object was covered he had occasion to leave the room, and, on returning, he surprised a burglar in the act of removing the parcel. The burglar ran into the street. The Professor ran also, shouting. Outside a policeman was walking. He gave chase. The burglar turned to measure his chances of escape; the sacking fell away from the parcel, and all of a sudden, in the strangest way, the policeman was turned to stone.

The burglar dropped his parcel in alarm, and fled. The Professor cautiously examined the parcel, and hastily covered it with the sacking again. It was as he suspected. *It was the Medusa's Head.*

Taking a cautious look down the deserted street, the Professor hauled the policeman indoors, and, not without some difficulty, laid him flat in the garden in a tricky corner for which he had long been seeking a suitable slab. The deceased constable fitted exactly; and when his left elbow and outlying portions of his feet had been knocked off with a chopper, he presented a walking surface which was every bit as smooth as the rest of the garden.

In the guilty moonlight the Professor shook his fist at the solicitor's window. He was one up on the stomach of Achilles.

IV.

But he was not the man to rest long on his laurels. Heartened by the possibilities of his new tool, he set to work in earnest.

"The Professor hauled the policeman indoors."

The next step was obvious. It was an easy matter to entice Crump over the wall, for he had long been aching to give old Trant advice about his Crazy Paving. Old Trant was waiting for him with the Medusa under one arm; and as his enemy prowled about, shifting the Professor's pet stones with his stick, and being thoroughly unpleasant about them, the Professor longed to petrify him out of hand. But, of course, as long as he was in that characteristic stooping attitude, he would be quite unsuitable for the purposes of the garden.

At last, goaded beyond endurance, the Professor made an insulting reference to Crump's wallflowers, and this had the desired effect. The solicitor raised himself to his full height; there was a brief exposure . . . and Trant was lowering him gently into place beside the policeman. He fitted beautifully; and, though he wobbled rather when trodden upon, a little loose earth packed under the corners soon put that right.

V.

O Ambition, thou perilous jade! It is not every householder in Chelsea who can walk on a solicitor and a policeman in his garden all the days of his life. But even now the Professor was not content. He must needs have a garden that was really *unique*.

For a time, it is true, he contented himself with purely local experiments. Pike, Bosworth-Field, Blink (the New Poet), Naomi Witch and others of the more objectionable characters in the neighbourhood came to help with the paving and stayed to help with it indefinitely. These smaller fry he broke up into fragments, to fill in the interstices about Crump and the constable; and Pike in particular broke up into some delightful little triangles. As Trant quaintly remarked, under his method the principal problem with which murderers are confronted, the disposing of the body, became negligible.

Thus the disappearances of his victims remained mysterious, and the little man might well have continued on his quiet course, weeding out the *personnel* of Chelsea in a manner to which no one could have raised any serious objection.

But, alas, he was not content. A man of strong political prejudices, he had formed a selfish wish to add to his collection the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Concealing the Medusa's Head in a camera specially constructed for the purpose, he set forth in search of his prey.

On his way to the Treasury, however, he forgot his garden and became conscious of artistic yearnings. The spectacle of a bus-queue, beautifully grouped, moved him to a creative effort on a larger scale than anything he had yet attempted. He simply released the shutter of the camera and erected in a moment, on the west side of Whitehall, a noble procession of statuary, in poses natural to the life.

After that, drunk with the holy enthusiasm of Art, the Professor ran amok for a while. First he did an omnibus, and the spectacle of the stone driver sitting at the wheel of a Number 24 was so irresistibly droll that he did several more, till the consequent obstruction of

Helping with the pavement.

the traffic made it desirable for him to move on. At the Horse Guards he was lucky enough to catch the Changing of the Guard, and produced an equestrian

The Petrified Bus Queue.

group which was perhaps the finest piece of work he ever did. In a lighter vein were his "Flower-Sellers at Piccadilly Circus," and "Commissionaire outside the Carlton;" but these also had construction and breadth of design.

By this time consternation reigned in the Metropolis. The streets were deserted, and the Professor bethought him of his original purpose. The Cabinet was sitting, and he marched straight to the great Council Chamber, petrifying anyone who barred his way.

The Chancellor was lying back with his feet on the table, and artistically was not one of the Professor's best compositions. Probably he was conscious of this; or it may have been a fit of merely political pique; at any rate he then deliberately picked out the Liberal Ministers of the Coalition and, in his own phrase, immobilised them one by one. I cannot defend this action.

VI.

No doubt it was then that there came to him that dream of world-dominion which he so nearly realised. With the Tory Prime Minister and his trembling colleagues he quickly made terms. The Liberal Ministers were removed on lorries to Lilac Road by the Ministry of Transport, and Professor Trant began his brief period of dictatorship.

He ruled with an iron, or rather a stone, hand. At first there were revolutions, of course, but these were easily put down, though Whitehall soon became inconveniently crowded with the mutinous mobs of statuary in indignant attitudes which the Professor had created from the Treasury windows.

But Science, ever inventive, discovered in a week or two an antidote to the Medusa's Head. It was found that, if a virgin of eighteen summers looked fixedly at the Professor's victims for a long time, with a sprig of wild thyme in her left hand, they were restored to flesh and blood. For some weeks the nation's virgins were kept busy, gazing with soft eyes at the more important public men, and melting many a heart of stone. Indeed, not a few romances resulted as between the ex-statues and their lovely rescuers; but we have no time to deal with these.

Thus it came about that, except for a few special pieces, such as his "Sir Random Donald, Conducting," which were purchased for the nation by the Chantrey Bequest, the Professor saw his work being gradually undone.

Of course he was a quicker worker than the virgins, and for a while there was a ding-dong struggle over the bodies of one or two publicists. The Editor of *The Daily Tale*, for example, was changed from flesh to stone and back again no fewer than seven times, so that his prose style was never the same again. Meanwhile the popular craze for chipping fragments from the persons of distinguished statues, as mementoes, was having some unfortunate results. The position was becoming intolerable.

Then at last they got him. A movement had been started in the Reform Club to bring back those Liberal Ministers who were then paving the garden of No. 7, Lilac Road, and a special troupe of Free Trade virgins was being trained for the purpose. The Professor was roused. "I will not have my garden spoiled," he said. He further pointed out that most of the said Ministers had been split up into squares and triangles and would probably thank

"Melting a heart of stone."

nobody for reviving them in that condition.

Thus a compromise was reached. The Dictator agreed to surrender if they left his garden alone; and to this day you may see that austere old man pacing in the morning sun, treading meditatively on the Liberal section of the last Coalition Cabinet.

For, of course, the Coalition really did perish then. *The Times* was right after all. A. P. H.

"The Liberal Ministers were removed on lorries."

From a theatre-notice:—

". . . and Miss ——, whom I remember to have seen doing good work in London as a Mrs. Hubbard, who differed from the Old one in that, although she had a great many children, she knew exactly what to do."
Sunday Paper.

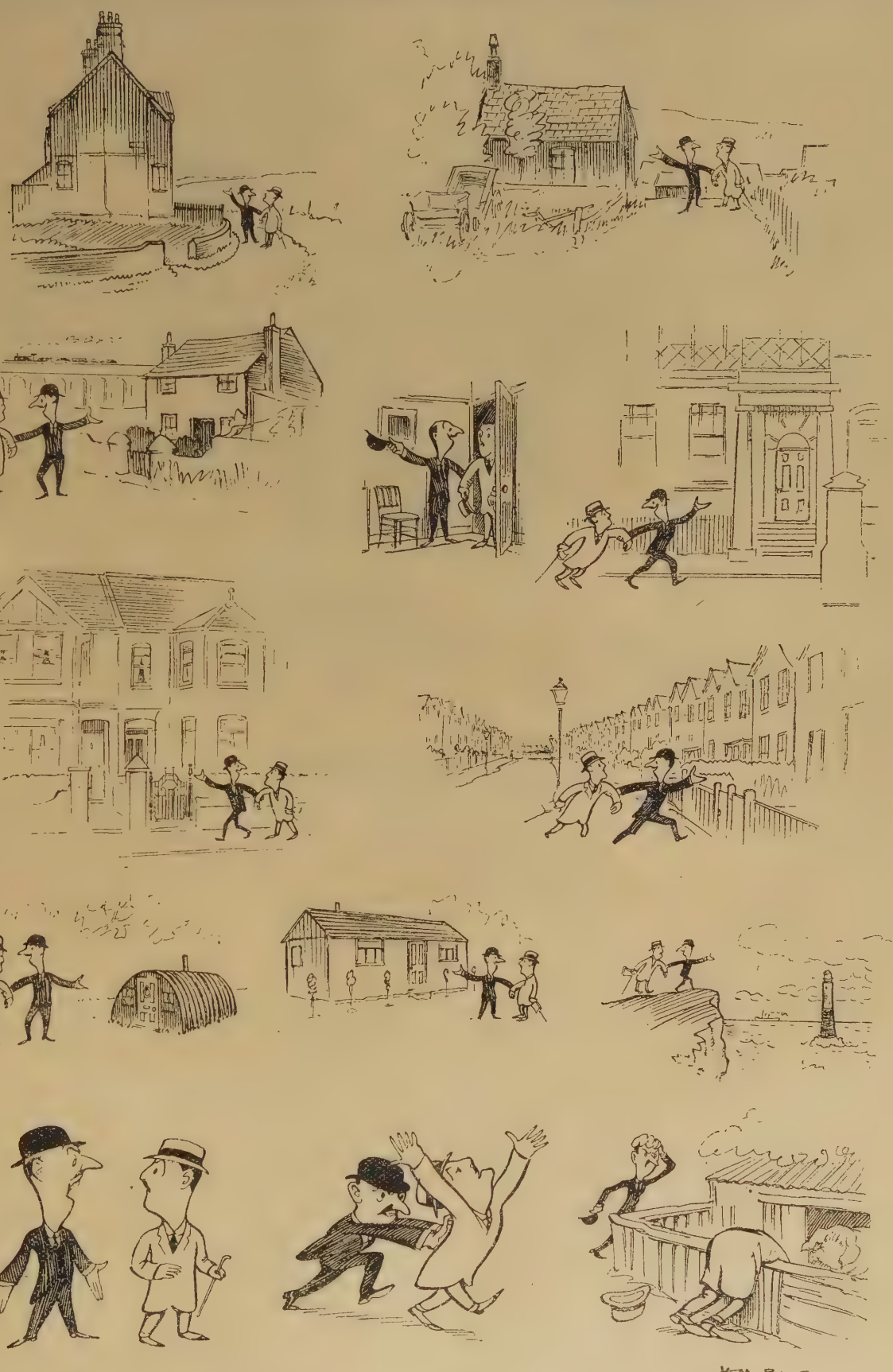
As our nursery *vers libriste* described her:—

Old Mother Hubbard,
Who lived in a shoe;
There came a great spider,
To fetch a pail of water,
And pulled out a plum;
And practice drives me mad.

Joy Rider. "WITH YER NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE ALL THE WEEK IT DOES YER GOOD TO 'AVE A BIT O' PLEASURE ON SUNDAYS."

Mr. Jones (to his wife, who is an indifferent sailor). "I'M AFRAID YOU 'AVEN'T ENJOYED YOURSELF MUCH, MARIA."
Maria. "YES, I 'AVE, FRED, IN ME OWN WAY."

THE HOUSE-HUNTER; OR, THE AGENT WHO DID HIS BEST.



THE HOUSE-HUNTER; OR, THE AGENT WHO DID HIS BEST.

Enthusiastic Visitor (at Stonehenge). "AH, YOU MAY TALK AS YOU LIKE ABOUT MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, BUT THOSE OLD BUILDERS HAD A THOROUGH GRASP OF THE IDEA OF VENTILATION."

THE MILITANT BRANCH OF THE BRIGHTER LONDON LEAGUE MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THE HOUSE OF AN OPPONENT.

A PIOUS HOPE.

PARLIAMENTARY METHODS FOR OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE growth of the interest taken in politics by the younger generation is undoubtedly going to lead to astounding developments in our Public Schools, and it is hardly too much to say that in a few years our higher educational system may be closely modelled on the lines of Question-time in the House of Commons. We offer a few illustrations of the new method.

Asked whether he knew the accusative plural of the word "*mensa*," Roberts minor replied that he had no information on the subject.

In reply to a question as to what reason HENRY VIII. had for divorcing CATHERINE OF ARAGON, Johnson stated that in view of the technical nature of the subject he had appointed a committee to inquire into the matter and report at an early date.

Questioned as to the three large ink splashes on the Fourth Form ceiling, Huggins replied that the whole matter was under consideration and that he hoped to make a statement towards the end of the current term.

On the subject of the Crusades, Mr. Walters, B.A., asked whether it was a fact that artillery was used by RICHARD I. against the Saracens, and if so, to what extent? Brown tertius replied that the answer to the first part of the question was in the negative and that the second part therefore did not arise.

Replying to a question as to whether he knew the meaning of the term "Law of Diminishing Returns," Jones quintus referred his learned friend to the replies given to the same question in the course of the hearing of the Estimates for Pocket-money.

Asked during a discussion on OVID'S *Metamorphoses* whether his attention had been called to the agreement of adjectives with the nouns to which they refer, Gregson replied that he must have notice of that question.

Commercial Candour.

From a hotel advertisement:—

"Having secured additional Buildings, we are in a position to do the Public at Reduced Prices from May till November."

South African Paper.

"The Concert held in the Good Templars' Hall was a great success . . . Special thanks are due to the Vicar's daughter, who laboured the whole evening at the piano, which as usual fell upon her."—*South African Paper.*

We cannot excuse this habit in the piano, though the lady (who seems to have been courageous) may have given it provocation.

"Three whippets, one springer spaniel, two white West Island terriers, a coop of magpies, and a coop of bantams—all valuable pedigree stock by British breeders for American fanciers—formed the live cargo of the White Star liner *Baltic* when she left Liverpool for New York on Saturday."—*Birmingham Paper.*

We trust the pedigree magpies were too well-bred to drop their aitches, as the "West Island terriers" appear to have done.

MORE ARGUMENT FOR "SUMMER-TIME."

["Our Medical Correspondent" in *The Times* has observed that the recent spell of sunless weather was responsible for a general apathy. Discussing the deplorable effects of the withdrawal of the sun's beneficent influence, he writes as follows: "The light falling on our eyes shines, as it were, in every remote cell, being distributed by the nervous system in the form of a multitude of stimulations. . . . As spring advances to summer a higher 'tone' of activity is produced. At such a time fading of the light leaves humanity in much the same position as does disappointment of hope."]

WHY did we suffer from a sick depression
During the latter part of June?
Why did the thought of Duty's daily session
Induce a tendency to swoon?
Why went our women to the Sales of Summer,
And why to Wimbledon, with vacant mind,
Trailing distracted feet, as when a plumber
Has left his tools behind?

I know; for I have read the strange disclosure
Made by *The Times'* Official Doc
(For just three-ha'pence he will diagnose your
Symptoms and tell you why you crock);
When Sol, it seems, who stimulates the system,
Causing a keen desire for making hay,
Ceased his activities, the public missed 'em;
That 's where the trouble lay.

I wondered why, last week, a kind of stupor
Took me and made my cells go wrong;
Why I was disinclined to loop the loop or
Even engage in flights of song;
But now I know; I also guess the reason
Why household flies—a thing not widely known—
Live in retreat throughout the winter season:—
To hide their loss of "tone."

O Mr. SHORTT, now brandishing the Gorgon's
Head with its fatal power to blight,
Pause ere you have the nation's nervous organs
Ruined for lack of warmth and light;
To medical opinion once you ceded;
Shall innocence fare worse with you than crime?
Oh, be your former self and do as he did—
Reprieve our Summer-Time.

O. S.

NEW WIRELESS FOR OLD.

(*Being the complaint of an ex-R.N.V.R. wireless operator addressed in strict confidence to an old colleague of the Auxiliary Patrol.*)

MY DEAR GEORGE,—You must inevitably have read about the remarkable developments that have lately taken place in the science of wireless telephony; how, at a trifling cost, it will very soon be possible by this means to bring both pleasure and intellectual stimulus directly into the homes of the people. A splendid enterprise, one may say, worthy of applause and encouragement. At the same time, George, speaking as one old key-tapper of the antiquated dot-and-dash days to another, I would like to know just what is your own candid opinion of it all.

When you and I were a couple of seafaring characters we suffered not a little from Fate's manifold discourtesies; the pitiless elements made us their plaything. Nevertheless we bore their buffets cheerfully, confident that in the end we should gain our reward. The time will come, we assured each other, when our friends will be proud of us and will eagerly point us out to others. "See that quiet unheroic-looking fellow sitting over there?" they will whisper. "Well, you might not think it, but during the Great War that man was a wireless operator." This, I say, was the kind of modest hope that spurred us to ultimate victory. Now, George, old filibuster, I ask you, how is this forthcoming revelation of the wireless mysteries going to affect our reputations? Where exactly shall we stand in the days to come?

It is useless to blind ourselves to the truth; the wave of scientific progress has swept on, leaving us stranded in its wake. What does the word "wireless" mean to you and me? It recalls brave memories of sea-tossed cabins, of leaking decks, of faintly audible Morse signals which, amid the clatter of whirring windlasses, it was our duty to intercept lest the Fleet and the Empire should perish. But what will it mean to the rising generation? A comfortable armchair and a cigar, half-an-hour with GEORGE ROBEY or a selection by a string quartette. George, old comrade, the glory of our ancient deeds is in danger of being lost in a riot of song and laughter.

Consider the sort of thing we shall have to face. Our children, wearied of the fairy tales broadcast for their amusement, will come to us about bedtime and clamber on our knees. "Tell us, Daddy," they will say, "all about the Great War and what you did in it." And when we proudly tell them that we were wireless operators how will they understand? "Oh, how ripping for you!" they will cry. "Fancy having been able to play such a jolly game when there was a dreadful war on. Do tell us some of the stories they used to broadcast in those days." You see what I mean, George? They won't *understand*, will they?

Even this is not all. You remember that once a simple ignorant deckhand was drafted to our ship and a humourist among the crew told him that if he went down to the wireless cabin he would hear his wife speaking to him from Tyneside. The foolish fellow believed it, and from that moment he never approached our quarters without betraying obvious signs of trepidation. What a joke was this! We chuckled over it for months and told all our friends, so that the fame of it spread from port to port. Since then I have recounted it to scores of people, and without exception they have laughed heartily. But no one will ever laugh at it again, except perhaps out of courtesy, for it is no longer ridiculously funny to think of a man far out on the North Sea going in constant fear of a scolding from his wife in South Shields. The thing might reasonably happen at any moment.

I suppose we must bow to the inevitable. Once, in our unassuming way, we fancied ourselves to be candidates for the laurels of fame, you and I; we were experts after a fashion in a dignified and vital branch of naval warfare. Now we might as well confess to having worked a gramophone in the wardroom of a shore depôt. I am afraid, old sea-dog, that in the time to come we must be content to hide our headlights under a bushel.

Your affectionate shipmate, REGINALD.

"Representatives of every synagogue and Jewish institution in the c£it£y contributed to the presentation."—*Provincial Paper.*

Even the printer seems to have made his little offering.

"The theories put forward that gold and treasure has been discovered are mere phantoms of the magmalion."—*Welsh Paper.*

This monster is, of course, extinct, and only occurs to-day in the form of a phantom.

From an article entitled "Harding on War Songs":—

"'Again,' says the President, 'the Spanish-American War set us all singing "There 's (hic) a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night."'"
American Paper.

Of course that was before Prohibition.

LAW AND DISORDER.

MR. TAFT. "WELL, SIR, I CARRY AWAY A VERY FAVOURABLE IMPRESSION OF JUDICIAL PROCEDURE ON THIS SIDE."

THE LORD CHANCELLOR. "PITY YOU MISSED THE FOUR COURTS."

FOR THIS RELIEF . . .

AT LAST WE CAN USE THE NEW HOSE WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

A "RAG."

IN the town of Caxburgh there dwelt a man, whose name I do not know; but his name, like the rest of him, was of no importance. Let him answer to "Hi," like the gentleman in *The Snark*. Now this Hi had no money and no work; in fact he was a thoroughly low fellow. And one day his sense of the unfitness of things so worked upon his mind that he rose up in a public place and made a speech about it.

In the course of his address he uttered certain opinions of a revolutionary nature, but mildly enough, for he was a mild little man; so mild that no one in the audience treated his remarks with any seriousness. In fact they laughed. Nor would the police have taken him seriously if he had not chosen to deliver his address in a place in which it was not customary to deliver revolutionary addresses. He delivered it in an open space off the public highway where the statue of a benevolent mayor had been erected; and this space was so small that the audience which gathered to laugh at the ridiculous little man overflowed on to the public highway and obstructed the traffic, seriously delaying the progress of a municipal tram.

Now in this country, quite rightly, it is one thing to preach revolution in a mild way, but it is quite another thing to obstruct a municipal tram. Mr. Hi was arrested. In the course of the police-court proceedings it came out that he had been preaching revolution; and though the fair-minded constable added that his audience had treated him as a joke the magistrate remarked, very properly, that in these times revolution was no joke, and no man must speak lightly of it, especially if in so doing he hindered his fellow-citizens in the exercise of their common liberties. And he was compelled to treat Mr. Hi a little more seriously than Mr. Hi's audience had treated him. Mr. Hi raised no objection, for he was a mild man and knew that he had done wrong.

Now in this town there was a university for the sons of gentlemen. And in it there was one whom we will call ffoulkes FitzEustace, for want of a worse name. And one day, as he sat in the barber's shop, idly turning over an old local paper, his eye caught the account of Mr. Hi's trial. It caught the words "revolution" and "joke," and in his fertile brain there sprang and burgeoned an idea. The end of his last term was but a few days distant and time hung heavy on his hands; for FitzEustace was not "seeking honours," and honours of no kind had been thrust upon him.

But at least he could "go down" in a blaze of glory. And he conceived with rapture the majestic notion of a Mock Revolution.

So it came to pass that when Mr. Hi emerged from the common prison, chastened and repentant, but not less low than before, he beheld in the public streets a strange thing. A large body of high-spirited young gentlemen were marching in procession, headed by FitzEustace and a mock Soviet, in false black beards and extraordinary costumes. They carried banners, on which were blazoned, but, of course, in fun, sentiments of the most appallingly subversive character. They also carried mock revolvers with card-board barrels, which they flourished at the spectators as they passed; and these weapons in the most laughable fashion squirted a stream of water into the faces of the citizens.

Some of the students had mock

knouts, and even mock bombs composed largely of decaying cabbage, and these, when flung among the crowd with mock ferocity, caused intense amusement. None laughed so heartily as Mr. Hi, who received the full force of an unusually decayed bomb in his face.

Thus the light-hearted young gentlemen marched in triumph round the town. A few policemen had early attached themselves to the procession, but, seeing the fun of the thing and indeed being powerless to do anything else, contented themselves with marching in front, in order to see that the procession was not obstructed. For this, of course, would have obstructed the traffic. Readily enough the carts and motor-cars drew into the kerb and halted to let the jolly boys go by. And how the owners of the cars laughed as one after another the students blew their horns for them or playfully banged them on the head with bladders! It was a gay scene.

Mr. Hi followed with large numbers of the mere townsfolk; and at length the Soviet reached the little space where he had made his famous speech. And here, for he was by now tired of walking, the gay and ingenious FitzEustace decided that he would hold an Extraordinary Commission for the Punishment of Counter-Revolutionaries. Mounting the steps of the late mayor, whose person they decorated with stray fragments of cabbage and old newspapers, the Soviet proceeded to try, and condemn to hideous deaths, a number of undergraduates suspected of reactionary tendencies.

This was extremely entertaining, and a vast and hilarious crowd filled the street, through which the police with difficulty forced a passage for the municipal trams. All other vehicles were diverted to a different route, that none of the merry-makers might be injured.

Thus all went well; but at last, ever ready for fresh diversion, FitzEustace beheld one of the municipal trams, half-full of citizens and inextricably bogged in the crowd before him; and it became clear to him that the tram was a nest of counter-revolutionaries. At his command the fearless youths, in the most gentlemanly manner conceivable, boarded the tram and proceeded to eject the occupants. It was through a pure misunderstanding that the conductor's roll of tickets was distributed among the crowd, and it was by the merest accident that the hat of the conductor was transferred to the head of the late mayor. The conductor was a good fellow and saw the joke immediately.

But now it seemed to the police that the joke, though side-splitting, had continued long enough; so they ejected the students from the tram and desired FitzEustace to desist from his operations. To this he replied with witty prevarications, after which a constable gently but firmly laid a hand upon his shoulder, suggesting at the same time that he should descend from his post of vantage. FitzEustace then uttered a valiant cry of "Comrades! to the rescue!" Thereupon a great number of chivalrous youths, and not a few of the mere townsfolk, rushed to his rescue. Among these last was the mild-mannered Mr. Hi. He had no peculiar love for FitzEustace, but he was a romantic, and he had reasons for believing that policemen were generally in the wrong.

At this moment there was a cry from one of the undergraduates, announcing the approach of the Proctors, or those responsible for the discipline of the young gentlemen. And at that cry the audacious boys rapidly withdrew in all directions.

Thus the Proctors on their arrival found a harassed constable, holding in one hand the gay and generous FitzEustace, and in the other the unspeakable Hi, who had been immediately recognised and seized as a rowdy already known to the police.

FitzEustace was delivered over to the Proctors for disciplinary treatment by the University authorities. He was, of course, "sent down" with ignominy, thus losing the last three days of his last term. But he went down, like the sun, in a blaze of glory.

And Mr. Hi, in the common prison, pondered deeply the mysteries of life.

A. P. H.

Aunt. "YOU'VE BEEN A VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL TO-DAY, PAMELA."
Pamela. "WELL, YOU SHOULDN'T COME ON A MONDAY; THAT'S MY BAD DAY."

THE TWELVE COURTS.

NEW WIMBLEDON, with its imposing Centre Court and eleven others, is so much bigger than the old that one marvels how the tournament used to be managed at all. And if the modern fashion of intensive enthusiasm for lawn-tennis goes on growing I suppose we shall soon be wondering how the present accommodation could ever have been thought adequate. For lawn tennis is becoming more than a cult, it will soon be a frenzy. I am told that no parlour-maid's luggage is complete to-day without a racquet, while even the new cook, despite her bulk, inquires pointedly, before agreeing to come, if the court is hard or soft, and behaves accordingly. She will soon be asking if the lawn was sown or, like that at the New Wimbledon, consists of turf brought from Solway Firth. Isn't that an extraordinary refinement—that one must go all the way to Solway Firth for the only fitting carpet on which the champions can meet?

The turf of the South Downs was once thought good enough for anyone; but to-day Solway Firth holds sway. Next year it may be Iceland Moss!

The sheep from whose little insides the racquet strings are made graze also on the edges of this Border estuary, for all I know; and no others need apply. It seems to narrow down the game.

And the nets—where do they come from? One leaves the New Wimbledon, after a visit to every one of the Twelve Courts, with a heart aching for the poor nets. No doubt they bring some of the punishment on themselves by springing into the air just as the first service is being delivered (you have seen it yourself when playing?), but, even so, one has to pity them, their punishment is so heavy. And, if at New Wimbledon, what about the nets everywhere else?

The tennis nets of England
Wherever people play
Have got a most annoying trick
Of getting in the way.

The tennis nets of England—
Oh, how for them we grieve,
So banged about by balls are they
From dawn to dewy eve.

One of the attractions of the New Wimbledon Centre Court stand—in addition to the circumstance that it holds a great many people—is that its outside passages on the north side command an embracive view of the other eleven courts. Thus you may see at once any number of players, from twenty-two upwards, all engaged in this mimic warfare at once. It is not a sight for sore eyes. It is too bewildering. The air is thick with flying balls, the earth is a mass of people surrounding white scurrying figures. What the Olympians must think of it all, peering through the chinks of their celestial fastness, one can only conjecture. The nearest thing to an Olympian was the aviator who on Tuesday thought it clever to make circles over the ground while Mr. CRAWLEY was doing his best to overcome French competition. But it would be interesting too to observe the face of a Patagonian unversed in the intricacies of our civilization if he were suddenly to be set in the midst of this turmoil of balls, and racquets, and spectators, and umpires of both sexes high on their perches. What could he make of it all? Would he think it frivolity, or ritual?

Old Party (as Miss Jipps, who affects the Lenglen bandeau, passes). "THIS 'ERE TENNIS GAME SEEMS TO BE GETTIN' DANGEROUS. THAT'S THE SECOND YOUNG PERSON I'VE SEEN TO-DAY WITH 'ER 'EAD ORL BANDAGED UP."

If he had any knowledge of English churches he might be forgiven for thinking it ritual, because at church the congregation numbers so many more women than men. At New Wimbledon on Friday, when the magnetic if temperamental SUZANNE met Miss MCKANE, the women in the congregation were at least ten to every man, and probably more. Lawn tennis is the only game which women go to see alone or with women. There are a few women at every cricket match, and a few at every football match; but never unaccompanied by a man. Lawn tennis, however, they follow for lawn tennis's sake, with a keenness that could not be excelled by the devotee of any rival pastime.

Strange are the vagaries of English applause everywhere, but at New Wimbledon strangest. Rather than not applaud at all, the congregation clap their hands when the men spread the green tarpaulin over the turf and applaud the sun when he comes out again and the tarpaulin is removed. When M. COCHET won his match against Mr. CRAWLEY—one of the finest struggles I ever saw, for at one time the score in Mr. CRAWLEY's favour was two sets, five games and a winning stroke to make; and yet the little Frenchman beat him—when M. COCHET left the court at the close there were a few hands for him, but when Mr. CRAWLEY left there was what is called an ovation. Sympathy with the loser, praise for a gallant fighter, no doubt helped to swell the volume; but one would have liked the foreigner, who had fought no less gallantly and had won his first match on this ground, to have had at least equal recognition. I am all for cheering the loser, but when he has been beaten as notably and cleanly as Mr. CRAWLEY was I would give the winner something extra.

The applause was even more partial and, to my thinking, less sporting when Miss MCKANE was playing Mdlle. LENGLEN, for it was so pronounced in the Englishwoman's favour that her opponent might easily have been rattled into losing, and that isn't quite the way in which we want to win. And there was a curious incident in the match between that agile and alert Spaniard, Señor ALONSO and Mr. BISSEKER, the Englishman, in Court 3. Mr. BISSEKER had driven a ball far back and beaten the Iberian Hope (as he was then!) and linesmen being provided only in the Centre Court matches there was no one but Señor ALONSO himself to inform the referee whether or not this ball was in or out. Señor ALONSO at once told him. "It was all right," he said; "on the line." And thereupon one's ears were humiliated by a round of applause, not for Mr. BISSEKER's excellent stroke, for the time for that had passed, but for the adversary's honesty! Good Heavens! one thought, what can this gentleman from the land of *Don Quixote* think of our ordinary manners and morality if such a premium is to be put on a simple statement of fact?

Alas for ALONSO, that spirited son of Spain! Seeing him on Tuesday against Mr. BISSEKER and remembering his last year's courtly contest with Mr. SCHIMIDZU of Japan, when they competed

THE PRICE OF EFFICIENCY.

IN THE DAYS WHEN LAWN TENNIS—

WAS ONLY A GAME—

SERVING USED TO BE REALLY—

QUITE—

GOOD—

FUN.

BUT NOW—

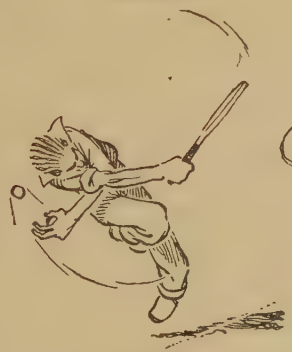
THAT—

IT'S—

BECOME—

A SERIOUS BUSINESS—

OF COURSE—



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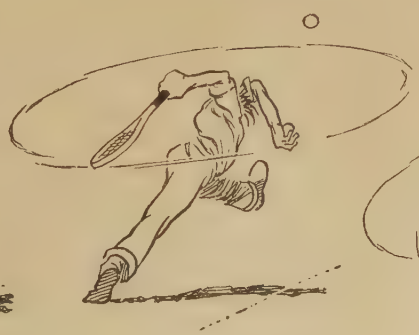

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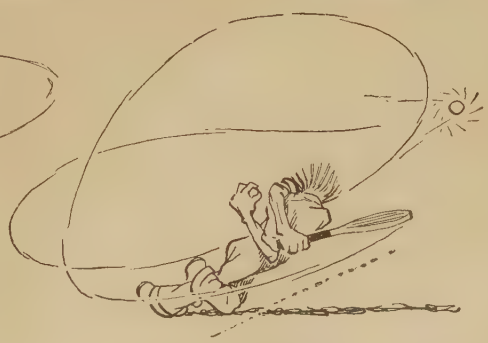


DIFFERENT.

not only in lawn tennis but in punctilio, I came away full of confidence that I should see him again and again, if not in the actual final. But New Wimbledon, as well as Oxford, is a home of lost causes and impossible loyalties; anything may happen there; and on Wednesday he met M. BRUGNON of France and was beaten. Lawn tennis has very little in common with cricket; but it is borrowing this year some of the glorious uncertainty of the older game. For Mr. NORTON went down too, also on Wednesday, and Mr. NORTON was the fancy of so many of the knowing ones.

After watching more games than I can count—games with gentlemen from all over the world—I find myself more than ever in favour of Sir OLIVER LODGE'S contention that the free fault should be eliminated. On just ordinary lawns and even in clubs let the old custom of two services be maintained, if it is so greatly desired, but in the tournament at New Wimbledon, the home of the first-class game, let the service be limited to one. The privation would impose accuracy, and there is no harm in that. Or, if it is too drastic at once to remove the free first fault (yet the day for this will surely come), might not some system of scoring in tournament matches be instituted by which the player who sent down the fewest faults derived some benefit from it? I am no expert, but that seems to me a reasonable and feasible notion.

Probably this innovation would be sternly resisted. But one other which I am convinced ought to be introduced should meet with little opposition, and that is the disqualification of those infrequent balls which during play hit the tape and just trickle over. To gain anything from this piece of luck is, judging by his apologetic murmurs and pained expression, as distasteful to the striker as it is a disappointment to the other man to lose from it; and nothing so provokes that shocked murmur which is known as the Centre Court groan.

E. V. L.

Our Ungallant Contemporaries.

"Absolutely foolproof. Ideal Ladies' Car."
Advt. in Motoring Paper.

EARLY EFFORTS.

THERE has been a correspondence in *The Times*—yes, there has really—about Juvenilia. Mr. EDMUND GOSSE is alarmed by the proposal to print a hitherto unpublished play by STEVENSON, called *Monmouth*. "The whole question," he says, "of emptying the nursery wastepaper-basket of eminent authors into the public press is one which more and more loudly calls for decision." Many critics, however, disagree with Mr. GOSSE. Finding myself in agreement with these, I have been at great pains to unearth some infantile fragments from the rubbish heaps where they lie. My first treasure is an early essay by none other than Mr. GEORGE MOORE. It was written, apparently, when he was a very young man, as a contribution to a now extinct periodical called *Pelt and Plume*, but was rejected by the editor for I know not what cause. Students of style will notice that Mr. MOORE'S diction was just a little looser, just a little more Hibernian, in those forgotten days. We quote the entire article:—

SOME CONIES AND I.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

Myself at nine years old, standing in a small garden plot and holding a bunch of dried lettuce leaves in my hand, is a far better symbol of innocence than the young girl that a painter would place by a marble fountain with a greyhound at her heels; and it has never ceased to amaze me in looking back at my past life that for one year, at any rate, I was interested mainly in rabbits.

"But why was no portrait of me made?" I murmured almost angrily as I stood in front of a looking-glass one evening last week and finished the ends of my white bow for Cremorne. LANDSEER might have done it, or MILLAIS, but never ROSSETTI. And I should have worn, I thought, a lace collar, over which my yellow curls would have fallen, and a green velvet knickerbocker suit.

At once I fell to thinking of myself as I was at that period, and to wondering what I would have become and how people would have regarded me if I had continued to devote myself to that old fancy of mine. There is little doubt, I suppose, that I should have been one of the great exhibitors of lop-ears and other varieties in the whole world, and I could see myself taking a silver cup from the hands of some royal personage at the Agricultural Hall, a very different place indeed from the Argyll Rooms, and making a pretty speech in reply—yes, this almost certainly would have happened to me if I had not been faithless to my early love.

It was a friendship for X. which first led me to cultivate this kind of pet, and greatly did I admire the two large fawn-coloured animals that he was allowed to keep in a green hutch with two compartments, at the back of his father's house in Addison Road. My own first rabbit was Dutch, a piebald thing with full flower-like eyes and straight ears, one of which drooped a little—the right, I think, but there is a lapse of memory here—and an exquisite sensitive grace in the movement of the nostrils and mouth. It was a solitary rabbit, and I called it Abelard, for the reason that I had always been touched to tears by the story of this Churchman, of whom I had somehow or other heard in the days before I stopped reading, when I used to drift about in a boat amongst the islands that were in Lough Carra and all alone except for a volume of BALZAC or *The Bible* or *The Sporting Times*.

I have some recollection that X.

The Mistress. "THE MASTER HAS BEEN COMPLAINING VERY MUCH OF THE COOKING LATELY, JANE."
The Cook. "WELL, WILL *YOU* ARGUE WITH 'IM, OR SHALL I?"

ALTRUISM AT THE SALES.

ACCORDING TO ALL ACCOUNTS A NEW SPIRIT OF COURTESY HAS MANIFESTED ITSELF.

laughed at my attachment to Abelard, saying that the Dutch was not my type, as was indeed true, though I did not know it at the time; but I used to defend him hotly, and many long arguments we would have about the relative silkiness and straightness from the knee and the colours of our favourites and the great appetites they had. Abelard used to eat oats mixed in a small tinware pannikin with the offal of wheat that is called sharps, and was allowed no green food at all unless it had been kept and dried for a whole day, and then it must be hogweed, which I used to nibble a little in sympathy, and now and again perhaps there would be some lettuce for him. But on Saturday afternoons he was allowed to come out of his hutch—it had been painted a bright scarlet by X. and myself with a pot of enamel—and at these times he would run about on the fresh grass while I cleaned out his cage with an old scrubbing-brush, an occupation that always gave me infinite delight.

"He is not as good a rabbit as mine, *votre lapin*," X. would say in the haughty manner which I tried hard to imitate, and speaking with the faultless Parisian accent that I admired. "*Il est trop maigre.*" And there is not a doubt that even at this time Abelard was much thinner than Raphael and Alice, which were X.'s pair. One day, when we were at the Addison Road house and had been looking at these and were throwing a ball about to pass the time before it should be tea, X. broke a pane of glass in the small conservatory behind the house and was in great fear of the consequences, but I said that I would not tell anyone if he gave Raphael and Alice to me. This at first he would not do, but later from fear of betrayal he let me take the two lop-ears, so that I now had three rabbits of my own.

I was glad that X.'s rabbits had come to me, for I felt that he had not the sensitive mind that could appreciate them, and, though he was almost my only friend, he now became distasteful to me, and I was pleased when he had whooping-cough and was taken away by his parents to Eastbourne and afterwards to Blackheath. I never saw him again until, a few weeks ago, we met at Cremorne, and he then had with him Lola Taylor, whom I afterwards kissed behind the rep curtain of a little house in Bayswater, though X. believed that she was always faithful to him alone.

I now saw that the droop-eared fawn rabbits were the kind that I had always sought and the true reciprocation of my instincts, and I gave them all my affection, meditating on the suavity of their contours, and not caring much any longer about the black, which after a time I forgot to feed, so that it died. But the new rabbits, whom I called Manet and Monet, had bran at every meal, and would doubtless have lived to bring forth many broods of young if I had not been given an air-gun on my tenth birthday, and, wishing to try it, turned to the nearest living target that I was able to find. EVOE.

The Sowing of Dragons' Teeth.

"SEEDS! PLANTS! SEEDS!

Military russet brown Ammunition Boots suitable for British Regts., Cavalry and Artillery."—*Indian Paper.*

THE MARMAMOOCHY.

SCENE.—*A side street. A well-spoken man in a snuff-coloured suit occupies the centre of the road. Punctuating his remarks impressively with a serrated cake-knife on a dingy aluminium tray, he addresses a group of small children.*

The Well-Spoken Man. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am about to present to you the most extraordinary living phenomenon in existence—the marvellous little Marmamoochy. (*Here the group is joined by a Person of Open Mind.*) This is the very last occasion on which I am able to exhibit the Marmamoochy in London, Ladies and Gentlemen (*the audience increases, but, although now chiefly adults, is still entitled only by courtesy to this form of address*), as she is leaving to-night by the midnight express to fulfil an important engagement in the North. And I will undertake to say that, when you have seen her, you will admit that she surpasses anything you could possibly have imagined. (*The Open-Minded Person is impressed, the speaker's tone being that of a man who is quietly confident of his ability to deliver the goods.*) At present she is resting in there (*he indicates something between a small portmanteau and a large attaché-case near his feet*). Before I introduce the wonderful Marmamoochy—(*here he breaks off to rescue the case from under the wheels of a passing van. The Phenomenon's narrow escape is witnessed by the crowd without emotion, while it excites a thrill of anxiety and relief in the* O.M.P.)—before I introduce her perhaps I had better prepare you for peculiarities that might otherwise cause some alarm. She is seven to eight inches in height, coal-black, and, though possessing no less than five eyes, is yet, strange to say, totally blind. (*This confirms the* O.M.P.*'s impression that the Marmamoochy is well worth waiting for.*) First, I shall require a lad—not too young—to assist me. I'll take *you.* (*He lays hold of a youth with a head like an apple dumpling and puts him through a preliminary examination*). Fourteen, are you? Go to school?

The Apple Dumpling. Na-ow.

The W.S.M. Do any work?

The A.D. Na-ow.

The W.S.M. Do you reside in this locality?

The A.D. Na-ow.

The W.S.M. Then where *do* you live?

The A.D. Two streets off o' this 'ere.

The W.S.M. Anyway, *I* don't know *you,* and *you* don't know *me*?

The A. D. Na-ow.

The W.S.M. Very well, take this tray—not like that—hold it in both hands—level; that's better (*producing nine metal rings, which he places on the tray in a pattern*). Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, in another moment or two you will see the marvellous little Marmamoochy come out of that box, jump on this tray and swallow all those nine rings in rapid succession, after which she will dance for exactly two and a-half minutes and no longer, owing to the heat of the sun's rays. (*Even this is rather more than the* O.M.P. *would have expected after all those rings, and, for the moment, his faith falters. Still, "there are more things," etc., and one never knows.*) Tell me, Johnny, you're not feeling *afraid* of the Marmamoochy, are you?

The A.D. Na-ow (*and, as he seems about as susceptible to the terror of the Unknown as an average turnip, the O.M.P. is inclined to believe him.*)

The W.S.M. All right; but promise me to shut both eyes when she appears. Or, perhaps I'd better cover you up. (*He veils the* A.D. *in a large green handkerchief.*) Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now time—— Stop! What are those two little girls doing here? You run off home, do you hear! (*A Sympathetic Onlooker hastens their departure; the* O.M.P. *wonders whether there can possibly be anything about the Marmamoochy's dance that—but it soon occurs to him that her* entrepreneur *has reflected, tardily but very properly, that such a* lusus naturæ *is scarcely a suitable sight for eyes so young.*) Now, Ladies and Gentlemen—— But what's coming to me? I'd nearly forgotten to prepare the stage for the Marmamoochy to dance on! (*He arranges two slips of cardboard on the tray in a manner that strikes the* O.M.P. *as likely to limit any freedom of action. But, after all, the Man must know best.*) Before I commence, these may be of use to some of you. (*He tosses memorandum-books and lead-pencils to the spectators, apparently that they may take careful notes of the Marmamoochy's peculiarities; the* O.M.P., *however, has to rely on his powers of observation, which are fortunately keen.*) Wait! I'll do more for you than that! (*taking the tray from the youth, who retires into obscurity, and flinging among the crowd the rings provided for the Marmamoochy's refreshment. This is something of a shock to the* O.M.P., *but it has already occurred to him that her exhibitor has a slight tendency to exaggerate. Very likely the Marmamoochy is less richly endowed with eyes than he has stated, and would never have swallowed those rings. She may even prove incompetent as a* danseuse. *What does that matter so long as she appears? But at this point—*)

The Sympathetic Onlooker (suddenly coming forward and seizing the attaché-case). Now, *I'm* going to show you people somethink! (*opening the case, which contains a quantity of small leather jewel-cases, a pair of field-glasses, etc., and can have been no bed of roses for any Marmamoochy; all these articles he piles on the tray, held by the W.S.M., who has now sunk to the position of a subordinate.*) What did I give you last?

The W.S.M. (*with deference*). A gold watch, Sir.

The S.O. Right! A gold watch, Gentlemen, by one of the first London makers, jewelled in five holes. Look 'ere! Is there any man among yer who will show serficient pluck and confidence in me to orfer me a penny for that watch? Come *on,* now!

[*The crowd responds, seemingly oblivious of any disappointment they may feel in the non-appearance of the Marmamoochy, whose performance, as the* O.M.P. *realises, is indefinitely postponed. Indeed, as he leaves, he is haunted by a growing suspicion that this mysterious creature is merely a figment of her exhibitor's imagination. Which may quite possibly be the case.*

F. A.

From two *Pall Mall Gazette* posters exhibited side by side:

GREAT SCENES AT WIMBLEDON.	FOUR COURTS BLOWN UP.

From *Parliamentary Debates,* June 26th, Question 58:—

". . . Whether the British or Iraq Governments will endeavour to arrange for the repatriation of these refugees to their original homes, and will meanwhile provide sufficient assistance to prevent them from starving through the agency of Dr. Nansen?"

And we had always regarded Dr. NANSEN as a philanthropist.

"A Scandinavian fisherman recently gave a well-known English golfer a bag of 250 golf balls that he had collected off the coast of Jutland, and in all cases they were British-made balls. It is thought that these balls were played at Seaford and North Berwick, at the time the prevailing winds were westerly. The balls were blown out to sea, and curious cross-currents washed them over to the Danish coast."—*North-Country Paper.*

It sounds a tallish story; but when a fisherman and a golfer get together what can you expect?

Diner (to complete stranger). "I HOPE YOU'VE NO OBJECTION TO MY EATING WHILE YOU SMOKE?"
Complete Stranger. "I DON'T MIND WHAT YOU DO SO LONG AS I CAN HEAR THE MUSIC."

CRICKET REQUISITES.

THERE have been numerous and repeated complaints that the sports outfitters who cater so profusely for the mere player ignore the requirements of the greatly predominant spectator. Mr. Punch has lately made it his business to rectify this, and already some of the contrivances produced at his instigation are on the market. A few particulars of these are subjoined, together with representative selections from the entirely unsolicited testimonials that continue to pour in by every post:—

THE BARRACKOPHONE is a development of the gramophone in an easily portable form, which, by the adjustment of a dial, will repeat any one of a set of phrases, such as "Play the Game!" or "Good Old Bill!" at regular intervals for any length of time; and the special megaphone attachment can be regulated to emit either a resonant bass or a penetrating falsetto as desired. The instrument is fitted with clamps which enable it, while still operating in his absence, to retain the spectator's seat for him should he adjourn for refreshment.

"*Ringside*" writes: "Thanks to your wonderful invention I am now quite free from the hoarseness from which I have always hitherto suffered in the cricket season. After my first day's trial of the Barrackophone I returned home so fresh that my wife thought I had found work."

THE UMPIROSCOPE is an ingenious elbow-jointed arrangement of mirrors and lenses on the periscope principle, which enables a spectator in any part of the ground to see with the eyes of the umpire at either end.

"*Whitecoat*" writes: "Diffident as I am of my own judgment in cases of appeal for leg-before-wicket, I welcome the Umpiroscope as a means of enabling the great jury assembled round the ropes to pronounce verdicts based on optical evidence. In future, when the cry of 'How's that?' comes from the crowd behind long-leg or third-man I shall have the utmost confidence in giving a decision adverse to the batsman."

OVALOIDS contain a harmless soporific, and two or three of them dissolved in beer or mineral waters, when a visiting team seems in for a tedious spell of run-making, will induce a sound and refreshing sleep. They are also a palliative for that distressing affection known as gasometritis, or "Surrey tongue."

"*New Cut*" says: "On more than one occasion Ovaloids have rendered the drawing of stumps almost painless for me. Send me another tin."

OVALENE rubbed into the head will prevent the hair from falling off as a result of strong excitement. If rolled into pellets and chewed, its adhesive qualities counteract a tendency to disputativeness. The spectator has a firm seat on wood, stone or iron that has been treated with Ovalene.

"*Vauxhall Humana*" writes: "Even the Middlesex man to whom I gave a mouthful of Ovalene could say nothing in its dispraise. Let me have a big jar in time for the Notts match."

* * * * *

With reference to these novelties as a whole Mr. JACK HOBBS wires: "I cannot too heartily commend your efforts on behalf of that splendid fellow the spectator, without whose 'ovalations' the goodly run-harvest of the habitual centurion were as Dead Sea fruit."

Mary (just off with John to a party). "OH, MUMMIE, DO LET US STAY ON TO THE END."
Mother. "NO, DARLING; NANNIE WILL FETCH YOU BOTH AT EIGHT O'CLOCK."
John. "THAT'S THE WORST OF THESE PRE-WAR MOTHERS."

FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

A SMALL BOY'S HOMECOMING.

SAID the Indian wind to the summer of Scotland, "Greeting!
What can you do for the pleasure of Four-year-old?
For he's sailed by the P. and O. and you'll soon be meeting,
And he's one of ourselves and he's worth his weight in gold.
So out with your best! And don't you go forgetting
He's a Four-year-old that's been seeing a thing or two—
Jungle and forest from sunrise to sun-setting,
A land of purple and gold and a sky of blue,
Parrots and peacocks, monkeys and squirrels and deer;
That's what he's used to here."

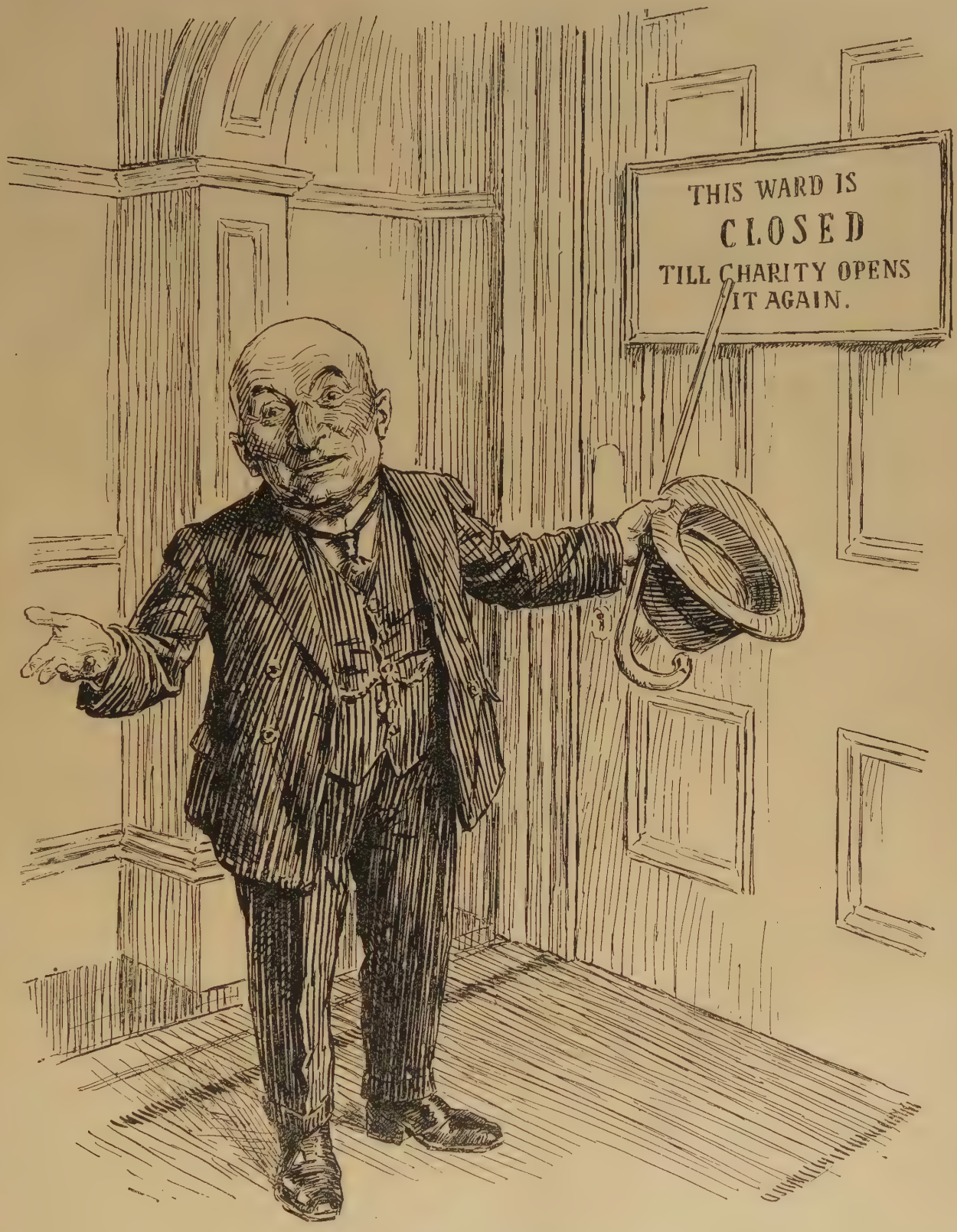
Then said the hills of Home, "Now, all together!
Is there no witchery here his heart to stir?
You and your jungles! What about whins and heather?
You and your forests! What about birches and fir?
Send Four-year-old to us for a break and a breather;
We may be a trifle short of monkeys and deer,
But we don't keep any mosquitoes or cobras either,
And if there's nothing that dazzles there's nothing to fear.
When he's played for a Highland day by a Highland burn
We shall have served *our* turn."

Then said the fields, the green fields open and sunny,
"Purple and gold we're not, but you won't deny
That Four-year-olds are the better for milk and honey
And butter and eggs—and these are what *we* supply.
Purple and gold are good, but hand him over
And we'll put a touch of the roses into his face,
Let him go loose in the butter-cup beds and clover
With the lambs to laugh at and baby bunnies to chase.
If you give him to us in the merry morning of May,
You'll see what you'll see," said they.

Then said the sea with a thundering roar of laughter,
The wise old sea that lives by the long East coast:
"They may begin, but it's me that he'll come to after,
They may do much, but it's me that he'll like the most.
I'm the fellow for Four-year-olds; my treasures
Are always new and always ready to hand—
Crabs and seaweed and shrimps and the thousand pleasures
You make with a spade and a pail and a stretch of sand.
Squirrels and monkeys and jungles? Fiddle-de-dee!
Send him here!" said the sea.

Thus was the welcome of Four-year-old directed
And regally dear little Four-year-old came home;
And the hills and the fields cried, "Come to us; you're expected!"
"Same here!" said the sea and threw him a kiss of foam.
And the seas and the fields and the hills of Hind were happy,
Smiling through tears as they turned to their babies new;
And they said, "We've bidden good-bye to the little chappie,
As we always must, but we did what was ours to do;
We started and cradled and nursed him and, now he's grown,
We send him into his own."

H. B.



THE KEY.

MR. PUNCH. "——AND, AFTER ALL, CHARITY ONLY MEANS A LITTLE SELF-DENIAL."

[Mr. Punch earnestly begs his generous friends to come to the help of our Hospitals in their urgent need. Gifts should be addressed to The Hospitals of London Combined Appeal, 19, Berkeley Street, W.1.]

Nervous Youth (trying a hard-mouthed horse in dealer's paddock). "IF YOU 'RE GOING TO JUMP THAT, I SHALL GET DOWN AND LOOK ON."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 26th.—I do not think anybody is to be congratulated on his performance in the tragi-comedy that half-shocked and half-amused the Peers this afternoon. The Editor of *The Morning Post* published a reflection on the conduct of the "Midletonians" in Ireland which would have been much better omitted. Lord MIDLETON, who should have remembered that WILKES was not a Wilkite, was too ready to put on a cap not intended for him. The LORD CHANCELLOR intervened in a quarrel not his own and unnecessarily embittered it. Lord BATHURST, in defending his wife's newspaper, revealed a vein of humour hitherto unsuspected and not, perhaps, quite appropriate to the occasion.

The House was afterwards much better employed upon such humdrum topics as the compulsory attendance of solicitors' clerks at law-schools, the LORD CHANCELLOR confessing that he himself had obtained his modicum of legal knowledge without such attendance.

Not for a long time has the House of Commons been in a mood more threatening to the Government than when it met this afternoon. Many of the Members had attended the funeral of the murdered Field-Marshal, and were burning with indignation against all those who by any stretch of the imagination could be held to have conduced, by commission or omission, to the perpetration of the crime.

Their anger flamed out more than once at Question-time, and it was freely suggested that the Government had too long been parleying with the Free State authorities, and must now take independent action to restore order in Ireland.

The brunt of these attacks fell upon Mr. CHURCHILL, who hotly repudiated the charge that he regarded the anarchy in Ireland "with stony indifference." Thus early he indicated that the Government intended to bring strong pressure to bear on the Irish authorities.

In the ensuing debate he attributed the troubles in Ulster to the belief of the I.R.A. that having, as they thought, forced the British Empire to make terms with them they could easily bring the Northern Government to its knees. That was a fundamental error. The Northern Government would be protected by every means in our power; if the worst came to the worst, by a line of steel and khaki from Dundalk to Ballyshannon. The Irish electors, having eliminated "the ferocious Countess MARKIEVICZ and that renegade, ERSKINE CHILDERS," had given Mr. COLLINS and his colleagues the authority they previously lacked. The British Government would insist on their using it.

This spontaneous declaration took the steam out of much of the subsequent criticism, though Colonel GRETTON and Mr. MCNEILL doubted whether at a pinch the Government would act as boldly as Mr. CHURCHILL talked. Any doubt as to the upshot of the division was at an end when Mr. BONAR LAW expressed the belief that the Government meant to see the thing through, though coupling with it the warning that if they did not he would be against them.

Mr. SHORTT's rather dry and technical defence of the Home Office—which knew that Sir HENRY WILSON's life was not safe *in Ireland*, but never dreamed that it could be endangered in England—did not do the Government much good; and the PRIME MINISTER was probably wise in underlining Mr. CHURCHILL's assurances. By this time, however, he was so sure of adequate support that he allowed Lord HUGH CECIL to wind up the debate. The noble lord's characteristic declaration that "the Government had done the wrong thing at the wrong time and in the wrong way" was unavailing, and in one of the largest divisions of the Session only 75 Members voted for the Amendment and 342 against. Neither Mr. ASQUITH nor any of his followers took part in the debate and very few of them in the division.

Tuesday, June 27th.—Lord MIDLETON

was again to the fore with a motion requesting the Government to publish their correspondence with other Powers between the Cannes and Genoa Conferences. Up to the present they had only had such "tit-bits of information," sometimes controversial, as had been given out to the newspapers. He wished the PRIME MINISTER would feel that he was responsible to Parliament and not to the Press.

Lord DERBY said the motion was all the more necessary because, under the new diplomacy, conversations had taken the place of despatches, and they ought to have reports of those conversations. They knew that at Cannes the PRIME MINISTER offered a Pact to France, but they did not know on what conditions, or whether it was accepted or refused. The man in the street in England held one view, the man in the street in France quite another. Probably they were both inaccurate, but that made it all the more necessary that they should have the truth.

Having regard, no doubt, to his first-innings failure the Earl of BALFOUR did not attempt to hit out on this occasion, but played a strictly defensive game. "Papers, God bless you, I have none to give, Sir." Everybody knew the general outlines of the Pact, and the only question was as to the most convenient time to bring it into effect. It was a fantastic dream to suppose that anything of substance was being kept back. Thanks to the PRIME MINISTER'S much-abused Secretariat better records were kept than ever before.

Viscount GREY began by expressing his pleasure at finding himself once again in the same house with Lord BALFOUR. His complaint against the new diplomacy was not that too little was published but that private conversations were not private; and his criticism of the Government was that the time and energy which they had devoted to trying to come to terms with the Bolshevists might have been much more fruitfully employed in strengthening the *Entente* with France and securing the co-operation of America.

On the advice of Lord SALISBURY, who wisely observed that as Lord BALFOUR had no papers it was no use asking for them, Lord MIDLETON withdrew his motion.

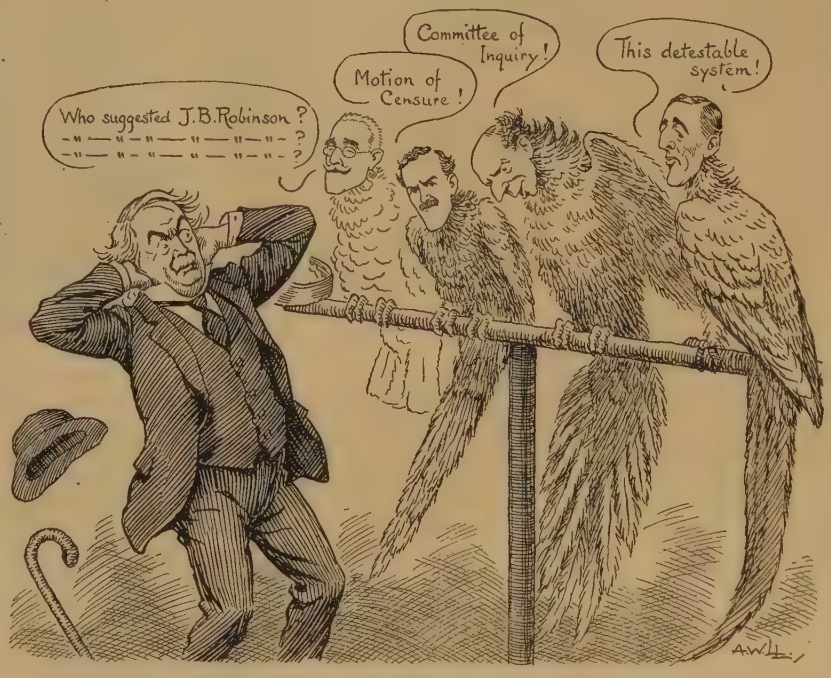
To the surprise of the House of Commons, which does not nowadays expect to see the PRIME MINISTER save on Mondays and Thursdays, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was early in his place and acted as Leader of the House, in the absence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who had caught a chill.

One result was that he had to deal personally with a number of awkward questions which concerned the distribution of honours. Most of them he disposed of more or less skilfully, though by some inadvertence he omitted to notice Lord HENRY BENTINCK'S twice-repeated inquiry, "Who suggested Sir J. B. ROBINSON?" But to the demand for an inquiry, or even a discussion, he was unresponsive, falling back upon the plea of lack of time.

On the Finance Bill the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER made a few concessions, but resisted more. Even Mr. HAYDAY, who, as the father of sixteen (or is it eighteen?), sought an increase in the children's allowance, got praise but no pudding; and Lady ASTOR, who supported a proposal to exempt widows' pensions from income-tax, had to be satisfied with likening Sir FREDERICK BANBURY (who opposed the motion) to the man of whom it was said that if he ever drowned he would float up-stream.

A concerted attack was made on the beer-duty by Conservatives and Labour; but Sir ROBERT HORNE said it would cost him twenty-two millions to give a penny in the pint to the consumer, and that would mean reimposing the shilling on the income-tax. The Amendment was naturally defeated.

Wednesday, June 28th.—Even the announcement that the Free Staters were bombarding Mr. RORY O'CONNOR in his fastness at the Four Courts, Dublin, failed to distract attention entirely from the recent Honours List. Lord CHARNWOOD sought particulars of the American law requiring publication of the names of the donors to party funds, with the amounts of their donations. His request was so tactfully worded—he desired publicity as a safeguard against "accidents which did occur from the coming together into the same hands of party funds and some share in the bestowal of honours"—that Lord CRAWFORD made no attempt to resist it, but promised to supply the information at once.



DAVID IN THE PARROTS' DEN.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the critics of the "Honours" system:—

LORD HENRY BENTINCK, MR. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON, LORD ROBERT CECIL, GENERAL SEELY.

In the Commons Mr. HARMSWORTH was asked if he could tell the House anything about the Hague Conference, and replied that "complete unanimity has been attained among the representatives of the Powers attending." Members were not unduly elated by this information. The old cynic who declared that "in matrimony it is best to begin with a little aversion" would have said the same thing about Conferences.

It will be some time yet before the youthful Londoner will be able to resume his favourite sport of angling for "tiddlers" in St. James's Park. Sir JOHN GILMOUR stated with regret that the fissures in the concrete bed of the lake are so deep and numerous that extensive, and expensive, repairs will be required before the water can be let in.

Altogether sportsmen had a rather bad day, for Lieut.-Colonel F. S. JACKSON, once the terror of the Australians, failed to get Sir R. HORNE'S wicket over a proposal to exempt subscriptions to Sports clubs from the Entertainment Tax.

An ingenious attempt by Mr. NEW-

Zealous Enthusiast. "GEE! SURREY'S WICKETS WENT PRETTY CHEAPLY."
Aunt Selina. "THINGS CONTINUE TO COME DOWN IN EVERY DIRECTION, DEAR."

BOULD, the champion of the films, to persuade Sir ROBERT HORNE to reduce the taxation of picture-palaces, found a vigorous opponent in Mr. J. C. DAVIDSON, who declared that any relief given to the cinema industry would only enable it to pay grotesque salaries to foreign artists. The CHANCELLOR was not very complimentary in describing as "a mushroom growth" an industry from which he draws a good many millions.

Thursday, June 29th.—If the LORD CHANCELLOR had announced at the beginning of his speech, instead of at the end, that Sir J. B. ROBINSON had declined the peerage which had been offered to him, he might have saved himself a good deal of trouble, but the Peers would have missed an ingenious piece of special pleading. It was not so ingenious, however, as to stave off criticism. Lord LANSDOWNE wondered how it was that the PRIME MINISTER, with the aid of his new Secretariat, was unable to examine the *dossiers* of candidates recommended for honours; and Lord SALISBURY observed that in this particular case the recommendation did not appear to have come from anyone, unless it was "the ghost of General BOTHA." The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND asserted that there was a regular tariff for honours, and drew special attention to the large number which under the present Administration had been showered upon the Press.

Not wishing, I suppose, to anticipate the LORD CHANCELLOR'S statement, the PRIME MINISTER did not tell the Commons about Sir J. B. ROBINSON. But he did better. Nimbly reversing his previous attitude he promised them a day for the discussion of the whole question, "as soon as the state of public business permits." In order to clear the way for it, he invited the House to dispose of a baker's dozen of Bills next week. As a disgusted back-bencher remarked, "CHAMBERLAIN only puts on the Whips; L.G. wants to apply the Scorpions."

Mr. CHURCHILL gave the latest news of the battle for the Four Courts, and indignantly repudiated the suggestion that the combatants were not really trying. "In a sham fight people do not usually get killed."

The Skin Game.

"Permission has been given for a Flay Day in behalf of the Mission."—*Local Paper.*

SECOND THOUGHTS.

WHEN I am walking round my flowers
And see their happy faces,
I long to share their quiet hours
By sometimes changing places.

It must be jolly, don't you think,
To sit there in a border,
With someone else to bring you drink
And keep your home in order?

And yet I could not bear to see
A rose go to the City,
And so they shall not change with me,
Although it seems a pity.

"General Housework by neat, green colored girl in private family; would consider beach for the summer."—*Advt. in American Paper.*

But will she stay green?

From the *Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture*:—

"Until nearly the end of the twentieth century hop drying was practised much more as an art than a science. . . . In the last decade of the twentieth century the Principal of Wye College began to investigate the subject."

When our bureaucracy is so often accused of being retrograde we are glad to see that the Ministry of Agriculture keeps hopping to the fore.

THE RULING PASSION.

Pilkington, who told me this story, swears that it is true in every detail, and I have three very good reasons for believing him. In the first place Pilkington is a business man with no sense of humour and no imagination out of office-hours. The very idea of Pilkington indulging in such a flight of fancy merely to entertain his friends is, to me at least, positively grotesque. Further, Pilkington calls his inn the "Black Boar," instead of the "Blue Boar;" the thing simply isn't done in fiction. My third reason for believing him is a pessimistic conviction that the rare adventures of this humdrum existence always choose such unappreciative individuals as Pilkington to happen to.

* * * *

Apart from newspapers, Pilkington isn't much of a reader, but he confesses to a slight weakness for DICKENS. The little old-fashioned "Black Boar" made him think of *Pickwick Papers* and Christmas and all that sort of thing, you know. Pilkington isn't much of a drinker during business hours, but, yielding to a rare sentimental impulse, he entered the place and ordered a glass of bitter.

It was a little after 2 P.M. and things were very quiet at the "Black Boar." As Pilkington's eyes became accustomed to the soft gloom, he noticed, however, that the quaint little parlour had one other occupant, a big gaunt man in a heavy blue pilot-coat and a peaked cap. He sat immediately opposite Pilkington, staring into the empty fire-place as though trying to conjure flames by the very intensity of his gaze. On the evidence of his coat and cap, Pilkington connected him with the sea.

When the barman had left the room the sailor transferred his fruitless gaze from the fire-place and fixed dark wild eyes on Pilkington's face.

"I take it that you are a stranger in these parts," he said.

Pilkington nodded briefly. He did not approve of the stranger's clothes, calling or eyes; he regarded his general appearance as unbusinesslike and had no desire to be drawn into conversation. However, the seafaring gentleman was determined.

"You would hardly think, Sir," he went on, "that the impulse which caused you to enter the 'Black Boar' could possibly lead you to ruin, and ultimately to murder, would you?"

Pilkington lowered his glass and stared at him. "No, I wouldn't," he answered shortly.

The sailor laughed hollowly. "And yet it is so," he declared. "Fifteen years ago I was a well-to-do and reasonably contented man, an ordinary normal individual such as yourself, Sir, and then in an evil hour I set eyes on this place. The 'Black Boar' attracted me, Sir, for I am a lover of DICKENS, and it made me think of *Pickwick Papers* and Christmas and all that sort of thing, you know. In this very room, Sir, I ordered a glass of bitter and made the acquaintance of Thompson.

"'I SAY, THAT LITTLE ANTIQUE LOOKS VALUABLE.'"

"This man Thompson was, and I dare say still is, a gambler. He was a great believer in omens, and before long he had infected me with his own madness. I began to put large sums of money on the most impossible animals, merely because they carried the same name as some character in a book I happened to be reading, or a play I had seen. I remember that on one occasion poor *Oliver Twist* let me down very badly indeed.

"At the end of two years I had just enough money left to pay my passage to a foreign country. Since then I have roamed the world a failure, with nothing to live for but revenge."

With a quick movement he drew a tiny jewelled dagger from an inside pocket of the pilot-coat. "A trinket, Sir, to decorate a pretty woman's hair, but deadly enough in the hand of a determined man."

"Of course they'll hang you," observed the practical Pilkington, handing the thing back. "But how do you know that this—er—Thompson, I think you said, is still in the neighbourhood? He might even be dead, you know; fifteen years is a long time."

"Oh, Thompson's still here; he's a newsagent and has a little shop just round the corner. I caught a glimpse of him through the open doorway as I passed. He won't be long now. Thompson always comes to the 'Black Boar' about this time."

"It seems to me," said Pilkington, eyeing the seafaring gentleman with strong disapproval, "that you have only yourself to blame for your troubles."

The other nodded and smiled.

"You are quite right," he admitted. "That's the reason I have become so bitter against Thompson."

"Well, it's your business entirely, but I strongly advise you to consider the consequences."

The stranger uttered a hollow laugh.

"What do I care for the consequences? I am a penniless wreck waiting for my little moment. This toy is all I have in the world, and——"

At this juncture a shabby little man with vague short-sighted blue eyes entered the room. Wishing them a diffident "Good afternoon," he sat down and called for a drink. He was carrying a pinkish newspaper, which he proceeded to fold up and place in his pocket.

It was Thompson! Pilkington was sure of it.

The new-comer was polishing his glasses when the sailor, who had left his seat, crouched over him, the light of madness flaring in his eyes.

"I knew you would come, Thompson. You don't remember me, do you?" he said thickly.

The little man looked up, smiling.

"No-o, Sir, I don't remember you; possibly—— I say, that little antique looks valuable; I know a dealer who would pay you well for it."

With a wild laugh the madman raised his hand to strike, and a ray of sunlight caught the blade, making it glitter

AT A CHARITY GARDEN PARTY.

EMBARRASSMENT OF SUSCEPTIBLE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS PURCHASED FREELY FROM FAIR SELLERS AND FINDS HE HAS COME AWAY WITHOUT A CENT.

coldly. Thompson sprang to his feet, pointing a shaking finger at it.

"Cold Steel!" he cried. "Running at Southchester to-day—a thirty-to-one chance."

The avenger hesitated; a tremor shook him from head to foot and the weapon dropped from his shaking hand on to the table.

"Take it to your friend the dealer," he said hoarsely, and put every penny for me on 'Cold Steel.'"

* * * * *

Now that I have set this story down in black-and-white I perceive that it is manifestly untrue.

MILLENNIAL MUSINGS.

THOUGH the self-protective Plesiosaurus,
Like the Giant Sloth, pursuit evades,
Floundering elusively before us
Down the darkling Patagonian glades,
Man, embellished with new-fangled features,
Urged by eager emulative rage,
Threatens to eclipse the weirdest creatures
That adorned the Mesozoic age.

Man, to be precise, with glands engrafted
From the eagle or the blue baboon,
Man shall soar aloft, on pinions wafted
O'er the topmost Mountains of the Moon;
Or be heard seraphically singing
In the manner of the chimpanzee,
As he dangles delicately swinging
By his lissome tail from tree to tree.

Apes and angels of the days Victorian
From their ancient conflict shall refrain,
Trained in methods ultra-Montessorian,
Mingling on a higher astral plane,
And all crude carnivorous taste eschewing—
Chops and steaks and larger joints or cuts—
Freed from roasting, basting, boiling, stewing,
Shall subsist exclusively on nuts.

This, believe me, is no wild chimæra
Bombinating in a formless void;
No, the dawning Julian (HUXLEY) era
Fortifies the fantasies of FREUD;
And already cerebral distension,
Joined to pogo-platypoditude,
Beggars the prophetical invention
Of the Gloomiest Dean's Laputan mood.

But intrepid science chiefly raises
Hopes of human structural repair
On the wonderful forthcoming phases
Of our ruling of the waves of air;
When sustained aerial auscultation,
Practised for a space of thirty years,
Shall produce a nobler generation
All equipped with elephantine ears.

Not to us, the elders, shall this blessing
Bring its bounteous Boanergic balm;
Yet, serenely gain and loss assessing,
We may find a compensating calm;
"Stone-dead," runs the proverb, "hath no fellow:"
In a world of wireless *Mutt* and *Jeff*,
And the "MAGNAVOX'S" blatant bellow
There is equal virtue in stone-deaf.

Commercial Candour.

From an hotel advertisement:—

"A reputed Chef has been appointed to control the restaurant."—*Provincial Paper.*

Erratum in Mr. Punch's Index to Vol. 162.—For R. S. MCLENNAN, *read* R. S. MCLELLAN.

MUSIC IN THE DOLDRUMS.

(*By Ernest Oldacre.*)

THE other day one of my colleagues alluded to me in print as "the gloomy dean of the musical world." Well, I do not altogether deny the impeachment. There are worse maladies than pen-Ingeitis, and when things are looking black it is no earthly use to represent them in roseate hues.

About fifteen years ago, when I was at the height of my enthusiasm for RICHARD STRAUSS, a witty lady observed that the world seemed to be given up to music and machinery. It was not a bad summary of the situation, but in the interval machinery—applied science—has triumphed and music has gone to the wall. Educationally I have always supported the pianola and even the gramophone, but their repercussions and reactions on musical economics are disastrous, and the annals of the present season, now hurrying to its predestined and ignoble close, present one long series of financial failures. As I have said in another place, the only way to make serious music pay is to give it up altogether. Here is a list, a truly tragic document, of only a few of the victims of circumstance whose misfortunes have come within the range of my own observation:—

A concert-agent who has become a golf-professional.

A brilliant prodigy violinist, who, after pawning his Fauntleroy wardrobe, has been reduced to writing his Reminiscences for the literary page of *The Times*.

An operatic tenor from New Zealand who has taken to growing mushrooms in Essex.

A robust pianist who has embraced the pugilistic calling.

A *chef d'orchestre* who has found employment as a tram-conductor under the L.C.C.

A famous 'cellist, who, disguised in a negroid mask and wig, has joined the Mayfair Epileptic Jazz-band at a salary of ten pounds a week.

These are tragic examples, but the sufferers have at least secured employment, even profitable employment. Far more pathetic is the case of the Recitalists, who eke out a precarious existence by attending each other's entertainments and, discarding the device of bribing dead-heads, heroically continue to sing and play to empty benches. For even a big name counts for little in London nowadays. Americans travel three thousand miles to hear the English nightingale; Londoners will not walk the length of a good golf-drive to hear the incomparable and miraculous CASALS, the super-nightingale of the 'cello. The double burden of listening and paying is too much for the average man. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that people won't go out to listen; they prefer to "listen in."

All this is bad and sad and mad, but worse remains behind. If concerts and operas cease, if audiences dwindle to nothing, we critics are confronted with the appalling prospect of finding our occupation gone. The assailing of established reputations; the adoration and subsequent spurning of new idols; the indulgence in alternate spasms of obloquy and invective; the passing of pontifical judgments and their adroit revision—all these opportunities for the exercise of enlightened and untrammeled egotism will be automatically abolished and swept away. Speaking with all the earnestness and solemnity which the occasion demands, I ask the British public to think not once but many times before they allow their miserable parsimony to plunge them in these abysmal depths of spiritual destitution.

Personally I hope that I may be able to face whatever lot the future holds in store for me with fortitude and equanimity, but I should be wanting in the rudiments of honesty if I were to assert that I possessed the technical knowledge which would fit me to be a successful grower of mushrooms or the patient urbanity demanded of a tram-conductor.

"LAWN TENNIS.
TILDEN OUT OF FORM.
NEW YORK, April 15.
Tilden is admittedly out of condition. He was eaten by Johnston in the Pacific Coast championship."—*New Zealand Paper.*

This accounts, of course, for his non-appearance at Wimbledon.

"Two races were sailed under the bargee of the —— Sailing Club, both bringing fine entries."—*Local Paper.*

It is supposed that his command of language was the attraction.

At the sales:—
"Wonderful things can be fought for 1/-."
Evening Paper.

But we fear DEMPSEY would turn up his nose at them.

"During the week-end the majority of the crews and scullers arrived at Henley, and raining has commenced in earnest."
Sporting Paper.

Many a true word is said by inadvertence.

From a *feuilleton*:—
"'Ma foie! but she is charmante, your friend—charmante!' she admitted, too, to Bobbie Dixon. She was not really French, having been born in a little back street in Birmingham."—*Daily Paper.*

We gather that the author is not really French either.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

[Since these lines were written a rather similar contest seems to have been fought out between two Oxford men in last week's match against Surrey.]

"CRICKET is the best of games,
But it 's fluky," grumbled James.
"Thus the other day, when I 'd
Hit a two, my partner cried
'Come again,' and so I started,
But was run out, and departed.
Now—and here 's the fluke, you see—
Had the pitch been twenty-three
Yards instead of twenty-two,
I 'll engage to prove to you
That, without the smallest doubt,
They would *not* have run me out."

"Rot!" and "Bosh!" and "Do talk sense!"
Chorussed James's audience;
"You 'd have been without a doubt
Merely one yard *further* out."

"No one betting, I suppose?"
Murmured James, and, when they rose
Like the greedy pike that swallows
Anything, he spoke as follows:—

"You must know the first (and last)
Ball I got was straight and fast;
But I had the luck to snick it
Through the space 'twixt pad and wicket.
'Yes, come on!' my partner cried;
'And another!' I replied;
'Come again!' he yelled; but lo,
Having run eight yards or so,
Suddenly he bellowed, 'No!'

"Being much too far to stay
I continued on my way.
When he saw me coming, he
Like a coward turned to flee,
Knowing well that, if we crossed,
His would be the wicket lost.

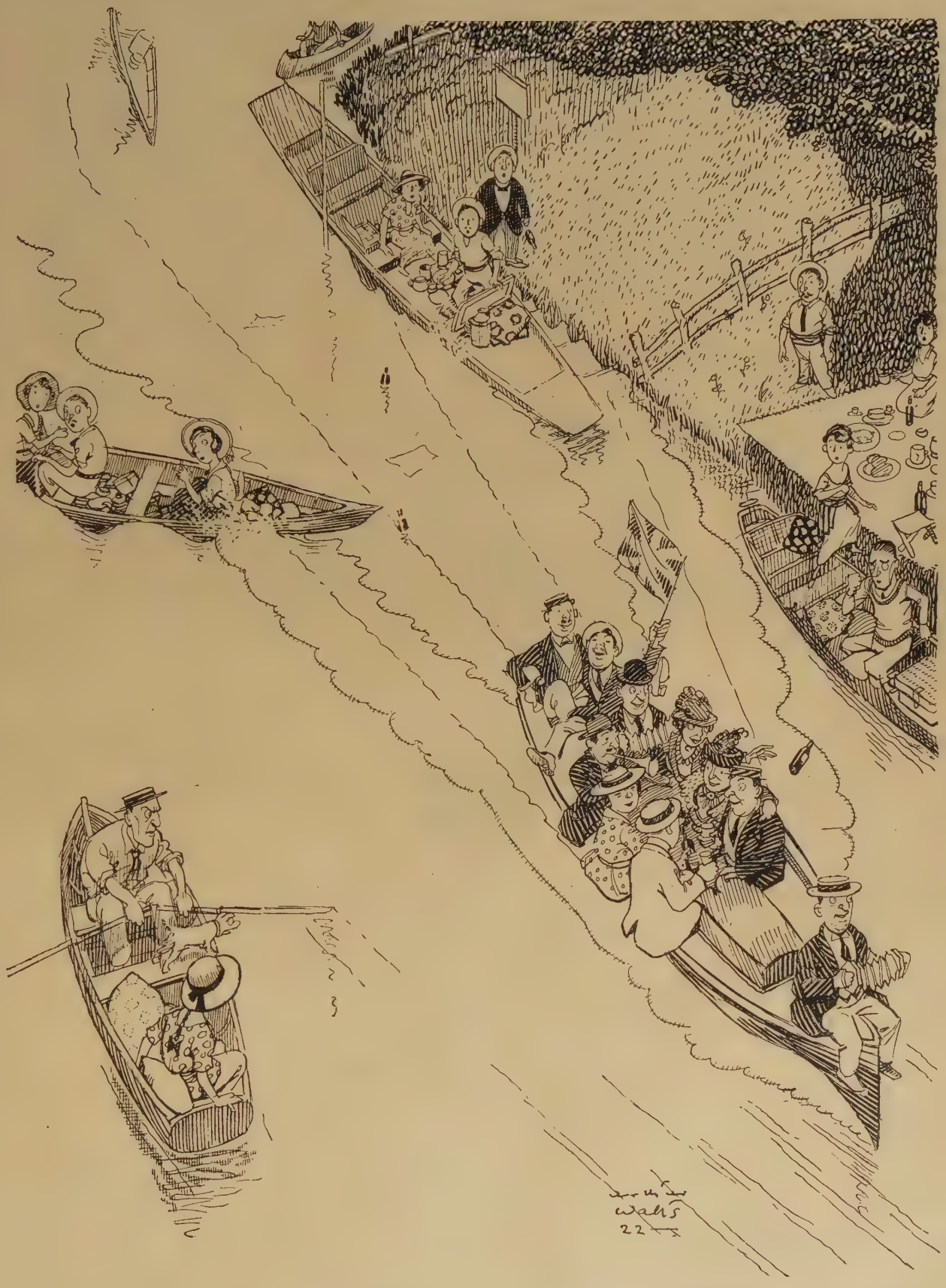
"On we thundered, breathing hard
(I was gaining yard by yard);
On and on with twinkling feet,
Like two runners in a heat,
Straining each with outstretched bat;
What a heat—and dead at that!

"Meanwhile in the fieldsman threw
To the wicket-keeper, who
Paused to see—the sporting chap—
Which would win the handicap
(*Someone's* goose was cooked, so he
Could afford to wait and see).

"Had the pitch been one yard longer,
You will own that I, the stronger
Runner, must have won, and so
I should *not* have had to go."

"Further, he was Captain of Cinque Poets Golf Club."—*Provincial Paper.*

Their course is situated, we believe, on the lower slopes of Parnassus.



HAUNTS OF ROMANCE. (I).—THE SILVER THAMES.

CHARIVARIA.

A CRICKET match has been arranged between the General Post Office and the rest of the Civil Service. Mr. KELLAWAY should be as puzzling as ever with his famous slow deliveries.

***

The Daily Mail draws attention to the large number of weddings celebrated at the office of the Superintendent Registrar for Thanet and to its convenience for honeymoons on the coast. Only a paper with a stupendous circulation can afford to give its blessing when two of its readers are made one.

***

"People on the Continent cannot comprehend our point of view," says Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. We fear this will have to go on until we comprehend it ourselves.

***

At a summer school for farmers and others in Essex, Mr. H. G. WELLS is offering an essay prize. Fears are entertained for the stock and crops.

***

With so many American visitors in the country, and public dinners given in their honour, we feel compelled to point out that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is still one of the best after-Conference speakers in the country.

***

In what way does the Hague Conference differ from all the others? asks a weekly paper. In the date, surely.

***

A Central Europe newspaper, says the *Observer*, recently referred to a neighbouring country as "an ugly crocodile, a den of robbers, a monster and an ulcer in the body of Europe." For our part we deprecate these veiled insults.

***

There is a persistent rumour to the effect that *The Daily Mail* has formed a not unfavourable impression of the West End production, *The Man in Dress Clothes*.

***

A prize has been offered in America to the man who can do most to stimulate travel. We imagine that Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON should be an easy winner.

***

The New York statue of Liberty is regarded by many anti-Prohibitionists as the greatest of all American obituary monuments.

***

Finger-prints of a child of about eight years were found by the police in a London office from which nine hundred pounds had been stolen. Evidently a pious burglar teaching his little son the business.

***

It has been justly said of the post-war Englishman that everything he has is taxed except his squeal.

***

An astronomer who has been carefully studying Mars during the last few days declares that a peculiar blue vapour made its appearance during his observation. As it has been proved that there are canals on this planet we think it possible that a Martian bargee may have caught his finger in the tiller.

***

Three times during one day a visitor from Lancashire was rescued from being run over by motor vehicles in London. This is the sort of thing that sours our taxi-drivers and causes our daily papers to lose heart.

***

A fish caught at Lowestoft was found to contain four German marks. A local ex-soldier is said to have claimed them as his share of the indemnity.

***

"A London Scot" writes to the Press to say that the excursion fares between London and Aberdeen do not yet seem to him attractive. But we decline to believe that the railway companies have acted on the assumption that persons wishing to travel to Aberdeen would not be Aberdonians.

***

We read that a recent glove-fight in Paris was only won by "Battling" Siki because his opponent was a worse boxer than himself. The explanation, though unusual, seems within the bounds of possibility.

***

According to a Sunday paper a duke is one of several notabilities who make a practice of smoking a cigar with the band on. The fear that this is not yet generally known deters us from following his Grace's lead.

***

As philosophers have observed, the people who call a spade a spade are often the readiest to call a napkin a serviette.

***

With reference to the civil war in Paraguay a Buenos Aires message reports that the outlook is becoming more gloomy. It is feared that this sort of thing has been killed by the cinema.

***

On the motion of Mr. J. D. MCNAUGHTEN, of Glasgow, the annual conference of the British Association of Teachers of Dancing, at Aberdeen, condemned the present unsatisfactory state of the ball-room and resolved to "take such steps as they deem fit" to reform it. We fear, however, that such steps as they deem unfit will continue to be taken.

***

A Los Angeles man arrested for bigamy, who admitted having married seven times, is reported to have asked for admission to bail on the ground that he only wanted three for game.

***

"The United States," we read, "holds most of the world's gold." This seems to suggest that Americans are saving up for a "wet" day.

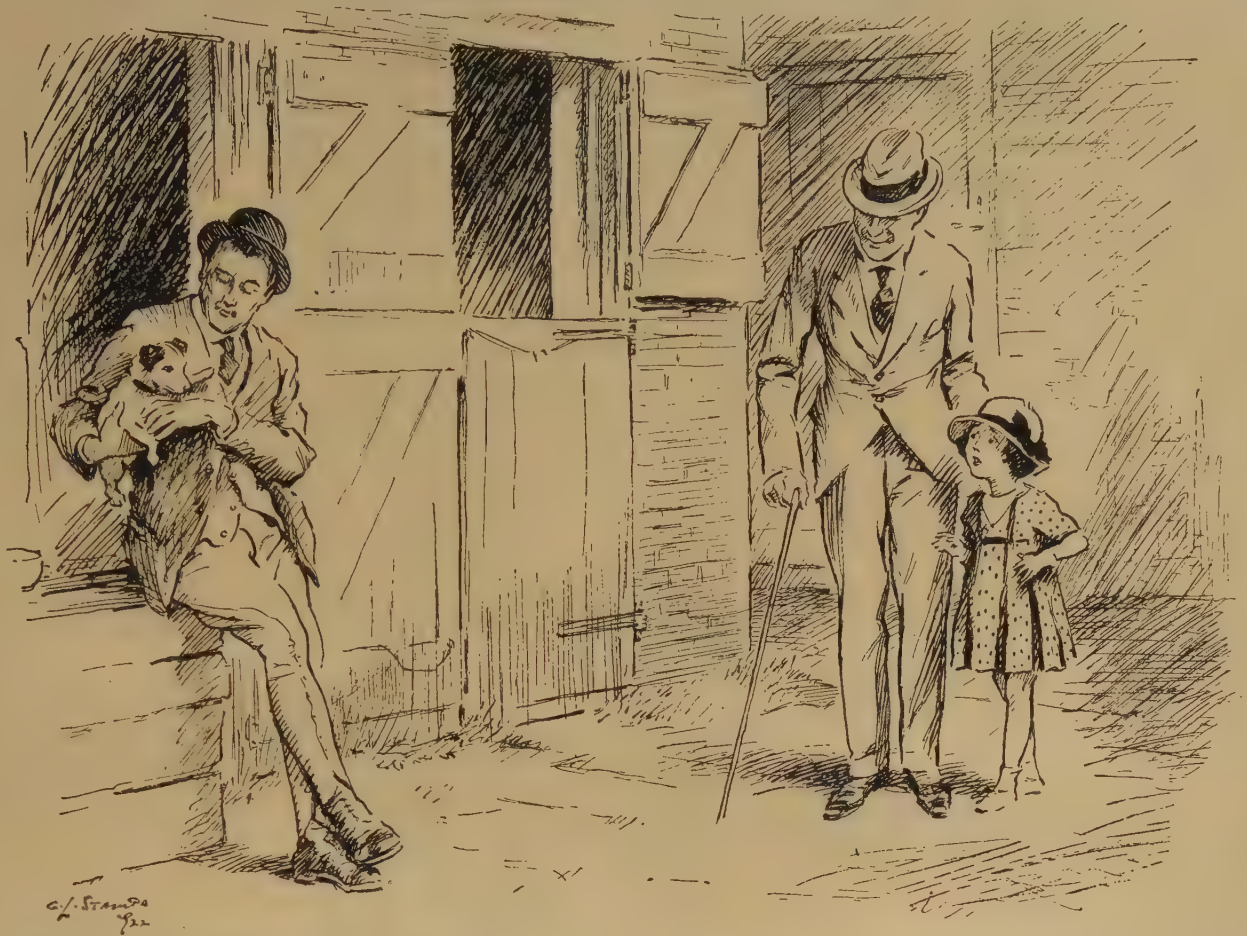
***

The time will come, says a German writer, when we shall all take our hats off to Bolshevism. As the cortège passes by, we trust.

Mr. McHaggis. "HE 'S UNCO' CEEVIL, YON NEW MEENISTER."
Mrs. McHaggis. "AY, HE KENS WEEL OOR GUID AULD SCOTTISH PROVAIRB, '*TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE.*'"

"If in good form the Irish champion should easily exceed 6 feet, and if he does that K. M. Smith, the Scottish champion, will find his 2 yards start of no great help to him."
Scots Paper.

Surely, with six-feet handicap, he could manage to jump the few inches necessary for victory.



Joan (who has been taken with her puppy to see the "dog-doctor"). "OO, DADDY, HE—HE'S JUST AN OR'NARY MAN. I THOUGHT HE'D BE A DOG."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I BELIEVE it was MILLAIS whose ideal of happiness was putting high lights on the boots of other people's sombre portraits, and I always feel I should like to add a fleck or two of white myself when I come across a biography so low in tone as *A Lady of the Salons* (CAPE). LOUISE COLET, the beautiful underbred wife of a Provençal music-master, stormed literary Paris in the eighteen-forties under the wing of VICTOR COUSIN; became for FLAUBERT all the original there was of *Madame Bovary*; was petted by Mme. RÉCAMIER and snubbed by GEORGE SAND; lived on, after that brief blaze of notoriety, for twenty-one abject years, and has now, it would seem, met with the crowning irony of her career in getting Miss D. E. ENFIELD for her biographer. The book is a clever and painstaking piece of ruthlessness; and, if you are quite cocksure of your own integrity and have not a shred of sympathy left for the great illusions of the romantics, you will find LOUISE'S tragi-comic attempt to murder ALPHONSE KARR, her *scènes de domestique* with her lovers, the tears she wept over the fashion-articles of her unfashionable middle-age and her efforts to shake hands with GARIBALDI—who went to bed early the night she called—very excellent fooling. Myself, I find it difficult to see the value of scorn unaccompanied by a gleam of commiseration.

Next to writing a new book—and sometimes even before it—can come the annotating of an old one. Mr. F. S. ASHLEY-COOPER, the cricket historian, has, however, just brought off both feats; he has written *Eton* v. *Harrow at the Wicket*, and he has edited PYCROFT'S *Cricket Field*, the publishers in each case being the St. James's Press. Both books are a feast of delight to that select band of readers who enjoy cricket's past almost as much as—if not more than—its present. At any rate I can imagine a spectator at Lord's, wearying (after an hour or two) of Mr. DALES'S caution, hastening home to either of these exciting and richly-stored volumes and finding comfort and consolation therein. The Editor has had the advantage of using a copy of PYCROFT'S book in which the great H. H. STEPHENSON, of Surrey, wrote some comments. They are all practical and all still extremely sound, even if the ordinary mentor refrains from such advice; but do we know that H. H. S. intended them to be made public? For instance: "With very fast bowling to which the wicket-keeper does not stand up, the batsman may take guard on the crease and stand two feet in front of it. This will make such bowling easier to play; but care should be taken to step back after the ball has passed, so as not to risk being stumped." H. H. S. was not the only batsman who knew this. What about G. L. J.?

If *Sea Wrack* (CAPE) is a first novel it certainly is of exceptional promise. I don't quite believe in the villainy of *Farmer Swainsco's* elder adopted son, *Ayerst*, or of his sinister sister and housekeeper, nor in the teacher of drawing, who is the rather garrulous narrator of the story. But Miss VERE HUTCHINSON has an astonishing faculty for visualising her scenes. There is a vigour—even a violence—

about her chosen situations which suggests an authentic echo from *Wuthering Heights*—and I can't think of a finer compliment. Her scene is set on the coasts of the Fen country, and the author obviously loves and perhaps also a little fears its flat mysterious tracts. There are unforgetable pictures of a brawl in an inn; of old *Swainsco*, generous, disappointed, in his picturesque farm-house; of a scene by night when the young *Andrew* is thrown up by the sea; of *Miss Swainsco's* confession on her death-bed, result of malice, not of repentance; of the ruin when *Ayerst* opens the sluice on young *Andrew's* land. A fine boy, this *Andrew*, full of character and the natural joy of living. His beloved *Tarnia*, unconventional daughter of a stiff and formal and not a little ridiculous sailor, is something shadowy perhaps; but I am not sure that that was not the author's intention. Certainly there's much evidence of careful planning and balancing and none of any lack of power. Yes, an interesting book, very.

I have an impression, gathered from her modest and pleasant style, that Lady POORE herself would not claim for her *Harbour Lights* (HUTCHINSON) that they shine with a very remarkably piercing ray. She seems to have been contented just to put together sixteen unambitious little tales and sketches of Naval life as it looks to the officer's wife, in peace and war. Probably the title she has chosen for her book refers to those ladies since, if "the sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be," may she not also be his harbour light? *Ruth Selby*, whose girlhood, wifehood, widowhood and second happy marriage we are allowed to see, is the connecting link between the stories. There are plenty of anxious moments in them, but, save the death of *Ruth's* first husband, the gentle Admiral (I know that I oughtn't to say it, but I liked him much better than her second husband), no real tragedy. Of humour there are some pretty touches. The poor old blind woman who complained to an "officer's lady" that a visitor insisted on reading the Bible to her, instead of something merely amusing, made the best *bon mot*: "I'd like 'er better if she could see that what I want is livening up not sanctifying down." If Lady POORE's book does not liven her readers up to any extraordinary extent it certainly won't—I mean it in the most complimentary sense—sanctify them down at all. It is very English and very readable, and I should imagine that, except for the story about the appalling *Lady Louisa*, "Taken Flat Aback," it is as good a portrait gallery of the gentlewomen who follow the Fleet as anything we have had for some time.

Discriminating Tout. "JUST ABOUT TO START FOR SMUGGLEBURY HEAD! FAMOUS FOR ITS RUGGED BEAUTY AND LOBSTER TEAS."

The House of the Beautiful Hope (PALMER) is a first novel, and it should go far to bring Mr. ROBERT STUART CHRISTIE's name into prominence. It is a thankless task to point out the cardinal defect of a book whose merits are so many, and I find consolation in the thought that the fault to be found here can easily be cured. The first part deals mainly with modern life in England. A young artist, *Michael Ridley* (he reminds me strongly of a hero whose adventures have obtained a colossal popularity), married *Blanche Harding*, and soon discovered that she had no intention of becoming a mother. The scenes that led up to this discovery are written with skill and understanding. I have also to commend the cleverness and clearness with which the author draws the *Reverend Septimus Harding*, who was *Blanche's* father and a super-humbug, and *Peter Simpkin*, a business man with a sentimental side to his nature. To save *Michael* from utter disaster in his matrimonial life *Simpkin* sent him to Portugal on a business errand, and there he met with an accident that deprived him of his memory. His romantic experiences in Portugal are admirably described, but the connecting thread between the first and second parts is too slight. It is a dangerous game to arouse interest in certain characters and then to let them disappear for a protracted period. But in spite of what seems to me a grave error of construction I recommend this story as one of considerable promise.

Personality is what counts in the detective story. If we part company with the invincible sleuth with a gnawing sense of loss the author has achieved his purpose. If, on the other hand, we allow him to go out of our young lives without a pang it is a sufficient sign that the author has missed his vocation. Clearly Mr. LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE'S sleuth belongs to the type that makes itself missed, for I had scarcely got my nose into *Alias the Lone Wolf* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) when I discovered that this redoubtable Anglo-Parisian hunter of apaches and Bolsheviks was a figure already familiar to the public. It was my fault that we had not met before, and—now that we know each other better—I have no hesitation in adding that it was my misfortune. Mr. VANCE discovers his hero banished—for his own safety—from the British Secret Service and advised to disappear. He tries, but only gets drawn into a sinister web of crime and intrigue, in which genteel American crooks, priceless jewels, still more priceless ladies, motor cars, revolvers, a steam yacht and all the other paraphernalia proper to adventures of the character indicated mingle together in a supremely successful effort to take our minds off our own unthrilling affairs and our eyes off the clock. As to what comes of it all that is for Mr. VANCE to tell. Suffice it to say that the *Lone Wolf* secures both the diamonds and the affections of their charming owner, the gentlemanly criminals take their discomfiture like men, and there is nothing to dissuade the reader from hoping that Fate and the author will in due course find more mischief for their fascinating hero to undo.

"But in the theatre, as soon as the overture strikes up, my virtuous Hyde falls from me and I become an abominable Jekyll."
Weekly Paper.

Though we do not approve of the writer's vilification of *Jekyll*, we shall believe that his virtue is not just skin-deep, as he seems to imply.

CHARIVARIA.

"Mlle. Lenglen," says a contemporary, "has been responsible for many tennis stunts at Wimbledon." We fancy we have seen a photograph of the lady in one of the newspapers recently.

***

A man who for years had had no sense of time or place was recently completely cured by a fall from a train. We have sent a *Bradshaw* to the operator on the other end of our telephone.

***

"The Automobile Association," said Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS at the annual meeting, "has no desire to protect the road-hog." The good sportsmanship of pedestrians and others is therefore relied upon with regard to these defenceless creatures.

***

M. MECISLAS KRASINSKY, who claims to be a hundred and thirty-two, and to have fought in several wars, attributes his long life to not having begun to smoke till thirty years ago. It is remarkable how some men let themselves go directly they have passed the century.

***

"I should like to know the best routes out of London," asks Mr. G. H. BROADRIGG in *The Daily Express*. Our suggestion is that he might give the Metropolis another trial.

***

"Among the latest things to go by the board is the wing collar with morning dress," says a *Weekly Dispatch* writer. It is too bad to spring this upon us in the already unsettled condition of the country.

***

The Daily Mail points out that a telegram was delivered at Carmelite House twenty minutes after the man who despatched it had himself arrived at the same office by train. We understand that permission has been given to Mr. KELLAWAY to make what use he likes of this testimonial.

***

"Will the World Blow Up?" asks a *Daily Express* headline. Not before we have signed our contemporary's coupon, we hope.

***

Tears have the power of killing microbes, we are informed. The difficulty of course is to get the average germ to cry unless you can step on its foot.

***

Quite a number of statues have been stolen from Ruhr Park, says a Mülheim message. Suspicious-looking men seen loitering near any of our London statues should be asked if they want any help.

***

According to General CHANG-KING-MING, there are indications of peace coming to Southern China. We can only say that, if it comes, they can rest assured of sympathy from Europe.

***

"Bald men should not walk bare-headed through the streets," says a medical writer. It is this sort of kill-joy spirit which is proving such a set-back to the Brighter London movement.

***

"Does an elephant often live to be four hundred years of age?" asks a weekly paper correspondent. We do not profess to be expert in these matters, but we think that very few elephants have managed it more than once.

***

"Some day I hope to know Mr. LLOYD GEORGE better," says Mr. JAMES W. GERARD. Of course we cannot say how badly he knows him at present.

***

According to a contemporary, the "Haven't we met before?" mode of self-introduction at the seaside has had its day. We understand, however, that the "Haven't we been married before?" variety is still extensively used in Los Angeles.

***

"A wedding at Fort Sheridan," says a Chicago message, "was conducted entirely in verse written by the bridegroom." It is said that the bride bore up bravely.

***

A drawing of Criccieth Castle by TURNER has been sold for nearly three times what it fetched in 1889. And yet there are people who persist in denying that Wales has got an asset in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

***

"Come to British Columbia," reads an advertisement, "where the sun is always shining on a gold-bespangled sea." This sounds as if Thanet has got a double.

***

The Ministry of Health has convened a conference to consider the refuse-tip nuisance. Our own plan in such cases is to get behind the waiter or porter and slip it down his neck.

***

It is on the playing-fields, says Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, that one gets one's corners knocked off. Especially in such positions as that of "silly"-square-leg umpire.

***

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY describes the seven circles of protection round the child as consisting of the Mother, the Father, the Home, the Municipality, the Ministry of Health, the Nation and the League of Nations. Not a word, you notice, about Nurse.

STUDY OF A DIEHARD WHO REFUSES TO WALK ON THE LEFT SEEING IN THE LATEST NOTICE A FURTHER PROOF OF THE DISINTEGRATING TENDENCIES OF A COALITION GOVERNMENT.

"WALES CAUSE FISH FAMINE."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

What is the Welsh wizard going to do about it?

"The first day's subscription of the new Government of India Loan amounted to eleven scores of rupees."—*Provincial Paper.*

It was a start, anyhow.

"MOTHERS AND BABY CARS.
Care should be taken in selecting."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

Particularly the former.

From the New Zealand Official Year Book of 1921-1922:—

"OLD AGE.

Hospital returns show . . . 31 old people treated for senility were discharged recovered."

Thyroid, we suppose.

From a report of Mr. CHURCHILL'S speech:—

"The House of Lords' vote might have a very serious effect in Palestine. It might excite false hopes and lead to violet disturbance."—*Daily Paper.*

Not to be confused with one of WINSTON'S "purple patches."

OUR DEPARTMENTAL CHARS.

IN the Government Department which is preparing the Official History of the War there are reported to be five Historians and six charwomen. It may be that these handmaids are necessary. Historians are notoriously untidy persons, everlastingly mislaying encyclopædias, leaving cigar ends on the mantelpiece and losing things like points of view. And they are absent-minded. If it were not for the eagle eyes of their faithful servitors they would be forgetting their spats or leaving out some of the names of the Generals in the Battle of the Marne. So that an allowance of one charwoman each, with one extra in command, is not excessive.

But imagine a day at the office.

Enter an Historian. He is a tall intellectual man with a massive brow. He is bald, naturally. It is the duty of one specially detailed charwoman to go round with a feather duster and brush the cobwebs off the Historians, and in course of time this wears all the hair off them. He has a finely developed bump of fiction. Lest this should be taken down and used in evidence against him he shows you how he developed it. He steps on a stray cake of soap left there by a charwoman, and rises from the floor with an archaic curse and another bump.

With an abstracted air he endeavours to sit down at his desk and indite the burning passages he has been turning over in his mind in the Tube.

But he cannot. It is not only his mind which is abstracted. His desk is abstracted also. Another of the charwomen has shifted it out of the room so that she can sweep the floor.

He sighs deeply. So deeply that the sound reminds him of the insidious ingurgitation of the ubiquitous vacuum-cleaner. He shudders at the thought, then sighs again. He shudders and sighs alternately in the public's time until his throat gets too dry to do any more.

Presently the door opens and a Distinguished Visitor arrives. He has come with some spicy tit-bits concerning the formation of the first Coalition Government. There is a rather awkward *contretemps*, when the D.V. slips off the highly-polished chair to the floor. He keeps slipping off, until the Historian is forced to pin him to it, like a rare butterfly in a specimen-case.

The doors are locked and some papers stuffed in the keyhole, and they begin to talk in discreet whispers. Suddenly there is a rustle and a steady swish-swish. Baulked of her usual mode of entry, a charwoman is descending the chimney.

They decide to go elsewhere, in the hope of not being disturbed. The corridor is the scene of a huge drive of charwomen in column of pails in echelon. The floor is inches deep under water, and the D.V. understands now why all Historians wear rubber thigh-boots. Outside the door of the Head Historian is a duck-board pathway.

They try the Board Room, but this is as bad. The charwomen keep shaking them off the chairs and the table, regarding their own business as more important than the hashing up of stale history. The D.V. tries desperately to defy the advancing waves, and it is only by superhuman efforts that the Historian is able to rescue him as he goes down in an eddy of soapsuds for the third time.

At last the D.V. says, "Isn't there *anywhere* we can be alone for five minutes? I simply *must* tell you the story of Mrs. ASQUITH and the policeman. What about the bathroom?"

"S-s-sh!" says the Historian, looking round furtively. "That's crowded with *them* too. There's nine in there, I believe, counting the one that Jones took up yesterday."

"What do you mean?" says the D.V. "Have you got a reserve store of them up there?"

"Not exactly. But every now and again this business gets on our nerves. It's awful. If we try to write, there will be a couple of them watching at our elbows like a pair of terriers, ready to pounce on the first blot we make. Before a scrap of paper can hit the floor it is snatched away. The place is offensively clean, and we can't get it homelike. The other day the Chief escaped to the cellar to work, but they routed him out with a bag of ferrets and a cake of carbolic. At times it becomes too much. There is a dull sickening thud. One of the harpies is impaled on a fountain pen, or battered to death with the 'Passed to you, please' stamp, or strangled with some red tape. It's the only way we can keep 'em under. But the bathroom is getting full of them now, and I don't know what we are going to do."

The Distinguished Visitor wrings his hand in silence and leaves. As he passes through the glass swing-doors there is the steady drip, drip of the water and the ceaseless grind of the scrubbing-brushes.

The War of the Worlds.

"CANTON BOMBARDMENT.
AEROPLANES SENT TO SUN'S AID."
Headlines in Jersey Paper.

Flying at the rate of 100 miles an hour, the aeroplanes are expected to reach their destination in 107 years.

EARLY EFFORTS.

II.

THE MS. printed below was discovered in the secret drawer of a writing-desk which came by chance into my hands. Obviously a juvenile piece of work (the slight confusion of local colour is sufficient to betray this), it yet shows clearly, I think, the promise of future fame. It is headed

BRAVE BEARD

and signed at the end with the three magical letters

E. M. D.

"No, I literally cannot endure him."

The evening fell in long folds of purple and grey across the vast solitude of the pampas-covered *veld*, and the red rays of an angry sun lit the face of the fair young English girl who uttered these disdainful words. It was a face of singular attraction, though the golden-brown eyes were set too far apart for classical beauty and the nose was a little too small to appeal to an æsthete's eye. But at twenty-five Edith Foljambe, with her mass of now chestnut, now flame-coloured hair, her beautiful complexion and her lithe young figure, had a grace which more than compensated for any trifling irregularity of feature.

"I cannot endure him at all," she repeated to herself as the sun sank finally to rest behind the summit of the snow-clad *kopjes* which fringed the western horizon. It grew colder on the *stoep*, and she shivered a little. A jackal whined in the bush. From the swamp came the deep bellow of a distant *gnu*. Then all was still.

For two hours Edith had been awaiting the return of her brother's trusted friend, now her sole guardian at Lone Pine bungalow, the only other occupants being the half-breed bailiff, Schweppe, and the slatternly maid-of-all-work, Rose.

Unrest amongst the native tribes had driven her brother out upon a lonely mission amongst the hills, but he had left a short hastily-scrawled note commending her to the care of Burt Marjoribanks, "the best of fellows and the whitest man I know."

Could Edith, mentally comparing him with Rex Beaver, the dark handsome-faced Rex, whom she had left in England two years ago, bidding him carve a name for himself before he sought her hand again, corroborate her brother's enthusiastic words? She smiled a little contemptuously. This rough square-built red-bearded son of the wilderness had annoyed her from the first with his brusque off-hand manners, and she had divined a half-expressed antagonism

THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

PLUTOCRAT. "IS A SOP OF ANY USE TO YOU?"
WATCHDOG. "I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU MEAN."

First-Class Passenger (to third-class ditto, who is blatantly showing her tickets). "REALLY, MADAM, THIS IS FIRST-CLASS."
Third-Class Passenger. "SO IT IS, SWEETIE. *I've* NO COMPLAINTS."

behind the hooded lids that ever and anon lifted to flash forth steel-grey shafts of light that stabbed like swords, and stabbed again.

She heard a step behind her on the compound. It was Schweppe, the half-breed.

"You can take away the coffee," she said carelessly. "It has been a splendid sunset, has it not?"

The man remained motionless, and, rising hastily from the *stoep*, Edith looked round. An electric shudder of dread ran through her frame. Out of the darkness which almost enveloped the bailiff's figure she could detect the gleam of two cruel eyes set in an expression which contained she knew not what of menacing ill. She had been wrong to speak to the half-breed, for Marjoribanks, knowing that the man was a confirmed morphomaniac, had warned her not to do so. Now she regretted her error, but, drawing herself proudly up and infusing into her tones a courage which she was very far from feeling, "Go back at once," she said abruptly, "to your quarters, or I shall inform the *Baas*."

The man moved a step nearer, and a wave of horror swept over Edith, loosening her every limb. Then out of some great void she seemed to hear a firm step, followed by a hoarse shout, and through the mist in which she swam a bearded figure, that had tied its pony to the rail of the *stoep*, went raging by. There was the sound of a violent struggle, the crack-crack of a whip incessantly repeated, interspersed with horrible moans. Was it moments or years before she found herself in the lighted kitchen of the *dak* bungalow, Burt Marjoribanks standing before her with a cynical smile playing on his rugged lips?

"What has happened?" she gasped.

"Nothing, fair lady," he replied in his usual sardonic tones. "I have only *sjamboked* the cur as I have never *sjamboked* a man before. I suppose you have been allowing the mongrel to speak to you. I thought I told you never to do that. Tell Rose to bring me some supper."

Once more she felt the repulsion of his crude personality, but, overpowered by the magnetic mastery which emanated from it, she went haughtily to do his bidding. Irresistibly she was reminded of a day in England when she had seen a peregrine falcon pounce upon a trembling hare. Was he falcon, she wondered, she hare?

* * * * *

Rising late, Edith Foljambe came in to breakfast next morning, only to find that Burt Marjoribanks had concluded his meal and was smoking a short black rank pipe. There was a deep frown on his strong scarred face. He did not move to help her to curry, and made no answer to her lightly-uttered "Good morning." Presently, however, he lifted his head and spoke.

"Hark! There it is again!" he muttered.

From the distant *veld*, now shimmering in the sunshine, came a far-away sound of throbbing, a long-drawn menacing note. In spite of herself Edith quailed.

"What is that?" she asked timorously.

"Tom-toms," he said. "The hillmen are attacking the bungalow. Look there."

Out of the open window, among the nodding plumes of the pampas, could be seen here and there a brighter tuft

moving stealthily ever nearer towards the *stoep*.

"Assegais," said Marjoribanks shortly.

"I put myself entirely at your disposal," said Edith, all the pride of race rising instantly in her girlish heart. "What do you wish me to do?"

"Help to pile all the furniture against the doors at once. There is no one but yourself and Rose. Schweppe, hyena that he is, has instigated this attack, and is leading them; of that I am only too sure. We must fight——"

"And what," faltered Edith—"what if we fail?"

His tense face blanched under its tan. He lifted his hawk-like lids, and the grey eyes gleamed like knives.

"In the big, big prison-house of life there is always a way out, Miss Foljambe," he said, glancing significantly at his Winchester repeater.

* * * * *

The unequal fight had raged for a long blinding hour. Assegais were pouring into the bungalow, but still the splintered door of stout teak withstood the strain. Weary and grimed with powder Burt Marjoribanks was still firing shot after shot through the sandbagged loophole. He had been wounded four times slightly, but Edith had rapidly bound up his hurts with a skilful though unpractised hand. The compound was strewn with shattered spears and motionless forms. On a sudden one of the upper panels of the great door gave way, and the grinning face of Schweppe, convulsed with hate and rolling opium-maddened eyeballs, peered through. Marjoribanks dealt it a tremendous blow with his closed left fist, but another swarthy countenance filled the breach.

"I have only one bullet left now," he said, calmly turning round from the loophole and closely examining his magazine.

"I am ready," rejoined Edith, closing her eyes and folding her arms on her breast.

There was a click and a pause. Another click, another pause. Wonderingly she lifted her long-fringed lids.

"What is the matter, Bur—I mean, Mr. Marjoribanks?" she said.

"A faulty cartridge," he muttered, looking angrily at his gun.

"Yet you must kill me nevertheless," she cried in a quivering voice. With a groan he snatched an assegai from the floor. At that moment Edith Foljambe knew that she loved this rough strong man with the square-built frame and the hooded eyes, loved him to the death, ay, and beyond. But at that moment too, and very far away, came a shrill sudden sound that brought the hearts of both of them to their lips.

THE COLD SNAP.

Little Girl. "OH, AUNTY, *wouldn't* THIS WEATHER BE LOVELY ON A HOT DAY?"

"The pibroch!" she cried.

"Your brother. The regiment. We are saved!"

On every side of the bungalow black figures could be seen scuttling into the bush as the wail of the pipes rose high above the baleful muttering of the tom-toms and the groans of wounded men. Still nearer it came, till now could be heard the *swish-swish* of the sporraned feet of the Highlanders as they strode through the long grass. Involuntarily Edith closed her eyes.

"Burt! Burt!" she cried faintly, reeling against the table.

In an instant she found herself crushed to his strong frame in a grip that hurt, and kissed full upon the lips.

"Don't call me 'Burt,'" came a new and softer voice; "call me 'Rex,' Edie."

She opened her eyes. Was it dream, hallucination or nightmare? Whose was the keen young face that looked down to her with eyes that she knew? Whose but the face of handsome nonchalant Rex, her lover of long ago. What was that red crumpled thing on the floor? He had done this, then, to win, by right as strong man, the love that he had only earned before as callow boy. The beard was false.

"Rex, Rex," she murmured faintly. "My king, my king!"

EVOE.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(*By our Fleet Street Flâneur.*)

THERE is hope that a really conclusive answer to the long-standing question, "What is wrong with our polo?" may be forthcoming at last. Anyhow, Major Neresyde, late of the Bubblepore Light Horse, was most emphatic and convincing the other day when he pointed out to me that our feebleness is the inevitable effect of the poisonous rule that excludes left-handed players from the game.

Major Neresyde, who is, of course, himself left-handed, agrees that it is undesirable for right-handers and left-handers to play in the same game, in view of the danger of head-on collisions; but he argues that, as the right-handers have had their chance and have let England down, it is they, if anybody, who should be barred. At any rate, he protests, they are not justified in denying the others a chance of retrieving the national honour on the polo-ground.

It is with this object that a number of left-handers have been practising at Cowhele Park, and from these a powerful Sinisters team, consisting of Major Neresyde, Count Scaevola Mancino, Captain Knott-Wright and Lord Droitwich, the last an ambidextrous player, has been selected to meet the American left-handers, under Mr. "Bud" de Gauche, who have been getting into shape at Haycrop Hall.

It is hoped that this series of Sinisters *v.* Southpaws matches, the first of which will be played on one of the London grounds as soon as official sanction is obtained, will, by drawing attention to the possibilities of the left-hander, be England's first step towards regaining with her left hand the laurels she lost with her right.

* * * *

It was only to be expected that an idea so popular and successful as that of using one's forebears for fancy-dress purposes would be developed to its utmost capacity. So far this Season the periods covered in this way have been comparatively recent; but with the field of choice extended to the confines of history the costumes at next week's Genealogical Ball should constitute a scene of extraordinary variety and interest.

The only restriction imposed by the Committee is that everybody shall furnish proof of descent from the personage whom he or she proposes to represent. A victim of this is the young Earl of Stranglehold, who is held to have failed to establish his right to go as a Cave Man, and has had to fall back on Sir Odo Croake, one of the reputed smotherers of the little Princes in the Tower. On the other hand, among those whose first choice was approved, is Sir Lazarus Schnorrer's vivacious daughter, Rowena, who will appear as Leah Schnorrer, a Polish gentlewoman of the late eighteenth century; and her terpsichorean *alter ego*, "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation, should make a striking figure as his renowned great-great-grandfather, Black Bilko, the Terror of Illyria.

The difficulty of making a selection from several picturesque progenitors is exemplified by the case of that dashing New Yorker, Attaboy Madison, who is torn between Shun-the-Bowl Adams, a Pilgrim Father, his ancestor on the distaff side, and Six-Shot Jake, the founder of the Madison fortune in the Far West. Against this may be set the even greater perplexities of the Committee, especially in such problems as that of deciding which of a dozen ladies has the best claim to impersonate MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The enthusiasm shown augurs well for the success of the Genealogical Ball, a novel feature of which is that not until it is over will the charity it is intended to benefit be announced. This, it is hoped, will prolong the excitement, which too often dies out with the last notes of the band.

* * * *

The open-air entertainment at Stuntwell, Lord and Lady Scoope's lovely place in Middlesex, is now only a few days ahead, and, though there has been no serious interruption of the rehearsals of *The Bay of a Beagle*, the drama of English country life which Miss A. Delphia Mell has specially written for the Alfresco Players to perform in this appropriate setting, modifications of the cast have been imperative.

At an early stage it was found advisable to muzzle the faithful hound—in private life a highly-trained Dalmatian—who fills the title *rôle* and rushes to the rescue of the Squire's daughter just in time to save her from being proposed to by a vulpecide neighbour. In the course of rehearsals too it became apparent that the great fight between the Squire and the thwarted suitor imposed too severe a physical strain on the actors concerned, and therefore ex-Halberdier Pumps and "Jim" Buckett, the famous pugilists, have been engaged to play the parts for this scene only. An interesting departure in stage-craft is that the gifted authoress has now decided to share the thrilling uncertainty of the audience as to which of the two will win.

It may well be that Miss Mell, in devising this union of the theatre and the prize-ring, has provided the remedy for the slump in both.

* * * *

Two or three weeks back I gave some particulars of *Débutantes, Limited*, the amazingly successful venture launched by a company of young ladies of high birth but low exchequers on a system of sharing the profits from the substantial fees paid for the privilege of chaperoning them.

To this has now been added a supplementary department catering for the very numerous ladies, especially in the suburbs and provinces, whose circumstances preclude the above luxury but permit them to indulge a fancy for displaying the *cartes de visite* of the nobility on their hall-tables.

When I looked in at the Upper Crook Street office yesterday Lady Hazeleen Gaber-Lunzie, the extremely able managing directress, told me, to exemplify the ever-increasing flood of correspondence that has necessitated repeated augmentation of the clerical staff, that the cards of her parents, the Earl and Countess of Seakale, had just been posted to two adjacent Balham addresses and to another applicant in Bradford.

Lady Hazeleen brilliantly illuminates her own dictum, that it is up to the New Poor to become the Newer Rich.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"We devoutly hope that the Government and their supporters may be able to ridicule our forebodings as being like the prophecies of Cassandra, predestined never to come true."—*Weekly Paper.*

Extract from an Indian bookseller's letter:—

"In reply to your letter dated nil, we regret to inform you that the 'Amendments to Rules of Providence' is not in stock. May we procure it for you from England?"

This will strengthen the impression that someone has been revising the Ten Commandments.

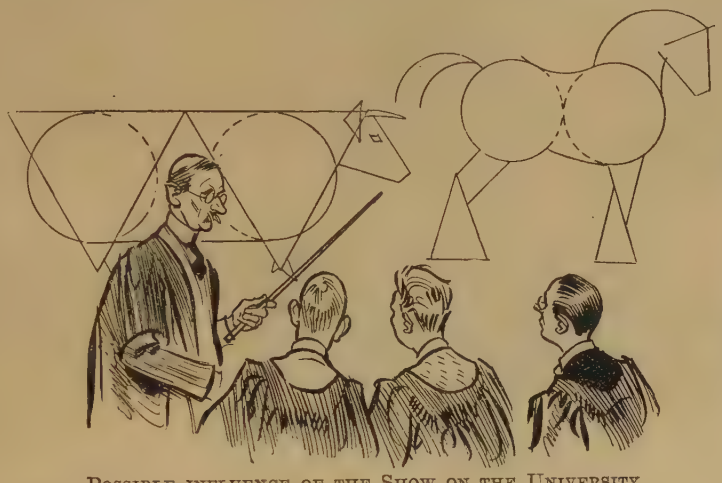
"By riding a cycle to the police-station which had been offered to him for sale, Arthur ——, a cycle dealer, was able to recover it after its theft."—*Evening Paper.*

The story is obscure, and we may have missed the point, but we think that the conduct of the police is open to question.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT CAMBRIDGE.

THIS IS THE SORT OF THING MR. PUNCH WAS HOPING TO SEE—

AND THIS IS THE SORT OF THING HE SAW.



POSSIBLE INFLUENCE OF THE SHOW ON THE UNIVERSITY.
THE APPLICATION OF GEOMETRY TO THE FORM OF THE IDEAL ANIMAL.

A CLASS IN MILKING FOR GIRTON STUDENTS.

FINAL OF THE CHURNING CHAMPIONSHIP AT NEWNHAM.

NEW POSSIBILITIES FOR VARSITY RAGS.

The Proctor. "YOUR NAME AND COLLEGE, SIR?"

THE R.A.M. AND ITS HEROES.

IN an address delivered at the Working Men's College in 1893, the late Lord BOWEN indulged in some caustic criticism of half-baked hero-worship. "Memorials," he observed, "are erected to every one who will only die in the odour of respectability. We write long biographies of Nobody and we celebrate the centenary of Nothing." It was a hard saying, often justified then and since, but quite inapplicable to the Royal Academy of Music, which is now celebrating the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. For JOHN FANE, Lord BURGHERSH, afterwards eleventh Earl of WESTMORLAND, the founder of the R.A.M., was by no means a Nobody—is he not included in the D.N.B. on the strength of his triple distinction as a gallant soldier in the Napoleonic wars, as a diplomatist and a musician?—and his scheme, though its beginnings were modest and its progress for many years chequered and unstable, was never a Nothing, and has ultimately grown into a great and powerful instrument of musical education.

It should never be forgotten that the R.A.M. owed its origin to the enterprise of enlightened and highly-placed amateurs. Lord BURGHERSH exerted an influence comparable to that of the great Austrian and Hungarian magnates who befriended HAYDN and BEETHOVEN in the golden days of the Vienna period, when aristocrats realised that patronage had its duties as well as its privileges. Lord BURGHERSH had his foibles. He was a voluminous composer, and the pupils of the R.A.M. had to perform his operas, cantatas and masses more often than was necessary to their musical salvation. But he kept things together in trying times, and more than once saved a situation imperilled by the administrative incompetence of his colleagues. It was not until STERNDALE BENNETT became Principal that the government of the R.A.M. was reconstructed on a sound basis and the claims of professionals and experts were duly recognised. STERNDALE BENNETT, who "began as a genius and ended as a talent," wore himself out by conscientious drudgery, by rushing about from one boarding-school to another giving lessons to earn a very modest competence. Too gentle for the rough-and-tumble of life, he was yet steadfast in his pursuit of high aims, tenacious where principle was concerned, and will always be gratefully remembered as the second founder of the R.A.M. Sir GEORGE MACFARREN had personality; he was a great teacher, immensely industrious, and formidably equipped as a theorist, but his independence as a Principal made for obstruction and academic pedantry. The third hero of the Academy is the wise and genial Scotsman, whose life covers exactly three-quarters of the century that has elapsed since the old house in Tenterden Street received the first batch of students—twenty in number. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE went there as a pupil just sixty years ago, returned as Principal in 1888, migrated in 1912 to the fine new buildings in the Marylebone Road, now filled to overflowing with seven hundred students, and is happily spared, in full mental vigour, to crown his long and uninterruptedly successful tenure of office by presiding at the Centenary Celebration of July, 1922.

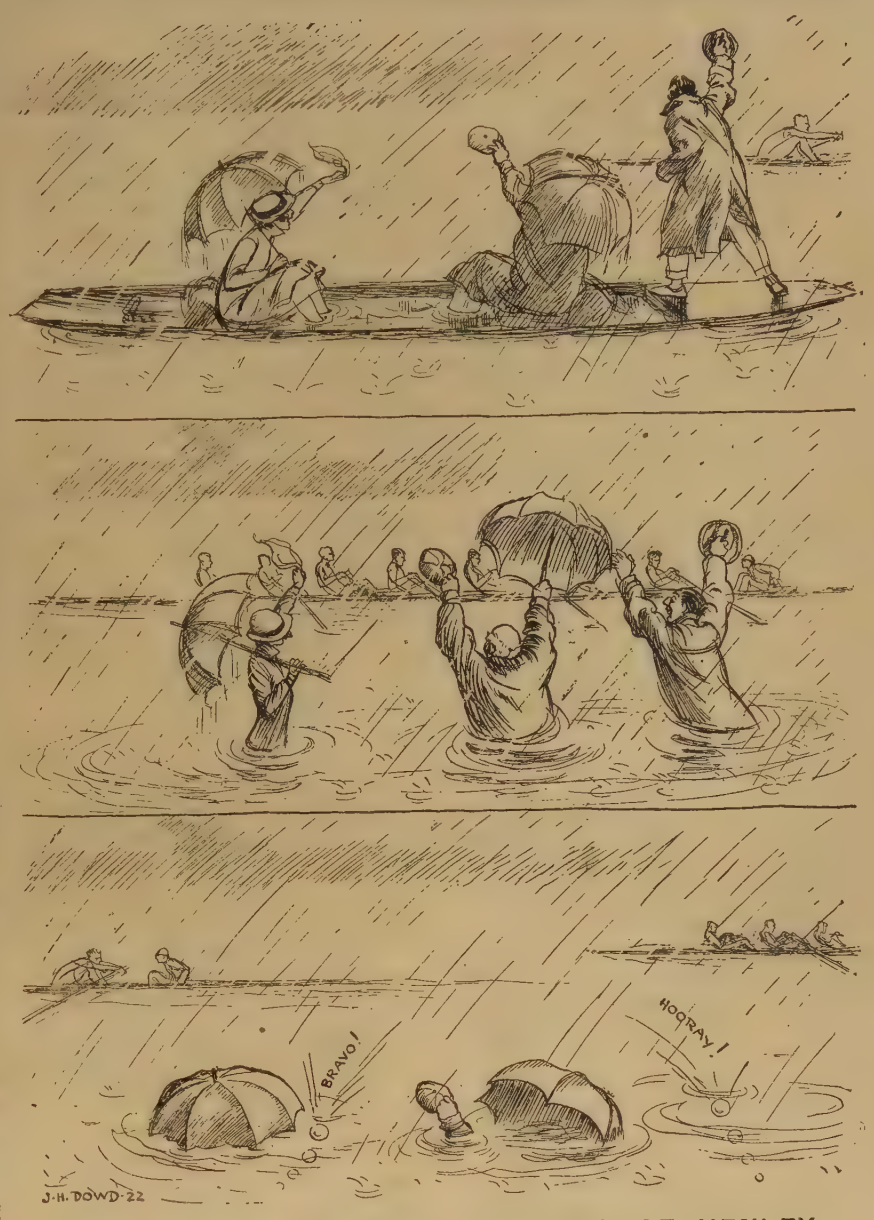
A TRIBUTE TO SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.
WITH MR. PUNCH'S CONGRATULATIONS ON THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

His appointment in 1888 was a happy choice, for "Old Mac," whose friendship *Punch* can claim for thirty-seven years, was already a distinguished composer. He came of a family musical in the direct line for four generations. His father and grandfather were violinists. At Sondershausen, where he spent four or five years of his early boyhood, he became a "ducal violinist" about the year 1860! After leaving the Academy he played in orchestras in London and at provincial festivals, under the redoubtable COSTA, autocrat and martinet, "the tamer of wild prima donnas," as *Punch* once called him, whose methods were more suggestive of a Prussian drill-sergeant than an Italian musician. MACKENZIE'S friendship with LISZT, the spelling of whose name troubled Mr. Punch sorely for many years, dated from his Sondershausen days, and one of Mr. Punch's young men sang in the chorus when MACKENZIE conducted LISZT'S *St. Elizabeth* in the presence of the composer in 1886. It was on the

advice of HANS VON BÜLOW, that wittiest and most un-German of Germans, that he made Florence his headquarters for several years in the 'seventies. It was MACKENZIE, again, who introduced TCHAIKOVSKY'S "Pathetic" Symphony to England at the Philharmonic in 1893. But, though a veritable musical Ulysses, having known many cities and all the musicians worth knowing, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," in spite of his cosmopolitan culture and outlook, he has never lost the savour of his Scottish upbringing. He is a great Scotsman, haunted by the magic of the "land of the mountain and flood;" yet animated with the larger patriotism which inspired his *Rule, Britannia* Overture. Add to heredity and the long, arduous and devoted practice of his art the sagacious tenacity of his race, leavened by a rich vein of humour, and you will begin to understand how, without ever courting publicity or thrusting himself into the limelight, he has proved a wise and firm ruler, and has kept all his old friends while winning the respect and affection of the young.

Musicians are a *genus irritabile*, and, in the phrase of one of the most eminent living composers, modern musical genius is too often "a capacity for giving infinite pain." HANS VON BÜLOW, the wittiest of them all, though on occasion he could behave like a great gentleman, used his tongue as a weapon of offence. There are no barbed shafts in MACKENZIE'S humour; it serves him to relieve tension rather than accentuate divergence of opinion. He has been a great reconciler. Under him any jealousy that may have existed between the Academy and the Royal College of Music has turned to a generous rivalry and cordial co-operation. One of the earliest acts of his Principalship was to initiate the negotiations which led to the formation of the Associated Board, linking the two great chartered Schools of Music in a common scheme of examinations not merely for the British Isles but for the Dominions. The cordial friendship that united him to Sir GEORGE GROVE—another of *Punch's* old friends—and to GROVE'S illustrious successor, Sir HUBERT PARRY, binds him to the present Director of the R.C.M., the indefatigable and enthusiastic Sir HUGH ALLEN.

It is a fine record however you look at it, creative and administrative or social and humane—a triumph of gifts, industry and character. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE is a great link with the past, alive to the extravagance and eccentricities of the moment, yet hopeful of the future, and the generous friend and admirer of ardent and aspiring youth. *Punch* therefore, the lover of music from his first number, in gratitude and affection offers his congratulations to the central figure and hero of the R.A.M. centenary.



THE SPORTING SPIRIT: AN ECHO OF HENLEY.

The Revival of Dead Languages.

"Bombay.—The Congress Working Committee has sanctioned Rs. 7,000 to Mr. Prakasm for work among the depressed classics."
Indian Paper.

"[Adam Lindsay] Gordon's philosophy, as given in verse, has a flavour of Burns:—

'Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone,
Kindness in mother's trouble,
Courage in your own.'"
Weekly Paper.

The filial sentiment is so admirable that we hesitate to criticize the scansion.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The widow shares in the veil's symbolic use; her long black mournful draperies proclaim her, and hundreds of years ago Chaucer wrote—

'A lovely lady rode him fair beside
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low.'"
Glasgow Paper.

The worst of CHAUCER was that he would lift things from SPENSER.

National Chiropody.

"What is the Cabinet or the Admiralty doing to keep the British Feet in a state of efficiency?"—*North-Country Paper.*

From Smith Minor's "General Knowledge" paper:—

"The Kremlin was a certain kind of skirt which had hopes in it."

A MISHAP IN HARLEY STREET DURING THE SLUMP.

A DANGEROUS GAME.

I SUPPOSE it was a fraud. But George and I are both very poor men. And really in these days the daily papers seem to have so much money to throw away that we felt they might as well throw some of it at us.

George and I are two of the noble army of Regular Purchasers who, in return for taking in *The Thruster*, are insured against almost every mortal ill. But we have no luck. None of the profitable ills ever seems to approach us. We never motor. We don't hunt. We can't afford to travel in trains. After we signed our coupons life—touching wood, of course—seemed to grow safer and safer.

But when the Unparalleled Insurance Scheme made even itself look small and was extended to Deaths, Disablements, Perils and Misadventures arising from Sports, we felt that our hour had come, and we began to take our games seriously. Indeed, if anything can bring back the country's lost supremacy in sport it is this insurance business.

Do not assume that we were out for the Death benefit. We merely pined for the Temporary Disablement benefit, "£312 per annum (at the rate of)." By the way, I must protest against the unfair discrimination of *The Thruster* in the matter of death. If you are killed in an opulent motor-car you receive a thousand pounds, a very reasonable figure—for a motorist. But if you die a sporting death on the tennis-lawn you are paid the paltry sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. Now what is the peculiar merit in being destroyed while road-hogging which makes it four times as remunerative as an honourable extinction at the net? It is the old story, I suppose: one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Well, which would you call the most dangerous summer-game? Personally I have always marvelled at the longevity of golfers, and we chose golf. We went down to ——, in Cornwall, and played steadily for a week, agreeing that all benefits received should be pooled.

Round after round we played; and, at a price, I almost enjoy golf. Only there was no reward. In vain we dawdled along in front of the peppery General, till he drove with loud cries over our heads. In vain we loitered in the rocky Chasm (the most dangerous hole in England) watching old Winthrop and Smith playing a kind of racquets against the cliffs, so that the air was full of bounding balls and flying stones and the heads of broken niblicks. Nothing touched us. We seemed to have charmed lives.

At the end of the week I took drastic measures. I bought twelve heavy balls and teed them up on the first tee. "Now," I said to George, "I'll drive all these balls, and you stand by the tee-box." This is a very dangerous thing to do; I have an unusual slice.

"No," said George firmly; "not that—not for any money."

I saw that I must give him a lead, so I stood heroically on the first green and let George hit twelve balls at me with his brassie as hard as he could at about sixty yards range. None of them reached me. It was miraculous.

"Let's try tennis now," said George hastily as I teed up my balls again.

So we went up to the hotel and played for hours against the hotel experts, recklessly exposing ourselves at the net. They never hit us.

Next day we courted the less exhausting perils of village cricket. Here it was the same story. Little Dithering had a demon bowler and a demon pitch. Between them they stunned a blacksmith and lamed a constable, I should think, for life. But I fear that neither of them is a Regular Purchaser of *The Thruster*. As soon as George went in the demon bowler was taken off. As soon as I went in I inadvertently hit my wicket and retired unhurt.

We went out to field, prepared for miracles of hardihood. The other side had some tremendous hitters, who smote the ball with great force to all parts of the field. One felt that mid-on's life was not worth a moment's purchase;

that if mid-off could stick it for another over or two he was assured of a steady income for life. But not third man (George), and not the glorified long-stop (me). I suffered intense fatigue in the pursuit of byes, wides and leg glides, and George became quite out of breath from running after late cuts. But that was all. Cricket, we decided, was a terribly safe game.

Desperate, we examined the list of Approved Sports again. And suddenly I realised our error. We had played nothing but womanly *man's*-games. What we wanted was one of the brutal sports practised at Girls' Schools and Colleges for Young Ladies—hockey or lacrosse.

"Not hockey," said George, paling. "What about lacrosse?"

We studied Lacrosse in *The Encyclopædia of Sport*. Among the Choctaw Indians, we read, the game was played "with a fierceness . . . second only to actual warfare . . . each man running and fighting for himself, quite regardless of opponents . . . darting between his adversaries' legs, tripping and throwing and foiling each other in every possible manner, and every voice raised in the highest key to shrill yelps and barks . . . The compulsory defections were necessarily plentiful, *and sometimes permanent.*"

Then we went and watched the game being played under modern conditions, and I formed a pretty clear impression of the rules. Each player carries a powerful wooden weapon, called a crosse, to which is attached—for the sake of appearances, we gathered—a piece of netting. They dispose themselves in pairs all over the field, eyeing each other malevolently; and when the ball is set in motion everybody raises his crosse and "checks" his particular opponent, whether the ball is near or not; in other words, he hits him hard upon the head or body. Thus the game is really a succession of personal combats, culminating sometimes in a general *mêlée*.

We decided that this was a suitable sport for the Great Insured. Some delicate organisation was required, and people marvelled at our passion for the game. But in due course we took part in a mixed Lacrosse Match in the grounds of a Ladies' College.

I arranged to "check" George. We were placed in a corner, remote from any other combatant, and the game began. George, the keen fellow, started running for the ball, about a hundred yards away. Knowing the rules, I checked him with a smart clip on the back of the head. George, not knowing them so well, turned to protest, whereat I smote him in the ribs. "£312 per annum (at the rate of)," I murmured encouragingly, and kicked him on the knee. George fled. Still cherishing the fantastic notion that he was playing a game, he ran towards the ball, and I pursued him, uttering shrill yelps and barks. What ghastly injury I should have done him will never be known, for at that moment two Choctaw maidens appeared from nowhere and flung themselves at him. Other braves assaulted them in turn, and there ensued a general engagement, brief but bloody. There was a deafening clash of crosses; George went down under a hail of blows, and I ran swiftly out of the field, uttering glad cries of thanksgiving to Jupiter Insurans and the Philanthropic Press.

Half £312 is £156—a fortune! "At the rate of," I know. But George will be in hospital for a long while yet. He is rather a crotchety patient. He says I didn't *earn* the money. A. P. H.

"BUT WHY DON'T YOU WORK? YOU LOOK STRONG ENOUGH."
"WORK, LIDY! WHY, I WORKS WHEN YOU AND THE REST UV 'EM'S JOY-MAKIN'. I'M A BANK 'OLLIDY TICKLER-MERCHANT."

Our Sporting Novelists.

"Conn, on the whole, was inclined to feel like the player in a Rugby match who gets hold of the ball and flings himself on it to keep it. The player's opponents are twenty-nine to one and they mean to have that ball."
From a recent Novel.

No stupid confusion here with soccer.

"Mr. —— has recently been awarded a National Science Scholarship at Downing Street, Cambridge."—*Local Paper.*

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is still undergoing examination for a similar award at Downing Street, London.

Visitor. "THAT YOUNGSTER SHOULD MAKE A GOOD CRICKETER."
Master. "YES; IT'S A CASE OF HEREDITY. HIS MOTHER GOT HER HOUSE-FLANNELS AT SCHOOL."

FEATHERED FREIGHTS.

IF anything could bring home to our railway despots the injustices and anomalies of their freight charges, the following letter which recently appeared in the Daily Press would smite their consciences:—

"SIR,—Recently a friend carried a canary in its cage from Eltham Park to Welling. Passenger fare 3½*d.*; but charge for bird and cage 1*s.* 3*d.* The cage was covered with paper, only its ring being exposed for convenience of holding. Had the ring been enclosed and the string been utilised instead, the cage would have been passed as passenger's hand luggage and no charge made."

If this kind of extortion continues, the nation to a man will refuse to carry its canaries about. Thus one of the most charming and characteristic customs of English town life will disappear.

A more serious effect of this high bird-freightage will be to prevent many people from taking their much-needed holiday. Some there are whose kindly neighbours will administer the requisite seed during their absence, but others must take their birds or leave them to starve.

The letter quoted above admits there is no charge if the ring of the cage is covered. But what bird-lover would trust his canary to a piece of string? That idea must be dismissed at once and with contempt.

The railway authorities kindly invite—nay, even press—the public to visit the Cornish Riviera, and then make it impossible for bird-owners by charging anything up to seventeen pounds for transporting the cage. (Working out this sum I have followed the ratio between the fares of passengers and canaries as given above.)

Some statistical bird-fancier should make a return of the carriage rates for canaries to all the most popular watering-places. The relentless figures would kindle a flame of indignation in every breast.

What, we ask, would have happened if the mill-girl who recently returned from her world-tour had been a canary-lover? Only years of hard saving made her wonderful trip possible. Would not even her courage and patience have wilted at the prospect of having to save enough for the carriage of her bird?

* * * * *

And that is why your income-tax—— As you were! That is why freights *must* come down.

THE DESERT OPTIMIST.

THE close-cropped rice-fields quiver
Through the sweltering midday haze,
And a jingling down by the river
Tells where the buffaloes graze;
They may be common and cheap bells,
But to me with gold they 're blent,
For the sound is the sound of the sheep-bells
Somewhere down in Kent.

The ground is aflame with petals
That fall in the burning breeze;
There 's an aching glare that settles
On dusty and cheerless trees;
But there 's one where the sprays make merry,
Sprinkling with snow my tent,
And it might be the bloom of a cherry
Somewhere down in Kent.

There 's an old brick-red pagoda
That has lost its gilt and lime,
And a ton of soap and soda
Would never clean the grime;
'Tis a haunted shrine, a ghost-house
Which nobody dares frequent,
Save one who dreams of an oast-house
Somewhere down in Kent.

The Advance of Woman.

"The Bishop of —— has appointed Canon ——, M.A. Oxon, to be his Examining Chaplain (for Lady Readers)."—*Daily Paper.*

OUT OF THE ASHES.

SPIRIT OF LAW (*to Irish Rebel*). "YOU MAY HAVE DESTROYED MY COURTS AND MY RECORDS—BUT YOU HAVE NOT DESTROYED *ME*."

Jack (just promoted from night-shirts). "'BLESS THY LITTLE——' (*pause*). MUMMY, NEED I BE A LITTLE LAMB NOW I'M IN PYJAMAS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 3rd.—Manners in the House of Lords are undoubtedly becoming more free-and-easy than they used to be; in readiness, I suppose, for its impending democratization. Nevertheless Lord BLEDISLOE was not a little surprised at his treatment to-day. "As a large producer of milk," he had given the Peers at some considerable length his views on the Milk and Dairies Bill, and had incidentally developed an ingenious and (to the milk-producer) comforting theory that the drinking of milk that is affected by bovine tuberculosis was a prophylactic against the human variety of the disease. But the LORD CHANCELLOR, instead of complimenting him on his research, sharply rebuked him for having delivered a Second-Reading speech on the Committee stage.

NURSE WOOD TAKES UP THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

Mr. CHURCHILL was called upon to answer various conundrums arising out of the new conditions in Ireland. Members learned *inter alia* that a German who by domicile acquires citizenship of the Irish Free State does not automatically become a British subject; and that the Assembly recently elected in Southern Ireland is the House of Parliament referred to in the Free State Act, and not "the third Dail of the Irish Republic"—a body which, according to the COLONIAL SECRETARY, "never had any existence as far as this country is concerned." Perhaps wisely, however, he declined to speculate on "the state of mind of individual Members of that House."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN being still absent, the PRIME MINISTER was unable to name a day for the discussion on the Honours List, but assured the House that the Government were just as anxious for it as anybody.

As Chairman of the Telephone Committee Sir EVELYN CECIL was pleased to think that since the issue of its report there had been a considerable improvement in the service. Mr. KELLAWAY said he had found the document of great service, but warned users that he could not further reduce the charges. In his own elegant phrase he had "divided up the melon to the last pip." I know several subscribers who have undoubtedly got it.

Tuesday, July 4th.—Mr. WHITLEY'S vigilance at Question-time fully equals that of his predecessor in the Chair. But even he occasionally nods. This afternoon he would have allowed Commander BELLAIRS to ask a fourth question, but that Viscount CURZON pointed out that the hon. Member was "exceeding his ration." Opinion in the Lobby, I understand, is sharply divided on the question whether the noble lord's inter-

ference was commendable or came into the category of "sneaking."

The PRIME MINISTER is putting in a lot of work at the House just now, owing to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S illness. Members were much amused at his emphatic denial of the suggestion that the Cabinet Secretariat ever prepared matter for publication in the Press. *Mr. Crummles* himself was not more unaware of "how these things get into the papers."

Contrary to expectation Mr. CHURCHILL did not open the discussion on the Colonial Office Vote, but left that task to the Under-Secretary. Major WOOD gave a business-like account of the Crown Colonies, which, like the rest of the world, were suffering from economic difficulties. The House was particularly taken with the story of his recent official tour to the West Indies, where he seems to have got on well with everybody from proconsuls to piccaninnies, and to have accumulated much first-hand information regarding "the White Man's burden." If any fault were to be found with his speech it would be that it was too consistently serious.

No fault of that kind was to be found with his chief's performance later in the evening. On the contrary, in resisting Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS'S solemn indictment of his administration in Palestine and particularly of the RUTENBERG concession, he fairly rollicked. Sir WILLIAM had admitted that he himself had been "one of the early Zionists," and Mr. CHURCHILL amused himself and the House for about ten minutes by quoting the enthusiastic things that he and other critics had said about the BALFOUR declaration, which they now wanted to repudiate. "I stand by every word," said Mr. MARRIOTT, to which Mr. CHURCHILL replied that it was all very well for the hon. Member "to sit there standing by every word," but why did he blame the Government for trying to carry out his own policy?

To shouts of "RUTENBERG!" he retorted, "I am coming to RUTENBERG by my own route." His defence of that worthy was not peculiarly convincing; perhaps his most notable claim to consideration being that he advised KERENSKY to hang LENIN and TROTSKY. But by this time the Committee had laughed so much that it would have accepted even worse arguments, and, on a division, the Amendment was rejected by 292 to 35.

Wednesday, July 5th.—Not for the first time Lord SYDENHAM called attention to the propaganda of revolutionary associations in this country. To them he attributed most of the troubles, including unemployment, which have afflicted us since the Armistice. But the LORD CHANCELLOR, though he himself has been known before now to work the Bolshevist peril for all it was worth, declined on this occasion to take the warning seriously. Lord SYDENHAM was chidden for not having framed his Question "in intelligible terms," but having used "the dubious language of debatable controversy," and was likened—intellectually, not physically—to *The Fat Boy* in *Pickwick*. In an outburst of optimism, induced by the Labour Party's recent repudiation of optimism, the *Mark Tapley* of the Woolsack asserted that the post-war difficulties had been completely surmounted, and that there was now no danger of British commonsense being persuaded into acceptance of the crazy doctrines that had brought Russia to ruin.

Lord AMPTHILL drew attention to the long delay in carrying out the promised reconstruction of the Militia. He received a soft answer from Lord GORELL, who hoped that recruiting would be reopened during the present financial year. Lord HALDANE was not pleased. Being under the impression that he had destroyed the old Constitutional force once and for all he did not like to see the creature raising its horrid head again. Once more he urged upon an apathetic audience the importance of "clear thinking," and the A.A. paid about as much attention as if he had said "clear starching."

Mr. CHURCHILL, who was leading the House, attributed his inability to fix a date next week for the long-promised debate on the Canadian Cattle Embargo to the fact that the Ulster Members would not have returned from celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne; and regretted that the Honours discussion, for which his revered Chief is so anxious, could not take place in the absence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

A Briton who emigrates to a foreign country can under the existing law transmit his British nationality to his children, but not to his grandchildren. Men who returned during the War to fight for the Old Country naturally feel this a great hardship. A Bill to remedy it was warmly received in all quarters of the House. Even Mr. NEIL MACLEAN, whose utterances occasionally suggest an enthusiasm for every country but his own, was loud in its praise, and actually urged its extension.

Thursday, July 6th.—The defeat of the rebels in Dublin by the Free State forces furnished the LORD CHANCELLOR with the text for the most hopeful speech on Ireland that he has recently delivered. He claimed that the policy of the Government, "with all its difficulties, disadvantages and points of criticism," had at least been justified by the fact that an Irish Executive, backed by the majority of the Irish electorate, was now engaged in forcibly suppressing the rebels against its authority. Some of the Peers may have been reminded of the back-blocks doctor who, when unable to diagnose a patient's disease, administered a powerful drug and cheerfully remarked, "That 'll give him a fit; and I'm a whale on fits." But, if so, they were too polite to mention it.

Lord NEWTON urged the Government to support the "Walk to the left" movement, which, according to him,

THE LAST OF THE CRUSADERS.

(*After* TENNIEL'S "*White Knight*" *in* "*Through the Looking Glass.*")

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND SIR ALFRED MOND.

was only objected to by the women-shoppers, whom nothing short of machine-guns would shift from the drapers' windows, and by the COMMISSIONER OF THE CITY POLICE, who was apparently a survival from the days when men wore swords. Lord ONSLOW declined to go so fast, and indicated that in Downing Street, for the present, they would continue to "Keep to the right."

The theory that the CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND has now no work to do-o-o and ought to be "demobbed" gained some colour from the fact that, while Questions addressed to him were being asked on the floor, Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD was looking after a friend in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. But the PRIME MINISTER assured the House that his right honourable friend was still well employed; and the COLONIAL MINISTER pointed out that he would be quite unable to look after Ireland (in addition to Palestine, Mesopotamia and the Crown Colonies) but for the assistance of Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD and the staff of the Irish Office.

The proposed reduction of the Ulster regiments continues to arouse protests. Admiral ADAIR argued that as the height-standard for the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers had recently been raised it was obvious that there must be plenty of recruits to keep the second battalion in being. But Sir ROBERT SANDERS replied that the standard had been deliberately raised in order to check recruiting; on the principle, I suppose, of "the higher the fewer."

Few Members of the present House remember Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in his Opposition days, and what a young terror he was to Ministers. But, though it is seventeen years ago, he himself has not forgotten. When someone objected this afternoon that the programme of business was too heavy, and that more time in particular should be allowed to the Public Works Loan Bill, the PRIME MINISTER disposed of the objection with the remark that, "in the days when he was anxious to promote discussion," that was the one Bill he always found it difficult to discuss.

Farmer. "AY, SHE BE EIGHTY-NINE AN' A WUNNERFUL OLE WOMAN; BUT SHE DO SUFFER FROM DELUSIONS TERRIBLE."

Parson. "OH, WHAT ARE THEY?"

Farmer. "SHE THINKS SHE'S GOT A DIARY WOT'S GOIN' TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE SUNDAY NOOSPAPERS."

THE SPEEDWELL.

THERE 's cornflowers blue,
And pansies too,
There 's larkspur blue and spiny,
But still I choose
Of all the blues
The speedwell, blue and tiny.

She lurks below
The high hedgerow
And where the white road flows by;
Her name can tell
She wishes well
To everyone who goes by.

But chiefly if
The brae be stiff
She justifies her christening—
Elf clear, elf clear,
"*Speed well!*" you 'll hear—
That 's if you 're good at listening.

And where the grave
Cool grasses wave,
As Summer's kirtle swishes,
Her pigmy cup
Lifts bluely up
Brimful of shy good wishes;

And I upon
My hill go on—
Does Fancy send me gayer?
No kindly word
Can be absurd,
However small its sayer.

Then, though I see
Fine company
Of flowers, a summer bank-full,
My heart 's for her
The well-wisher,
Blue tiny, since I 'm thankful.

THE WATCH-KEEPERS.

Alfred is still a nervous wreck.

As he was once a Lieutenant, R.N., you will naturally ask, "Poor chap, was he mined or torpedoed, or was it just a nervous breakdown due to prolonged strain?"

Well, it wasn't exactly any of these. The fact is he was blown up—no, not by T.N.T. or a "mouldy," or even by a magazine of H.E. It was something much more dreadful. He was blown up by Nosey Parrot!

Nosey was our Commodore (second-class). He was an admirable officer. Jobs were not often scamped in his ship, mainly because he had a nasty little way of wandering round at unexpected moments to find out what was doing. "Never know where you are with old Nosey," said the Wardroom; "Never know where old Nosey is," said the Lower Deck; both of which verdicts implied his efficiency if not his popularity.

But Nosey was not merely a martinet; he was also a humourist of a very rare order, and in his younger days had been an endless source of merriment in many a wardroom and the idol of many a lower deck by reason of his amazing power of mimicry. His *répertoire* extended from the First Sea Lord to the last ship's boy. Lucky was the man who had heard Lieutenant Nosey in his famous dialogue between the Bloke and the Marine who had broken "leaf," or Commander Nosey recounting the private opinions that two mellowed A.B.'s entertained about himself. But age and responsibility, though they had not robbed him of his sense of humour, had given it rather a Mikado-like turn. There was something humorous-but-lingering about his jokes that made one laugh only when someone else was the subject of them.

Alfred had just joined up. He had not been shipmates with Nosey before. If he had, the tragedy which follows would never have happened.

One cold and very dark night in January our hero had the middle-watch. He was a man of great daring and some resource, and he had for his midshipman one Peterson, who enjoyed the gunroom reputation of being the coolest young scallywag afloat.

The biting air on the bridge had scarcely begun to freeze the tip of the Lieutenant's nose before he had unfolded his scheme.

"I," he said, "propose to spend most of this watch in the wardroom. You will stay here. Should you detect Nosey skulking about on deck—as you probably will—you are to dash down the ladder and ask him what the deuce he is doing there at this time of night. It will be quite dark enough to pretend that you mistook him for a stoker or anyone else you like, because he is sure to keep in the shadow. Get as near the wardroom skylight as you can before discovering your mistake, and then apologise loud enough for me to hear and long enough to let me slip up the starboard ladder to the bridge. In any case I shall roll up on deck every now and again to see that everything is O.K."

"AN ELECTRIC TORCH RICOCHETTED OFF THE COMMODORE'S HEAD ON TO THE DECK. . . ."

Peterson would probably have preferred Alf's part in the cast, but he consoled himself with the reflection that it wouldn't be half bad fun to work off a few expletives on a full-blown Commodore. Left alone, he applied himself with zest to the task of composition.

Half-an-hour passed. He was still considering whether he should open in a sarcastic vein: "Silence, C.P.O. Jenkins. You 'll wake the Commodore if you stamp about like that;" or more directly with, "What the blazes do you mean, you——" when hark! A distinct sound! Someone moving slowly and cautiously in the shadows.

Our snottie was a man of action and in a twinkling he was down the ladder. But before a single word had passed his lips a voice (which he noticed with some surprise was the voice of Alfred) came from the darkness.

"Hullo!" it said. "What's up?"

"Thought you were Nosey, Sir," replied the youth.

After the very slightest of pauses the voice answered, "Oh, you did, did you? Well, now you know it 's me. Get back on to the bridge."

Peterson, puzzled and even a little disappointed, obeyed. While he was mounting the ladder the shadowy one transferred himself with a ghostlike rush to the deepest blackness under the steps and waited.

At the same instant a door aft opened and shut and another figure appeared. It was Alf, warm and comparatively happy. As his foot touched the bottom of the ladder a shadowy hand was placed upon his arm and a voice—his snottie's—whispered into his ear in frightened tones, "Sh—! Nosey 's up there, Sir."

This, of course, was a very nasty blow, but Alfred retained his nerve. Turning on the whisperer he began speaking softly but incisively. If we omit those not unnatural epithets which add imaginative and pictorial effect to a speech without altering its integral and logical signification, we shall find that the gist of his discourse was as follows:—

(*a*) You 've made a proper mess of things.

(*b*) Has that interfering old spy, Nosey, pumped you dry?

(*c*) At least I hope you didn't blurt out that I 've been in the wardroom.

The reply of the shadowy one was addressed, not to him, but to the bridge. It simply took Alfred's breath away.

"Mr. Peterson," he heard—and he felt very faint when he realised that it was *his own voice* speaking beside him

Squire. "NOT MUCH TO GRUMBLE AT THIS TIME, MR. GROUSE; HAY ALL FIRST-CLASS AND A NICE DROP OF RAIN FOR THE GRASS AND ROOTS. THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE YOU COULD WANT."

Mr. Grouse. "THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT WHERE BE I TO GET A BIT O' ROUGH HAY FOR THE YOUNG BEASTS IN WINTER?"

—"Mr. Peterson, kindly switch on your torch and point it down here."

A sudden beam of light that trembled strangely at its source cut the blackness and alighted on the arm that still clutched his own. It had a broad band of gold braid upon it.

There was a startled choke from above and an electric torch ricochetted off the Commodore's head on to the deck . . .

Alfred was shortly afterwards invalided out of the Service.

Alfred is still a nervous wreck.

MY FATHER KNEW AN ANCIENT MAN.

I.

My father knew an ancient man
  Who fought at Waterloo,
And yet whose tongue less freely ran
  Than such are wont to do;
And often has my father told
  How visitors would say,
Thinking to please that warrior old:—
  "And did you fight that day?
Tell us about the fateful field
That made the great NAPOLEON yield."

Coldly replied that ancient man,
Spitting as only old men can:
"Ah, yes, I fought at Waterloo,
  And eke at Fontenoy;
At Blenheim and Malplaquet too;
  And I mind me, as a boy,
I marched with a trumpet to and fro,
But that would be some time ago—
'Twas at the siege of Jericho;
  I also fought at Troy."

II.

My brothers, when the season comes
  To take our slippered ease,
What solace for our empty gums
  To mumble names like these:—
Landrecies, Mons, The Somme, Fromelles,
  Ypres, Anzac, Doiran, Kut,
The Ancre, The Scarpe, Loos, Neuve Chapelle,
  And many more to boot,
Heavy with fumes of Chivachy
In Flaundres, Artoys and Picardy.

But will young folk stand meekly by
And not be tempted to reply:
"And did you fight at Waterloo,
  And eke at Fontenoy?
At Blenheim and Malplaquet too?
  And did you, as a boy,
Not blow a trumpet at the wall
Of Jericho, to make it fall?
Come, think again; you must recall
  The wooden horse at Troy."

III.

My friends, when old age comes, let's plan
To imitate that ancient man.
The lesson of these latter days
Is "Bow to Youth and go thy ways!"
The War is over, done with, dead,
And if by wisdom we are led
We'll cut our stories of it too,
Even the ones that are quite true.
So shall we gather, when we die,
The tribute of an honest sigh:
'I'm sorry Gran'papa's no more;
He was not, for his age, a bore."

Art and Respectability.

From a London shop-window:—

"TO-DAY'S BARGAIN
Velasquez only 30/-. Suitable for any home."

"Any rancid grammer that may appear in the course of the experiment had best be attributed to the printer."—*Irish Paper.*

But who is responsible for the rotten spelling?

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—THE BLACK CAT.

"I HAD a most extraordinary experience to-day," our host said. "You're all superstitious, of course. It's no use anyone saying he isn't, because there's not such a thing as a man or woman totally free from superstition. Well, this is what happened to me, and you can believe it or not just as you please. But it's true.

"I received a letter from a sporting friend saying that, if I wanted a little flutter, he would advise me to back a certain horse in the 3.30 at Newmarket.

"I'm not a regular betting man and I've had very little luck, so little that I had practically sworn off; but I thought that a tip like this shouldn't be disregarded. It had come from a clear sky unasked, and I should never forgive myself if the horse won and I was not on it.

"I was reading the racing notes in the paper and debating the matter in my mind when an amazing thing happened. The lower part of the window had been left a few inches open and I was suddenly aware that a black cat had entered.

"It was a perfect stranger; I don't keep cats; and it had never to my knowledge come in before.

"I went straight to the telephone and made the bet. After such a sign and symbol as that, what else could I do?"

He paused.

"Well, did it win?" someone asked.

"No," he said. "It wasn't even placed."

II.—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

À propos of racing, a correspondent sends me an account of a delightful experience at Stratford-on-Avon last Derby Day. He was one of a party of antiquaries on a devout pilgrimage to the various spots associated with SHAKSPEARE. They came in time to ANNE HATHAWAY'S cottage, where a lady-guide does the honours. In the midst of her description she was called away to the telephone—for even in this primitive and venerable abode the telephone is now installed. She returned with signs of excitement. "I'm sure you gentlemen will be interested to know," she said, "that Captain Cuttle has won the Derby," and instantly dropped back into the sixteenth century again.

III.—BOTH WAYS.

We were talking about the cartoon in last week's *Punch*, asking for self-denial in order to help the hospitals.

"That's quite right," he said. "A good idea. But not for everybody. Self-denial, while it's all right for some, has a bad effect on others. Makes them peevish, and peevishness is wrong. Multiply peevishness and you get a miserable state of things.

"Take me, for example. If I don't have what I want I am miserable. Miserable in myself and depressing to others. Is that a sound condition of things? No. So what do I do? Why, I have what I want; I owe it to my fellow-creatures to have what I want.

"Take champagne as an instance. I like champagne; champagne likes me. I'm better for it, jollier for it. So I drink it. That's very selfish, you say. You should drink claret and give the difference to charity. But wait a bit. I shouldn't. For one thing, claret doesn't suit me; for another, as I told you, I should diffuse melancholy.

"But the best reason of all is that *there's no need to!* Because I've found a restaurant where the proprietor is an absolute philanthropic fiend. His one pleasure is giving money to hospitals—so the more I go there and the more I eat and drink there the more money the hospitals get."

E. V. L.

LONDON SEAGULLS.

THE pigeons of the Abbey, the pigeons of St. Paul's,
That woo in windy niches of grey and grimy walls,
The pearl-grey dawns of London, his sky that gleams and glooms,
His stately smoky sunsets are in their changing plumes.

The saucy London sparrows, their Cockney chatter tells
Their parents nested surely in earshot of Bow bells . . .
But oh! the London seagulls a-cruising up and down
They're most like old-time seamen come back to London Town.

Old salty swearing seadogs and tarry buccaneers,
With bacca quids, and pigtails, and earrings in their ears,
That spent their money handsome and took their ease ashore
In rowdy Ratcliffe aleshops with sand upon the floor;

And bawled their old sea-ballads and told their thumping lies
In fearsome deep-sea lingo to open landsmen's eyes,
Or drained their brimming pewters and spat into the tide
In old shipboarded taverns on Wapping waterside;

And saw there at their moorings the Geordie colliers rock,
The latest pirate dangling at Execution Dock,
The anchored ships unloading their silks and laces fine,
And spices from the Indies, and rum and Spanish wine;

And watched the busy wherries all plying with their fares
From Globe, Jamaica, Wapping and Cherry Garden Stairs,
And the lighters and the barges a-passing to and fro,
As they did on London River two hundred years ago.

C. F. S.

ÆSOP REVISED FOR MODERN READERS.

THE OLD MAN, HIS SON AND THE ASS.

A SURVIVOR of the Victorian age was taking his son and his ass to market; being elderly, he rode while the son walked.

A Nietzschean passing by called out to the son: "Why do you allow that weak old man to ride? Refuse to accept the slave-morality your father imposes on you for his own ends. Be a superman and turn him off."

Accordingly the son turned off his venerable sire and mounted himself.

"At any rate he's not so heavy," muttered the Ass.

A Business Man paused to argue with the old man. "Apart," said he, "from the cost of shoe-leather, you will be so tired when you reach the market that you will have to take a taxi home. I strongly advise you both to ride."

Accordingly both rode.

"Why can't he keep his ideas for the City?" grumbled the Ass as he bore the twain along the road with difficulty.

A Bergsonian, noting the procession, exclaimed to the Ass, "Obey that vital impulse and get rid of the pair of them."

The Ass did so, propelling them head-downward into a bed of thistles that grew upon rocky ground.

"There's something in advice after all," murmured the Ass as he lunched round the feet of the deceased.

From an "Etiquette column":—

"When eating grapes, the half-closed hand should be placed in the mouth and the stones and skins allowed to fall into the fingers and placed on the side, not the edge, of the plate. Gooseberries are eaten in the same way as grapes, also cherries."—*Ladies' Paper.*

The relative sizes of the hand and the mouth must be carefully studied before this advice is adopted.

HAUNTS OF ROMANCE: THE STATE APARTMENTS.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RISK" (STRAND).

I TOOK it, of course, or I shouldn't be writing of it now. There is always a risk about attending a new play, but this one was "*the* risk." Still, as I say, I took it, and wish to blame nobody but myself for an evening not so profitably spent as I could have wished.

When you import a modern play from France I think that it should be one that deals with some phase of common human experience, or at least some question arising out of conditions familiar to Englishmen. I cannot say how badly Paris is troubled with medical practitioners whose vogue is achieved by the arts of shameless publicity and *réclame*; but I am pretty confident that the heavy attack which M. ANDRÉ PASCAL directs against this professional scandal has no real significance for an English audience.

I was never quite clear whether *Dr. Revard* was meant to be a mere quack, or just an average performer who had become popular through good fortune assisted by self-advertisement. But one thing was certain—that he was being exploited by a money-lender who had financed him at the start; and that to meet his imperative claims the doctor had to resort to all sorts of unprofessional devices for raising the wind, and in particular to a risky operation on an opulent lady in the pink of health.

It was less obvious how he came to be so deeply in debt. The financier had merely advanced money to establish him in quarters suited to a fashionable consultant. And when the play opens the doctor has more rich patients than he can handle and is obviously making an enormous income. It was not apparent, therefore, why he should be in such urgent need of cash; and the whole hypothesis on which the tragedy was based left us sceptical.

It was unfortunate, too, that one of the protagonists—the foolish American, *Mrs. Watson*—should have totally disappeared in the middle of the play. I make no complaint that I did not share the invitation (extended to a large section of the cast) to assist at her operation. This was very properly done *off*, at another "theatre," not the Strand. Nor do I complain that I wasn't present at her death, for I don't think I could have borne to see Miss KYRLE BELLEW in that extremity. I didn't even object to the idea of *Mrs. Watson's* dying, for I had the consolation of reflecting that she perished quite close to Paris, where Americans of her type are supposed to go when they die, and so her soul (if any) was spared the bother of a tedious migration. But I do protest that we ought not to have lost sight so early of a person of the drama on whose fate the development of the ultimate tragedy depended; that she should not have become for us a mere impalpable number (23, to be exact).

The scenes, which were pleasantly varied, included a reception at the house of *Le Marquis D'Avranches*, and another at *Dr. Revard's* Nursing Home at St. Cloud. As for the former, you are familiar with stage behaviour at these society functions; you know well the guest who takes the middle of the floor and throws off an oration before an arrested audience. The best I can say for this Act is that it was perhaps a shade less improbable than most of its kind. The setting of the Nursing Home was something of a novelty; but still more novel to one's experience was the crowd of people who were permitted to invade it. The way in which the guests of the previous Act turned up in a body to attend at the operating theatre recalled the transitions of musical comedy, except that there was no music and very little comedy.

Indeed we could have done with a much larger allowance of light relief. The play was too serious in everything except its appeal to our sympathies, which were never very deeply engaged. Among the leading parts there was only one sympathetic character, the *Comtesse d'Orsant*, devoted lover of *Revard*; and she had a rather disturbing French accent. There has to be always someone with a French accent to supply local colour in these plays from the French, but I imagine that Miss CARMEN NESVILLE couldn't help it.

Mr. BOURCHIER had little chance after the first Act for his natural vein of comedy. But, under conditions that were none too congenial, he played with great versatility, and, in compassing his own death by blue poison, he showed a nice deliberation and kept himself well on the near side of melodrama.

As *Mrs. Watson*, Miss KYRLE BELLEW was sufficiently light-hearted and vacuous. I think she would have done better with her American accent if she hadn't said "yer" for "you" and clipped her "g's." An epigram informed us that an American woman is like a pin (as opposed to a French woman, who was alleged to be like a needle) because she never lost her head. I am not prepared to say that *Mrs. Watson*, a young married woman who was so fascinated by *Revard* that she apparently underwent a dangerous operation just for the joy of being cut open by so charming a man, was a perfect illustration of this apophthegm.

I rather liked Mr. HALLIWELL HOBBES, whose quiet manner as *Charrier*, a doctor of the old school, made an excellent foil to the hustling exuberance of *Revard*. In smaller parts Mr. NAT MADISON gave an excellent little sketch of a climbing artist, and Mr. EDMUND KENNEDY was an attractive figure as the assistant surgeon at the Nursing Home.

If Mr. JOSÉ LEVY'S adaptation is to achieve success, Mr. BOURCHIER will have to do most of the pushing. I spoke of the risk that I took, and that 's the one that he has taken. He has my sympathy; but he doesn't need it, for he must have known what he was in for when he chose the play. I can only suppose that he did it on purpose.

O. S.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.
(*A round with the sterilized gloves.*)

Dr. Javelin . . . . . MR. EDMUND KENNEDY.
Dr. Revard . . . . . MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

"REPUBLICANS HEMMED IN.
BY C. J. KETCHUM."
Daily Paper.

Obviously the right man in the right place.

Placard outside a Provincial cinema:

"THE GOLDEN DAWN
Will appear this evening at 7.30."

More "Daylight Saving."

A DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLER GATHERING MATERIALS FOR HIS NEW BOOK, "*A SCAMPER THROUGH MID-ASIA.*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Head of the House of Coombe (HEINEMANN) was a wicked nobleman by nature and an unrequited benefactor by grace. Having told you this much, and added that his creator is Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT and that the object of his benefactions was the neglected little girl of the frivolous woman he kept—for romantic reasons to be explained in chapter twenty-five—in "a slip of a house" in Mayfair, I have given you a long start with *Lord Coombe*. Perhaps it is my unswerving allegiance to Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT'S immortal nursery tales that renders me a shade impatient of the grown-up topicalities of the present story—*Lord Coombe's* not over-profound excursions into *haute politique*, the picture-palace depravities of his elder *protégée*, *Feather*, and the lurid adventures of the younger, *Robin*, among Belgravian villains who double the (one would think) sufficiently onerous parts of white-slave traffickers and German spies. The unsophisticated idyll of *Robin* and *Donal*, with which the book opens and closes, shows its narrator in her element. And over and above this there is *Dowson*, the excellent nurse provided for *Robin* by *Lord Coombe*, who has walked straight out of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and only changed a letter of her name. I could do with any amount of *Dowson*; and her sentiments on the constitutional blessings of England—"Give me a nice well-behaved Royal Family"—I cordially endorse.

I wish that in *Career* (HEINEMANN) DOROTHY KENNARD could have found a rather pleasanter story to set in the thrilling atmosphere of pre-war Constantinople than the "preposterous" (as she rightly styles them) adventures of *Jim Fanshaw* and *Irene Ducane*. *Irene*, a beautiful and talented half-caste, brought up under the double supervision of her mother's "protector," *Ishmael Pasha*, and of an apostate diplomatist, *Shane Francis*, is built into her lover's career as remorselessly as the living child of WALTER PATER'S fantasy is embedded (you remember the grim detail) in the masonry of the Roman bridge of Auxerre. Most of the women of the book—the English ambassador's American wife, the German ambassador's English one, and *Ishmael Pasha's* French enchantress—hold some such dubious position, midway between a keystone and a mascot, in the architecture of their husbands' fortunes. But *Irene*, whose photograph, left behind by a contemptuous admirer, adorns *Jim's* rooms on his arrival at the English Legation, is expected to display a considerably more than conjugal devotion, under considerably less than conjugal auspices, to the interests of her diplomatic lover. How these interests (and England's) are bound up in the acquisition of *Ishmael Pasha's* oil-fields, and what steps are taken to serve the first and secure the second, form a legend which, if less preposterous now than at the date assigned to it, is luckily much less convincing than its delightful Oriental background.

Lectures, as Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK suggests in his latest book, *My Discovery of England* (LANE), are not too popular a form of diversion in this country; but all those persons who could have listened to Mr. LEACOCK on his recent tour, but refrained from doing so, have now to pay the penalty for that dereliction of duty. For not only did they miss a fine experience then, but they miss to-day the pleasure, as they read this very sagacious and amusing volume, of hearing behind the lines its author's rich and vigorous voice, now and then lost in a gurgling eddy of his own laughter at his own jokes. For Mr. LEACOCK is one of the most notable exponents I ever met of LAMB'S contention that a man may enjoy his own jokes without shame. He is also an example of the saying that humour and commonsense

are very closely allied. These gay and alert pages are full of wisdom and acuteness, shot through with the author's high spirits and fun. As a specimen of his method of veneering truth with nonsense, take his remarks on the old and exploded myth that Scotsmen are lacking in humour. The origin of it, Mr. LEACOCK holds, is English jealousy of the Scotch. "They got into the Union with them in 1707 and they can't get out. The Scotch don't want Home Rule, or Swa Raj, or Dominion status, or anything; they just want the English. When they want money they go to England and make it; if they want literary fame they sell their books to the English; and to prevent any kind of political trouble they take care to keep the Cabinet well filled with Scotchmen. . . . The English retaliate by saying that the Scotch have no sense of humour." The whole book is written at that pitch, and you must watch it very carefully as you read or a shaft or two may escape you. Best perhaps to read it twice.

Mrs. MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY specializes in writing quite harmless and even pretty books with titles which suggest that they are neither; so, I suppose, there must be a public which wants to acquire a reputation for reading risky books without the trouble of really doing it. Her latest novel, *The Great Husband Hunt* (HUTCHINSON), is no exception. The "hunt," with a dowry as prize, which is suggested to his four nieces by *Uncle Tom Perowne*, who has suddenly come into money, is declined by one, ostensibly declined by another, and of the two who take up his challenge, largely for the sake of change and excitement, one quickly gives it up because she can't be bothered, and the other because she falls in love. *Peronelle*, the niece in whom Mrs. BARNES-GRUNDY expects us to be most interested, sets about her pursuit by going as companion with a charming middle-aged lady to Mentone, where she falls in love with one man, already engaged to be married, and is fallen in love with by another, who holds that marriage should be dispensed with whenever possible. Finally *Peronelle's* first lover, having been gracefully released by his first betrothed, asks her to be his; and her story ends happily, though her eldest cousin wins the prize by a very short neck. I couldn't help feeling that *Uncle Tom* ought to have married *Peronelle's* charming employer, and that *Honesty*, who declined, and *Eleanor*, who ran but said she didn't, ought somehow to have been provided with husbands too. Mrs. BARNES-GRUNDY probably counts this to herself for faithfulness to real life; but I don't agree with her. Machine made stories, however pretty and pleasant they are, ought to be written to pattern, and can't be turned into anything else merely by leaving out their last chapters.

BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS: A FULL-DRESS REHEARSAL.

Mr. C. E. LAWRENCE is very mysterious for many pages about *Mr. Ambrose* (O'CONNOR) before letting you know what you could know at the beginning if you had any gumption, that the visitor to the Clapham villa of *Mr. James Coulten*, the publisher, was really the Archangel Gabriel come on a mission to this earth, to say that all Churches and most churchmen are rotten; impartially to overthrow Nonconformist and Evangelical tables, Papist and Spike altars; to overwhelm Lourdes in an earthquake; to become footman to a bishop; to rival HOUDINI's turn with the handcuffs when arrested; to change the shape of his nose as fancy or policy dictated; to be fallen in love with by a suburban Miss and to offer to be more than a brother to her. It is indeed a pity that an author's sincerity about a thesis not new precisely, but always well worth restating—that it is love that makes the world go round—should not prevent his book from being as tedious and absurd and out of touch with reality as I confess I found this odd pamphlet.

If *Caro Cleveland*, the heroine of *Sand* (CASSELL), did not know how to live, it may, at any rate, be claimed for her that she knew how to die. Finding that her husband loved where he listed, she decided to leave him. This decision brought her to Paris and ultimately to Egypt, where she was considerably attracted by *His Excellency Hamid el Alim. Hamid*, who is described as "a decorative young brute," had been educated at Eton and Balliol, and was representative of Young Egypt. In Miss OLIVE WADSLEY's hands he is left with nothing except his handsome face and figure to recommend him. But these attractions—and the conduct of *Caro*—justified him in supposing that she was not indifferent to him. In the end this rather reckless lady is left in the desert to die with the man whom she really loved. And she died admirably. Miss WADSLEY's story, written at high tension, looks likely to achieve popularity.

With his real knowledge of animals and his nice sense of the ridiculous Mr. MICHAEL TEMPLE was well equipped to write a chronicle of country life. *Shallowdale* (JENKINS) tells of a village "very remote from what is called civilization," and it introduces us to as delightful a family of children and as quaint a collection of animals as anyone (civilised or not) could want to meet. Among the four-legged characters I give pride of place to *Betty's* pig, *David*, an animal whose intelligence may conceivably pass the understanding of some men. *Betty* herself is a charming child, but she is a little overshadowed by her pig. The grown-ups of *Shallowdale* are also quaint, but I found no difficulty in accepting their rather unusual adventures and also their misadventures. I confess that the story of the parson who was anxious to become a sportsman is a little stiff; but then he was only a visitor to the village, and I feel certain that no "native" would ever have made such a disastrous idiot of himself. This is a pleasant volume and in its more sober moments not uninforming.

CHARIVARIA.

HUMAN bones have been unearthed near the Members' cloak-room at the House of Commons. They are thought to be all that is left of an earlier generation of Die-hards.

***

"The Marine Parade and Bond Street are very different spots," says a holiday hint in *The Daily Mail*, "and an acquaintance appropriate to the former may be quite impossible in the latter." This, of course, is the feeling that underlies the stand-offishness of the Thanet set.

***

Owing to a police blunder, Mr. ALBERT PARRETT, an innocent man, was recently kept in prison for two weeks. We understand that he will now be allowed to commit a small crime free of charge.

***

A young American sailor recently rescued an heiress from drowning. We understand, however, that he must perform this feat two more years in succession before she becomes his own property.

***

"I don't like too dry a wine," writes Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. It is hoped that it may not be necessary to repeat this intimation.

***

A Kenya settler, we learn from Nairobi, hunts lions by motor-car, using the horn to scare them. The fact that he says nothing about using a few pedestrians as ground bait tends to shake our belief in the story.

***

According to insurance actuaries people are living longer now. An Irishman writes to say that it isn't that they are really living longer, but that they take longer to do it.

***

The proposal of Herr FISCHER that the Allies should finance Germany in the present crisis suggests that he has completely recovered from his recent nerve trouble.

***

A contemporary has been advising its readers how to make their pockets pick-pocket-proof. Too late. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has already done that.

***

It is rumoured that Mr. DE VALERA has on several occasions eluded capture by disguising himself as an Irishman.

A Birmingham boy of six years is said to possess the brain of a Cabinet Minister. Luckily age is on his side and he may be able to live it down.

***

An enterprising American firm has designed a machine for testing the strength of packing-cases. In this country of course we rely on our Railway Companies.

***

We hear of a pair of robins that have nested within a few feet of a blacksmith's anvil. Their extraordinary intelligence told them that to nest on the anvil itself would be to risk having their eggs smashed.

***

"Do animals survive physical death?" asks the Rev. VALE OWEN. If they do it seems useless to adopt drastic measures in the case of the dog next door.

***

M. ARKODY OSIPOVICH TZIPRINSKY, who has arrived in New York, states that it cost him 900,000,000,000 roubles to escape from Russia. The Bolsheviks wish it to be clearly understood, however, that, with escapes at these popular prices, money can in no circumstances be returned.

***

The Duke who drove a motor-car from London to Aberdeen against time for a wager the other day announced that the only casualty was a dog. There is some talk of having the Duke stuffed, as a memento for the owner of the dog.

***

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD has complained that London M.P.'s are dull. The constituency chosen by the Brighter London Society for Mr. MACDONALD is expected to be announced shortly.

***

It seems that the wearing of monocles by women is increasing. To wear them in both eyes at once, however, is considered ostentatious, if not rank bad style.

***

Bass, according to an angling note, is being taken at most of the South Coast resorts. We can well believe it.

***

A flying-machine which can remain stationary for several hours has been invented by an engineer. It is rumoured that the Bricklayers' Union are threatening to take action for infringement of copyright.

***

Toy balloons released at a London fête have landed in Germany and Belgium. And yet the Press complains about our lost air-power.

***

One of our heavy-weight pugilists is said to have taken up bird's-nesting as a hobby. We should never be surprised if some of these reckless fellows went in for silk-worms.

***

According to *The New York Tribune*, a Georgian negro recently escaped from a band of lynchers. The killjoy!

***

A bargee has written a book of poems, we read. This will not have been in vain so long as it kept his mind off the usual hobby of bargees—the spoken word.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

First Critic. "THAT'S THE ONE I'D LIKE TO HAVE."
Second Critic. "ME TOO."
Third Critic (contemptuously). "THAT SHAPE AIN'T BEING WORN NOW."

From a new novel:—

"He had wilfully, if not consciously, kept a golf between his passionate soul and his open mind."

It sounds like the bitter cry of a golf-widow.

"No doubt, since laughter is so universal and so old, it helps rather than hinders us in the struggle for life; if it hindered us, either we or it would have disappeared long ago."
Weekly Paper.

How "we" could disappear and leave laughter behind is not very easy to see. Perhaps the Cheshire cat could tell us.

THE GALLANT PAUPERS.

OUR taxes grind us down, we say;
Poverty knocks at every door;
Such is the price we victors pay,
Such is the "aftermath" of war
(I often wish more people knew
The meaning of an aftermath. Do you?).

And yet how brave a face we wear
Under the lingering curse of Mars!
Go where you will to take the air,
The roads are stiff with bulging cars;
Loud are the lanes with joyous gangs
Doing a beano in their charrybangs.

Thousands conceal their lack of pence
Among the high-priced seats at Lord's;
And myriads make a fine pretence
Of solvency on Sandown's swards,
Women, because their cash runs short,
Going in rags—but of the gladsome sort.

I seek accommodation at
Hotels that flank the ocean's marge,
Where no one save a plutocrat
Could meet (you 'd say) the tariff's charge;
Here, though it break me, I apply
For garret-space contiguous with the sky—

And I am told in every case
That my request is idle talk;
That in the billiard-room a brace
Of strangers lie each side of baulk;
Others, embedded in the bath,
Mock at the War's congestive "aftermath."

Much I admire this pauper folk
That will not bow its bloody head;
I like its nerve when stony-broke,
I like the courage, British-bred
(God bless the playing-fields of Eton!),
Which never, never knows when it is beaten.

O. S.

THE BAD HALFPENNY.

Dermot Costello is one of those Irish poets who write their most nostalgic poems in London. "Art," as he says, "needs distance." In his case it requires the Channel and a large part of England. It interests me to know that the most exquisite expressions of an Irishman's yearning for home have come from a little flat in Chelsea.

His play, *The Exile* (you have seen it, of course), was composed there. It is splendid and inspiring to think how resolutely Dermot fights down that passionate craving for the bogs and lakes of his native land. Every time he passes Euston he must conquer a desperate desire to take a single ticket to Dublin or Cork or Galway. But for twenty years he has resisted it. He explains that, if he once returned to Ireland, he might never tear himself away again, and then the nostalgia which inspires his verse and prose would cease to exist and he might be reduced to growing potatoes.

So when I returned from an enforced sojourn in the isle of bellicose saints and scholars I was not surprised to find Costello seated in a large chair in his club window in London. He greeted me warmly, but his tone was wistful when he spoke of his native land.

"Sit near me," he said. "Why, man, that coat of yours smells of turf-smoke. Ah," he sighed, "now tell me all about the dear country, the mountains, the bogs, the lakes, the soft-spoken people."

I told him lots of things about the soft-spoken people. Then I said, "Why don't you go back? Now is the moment. Your Dail needs you. It needs poets, men of experience and inspiration. I can't think why you don't go at once. It can't be a beggarly two pounds ten or so that stops you."

"No, no, it 's not that," he said quickly; "I 'd take a return and not worry."

"And of course," I added, "it 's not danger that stops you. After reading your poems I know how you idealise death. You wouldn't fear snipers or ambushes. You would probably join an army; your country offers you a choice of armies and a unique chance of becoming a Colonel, General, Field-Marshal or anything you wish in a short time. It 's no thought of danger that keeps you back?"

"No," he said, "it 's not danger. I glory in it. The insecurity would quicken my pulses."

"It 's not a fear of fire, is it?" I asked. "I know some people have some sort of phobia that makes them constantly fear fire—the sort of men who are always going home to see have they really put the gas out, or did they throw their cigarette ends into the fireplace and not leave them smouldering on the carpet. You 're not like that, are you? Because over there other people set your house on fire very easily. It 's quite usual, in fact. Do you dread that?"

"No, I hadn't worried about that," he answered.

He was thoughtful, pulling at his pipe in silence.

"It isn't," I suggested, "that you don't speak your native language yet? You could, of course, converse easily with the inhabitants of Achill or Tory Island, or—or Falls Road in the vernacular?"

Dermot waved his hand gracefully. "My parents were to blame in speaking a foreign tongue," he explained. "But a few lessons would easily remedy that."

"Then," I asked, "what is the reluctance? What is this inexplicable thing that keeps you from your native land in the hour of her rebirth?"

The poet's face flushed, his blue eyes glittered, his hands clenched.

"It 's the damned postage," he shouted, "the intolerable injustice of the extra halfpenny! Shall I go to Ireland and write letters to my friends at tuppence a piece while they write three-halfpenny letters to me? Shall I send tuppenny manuscripts to editors and they return them for three-halfpence? No, no, never while I 'm a free man. Till the postage is equal I cannot return to my Rosaleen dhu."

"Rub-a-dub-dub."

"It was a trim and dainty picture the lawns presented, with their tubs full of red, white and blue blossom, and scarlet-coated bandsmen."—*Daily Paper.*

We trust that the time-honoured limit of three men to the tub was duly observed.

"Will any of those who are engaged in fighting insect diseases in foreign parts turn their attention to biting insects here in the country?"—*Daily Paper.*

We have given this suggestion a trial, but so far the midge has always got his bite in first.

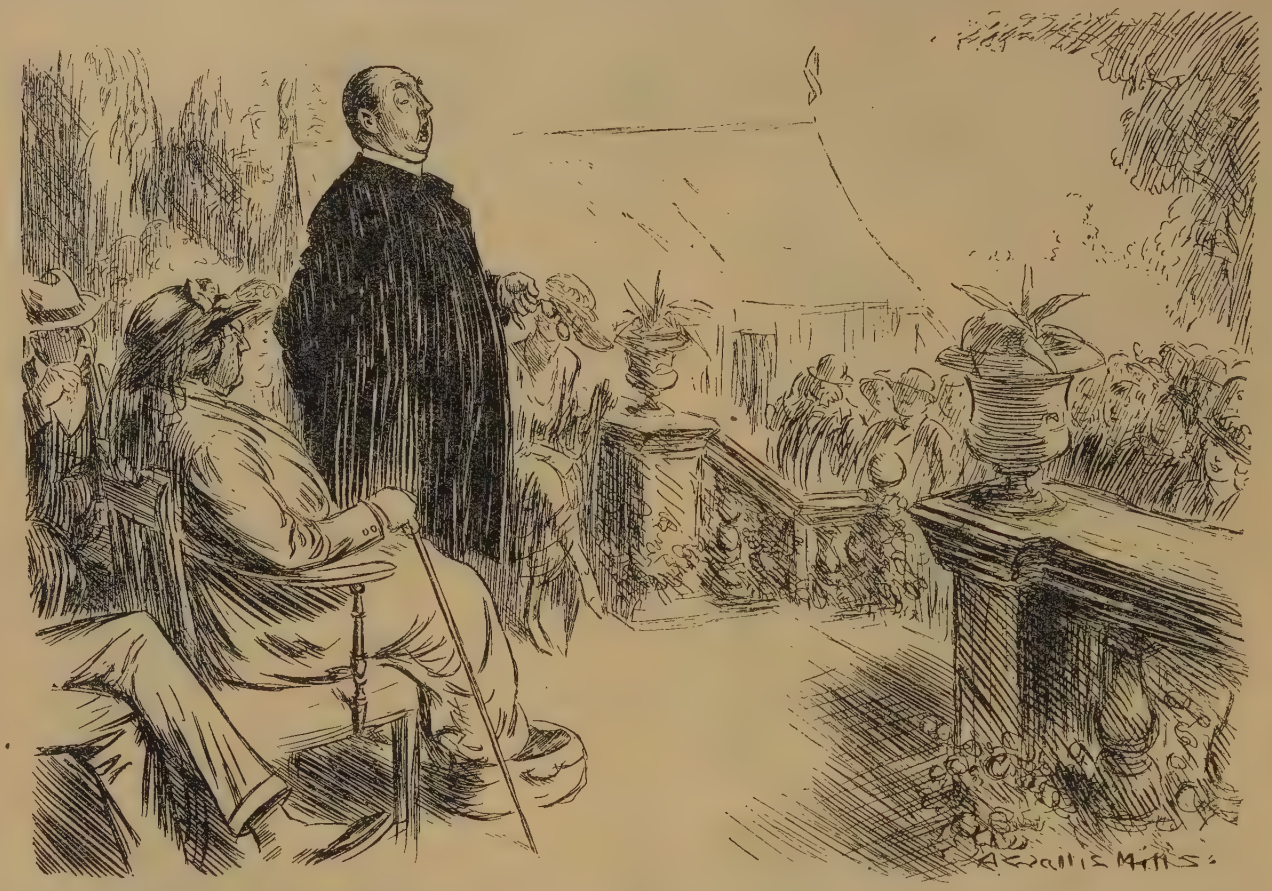
From the I.C.S. Family Pension Regulations :—

"A subscriber who is dismissed the Service by competent authority will cease *ipso facto* to be a contributor. He will have no claim to any refund, and his family will not be entitled to any pensions under these regulations."

The Latin phrase is unfamiliar, but means, we conjecture, "On getting the sack."

THE NEW LIBERTY.

COMMUNIST ORATOR (*deprived of his audience*). "I DISAPPROVE OF THESE SUNDAY GAMES. THIS COUNTRY'S GETTING TOO FREE FOR ME."



Vicar (returning thanks to village benefactress for entertainment). "I AM SURE YOU WILL ALL JOIN WITH ME IN THANKING HER LADYSHIP FOR THROWING OPEN HER PARK TO US THIS AFTERNOON, AND ALSO JOIN ME IN THE EARNEST HOPE THAT SHE WILL BE SPARED FOR MANY YEARS TO THROW OPEN THE PARK, AND THAT THE PARK WILL BE SPARED FOR MANY YEARS TO BE—AH—THROWN OPEN."

THE RED-HAIRED LODGER.

A NOTE ON THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE MOVIES.

MY glance at the clock was almost violently casual.

"Half-past eight, eh?" I yawned. "Ah, well, I think I'll go for a bit of a stroll. Care to come?"

Mollie stretched herself felinely.

"It *does* seem a pity to be indoors this perfect evening," she drawled. "As I've nothing better to do I'll go and put on my hat."

"Just as you like;" and I shrugged lazily.

All this was the sheerest dissembling. At half-past eight each evening, weather permitting or forbidding, Mollie and I go forth to see what progress the builders have made with our cottage during the day. But it has grown to be a queer sort of a distorted sense of honour with us that we don't really go to see the cottage at all, but only take it in our stride, so to speak.

You've heard, of course, that we're building a cottage? You haven't? Oh, come, come, if you don't live in Cornwall or the Orkneys you *must* have heard. We've told everyone. What—you still shake your head, blushing and smiling awkwardly? Oh, well, I must assume then that you are a recluse who has altogether lost touch with the great outside world.

Mollie and I and our pet A.R.I.B.A. are building a cottage. Have you ever had a pet ARIBA? You smile incredulously, thinking, no doubt, that an ARIBA can never be sufficiently tamed to become a satisfactory pet? Then you are quite wrong. Shy and savage and obstinate though an ARIBA (a FRIBA, too, if it comes to that) is in its wild state, when once you have gained its confidence and sunk absolutely your own idea of the sort of house you'd like to live in, there's no more companionable or industrious little creature. Our pet ARIBA has planned the loveliest cottage for us and drawn out a Specification of Works and done all sorts of clever things; and all it has asked in return is five of those funny little marks which are generally expressed like this:—%. ARIBAS live on those funny little marks; they need no further sustenance. Doesn't all this show that it pays to be kind to an ARIBA (or a FRIBA) and how foolish it is to shrink from or shun one just as though it were a cobra or a polecat?

"Which way shall we go?" I asked Mollie when we emerged into the evening; "it's all the same to me. One way's as good as another."

"Precisely," agreed Mollie. "But I always think there's something so fascinating in walking straight into the eye of the setting sun."

"All right," I acquiesced. (Mollie's and my and our pet ARIBA'S cottage lies N.W. by W.)

So we headed direct for the cottage, as we always do. Mollie ducked under the temporary barrier erected to keep forest ponies from wandering upon the lime-laden, mortar-messed, gravel-gutted, plank-polluted patch of ground (once waving green grass) which holds the skeleton of our future home. I bestrode it like a Colossus.

At once a faint trill of tinny laughter greeted us.

"Trespassers!" I snarled with all the jealous venom of the property-owner.

Mollie pinched my arm. "Hush!" she whispered. "Let's see who it is."

Three children were in occupation of our half-finished cement-floored living-room. Through the glassless framework of the window we observed them

secretly. A little girl, wizened of face, draggled of hair, bright of eye and with a gaping aperture in the knee of her right stocking, faced two small boys, the one pale, spotted, dejected; the other fat and merry and crimson-haired.

"Now," cried the little girl shrilly, "we'll play at coming 'ome for tea, same as what we saw at the pickshers last Sat'day. You" (to the thin boy) "are me 'usband, and you" (to the fat one) "are the lodger. Go on. Get out. And when you 'ear me say, 'The kettle 's on the bile,' you both come in. See?"

"'Ave you got anything for tea?" asked the husband and the lodger simultaneously.

"Got anything? Carn't you see the larder over there? It 's full o' things. Come on. Out you go.'

The two little boys stumbled sheepishly out into the barely indicated hall.

"The kettle 's on the bile," exclaimed the wizened child.

Intensely embarrassed, the two boys reappeared at the entrance.

"Dad!" shrieked the little girl in the true rasping voice of the virago, "don't you dare to come into me best parlour in them muddy boots. Go and clean yourself immedjit. Go on. Don't let me 'ave to tell you twice."

The dejected Dad fell back abashed, leaving the crimson-haired lodger to shuffle reluctantly forward.

"Well, George?" The virago's voice had softened wonderfully.

"'Ullo," mumbled George, suffused with blushes.

The lady of the house directed him to a pile of bricks, motioning him to be seated. Grinning self-consciously the lodger sat down.

"I 've got a nice tea for you," she crooned. "Sausages and cake and ice-cream, with radishes for a relish. You 'll like that, won't you, George?"

"Um," grunted the lodger sceptically.

"Darling George!" gushed Dad's wife—and kissed the lodger.

* * * * *

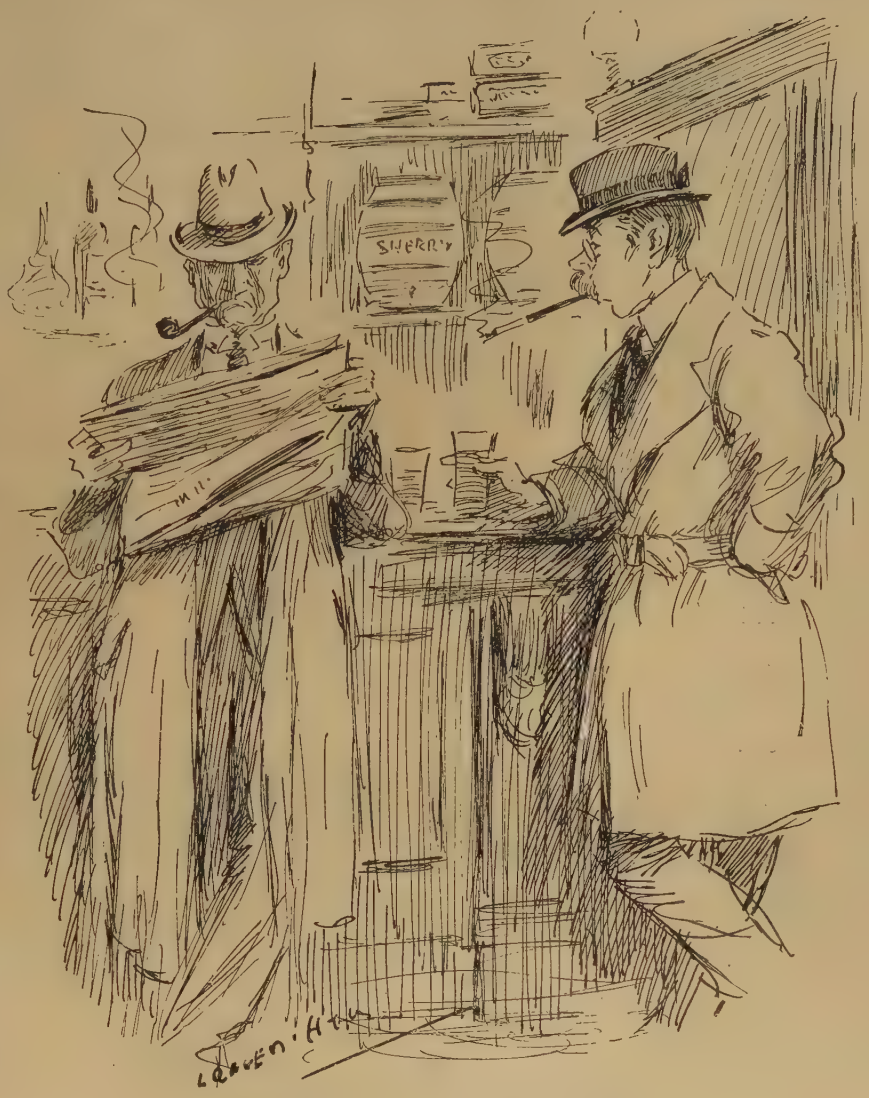
On our return walk Mollie and I were strangely silent. Had the incident we had just witnessed a prophetic significance? I kept sliding covert glances at her. Always she was smiling in a funny ruminative way. At last I could stand it no longer.

"Understand this," I said fiercely, "however hard-up we may be when we 're living in that cottage, we will never have a red-haired man as a paying-guest."

Cymric Hospitality.

From a Welsh guide-book :—

"Close to the Hotel is a bog moor, reserved for shooting visitors."



FAMILIARS OF THE GREAT.

"IT DO SEEM FUNNY TO SAY '*LORD* BALFOUR' WHEN I'VE BEEN CALLING 'IM 'ARTHUR' ALL THESE YEARS!"

KINDRED SPIRITS.

Doreen just fills the not immense
Hiatus in our garden fence;
  Where there should be a plank by rights
  She fits her person and invites
Attention to her social sense.

And since in amity we dwell
I ask her if her dog is well
  (She keeps a fat brown pup), whereat
  She makes inquiries *re* my cat;
And then she has a tale to tell.

A traveller's tale, albeit true,
Of chickens hatched at fifty-two,
  Or kittens born at "Waratah"—
  Three tabbies to a black Mamma—
Or twins along the Avenue.

When in my garden I essay
To write a sonnet, any day,
  Before the crowning thought I net
  In words to form a neat sestet,
While friends, affrighted, keep away,

I hear, "Hallo, *Hallo*, HALLO!"
Repeated close at hand, as though
  I waited on the world's behest
  At five-o-six-eight "Woolly West;"
And then I let the sonnet go;

And hear a tale of Teddy Bear
Invented to uplift my hair,
  And offer in exchange my view
  Of fairy people seen at Kew
(Her mother sometimes takes her there).

So have our kindred spirits met
Between my octave and sestet
  Where Heaven of kindliness prepense
  Has knocked a plank out from the fence
'Twixt five-years-old and fifty set.

SCIENCE AND THE ATOM.

I NEVER did like scientists and, day by day, I grow to like them less. It is their own fault. They began it. They are always finding out unpleasant things about me. They have insulted me in my person, in my thoughts and in my habits.

They have suggested that I am the lineal descendant of a herd of primeval apes, with tails and hair all over, whereas in truth I come of a most proper stock and am highly respected.

They have told me that I am wrong in thinking that the sun moves round the earth. But I know better. I have watched it.

They have told me that my food is poor in vitamines and that my glands need reinforcement and that when I die I shall become a phosphate. But I know that the food which I eat is good food and that my glands feel all right from inside and that I shall never die.

And now in their latest outrage they surpass themselves. They propose to explode an atom by means of an electric current. On the face of it the project seems innocent enough, I admit. An atom, I am told, is quite a small thing—smaller than a pin's head probably—and one might think that, provided that the atom is their own and they have a licence for exploding, no exception could be taken to the enterprise.

But this is not all. They suggest that when the atom is exploded the whole world may burst into flame and stagger away through space, a ball of blazing hydrogen. Just imagine the inconvenience which this would cause.

I might be sitting one evening in the Café des Bons Mots in Comptour Street with Cynthia by my side. I might have tickets in my pocket for a theatre—tickets bought and paid for. I turn to Cynthia.

"Darling," I tell her, "you have the most beautiful eyes in the world and I 'm never going to leave you."

["Do you think it 's quite ready?" asks a professor in Wisconsin or Massachusetts or wherever the beastly experiment is held. "Don't you think we might put another shilling in the meter, just to make sure? We don't want to seem mean over a job like this."]

"Never?" asks Cynthia sceptically.

["Let 's see—hydrogen, I think we said it was going to be. Nice light stuff, hydrogen. Ready?"]

"Never," I swear solemnly, raising my glass.

And then the professor in Wisconsin touches a button and Cynthia and I burst into gaseous flames and mingle in a most undignified manner. And the theatre-tickets are wasted and I lose my liqueur and Cynthia is simply furious with me for allowing it, and everything is hot and uncomfortable for ever and ever.

And all this happens just to amuse a few scientists!

But I fancy that the most offensive feature of the project is the humiliating idea which it suggests. To think that Lord BEAVERBROOK and I and all the birds and beasts and all the trees and the Albert Memorial and the mountains and the air and the low ground about Willesden Junction—to think that all these things should go to the making of only one star. It is ridiculous.

And to think that in twenty thousand years' time, on some far-distant planet, an inhabitant may raise his head from his morning paper and grunt across the breakfast-table to his wife: "See they 've discovered a new star. Wish they 'd get on with the drainage system instead o' muckin' about with stars. Stars! What in thunder is the good o' stars, anyway?"

But there is one picture which I like to conjure up of that dread moment when the earth shall be consumed. In Fleet Street there sits a man who will know all about it just one second before it happens. He knows about everything before it happens. He will snatch a scrap of paper in feverish haste and, just as the first few therms of hydrogen are issuing from his feet, he will scribble with his shrivelling hand the final headline in this world:—

IRISH QUESTION
SETTLED
AT LAST.

"A GOOD RECORD.

London, May 31.

In the Derby races, Captain Cutler, of New York, attained a speed of 94 to 98 miles per hour in his car in the 500 mile stretch."

Dutch Colonial Paper (*Translated*).

But the rumour that the Jockey Club has changed its name to the Chauffeur Club is premature.

"CONCEALED ARMS IN GERMANY.

A completely new un has been discovered in the possession of a member of one of the organisations of the Right, at Magdeburg."

Evening Paper.

We fear Germany is still thinking of the old un.

From *The Daily Telegraph's* report of a speech by Mr. W. C. BRIDGEMAN:—

"If by taking thought I could add a cubic to my statue I would have done so long ago. (Laughter.)"

We think the laughter was excusable. We too are always pleasantly diverted by these Cubist sculptors.

IN JULY.

Now the leaf turns thick and heavy,
Taxed and tired with Summer's levy,
Where the elms' umbrageous bevy
Broods across our sleepy vale;
In the river trout grow sulky,
Bad to move, both small and bulky,
And we find ourselves in dull key,
With the songs of Springtime stale.

Shall we golf? Not after last time.
Or try tennis? That 's a pastime
That I find a trifle fast; I 'm
Not so limber as I seem.
We could get, of course, some gentles,
As old Jake, on tips intent, tells,
Did we stoop to detrimentals
(Roach and so on) of the stream.

Take a gun? But no, that 's not it;
What 's a rabbit when you 've shot it?
Ha! *Eureka* (I have got it,
In the ancientest of tags);
Since we 've lived (like *Jorrocks*) merely
For the chase, held Dian dearly,
We must walk to kennels, clearly,
Look at hounds upon the flags.

Let us strike across the valley
Where we 've heard them run and rally,
And remember mutually
Times of old and hunts we 've had
Since they gave us Shetland ponies
(What a stud one's first, one's own is!),
And how Charley Fox alone is
Of all venery the lad!

Tom, who loves a true hound-lover,
Tom, whose cheer enchants in cover,
Tom himself will tell them over,
Name and demonstrate, and talk
Form and fashion, style and science,
Praise our views (but shirk compliance),
Drawing veterans of reliance
Or the entry in from "walk."

How they 'll press about him, fawning,
Stretching, whining, dancing, yawning,
Wistful for a coming dawning—
All the melting eyes o' them—
When the stook is off the stubble,
When the litter 's in for trouble,
And the season's opening cub 'll
Yield his brush by 6 A.M.!

Homewards, then, mayhap, behind us
Certain echoes shall remind us
Of a music still to bind us,
Sweet as bells at evening told;
Mellow voices, singing, singing,
Siren voices rising, ringing
Down the breeze of sunset's bringing,
In a witchery of old.

"The third attempt to reach the summit [of Mount Everest] failed, mainly owing to the breaking of the monsoon."

Manchester Paper.

No doubt at the next attempt a stronger monsoon will be used.

MANNERS AND MODES.

OUR ATHLETES ARE ALL NUMBERED NOWADAYS. WHY NOT ADOPT THE IDEA IN OUR SOCIAL FUNCTIONS—THE NUMBERS TO BE IN ORDER OF PRECEDENCE?

EARLY EFFORTS.

III.

THIS is a tremendous find. It needs no introduction at all.

MYSTERY.

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

I hadn't seen Burleigh for some five years or more when I found him waiting for me that fine light evening in the long low-roofed room with the red curtains—all sailormen know it—at the back of "The Ebb Tide." The front rooms of the tavern of course look out on the square grey shipping offices of the Ultramarine Company, just where the tramway forks—I never could make out, by the way, where that tramway goes to—but Robinson keeps this upstairs room with the bay windows, the one that looks out over the docks, for a few favoured customers, amongst whom I am privileged to count myself.

Robinson didn't seem to have altered much, I thought. The same white puffed-out cheeks like an elderly cherub in need of fresh air, and the thick black eyebrows that seemed to wave and rustle as if in some invisible wind. Mrs. Robinson was much the same too—angular, moving obscurely in the background, with those thin lips and that faint everlasting smile.

The first part of Burleigh that I noticed when I went upstairs and opened the door was his broad back, encased as usual in a frock-coat of No. 1 sailcloth, the tails of which fell slightly apart as he bent downwards to light his pipe at the fire with a long twist of old newspaper. When he stood up and turned round I was relieved to see that he had not altered either. The ring of fine curly hair that ran round the crown of his otherwise bald head was thinner than it had been, but there was the same lugubrious drollery in his grey eyes and the same gentle murmuring voice that came so incongruously from his deep stalwart chest as though through a sort of syrup. He had that old trick too of his of smiling so that one end of his mouth ran up suddenly against the barrier of his heavy moustache, like the curl of a wave on a spit of reef. The large white-cotton umbrella, badly rolled up, that he always carried when ashore, was still hanging by its crook from his huge right arm.

"Have a ——" he said quizzically, and I signified assent in the usual manner. As we sat down at the gleaming mahogany table and looked at each other smiling across it, he knew, of course—how could he help knowing?—that I wanted to hear all about that remarkable cruise of the *Albatross* away in the Southern ice floes about which the whole water-side was talking and about which nobody surely was likely to know more than he did. But equally of course he wasn't going to tell me all at once, for that wasn't Burleigh's way. Instead he tugged dreamily at one of his big moustaches and smiled up into the ends of the other as we looked out at the lighted tideway beneath. Lamps shone high, shone low there, shone with single eyes, shone in rows, were reflected in glittering ladders broken by the shadows of hawsers along the oily inquietude of the stream. Congregated and at rest the ships seemed to cast gentle inquiring glances at one another, to ask how each had fared in the vast incalculable tangle of wet mysteriousness which passes under the name of the sea.

Burleigh gave a final tug at last and spoke.

"I 've asked another man in here to-night to meet you in a kind of way," he said with a sort of depreciatory wave of his big hand as though it was a species of liberty to ask one man to meet another. And then, clearing his throat and twisting his smile again—"Man called Allotson, Jim Allotson;" and, as if with a sudden effort of memory and dragging the words up from some deep recess of his vast interior—"second mate."

"Not on the——" I began, but he stopped me at once with the heavy emphatic nod characteristic of him.

"First man up the berg-side," he cooed in that surprisingly gentle voice. "Girl on it. Sicilian dancer, I believe. Derelict. Polar bears too. Good man, Jim Allotson. I 'll tell you about him before he comes."

And bit by bit I came to piece out, between the nods of Burleigh's head and the tuggings of that moustache of his and his quick sideways smile, the history of Allotson's youth up to the day when, by one of those extraordinary coincidences that sailors call chance, he became second officer of the *Albatross*—became second officer and so had his share in the tragi-comedy that was to happen to the crew of about the most adventurous tramp that was ever beaten out of the trade routes into the frozen seas.

He had been the son of a rather superior ship's chandler, I gathered, of a pious disposition, who settled down in East Croydon of all places after retiring from the sight and smell of salt water as they came to him on the quayside at Singapore. Neither a gravel subsoil nor excessive church-going was able to ward off malaria for long. He soon went under—his wife had died some years before—and left the child to the care of his only surviving relative, a sister named Ann. I can see her now as Burleigh described her to me, with her tight lips, expressionless eyes, grey coils of hair and the black alpaca dress she always inhabited, checking, reproving, forbidding and instilling endless moral axioms into this tousle-headed waif who had the rover's blood so inalienably in his veins.

He ran away, of course. He was bound to run away, had always dreamed and thought of nothing but ropes and rigging and tar, had seen the alleyways of his snug suburban home as tidal inlets hung with tropical vegetation; ran away and got a berth as ship's boy, and at fifteen had seen as much of the

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

Mr. WELLS. "I HEAR THEY WANT MORE MOTLEY."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

PROMISE AND FULFILMENT.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

TIME: *First week in July.*

Plutocrat's Wife. "ME HUSBAND HAS JUST HAD A RUN UP TO OUR SCOTCH MOOR."

Sportsman. "AND WHAT ARE THE BIRDS LIKE?" *Plutocrat's Wife.* "VERY WILD, HE SAYS."

strange places of the world as many of us achieve in a lifetime. He had frizzled in pestilential mud-flats, been driven under storm-sails by the stark spite of typhoons, opened up hidden creeks, the passionless off-shoots of unknown estuaries, at a time when other lads were grinding away at their Rule of Three.

Somehow or other, Burleigh did not exactly know how, he had managed to get his second-mate's certificate. But what he did know was that all through those wanderings the young man had preserved a sort of simple charming piety that came perhaps from the early lessons of that vigorous uncompromising old lady in Croydon, intolerable though her maxims had seemed.

"Good man, Jim Allotson," cooed Burleigh once more at the end of all this, as though it were a kind of refrain. And just then the door opened and a man came in. He was dressed in a blue reefer suit, stooped slightly and walked a little lame. So much I saw as I gradually drew my eyes upward from the bright spot of light at the bottom of Burleigh's grog glass, where they had been fixed with a sort of fascination while he spoke. Raised now to the level of the stranger's own, they blinked a little, and I held my breath for a moment at the contrast between that fresh ruddy face with slight black whiskers and the crop of hair that surmounted it, white as a bank of snow. He had the grey eyes that seem to be searching out the eternal riddle of heaven and sea, even when they have no further to look than the end of a room. Down the left cheek ran a broad whitey-brown scar that shocked almost as though it were unnatural and had been painted on. I did not need Burleigh's purred introduction to the second mate of the *Albatross* to have my curiosity, already pretty lively, as you know, whipped up to fever point; and my friend's, "This young man is very anxious to hear—"could have been read without trouble in my eyes.

"But how much have you told him already?" he asked, speaking with a slight stammer as he raised his glass and held it out a little stiffly in front of him, as though this was a necessary preliminary before putting it to his lips. I found out later that this was an invariable trick of his. "Have you told him how I got my second-mate's certificate?"

Burleigh shook his head. He didn't, of course, as I was aware, know.

"About fourteen years ago," began Allotson, and I sighed a little; but before he had said another word the door opened again.

There was something horribly uncanny about that opening of the door, not followed by the appearance of a body but only of a face, as if it had been cut off at the neck——

"Time, gentlemen, please," said the voice of Robinson.

* * * * *

The MS. breaks off here, but I am sure there must be another chapter, and I mean to have that too. EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

"THE —— CAR.

A Vehicle which is a Motor Car and no sinecure."—*Scots Paper.*

Our motoring friends tell us that they know several cars which answer to the same description.

"Mr. ——, our Sanitary Inspector, left last Saturday for Warmbaths on his annual leave." *South African Paper.*

The very spot we should have chosen for a Sanitary Inspector's holiday.

"An outdoor fete has been arranged to take place in St. ——'s Institute on Wednesday." *Local Paper.*

A very proper precaution in view of the in-and-out character of the weather.

"Owing to the steering gear going wrong the car ran up on the fence and capsized. The driver was removed to —— Infirmary for treatment under a cosmetic."—*Irish Paper.*

It was no doubt a hair-raising accident.

Lady (who is about to give a sitting for her portrait). "MY DEAR, I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND, BUT I'VE BROUGHT MY LITTLE DANCING-MAN ALONG. I THOUGHT HE'D MAKE RATHER A JOLLY BACKGROUND TO ME; AND, OF COURSE, IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU CAN ALWAYS SCRAPE HIM OUT."

SAMARCAND.

'TIS strange to note how from the earliest days
  Place-names have proved a positive Bonanza
To bards in search of some bejewelled phrase
  To lend the last distinction to a stanza—
Names that arrest or in mysterious ways
  Exhale an exquisite extravaganza;
Names that caress or titillate the ear,
Golconda, El Dorado, Bendemeer.

The lure of euphony is with us still,
  In spite of modes outlandish and new-fangled,
And all the feverish perverted skill
  Spent upon sounds deliberately jangled;
So too with names that once were wont to thrill,
  But now survive in forms debased or mangled;
As when Bellona, devastating despot,
Crudely curtails a "blessed word" to "Mespot."

There was a time, ere Germany had gained
  The hateful reputation of a wrecker,
When the Victorian poets entertained
  A high regard for Heidelberg-on-Neckar;
But Teuton magic has entirely waned,
  And to the East we turn with ELROY FLECKER,
Though it was KEATS who first in fancy scanned
The palaces of "silken Samarcand."

KEATS never knew—the date when he deceased
  Renders the observation rather silly—
"The splendour and the havoc of the East"
  Interpreted by OSCAR and by LILY,
Or saw the Bactrian camel, curious beast,
  Pacing along Pall Mall or Piccadilly,
Sights now familiar to the Cockney tiro,
Thanks to the runs of *Chu Chin Chow* and *Cairo*.

Yet there are wayward and fastidious souls
  Blind to the charms of pageant and pyjama,
Unheeding the innumerable shoals
  Who flock to view the Oriental drama,
For whom one single phrase of KEATS unrolls
  A richer Asiatic panorama
Than camels, turbans, "trouserloons" and sashes
And all the grandeur that is OSCAR ASCHE'S.

Our Young Cannibals.

At a school treat:—

"On reaching the Camp the children partook of their teachers, parents and friends."—*Provincial Paper.*

From one and the same column of *The Daily* ——:—

"C. A. F. Fiddian-Green batted 2hr. 5min. for 32. . .

Fiddian-Green, who made three hundreds in succession against county bowlers recently, took an hour and five minutes to score 35. . .

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.—First Innings.
C. A. Fiddian-Green, b Raikes . . . . . 23"

The time taken in collecting the third total is not stated, but we cannot understand why the column should be headed "No Thrills in the Varsity Match."

THE CONFERENCE CURE.

SCENE—*The Nether-Nether Land.*

THE INVALID. "WHERE NEXT, DAVID?"

THE SLIDING SCALE IN HARLEY STREET.

SCENE—*A Specialist's Waiting-Room.*

NOW THAT THE SECRET OF DOCTORS' FEES IS OUT, THE BEST PEOPLE AFFECT STRAITENED CIRCUMSTANCES.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 10th.—I wonder what reply the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND expected to get to his inquiry as to whether the Government had within the past six months authorised anybody to make a direct offer of an honour in exchange for a money payment. He himself, although he was in possession of several letters from persons offering such honours in return for contributions to Party funds, chivalrously assumed that the Government had nothing to do with them. Possibly he expected Lord CRAWFORD to get up and say, "No, no. The noble Duke is quite wrong; the letters were written at the express request of my right hon. friend the PRIME MINISTER." If so he was disappointed; for what Lord CRAWFORD did say was, "My Lords, so far as the Government is concerned, no such authorisation has been given."

It is not altogether surprising that Lord HAMILTON OF DALZELL, as a resident in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, should feel keenly on the subject of smoke abatement. He complained that the authorities had been "fiddling at it" for a very long time—since the days of EDWARD I., I think he said; but I always understood that NERO was the first offender in that line. His protest was supported by Lord NEWTON, who incidentally re-told the story of Lady HAMILTON'S white blouse which turned black during harvesting operations, and is now an exhibit in a local museum. He wound up by promising a statue to the Minister who should succeed in passing a Smoke Abatement Bill. Undeterred by this prospect Lord ONSLOW promised to do his best.

Lord BIRKENHEAD. "DILLY-DUCKS, DILLY-DUCKS, COME AND BE KILLED."

In the opinion of one Member at least the event of the day in the Commons was the return of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY to his Parliamentary duties. He was naturally shocked to find how the national business had been neglected during his absence, and promptly inquired whether the Cabinet had observed the disastrous effect

upon our export trade of the collapse of the mark. Mr. BALDWIN humbly replied that he thought the Government were fully aware of it.

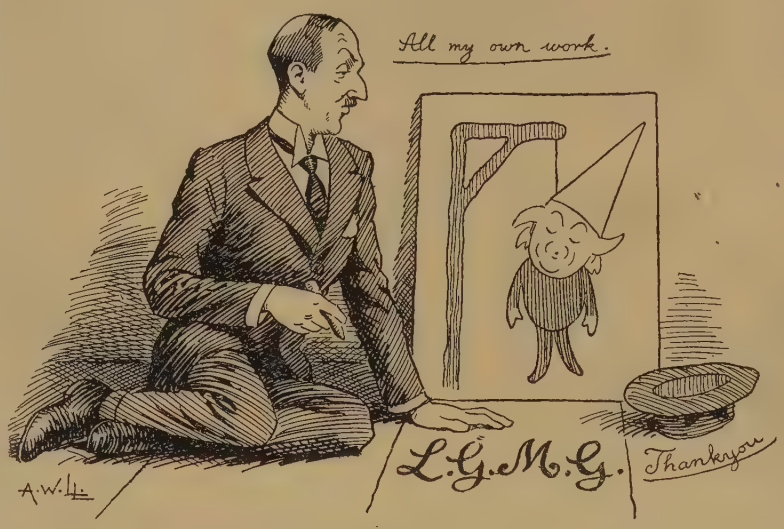
The PRIME MINISTER announced that the proposed duty upon fabric-gloves and glove-fabric was to be reconsidered, but added that this was "a special case," affecting "a great industry"—with Lord DERBY, by the way, at its head and hundreds of thousands of votes behind it—and must not be taken as a precedent.

He also stated that the five weeks' interval between the periods of unemployment pay was to be reduced to one week, and assured a wondering House that this would involve no additional charge on the Exchequer.

Mr. DENNIS HERBERT called attention to the alarming prospect that under the Law of Property Act the Stewardships of the Chiltern Hundreds and the Manor of Northstead would come to an end, and there would be no constitutional method by which Members could resign their seats. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE thereupon promised to consult with the Law Officers as to whether these "ancient and lucrative offices" could not be retained. Anti-waste orators will doubtless note this fresh example of Government extravagance.

The so-called Economy (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill was derided by its critics as being no economy at all, but merely a method of shifting public burdens on to private shoulders—*e.g.* by charging entrance-fees to visitors to the British Museum. Mr. JOHN JONES, in the course of a mainly irrelevant speech, observed that "the mountain is in labour, and we are discussing the mouse." Thanks, however, to the strenuous efforts of three Ministers, Sir ROBERT HORNE, Sir ALFRED MOND (who enjoyed himself hugely in "downing" Dr. ADDISON) and Mr. MUNRO, the Second Reading was passed by 199 to 57.

Tuesday, July 11th.—"The Resolutions on which to found a Bill for the Reform of the House of Lords," to give the exact title of the document read by Lord CRAWFORD to the Peers this afternoon, resemble those empty canvases which eminent artists contribute to charity-bazaars, or, alternatively, those other resolutions which we form on New Year's Eve. Nearly everything depends upon the way they are filled up or carried out; and that again depends upon the goodwill of the Peers who are to be reformed.

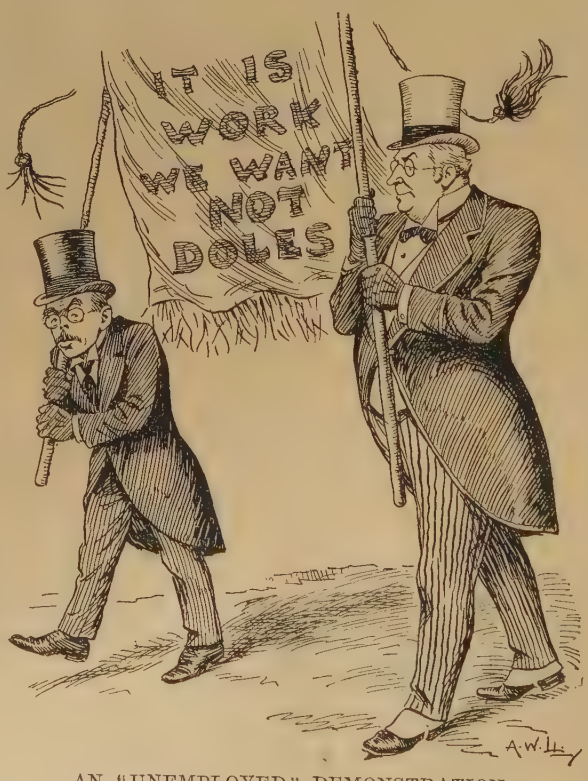


THE DIE-HARD SCREEVER.
LIEUT.-COLONEL ARCHER-SHEE.

Lord LEE announced that the Government had not gone back on their decision to build two new capital ships. They would cost, with fittings and stores, a trifle of eight millions apiece, but against that there would be a saving of a quarter of a million a year on the upkeep of the four battleships to be "scrapped" under the Washington Agreement. With great daring Lord LEE added that, while familiar with the value placed by Sir PERCY SCOTT and his midshipman upon battleships ("No d——d use at all"), he preferred the opinion of Lord BEATTY, that they were still absolutely essential.

As a party the Die-hards are not remarkable for sprightliness, though one or two of them have been known to joke without difficulty. At least one Member of the House is said to be of opinion that Sir REGINALD HALL'S sense of fun is almost too exuberant; and Lieut.-Colonel ARCHER-SHEE occasionally develops a vein of sardonic humour that is not unattractive. Thus having ascertained from the HOME SECRETARY that the "Walk to the Left" notices were "entirely a voluntary movement" he expressed his surprise, and artlessly inquired, "Should I be in order in writing 'L.G.M.G.' on the pavement?"

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY was in favour of our clearing out of Iraq altogether, except from Basra, which Mr. ASQUITH, he said, for reasons unknown to him but doubtless sound, was in favour of retaining. Mr. CHURCHILL expressed the hope that this touching example of submissiveness would not be forgotten when the Wee Frees came into office.



AN "UNEMPLOYED" DEMONSTRATION.
MR. NEAL. SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD.

Some rather remarkable figures regarding the circulation of the Official Report of the Debates were given by Sir JOHN BAIRD. When the cost was threepence a copy fourteen hundred copies a day were sold; now that the price is a shilling the number has gone down to seven hundred. As there are seven hundred Members in the House the inference is that each of them had two faithful constituents who thought a verbatim report of his utterances worth threepence, but only one who would give a bob for them.

Wednesday, July 12th.—A rumour that the Economy Bill, which has just passed its Second Reading, was to be included in the forthcoming "massacre of the innocents" was denied by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

Dazed Scientific Investigator (who has been ordered horse exercise for his health). "WHERE AM I? WHAT'S HAPPENED? HAS SOME SILLY FOOL EXPLODED AN ATOM?"

who estimated that the measure would "in a normal year" (will there ever be a normal year again?) result in a saving of three-quarters of a million. Dr. MACNAMARA explained the apparent paradox that the change in Unemployment Insurance, which the actuary reckoned would cost two and three-quarter millions, would nevertheless put no additional charge on the Exchequer. It was due to the heavy decline in the number of the unemployed. He admitted, however, that the change would postpone by seven weeks the date at which the Unemployment Fund would again be solvent.

Thursday, July 13th.—Advice being a cheap commodity, often given away for nothing, Lord STUART OF WORTLEY doubtless expected to receive a sympathetic reply to his request that the Government should advise Loyalists in Southern Ireland what they should do to protect themselves from attack. But, in proffering it, he accused the Government of having shown a lack of ordinary foresight in withdrawing the British troops before a disciplined Irish force was ready to take their place; and this point was rubbed in by Lord LANSDOWNE, who said quite truly that the public did not hear of a tithe of the evil deeds perpetrated in the rural districts, and by Lord ARRAN, who doubted if even now Messrs. GRIFFITH and COLLINS were in a position to "deliver the goods."

The LORD CHANCELLOR was so keen in resenting the criticism that he paid little attention to the request. The only advice he had to offer the Loyalists was that they should respond to Mr. COLLINS's "call to arms" and help the Provisional Government to work out its own salvation. Very sound advice too, theoretically, but not much use, I am afraid, to a good many of the victims who by age or sex are precluded from taking it.

Ministers in the Commons are so often and so justly rebuked for not addressing themselves to the SPEAKER (and, incidentally, to the Press Gallery), that it was rather hard upon the COLONIAL SECRETARY, when for once he adopted the correct attitude, to be assailed with cries from below the Gangway of "Speak up." Not being the man to take rebuke lying down, he retorted in stentorian tones, "I am speaking very loud indeed, and, what is more, I am addressing myself to the Chair."

He might have remembered that there are other Members not less sensitive than himself, when a few minutes later, in reply to a Question relating to the Irish Relief Committee, he rated Lord HENRY BENTINCK for having, as he said, made an imputation against its impartiality. Lord HENRY then explained, as well as indignation would let him, that he had put down the Question at the express request of the Chairman of the Committee, and was entitled to a reply without "rudeness and levity." Mr. CHURCHILL refused to withdraw, and it required all Mr. WHITLEY's tact to bring the altercation to an end.

A suggestion that our bronze coinage should be replaced by nickel, as on the Continent, met with no favour from Sir JOHN BAIRD. As a humane man he was bound to consider the feelings of the penny-in-the-slot machines.

Another Impending Apology.

"WINNIPEG, June 20.—Manitoba Methodist Conference adopted to-day a resolution of confidence in the Board of Governors of Wesley College and in the propriety of the student life. A clause in the resolution providing for investigation of the religious life of the college was deleted, delegates feeling that there was nothing to investigate."—*Canadian Paper.*

INDIA-RUBBER PIPES.

OUR garden is the awkward size; a little larger and a hose would be an obvious necessity; a little smaller and a watering-can would be quite all right. So far we had struggled along with the latter, helped out by the weather, but the strain was beginning to tell on my wife. One evening she read aloud from the newspaper that we were to have another dry summer this year, owing to spots on the sun, and from her tone it was plain that she could not face the long hot months without a hose.

In Scotland we do not rush into things blindfold. This habit of carefully weighing the cost has earned for us a false reputation for meanness. As a matter of fact we are as open-handed and spend as much as anybody, or we would, if we could only live longer; it is the briefness of life which hampers us.

I easily ascertained the price of a hose, but there was still the additional water rate to be considered, so I telephoned to the Corporation Water Department.

"Hello!" I said, "Corporation Water Department?"

"Yes. Who's speaking?"

"It doesn't really matter. What do you charge for the use of a garden hose?"

"We don't hire out garden hoses."

"No, of course not. What I meant was, what extra rate shall I have to pay if I water my garden with a hose?"

"You should ring up double-eight-o-four."

"I thought you said you were the Water Department?"

"That's right; but it's the Surveyor's Office you want."

* * * * *

"Hello! Surveyor's Office, Water Department?"

"Yes. Who's speaking?"

"Oh, never mind that. All I want to know is the annual charge for the use of a garden hose. Now don't say you don't hire out hoses, because I've just heard that one. I mean, what will you charge me for the water that runs through my hose?"

"Are you using a hose?"

"Not yet; I'm only thinking of getting one."

"Will you require to put in any extra piping, or make any alterations or additions to the existing system?"

"Certainly not. I am thinking of buying a small hose at about thirty shillings. All that will be necessary is to solder a little thingummybob to the scullery tap, and connect up with a little doofake on the end of the hose."

"You should ring up four-eight-one-two, Treasurer's Office."

* * * * *

"Hello! Treasurer's Office, Water Department?"

"Yes. Who's speaking?"

"Well, I'm McDougal, of 4, Blaeberry Gardens. My first name is Peter. I'm toying with the idea of buying a garden hose, a mere thirty-bob affair about half-inch bore; there will be no necessity to put in extra piping or to make any alterations or additions, except the jimmyfixin'. I'll explain about it. There is a timminoggan at the end of the hose which screws on to the jimmyfixin' which is soldered on to the scullery tap. Now, how much will you charge me for the water I shall use? By the way, *I* think sixty feet of hose is enough, but my wife says seventy, if I am to water the front, so perhaps you had better figure on a seventy-foot hose. Would that consume more water? I suppose it would. Ten feet more per hour, I should say. Not cubic feet, of course, because the hose is round; circular or tubular feet, probably. However, that's *your* business; I never was any good at liquid measure. Now, what'll that cost me?"

"Are you only going to use the hose for watering the garden?"

"What else can one do to the garden with a hose?"

"The charge for a hose to water a garden is seven-and-sixpence plus 33⅓ per cent. — ten shillings per annum, payable in advance. The year ends 28th May."

"Thanks. I felt sure some bright lad in the Water Department would be able to tell me. I'll let you know if, and when, the hose is installed."

"Have you a car?"

"Yes, just a little two-seater; not very swagger, but awfully handy and all that. Do *you* motor?"

I hung up the receiver, having obtained all the information I wanted.

That was in the middle of May. At the beginning of June I got the hose and duly advised the Water Department.

Towards the end of June I received an account demanding a pound for one "4-Wheeled Carriages" and ten shillings for something which I did not take the trouble to read, making a total of thirty shillings.

I sought the Treasurer's Office on the telephone.

"Hello! Treasurer's Office?"

"Yes."

"Look here, you've charged me a pound for one '4-Wheeled Carriages' and ten shillings more for heaven knows what—a total of thirty shillings, and all I have, really, is a garden hose or, as you would have it, one 'India-rubber Pipes.'"

"Who are you, please?"

"McDougal, 4, Blaeberry Gardens. I fancy we have met before?"

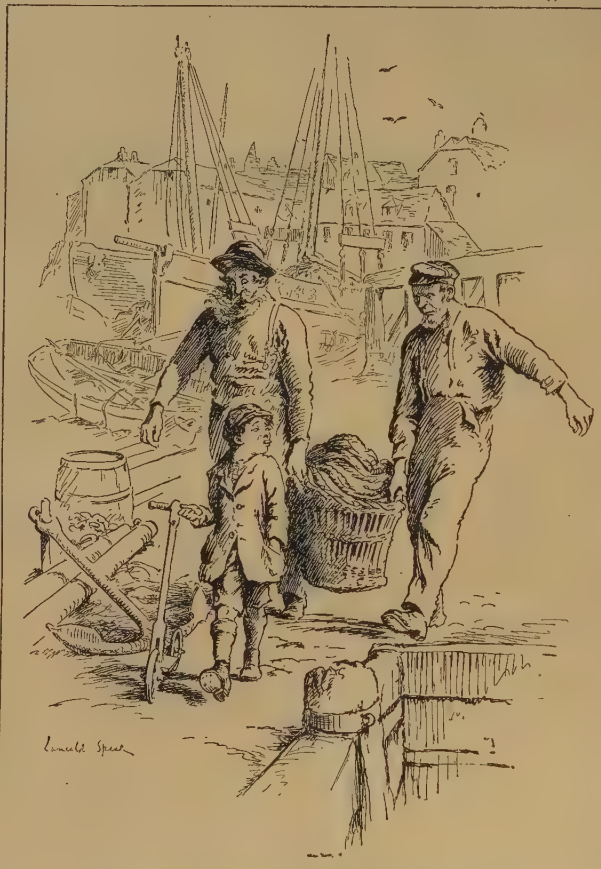
"Wait-a-minute-please." (*That indefinite period passes.*) "That's quite right. You own a motor-car which comes under the heading of '4-Wheeled Carriages.'"

"But it isn't a *steam* car. It's an ordinary petrol bus, and I can't even use the hose to fill the bally tank."

"You *wash* it, I presume?"

"You certainly do presume. I keep it in a garage run by a gentlemanly robber. *He* washes it."

"Very well. If you return the account with a letter stating that you use



THE SPREAD OF UNIVERSITY CULTURE.

Sailor. "NOW THEN, ME LAD, OUT OF THE WAY!"
Boy. "GARN—BEAVER!"

[To Oxford is attributed the credit of inventing the game of "Beaver," in which you score points for spotting bearded men.]

HAUNTS OF ROMANCE: THE LEAFY LANE.

the hose for watering the garden only, we will send an amended account for fifteen shillings."

"No, you won't; I'd only have to ring you up again. I like these little conversations of ours, but the telephone rates make them rather a luxury. Send me an account for ten shillings and the money is yours."

"Ten shillings plus fifty per cent. increase—fifteen shillings."

"There you go again, talking about 'Hearses' or '50 Gross Bottles' or some other comic item on your list. Kindly concentrate your mind on 'India-rubber Pipes.' The rate is seven-and-sixpence plus 33⅓ per cent. You told me so yourself last month."

"That certainly was the rate then, and until the year ended on the twenty-eighth of last month, but there has been a further increase. If you will refer to your account form . . . "

"Hello!" I yelled. "This is deception; it practically amounts to obtaining money under false pretences. A month ago . . . "

"A month ago we had received no official intimation of the proposed increase."

* * * * *

I am negotiating with my neighbour and hope to persuade him to take a one-third interest in my water rate. I know it's not supposed to be done, but I must get back my five shillings, and the scheme rather attracts him. Watering should be done after the sun has gone down, I remind him. If he waits until it has gone down far enough there's not much chance of anyone knowing—officially—that he uses my hose. Anyhow I think we'll risk it.

Legal Intelligence.

"LONDON, May 2.

There is nothing to prevent properly qualified women from being Judges of England and wearing black gowns, wigs and other symbols of the pudiciary, the Attorney Generay, Sir Earnest Polylock has ruled."

Newfoundland Paper.

With a name like that, he naturally wouldn't grudge anybody a wig.

Our Shameless Financiers.

From the chairman's speech at a company meeting:—

"A company which could show net earnings of 5½ million stealing in an admittedly bad year had nothing of which to be ashamed."

Sunday Paper.

"One of these cheques, signed 'Arther ——' (note the spellig mistake) . . ."

Daily Paper.

We have—both of them.

More from Smith Minor's "General Knowledge" paper:—

"Now we come to Gulliver's last adventure—that with the homonyms."

ALL AT FIVES AND NINES.

WHILE we were talking—this was about a week ago—the telephone-bell rang and my hostess rose to answer it. The telephone was on her writing-desk, all naked and unashamed, and not, as in American movies, secreted in a dainty sentry-box.

And this reminds me of a discussion I listened to recently on the strength of mind required not to answer the telephone at all. To sit there and let it ring and do nothing—how many of us are equal to that? How many of us have enough incuriousness, or enough want of interest in possibilities, or enough disregard of mere noise, or enough consideration for the Exchange people? More than one of the company expressed themselves as capable of such aloofness; but I didn't believe them—even though only the day before I had been rung up at four in the morning and staggered blindly and anxiously to the next room only to find that some wretched fellow at Southampton had got my number wrongly on a trunk call. Even that experience, painful as it was for both of us, would not deter me from going to the telephone at any hour of the day or night if I heard it ring. It is a sacred duty.

But to return to my hostess. Directly she rose to answer the telephone I rose too and went to the door.

"Don't go," she said.

But I did. I hold that one always should go; and if I had a son named Philip Stanhope, and was in the habit of instructing him in good manners by means of lengthy letters, I should put this piece of civility in a front place. For no one—out of business—really wants other people to hear a conversation on the telephone, and there are occasions when a listener can be terribly style-cramping.

On my return I found my hostess seated huffily in her armchair. "Wrong number," she said. "Never," she continued, "if you can help it, have a telephone number with a 5 in it or a 9. There's something about the machinery, the voice and the ear, which causes them to be confused. My number is 1375 and the Frivolity Theatre box-office is 1379, and certainly once a day, and very often three or four times, we are rung up by people wanting stalls; and no doubt the Frivolity is rung up by people who want to talk to me. If the authorities had any gumption they would dispense with 5 and 9 altogether. There would still be enough numbers left."

I agreed, while pointing out that the suggestion was too sensible to have much chance of being adopted.

At that moment the telephone bell rang again.

"I'll answer it," I said, my hostess being busy with the tea-things.

"Hallo!" I said.

"I want three stalls next to the gangway for to-night," came the answer.

"There you are!" said my hostess when I told her.

"The thing to do," I said, "is to make a protest to the Exchange. If they had your complaint before them they would be especially careful. Let me sit down at your desk after tea and word it for you. These things want to be very clear."

"How kind of you!" she said. "I'm sure you'll do it beautifully."

And so I wrote to the Exchange a letter of crystal clarity, courteous but reasonable, drawing attention to the trouble and asking that care should be exercised. I forget the exact words, but I am sure I asked that care should be exercised. (What a phrase—as though care were a racehorse!) I finished up on a tactful note of apologetics: I was sorry to be a nuisance, but, hang it all!—that sort of thing. My hostess read it, crooned her appreciation and signed it, and when I left I posted it.

That, as I have said, was a week ago. Yesterday I was taking tea in the same delightful house once again and I asked for the news.

"They acknowledged your letter," said my hostess, "and it is all right now. Nothing has gone wrong."

As she spoke the telephone-bell rang.

"I'll answer it," I said, as she was busy with the tea-things.

"Hallo!" I said.

"I want two upper-circle seats for to-night," said the voice. "Middle of front row."

E. V. L.

An Expensive Dish.

"Pedigree Alsatian Pup Pies. Price 10 guineas."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

"Marked success has attended treatment by X-Ray apparati such as are being imported into the Union. A good many of the cases treated have, so far, shown symptoms of the recurrence of the disease."

South African Paper.

We felt that something had gone wrong with the "apparati."

A Tale with a Bad Moral.

A pathetic story reaches us from Vienna: About a year ago a man died, dividing his estate of 50,000 crowns between his two sons. One of them deposited his 25,000 crowns in the Savings Bank, where it still remains. The other expended his heritage in the purchase of wines; he has just finished drinking these, and has sold the empty bottles for 750,000 crowns!

Persuasive Coster. "'ERE Y' ARE, LADY, REAL KENTISH STRAWBERRIES; NOT LIKE 'ALF THE STUFF ON THE MARKET—GROWN IN GERMANY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

WAS it her publishers, I wonder, or Miss CHARLOTTE BACON, who characterised *The Grays* (CAPE) as "a story . . . which will interest all who are interested in themselves"? Whoever is responsible for that ironic label, the book is as pretty a trap for latter-day intellectuals as I have seen for a long time; and it is to be hoped that as many as possible will swallow the bait and be found (as regards their overweening personalities) dead in the morning. With consummate guile Miss BACON emancipates *Zara* and *Hewan Gray* from their provincial parents, *Zara's* "capacity for experience" finding scope in a third-rate touring company, and *Hewan's* on the staff of a London paper. *Theodora*, the elder sister, stays at home to make potato-cakes; and you gather that, as she has considerably more beauty and talent than *Zara*, she must be either a muff or a mystic; it is not clear, at the outset, which. Meanwhile *Hewan* and *Zara*, with assorted theatrical and literary friends, run the whole gamut of studio gossip, restaurant meals, impassioned walking-tours and introspective bathing-parties; and it is not until *Hewan* marries a rather tiresome "beautiful child" that *Nemesis*, Miss BACON and *Theodora* begin to show their hands. In owning that I found the indignation and idealism of the last chapters a trifle thick and thin respectively, I am not belittling the substantial enjoyment I derived from *The Grays*.

Brushwood (HEINEMANN) seems the work of a new hand. If the sauce is perhaps just a little unskilful and irrelevant, the meat, excellent meat and well-cooked, is there, which is what matters, for sauce can be pushed to one side of the plate. I refer mainly to little slabs of descriptive matter, to which, I find, novelists who have been to Florence are peculiarly prone. Miss KATHLEEN BARROW's heroine *Elizabeth*, one of an Anglo-Indian colonel's six daughters, and journalist by trade, is passionate by nature—even to the point of making an explicit declaration of love to a man who does not love her—and desperately lonely; yet in fact obstinately virtuous more by reason of a temperamental lack of courage than of any set moral purpose. "Brushwood" she is—"no flower, no fruit, fit only for firewood and none too good for that neither," as her old nurse said in a half-prophetic and wholly unlikely description. It is Miss BARROW's triumph to retain your sympathies throughout for an "unsatisfactory" but thoroughly lovable woman. She gets into the skin of her heroine in childhood and keeps there through maturity. *Elizabeth* rings true in her weakness and her strength, her day-dreams and desires and the bitterness of her failure . . . . A very attractive piece of work.

Miss G. V. MCFADDEN has given me plenty of excuse for writing an unkind review of *Narcissus in the Way* (LANE), if I wanted to do it. That I don't is due to the fact that, in spite of an impossibly gullible young hero, who could even believe that a friend accused him of murder for his own good, and a heroine whose name, *Jackeydawra*, is almost enough in itself to wreck the book's fortunes, her novel has a romantic charm of its own which might well

soften an even harder heart than mine. *Narcissus*, whom we first meet as a strolling player down on his luck, is such a delightful young man that Miss MCFADDEN was wise to allow him those occasional temptations to insobriety which, without creating disgust, make him more human than the romantic hero is apt to be. He meets with an accident and is taken in, out of charity, by *Jackeydawra's* kind old aunt and uncle, and his arrival marks the beginning of countless jealousies and intrigues in the little country town where they live. This is all supposed to happen at a time rather strangely referred to as "when Waterloo was still a fragrant memory," and the simple gaieties of the young people of the place, their interests and their fashions, are very cleverly suggested with a pleasant richness of colouring and without too much description. In the closing chapters all sorts of horrid complications are threatening the happiness of *Narcissus*, and even his life, and then Miss MCFADDEN gives a shake to the kaleidoscope through which she has been inviting us to look; the pieces of her story re-arrange themselves, and a new pattern appears making possible a very satisfactory ending.

No living writer knows the Irish peasant folk as PATRICK MCGILL knows them, or better understands their strange ways and stranger mentality, their simplicity and their savagery, the utter lack of moral balance that turns them almost at a moment's notice from kindly, hospitable, mirth-loving and pious neighbours to monsters of greed and cruelty and fanaticism and cunning dishonesty. MCGILL was born among them and of them, but circumstances drove him from Ireland to struggle for existence in harsher but more sophisticated surroundings. And so it came about that the gloomy but powerful novels that made his name dealt only indirectly with Ireland, depicting the Irish in tragic exile and leaving those who remained on their native heath to be dyed in the odour of plaster sanctity by zealous but untruthful patriots. The War cured PATRICK MCGILL of pessimism and taught him that the world was a place to laugh in and at; and in *Lanty Hanlon* (JENKINS) the diverting history of Ballykeeran's Napoleon is concerned only with the comedy of Irish village life. Propaganderous patriots will not like *Lanty Hanlon* and will declare it to be as libellous as *The Play-Boy of the Western World*, which in its dispassionate and almost merciless dissection of the Irish peasant psychology it closely resembles. It could have no better testimonial. *Lanty Hanlon* is a big-bodied large-hearted rascal condemned by circumstances and an irresistible thirst (the result of being baptized with whiskey instead of holy water) to make history exclusively in the home of his fathers, though his genius, as he himself is pathetically aware, was intended for a wider arena. However he makes things hum in Ballykeeran; and, if his triumphs are as short-lived as the prosperity of the Ballykeeran Development Society and his humiliations at the hands of the Philistines are many, his soul acknowledges no defeat, and we leave him, in adversity as he was in prosperity, a great man.

AN EARNEST ADVOCATE OF "KEEP-TO-THE-LEFT" HAS HIS PRINCIPLE SEVERELY TESTED DURING A HILL-CLIMBING HOLIDAY.

Major-General NIGEL WOODYATT'S volume of Indian recollections, *Under Ten Viceroys* (JENKINS), opens breezily with a tale of a clergyman who says he will "be d'd if he does," and includes in its earlier pages a gay succession of other frivolous matters, but feels the weight of its author's responsibilities a little in the later years. Such matters as the Amritsar disturbances or the third Afghan war may be suitable enough subjects for the pen of a senior officer, but they are hardly so well adapted to cheerful treatment as the ways of the Gurkha, for instance, or "India in the Eighties," as seen through the eyes of a subaltern light-hearted enough to ride thirty odd miles to a dance nine times in a season. This the writer, who sets out with the kindest determination to entertain, seems to feel, even explaining that he drafted his most ponderous chapter no fewer than five times—a real die-hard attempt to transfer boredom from his readers to himself, though no less than might be looked for from a writer who is still full of fine energy and fine enthusiasms. One of these enthusiasms is for Lord KITCHENER, of whom he gives a particular and intimate, even affectionate, account, and another for General BIRDWOOD; but his most glowing tribute is for his beloved Gurkhas, with whom he has spent most of his service years. Even his quite serious essays are at least readably written, and the volume as a whole, with its scores of yarns of the sort one feels justified—or almost justified—in reading aloud, is a real book that cannot lightly be set aside. It is much more than just someone's reminiscences.

The arrangement between the *Silchesters* was that "if their baby were a boy, it should be Anglican; if a girl, Catholic." So *Gwenda* was received into the Church of Rome, a fact to be mentioned because it is of supreme importance in Mr. HOLLOWAY HORN'S *Tyranny* (COLLINS). Left an orphan at an early age, *Gwenda* grew into an attractive young woman, and when she was in need of advice she had only to consult *Father Blore*. Nothing very serious, however, occurred to her until she and an unhappily married doctor fell in love with each other. This necessitated some really serious advice from *Father Blore*. The doctor's wife—a worthless woman—cleared the way a little by bolting with another man, and the doctor divorced her. But to marry a man with an old wife still extant was contrary to *Gwenda's* religious principles. With the end of this incident in her career my interest flagged a little, but only a little, for Mr. HORN is a skilled writer whose unassuming methods of telling a story are as rare as they are refreshing.

"—— Church was crowded, there being present a detachment of B.A.D. nurses."—*Local Paper*.

We simply don't believe it.

CHARIVARIA.

The Tailor and Cutter has been criticising the hang of the PRIME MINISTER'S coat. Nothing was said about his halo being a trifle tight over the ears.

***

If we are to believe Mr. ALFRED MOORE, flies cost each person one shilling a day for medical attention. We never send for a doctor when any of our flies are ill.

***

The Post Office Sports will be held at the Crystal Palace in August. Interesting events should be tossing-the-egg-box by parcels clerks, and the delay-race for telegraph boys.

***

A contemporary points out that Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON has not told us who invited him to England. It is thought likely that the famous prohibitionist is shielding somebody.

***

According to a sartorial expert, coloured socks are not the correct wear for lawn-tennis players. If this sort of thing spreads there will be nothing in the game but lawn-tennis.

***

GEORGES CARPENTIER has recently been filmed, thus proving our contention that sooner or later he would get into the limelight of publicity.

***

Sir JOHN HOPE, M.P., has not made a speech in the House of Commons for twenty-two years, we read. This is a glowing example to other Members of the truth of the saying that "Practice makes Perfect."

***

A West End emporium has opened a *café* where men may sit in comfort while their wives are shopping. That is, of course, if there is a man who can sit in comfort while his wife is doing that sort of thing.

***

Tourists, it is said, are avoiding Ireland. This is thought to be due to the fact that somebody has been hinting that the place is not all it might be just now.

***

An American engineer hopes to invent a gramophone which will play for several days at one winding. It sounds more like a threat than a hope.

***

The EX-KAISER thinks the Allied Reparations demands are unprecedented. So, for that matter, was the War.

Sing Sing, the famous New York prison, has ended the year with a financial surplus. This ought to convince the pessimists that business is looking up.

***

It is now possible to detect bad milk over the telephone. Obsolete cheese and antique eggs can often make themselves heard without mechanical contrivances like this.

***

In consideration of a lump sum the desert Sheiks have agreed to restrain their tribesmen from raiding the Baghdad-Aleppo motor-omnibus service. Passengers who throw cherry-stones, however, will do so at their own risk.

***

Mr. DE VALERA is reported to have grown a beard. We infer from this that Ireland, with all her troubles, is still free from the game of "Beaver."

***

Last Saturday week a golf match had to be scratched because the House of Commons was unable to raise a team. And yet some people can't see that a General Election is imperative.

Suburban doctors are complaining of a slump. In some districts public opinion is divided on the question of whether to rise to the occasion with a flag-day or an epidemic.

***

"A woman in love," says a lady-writer, "is never satisfied with her clothes." There are a lot of women about London just now who are evidently not in love.

***

The raspberry-weevil, we note, is giving trouble in some parts of Scotland. We are confident, however, that the bag-pipes will eventually prove as effective as in the case of the haggis-fly.

***

According to a musical journal, people have different views as to how musical instruments should be played. Our own opinion is that the cornet is always best when played so softly that it is practically inaudible.

***

With reference to the motorist who knocked down two pedestrians at a seaside resort the other day, the explanation is quite simple. He thought he had missed the first one and became reckless.

"The Mayor afterwards stated that there would be no unemployment for any man who could do a day's work in probably a month's time."
New Zealand Paper.

A rush of bricklayers to the Antipodes is anticipated.

"The referees must put the ball in the scrums, but not necessarily be rolled along the ground or underhand."—*New Zealand Paper.*

A merciful improvement upon the current British treatment of referees.

"Robert ——, student, was ordered to pay costs for riding a motor-cycle with his identification plate obscured. Defendant said the police officer saw the cycle at the physicological moment when a mackintosh was dropping off."
Yorkshire Paper.

It is a great thing to be a student.

"FISH WITH HIPPO'S TUSK.—A large pilgrim dogfish, without teeth, but with a tusk like a rhinoceros, has been caught off the French coast."—*Daily Paper.*

Is our learned contemporary quite sure it was not an elephant's horn?

"If we Launder your Collar
We collar your Laundry."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We suppose this is in accordance with what the economists call "the Law of Diminishing Returns."

Bill. "WOT'S ALL THIS ABAHT BUYING AND SELLING OF HONOURS?"

George. "THAT'S RIGHT. THESE 'ERE CAPITALISTS CAN BUY A KNIGHTHOOD OR A PEERAGE, BUT YOU AN' ME 'AS TO DESERVE 'EM AFORE WE CAN GET 'EM."

THE SLAYBOY OF THE NORTHERN WORLD.

SCENE—*A public-house with a few people standing about. Enter a young man running for his life.*

Roseen (the barmaid). What is it, young feller? Have you some great deed of sin on you the way you're hiding under the settle beyant?

Danny (the stranger, crawling out). I have surely. I've that on my mind would have given the Black-an'-Tans no sleep on their beds, an' they with forty pints itself of good drink in them.

Roseen (with admiration). That must be a bad crime, honey. But you'll need a terrible bloody deed to be scaring the like of us that sees murder done every waking minyit of the day, an' every lad of three years or four walking the dusty highways with a revolver at his hip.

Danny (cautiously). What would you say now if I'd killed my da wid the blow of a loy?

Roseen (scornfully). Is that all? That's old tales you'd be telling the grannies by the fire. Isn't Micky Doyle after slaying two of his great-grandfathers with the butt of his gun? You'll need a better deed than that.

Danny (anxiously). I'm after taking a motor-car on a man by the cross-roads, an' he letting great bawls would wake the dead.

Roseen. Go on now wid yourself. There's not the smallest gossoon but has taken a motor off a man. The yard behind is full of them. Is it but the first standard you're in that you're boasting big talk about the like o' that little deed?

Danny (squaring his shoulders). Let you know, young woman of the house, that I fired a big mansion an' drove women an' childer, an' they hollering with fright, into the darkness of the night, and it spilling rain. A big lovely house would fit a lord the way its chimneytops rise above the world. Sorra stick or stone I left of it.

Roseen (scornfully). Is it fire a house? Not a child but hasn't done the like before he'd got his second teeth. Here's Paddy Doyle burnt ten police barracks, an' he, a modest poor decent boy, would never lift his voice before his elders.

Danny. I'm thinking you're fine masterpieces of men in this land an' great hands wid the gun or the revolver on a darksome night. Would you think it a mighty deed to shoot an R.I.C. man in the back, an' he walking home from chapel on a Sunday?

Roseen (slightingly). I'm thinking it's not one to put on a ballad-sheet for a man to be singing at corners, for you'd read the like of that in any paper from here to Dublin. Let you walk your way, an' you dry as a grasshopper, if you've no better story than that. Every man in it this day has killed his share of the polis.

Danny. It's a worse deed than that I'm thinking. 'Twas only trying you I was, lettin' on 'twas some trifle I had to boast of, an' I keeping dark in my heart the black crime comes between me an' my dreams.

Roseen (grudgingly). If I thought it was worth a drink I'd let you cock your little finger for this mug here. But we're not easy surprised here, an' let you not think it; for there's not a murder by night or day, nor any form of massacree, or robbery, or looting or burning that's not aisy and pleasant to us, an' we not lifting or heads to hear of it. Come now—out with it till we tell you is it a hanging matter at all.

Danny (edging towards the door). I've been drinking with a——

Roseen. Spit it out of you, young lad.

Danny (defiantly). I'm thinking none of you here that has great and powerful crimes on your souls can beat the like of this. And let you listen now. On Wednesday was a week I met my own sister's husband's brother in a small town to the north of these hills, in the County Donegal, at a place that lies on the border of this Christian world near the Devil's own Province of Ulster.

Roseen. Will you quit stringing words like a person that's wiring a pair of beads? What terrible deed of blood did you do upon the borders of that woeful place? And what unmerciful big sinner was your comrade in the drink?

Danny (standing in the door, poised for flight). Amn't I telling you? 'Twas my own sister's husband's brother I drank with, and he (*turning to fly*) a Special on the Ulster border.

[*Takes to his heels and exit.*

Roseen (after a shriek). Follow him up, boys! After him! Twist his neck! Skin him! Put him on the fire! Did you hear the like o' that? That such a disgrace should fall on a house that never saw any but dacint murderers and house-burners and bank-robbers! (*She rocks with misery.*) An' I thinking him a fine young lad with some great deed of blood locked in his heart that would make him a good comrade to be walking with myself in the dews of night, an' he to be showing me what way he left the corpses lying on the road. That the Christianable men in this place may throw you from the cliff for a black deceiver! My grief on the day that I pushed my eyes into the face of a rogue that could drink alongside of an Ulster Special an' live to tell the tale this side the Border! Heart-scalded I am! [*Exit keening.*

PIN-DROPS.

ECHOES OF THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

The Scene is a stand at Lord's Cricket Ground. The Time is about half-way through one of the most important matches of the season. Anyone who reads his paper properly would learn that at this period it was possible to hear a pin drop anywhere in the vast ground. Anyone, however, who was actually present in this stand would easily have failed to hear the dropping of a barrelful of crow-bars. What he did hear was an immense babble consisting of fragments such as these:—

An Enthusiast (darkly). Four byes.

2nd Enthusiast (controversially). No, he hit it.

1st Enthusiast (firmly). Leg-byes.

A Lady. What I say is, a girl of her age can't know her own mind, and it's no good saying she can. Where are you lunching?

2nd Lady (who flatters herself that she is an enthusiast too). Oh, do be quiet, Betty. Well *hit*, Sir! There's Major Grange! He hasn't seen us. Who's that with him? What a pretty girl!

Betty. Shockingly dressed. (*Raising her voice*) Major Grange! Wave to him, Maud. (*Standing up*) Major Grange! (*Shouting*) Major Grange!

[*A wicket falls.*

Maud (annoyed). There, they've put him out, and I never saw. Why can't you be quiet, Betty? Major Grange!

A Young Man (to some American citizens under his wing). Well, what do you think of it?

1st American (cautiously). Sir, your national game is a vurry remarkable institootion. (*To his daughter*) Say, Mamie, Mr. Roberts here would be glad to know your reactions to the British national game.

Mamie (brightly). Why, I'm just tickled to death, Poppa. Guess it's as lively as Madam Toosso's on a Sunday morning—isn't it, Champ?

Champ (gloomily). It sure is.

Poppa (courteously). Mr. Roberts, Sir, I'd be glad to have you instruct me in the principles of this game. Seems to me I have the background pretty clear in my mind, but figgering out the details is a vurry different proposition.

Mr. Roberts (nobly). Well, you see, there are eleven men on each side, and——

Poppa. As I figger it out, Mr. Roberts, this is a contest between the stoodents of two of your great Universities. Now in my country we have one thousand Colleges and Universities, and every one of those institootions is just vibrating with noo ideas. Now this cricket is not a noo game, I understand, but if

THE SEMI-SUICIDE CLUB.

KOKO (*a Backwoods Peer*). "I DON'T SEE HOW A MAN *CAN* CUT OFF HIS OWN HEAD."
POOH-BAH (*Lord PEEL*). "A MAN MIGHT TRY."
PISH-TUSH (*Lord BIRKENHEAD*). "EVEN IF YOU ONLY SUCCEEDED IN CUTTING IT HALF OFF, THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING."
The Mikado—Act I.

Earnest Tennis-player (to useless partner). "PERHAPS I HAD BETTER DO THE WORK."
Partner. "BUT I MUST DO SOMETHING."
Earnest Tennis-player. "TELL YOU WHAT—I'VE GOT A ROTTEN HEAD FOR FIGURES. WHAT ABOUT KEEPING THE SCORE?"

it could be introdooced into some of our leading colleges, why, I take it that would be a vurry notable *con*tribution to the friendly relations of your great country and mine. Now, Sir, I should be glad to get your reflexes on that proposition.

Mr. Roberts. Well, I think it would be a jolly good thing——

[*Two runs are scored.*

Mamie (*clapping her hands*). O my, Champ! They're getting fresh. Look, there's a man running. Isn't it gay?

Champ (*without enthusiasm*). Yep.

[*A great commotion on the bench behind.* Betty *and* Maud *stand up as* Major Grange *approaches with his niece.*

Betty (*in a voice that must be clearly audible to every fielder on the on-side*). Well, Major, I thought you were never going to see me. What *were* you looking at?

Major Grange. Good morning. This is my niece, Phyllis.

Betty. Oh, how d'you do? Will you sit there? No, you sit here and I'll sit there. Now, you sit next to me, Major, and tell me all your news. Now we're all comfortable. Get up, Maud, you're sitting on my purse. No, I can't see anything, and I don't want to. I'm sure I don't know why Maud makes such a fuss about the game. Anyone would think she had a son in the eleven.

1st Enthusiast. Short slip's too fine.

Major Grange (*regarding him darkly*). These young men can't dress themselves nowadays. Soft collars at Lord's! Why, I remember when you weren't allowed on the *ground* without a top-hat.

Phyllis (*mildly*). Perhaps they can't afford one, Uncle John.

Major Grange. Too much lawn-tennis nowadays. That's what it is. They're all effeminate.

Phyllis (*indignant*). I think top-hats are effeminate. Tom doesn't wear one.

Major Grange (*suspicious*). Does he play lawn-tennis?

Phyllis. Of *course*! Everybody does.

Major Grange. Then he's no good—— There you are! Clean bowled. I never *saw* such batting.

Betty. Poor boy! He's got a nice figure. Where are you lunching, Major?

Mr. Roberts. So, you see, when this side's all out the other side goes in. But if this side makes 150 runs less than the other side, then the other side doesn't go in after all, but *this* side——

Poppa. Did you get that, Mamie? Mr. Roberts says when this crowd's through with batting, the other crowd is up against it—that's the crowd standing around in the field right now, I guess—but if the other crowd shows a deficit of 1,500 on the first count, then *this* crowd, that is, the other crowd—— Hell, just how did it go, Mr. Roberts?

Mr. Roberts (*helplessly*). Well, you see, Cambridge made——

Champ. Say, Mr. Roberts, that guy that quit batting a while back, what does he do now?

Mr. Roberts. Oh, he just sits in the pavilion.

Poppa (*amazed*). Now you don't tell me, Mr. Roberts, that that young fellow is going to sit around in an arm-chair for the rest of the day?

Mr. Roberts. Yes, he will—till his side is out. So will the others—nine of them.

Champ. Gosh! Some game!

Poppa. Well, Sir, you surprise me. Now in my country——

Mamie. Shucks, Poppa! Guess the boy 's tired after all that walking.

Poppa. Now in my country we don't figger to have a great amount of sitting down in our national sports. If a young feller wants to sit down, he can make a reservation at a hotel, but nobody 's going to pay dollars to see him do it. No, Sir, we shouldn't stand for *that.*

Betty (*to Phyllis*). My dear, what a pretty frock! *Isn't* it pretty, Maud?

Maud (*engrossed*). What?

Betty. Isn't Miss Jilson's frock pretty?

Maud (*turning irritably*). Yes, it 's sweetly pretty. (*A wicket falls.*) There, he 's out again and I missed it. How was he out?

Major Grange. Caught in the slips.

Phyllis. Bowled.

1st Enthusiast (*turning politely*). L.b.

Betty. Oh, thank you *so* much! L.b. —whatever 's that?

Major Grange. Leg-before-wicket. He stopped the ball with his leg.

Betty. The clever boy! Where are you lunching, Major?

Major Grange (*pretending not to hear*). Who 's this coming in, Phyllis? Sloppy-looking fellow. I saw young Blakeney yesterday. Off to Wimbledon, if you please—to watch tennis. *Tennis!*

Betty. I quite agree, Major. Wimbledon 's dreadful. Nobody speaks a word. That 's what I like about Lord 's —you can call your soul your own here. Where are you lunching, Major?

Mamie. Pinch me if I snore, Champ.

Mr. Roberts (*patiently*). You see, there are six balls in every over, and at the end of the over a different bowler bowls from the other end—you see?

Poppa. No, Sir, and in my opinion this game will not electrify our great Universities, as a recreation. But it is a vurry remarkable social institootion, and as such deserves the respect of every enlightened American citizen. Now, I have a nephew located in Seattle——

1st Enthusiast. Lunch interval—blow!

Betty. Lunch—at last! I 'm famished. Why don't you lunch with us, Major?

Major. Well, I was just going to propose that you came and lunched with *me*, in the Club tent.

Betty. Oh, may we? Delightful! Come along, Maud. Now we can talk.

A. P. H.

"English Lessons to Foreigners, pronunciation a spec."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

It often is.

Visitor (*from the home of baseball*). "WELL, I 'M GLAD I 'VE SEEN CRICKET. I 'VE SEEN ST. PAUL'S AND THE ABBEY, AND THEY ARE GOOD GOODS. BUT, WHEN IT COMES TO HUSH AND THE SUBDUED ATMOSPHERE, OLD CRICKET 'S GOT 'EM BEAT."

TO R. B.

(*From a psychical student of "Dramatic Romances."*)

BROWNING, in these perturbing times,
Need have we of you and your rhymes—
You who with prophetical daring
Told us what had become of WARING,
You who smoothed life's stormiest billow,
You, who knew TARTINI'S *Trillo*
Better than SULLIVAN'S Titwillow
And could versify the chirp of the *grillo*,
You only could say, What 's become of GILLOW?

"40 YEARS ON THE TELEPHONE."
Daily Paper.

We hope that he got his number in the end.

A Quick Passage.

"THE OLYMPIC.
Departure from New York to-day."
Evening Paper, July 15th.

"STILL THEY COME.—Two thousand more American visitors landed yesterday at Southampton from the *Olympic.*"
Sunday Paper, July 16th.

From a Labour organ:—

"SOCIALISM IN AMERICA.

The membership of the Party now stands at 13,484. It was stated at the conference that there are State organisations in twenty-two States, but not more than fifteen are effective working machines. The membership is organised in 9,961 English branches and 3,524 foreign branches."

This strikes us as the best way yet invented to secure harmony among Socialists. One man one branch, and one branch to spare for an emergency.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE other day, a barrister in the High Court, after mentioning that the plaintiff was a marine-store-dealer at Tooting, hastened to assure the Bench that he had no personal knowledge of Tooting. This rare instance of a barrister eager to confess his ignorance is of itself interesting; but it also goes to show how widespread is the regrettable lack of knowledge of a suburb which, if better known, might become one of our leading holiday resorts.

Although frequently associated with Balham, Tooting is quite a different place, Balham being so much nearer to Clapham. Tooting, in fact, is well on the way towards the heart of Surrey, which justly claims to be one of the most beautiful counties not merely of Southern England, but of Southern Britain.

It has the charm of variety. There is an Upper Tooting away on the hilltop, swept by the strong clean breezes; and in the vale, sheltered from the storm, lie Lower Tooting and its trams.

The climb to Upper Tooting well repays the trouble it involves. Alpenstocks can be procured at ridiculous prices, and oxygen may be obtained free of charge by anyone who relies upon its aid in ascending to higher altitudes. No such views are to be found in the Himalayan range itself as may be seen on a clear day from Upper Tooting.

Lower Tooting presents a contrast which the visitor cannot fail to observe. The descent is comparatively easy; one has only to mind how one steps down.

The perils of Lower Tooting have been much exaggerated. The people there are by no means hostile to the explorer. There is indeed far more vegetarianism going on in this district than cannibalism; and one need not discard one's spats or other emblems of social superiority in entering this region so famous for its maritime associations.

Lower Tooting has nearly all the characteristics of a completely civilised community. Go into its market, where tomatoes of nearly every nationality may be purchased; see its church, with spire complete; look upon its cinema placards and attendant; seek refreshment at its drinking fountain, for which no charge is made. It lacks only a Mayor to make it as self-contained as Winchester, or Burnley, or any of those places.

Tooting would be altogether delightful but for the existence of Middle Tooting; and here the visitor should not linger, for it is a sombre region and little good can come of dallying in its midst. For Middle Tooting lives under a great shadow. It cannot dispossess itself of the conviction that it is really a part of Upper Tooting, while Upper Tooting somewhat roughly repudiates the relationship and declares it to be nothing but the outer margin of Lower Tooting. And Lower Tooting doesn't care a bean which way it is. It is a doleful district, lacking every vestige of that *joie de vivre* which characterises life both upon the hill-top with its tennis and crimson ramblers, and in the valley with its gramophones and tram-tickets.

HEATHER ALE.

THE Picts were little people,
They dealt with hidden powers,
As high as any steeple
They raised their rounded towers;
They buzzed like bees together,
A little folk and frail,
And in the summer weather
They brewed the secret ale.

Tall stand the towers as ever,
Their pigmy builders sped;
But, search you ne'er so clever
By cairn and mountain head,
And still the quest pursuing
By painted moor and hill,
The secret of the brewing
It stays a secret still.

Could I by grace discover
That recipe of old,
To pipe of golden plover,
To bleat of black-face fold,
I 'd hold a key to pleasure,
For so the secret seems,
And in its magic measure
The alchemy of dreams.

I 'd set the bubbles laughing,
I 'd fill a foaming horn,
And in such mighty quaffing
Be glad that I was born;
I 'd bid my friends together
And ne'er a man should fail
To step across the heather
And taste the heather ale.

Then, from our backs unseated,
Black Care should take him wings,
And in the spell completed
We 'd pledge ourselves like kings;
And tiresome things and tragic,
And all life's humdrum ills,
Should yield them to my magic
Lost vintage of the hills.

Perhaps there *was* no secret,
Perhaps, for all I know,
Some rumour, in the reek writ
Of camp-fires long ago,
Has set the whisper flying
From tarn and riverhead
Of some hill nectar, dying
With little folk long dead.

But you who 'll see the wonder
Of heather hills aglow,
And hear the swish and thunder
As on the coveys go,
I tell you (free of duty)—
I tell you now and here
You 'll be as drugged with beauty
As ever Pict with beer.

And in the morning weather
Your cares shall spread them wings,
Lost in the seas of heather,
Whelmed in a wind that sings;
For all that 's mean or tragic,
For all sublunar ills,
Shall melt beneath the magic
Clean vintage of the hills.

FALSE ALARM.

Mr. Bradshaw gave me two minutes to catch the Burton-on-Trent train at Lichfield and one minute to catch the Ashby-de-la-Zouche train at Burton-on-Trent. If it came off I got my tea at home.

A warning wire: "Expect me tea-time with luck," a taxi to Euston, and the last lap of the Seville-Swadlincote Odyssey had begun.

Yes, I live at a place called Swadlincote. So would you if you couldn't help it.

Everything clicked all along the line. Those muffins seemed very near as I handed my bag out to Bisset to take to the car.

He lingered near the carriage-window.

"Have you got everything out, Sir?"

"Yes, Bisset. That 's all right."

"Nothing left behind, Sir?"

Had I neglected to remove a blood-stained stiletto graven with my initials he could not have been more solicitous.

I found the household simmering. The family was in force on the steps to receive us. The domestic staff had, I discovered, prepared

(1) One double bedroom,
(2) Two single bedrooms,
(3) One roomy dog-kennel.

Lucy, whom the telegram had announced as arriving in my company—Lucy was the enigma.

It gave us something to talk about during tea.

From a list of wedding-presents:—

"Lady Mary ——, five glass poems in 44 volumes."—*Evening Paper.*

Verres Libres, we presume.

From a recent novel:—

"That is what the camel-headed Belstock did. His head went into the sand and he saw no danger."

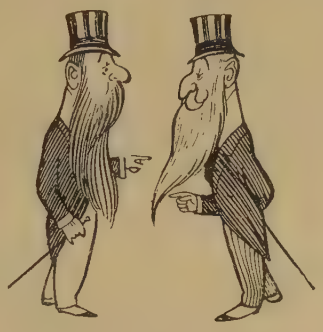
This is calculated to give the ostrich the hump.

I BEAVER.

THOU BEAVEREST.

HE BEAVERS.

WE BEAVER.



YOU BEAVER.

THEY BEAVER.

I SHALL BEAVER.

TO BE ABOUT TO BEAVER.

LET US BEAVER.

SHE BEAVERS.

HAVING BEAVERED.

BEAVERING.

WHO SAID "BEAVER"?

EARLY EFFORTS.

IV.

THIS seems to be a very, very early lyric by Mr. THOMAS HARDY. It is particularly interesting (never mind how I got hold of it) firstly because it seems to show faint traces of the influence of ROBERT BROWNING, and secondly because it has a happy ending, which is so unusual in Mr. HARDY's poems. Why it bears the sub-title that it does bear I cannot imagine, for nobody in my club ever tells me stories like this. I only wish they would.

THE RENCONTRE.

(SMOKER'S CLUB STORY.)

A forward dash by a shape of gloom,
And the train just caught, not missed,
And there in my carriage the woman whom
I had promised to clasp by a yew-spread tomb
On that very night; but I had been false to the tryst.

I had thought to leave her standing alone
In the spectred shadows' chill,
To listen there to the wind's sharp moan
While I journeyed to meet with a different one
Whom I loved in the city streets far off from the vill.

What then was she doing seated here,
Not glimmering under the trees
Where many a night we'd had much cheer
In summer's cyme* or in winter's drear
Reading the headstones' carved epitomes?

Did she too, tiring of this our love,
Speed now to a different man?
I pondered deep, and the thought thereof
Rang loud as a church bell toll above
The long roar of the train as it smoked and ran.

My assignation at least was spoiled,
But what were better to do
In a mesh of circumstance thus coiled?
Speak or be silent? So I boiled
As, glowering out of our corners, sat we two.

Then she with a laugh: "You are overlate
For the lych-gate steps this eve."
And I: "Yet you will not have to wait,
For there overbeetles us both a fate
Beyond our power of escapement, I believe."

Then silence again and no relief,
As when in a prison ward
Thief is upmewed with a fellow thief,
Both traitors, till I was well-nigh lief
To pull down the communication cord.

She looked no more at me, nor I at her,
But out at the rayed rain,
As if we were chance companions there,
Watching the phasmal stations glare
And the ghast woods leap at us and sink again,

Till now, the city's commotion reached at last,
We saw in the platform smother,
Amidst the elbowers as they passed,
Two forms that were side by side, and cast
Glad look from gleeful eyes each one at other.

"My lover!" then said that woman, "whom I went
To meet here on this night."
And I: "Mine too! With this event,
Chance-wise on-brought, there is surely blent
Much Irony, but more of Pity's sprite."

She answered, "Think you that these two lovers
Are worth our bosoms' rack,
That we for their sakes should be rovers?"
What was the upshot? Well, this discovers.
In amity we caught the next train back. EVOE.

* Height or zenith, I believe.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(*By our Fleet Street Flâneur.*)

ONLY the other day it was my lot to relate the turning-down of a proposal to enliven Lord's on "full-dress occasions" by means of a few clowns and suchlike turns for the entertainment of the spectators. Now I hear that a similar scheme to brighten Cowes has met with an equally discouraging reception.

As may have been guessed, the second suggestion, like the first, emanated from that shining light of diplomacy, "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation, who consoles himself for his double rebuff with the reflection that it takes more than one attempt to drive a notion into the heads of bodies so typically British as the M.C.C. and the R.Y.S.

In the latter case his idea was that the lighter features of a regatta, such as climbing the greasy pole and a "duck-hunt," in which he offered to take the leading part, would be a welcome relief to the unutterable tedium of the yacht-racing and a certain cure for that bored expression so characteristic of the faces on the Squadron lawn.

However, as the irrepressible "Pogo" is to be one of a particularly "live" party on board Sir Lazarus Schnorrer's magnificent steam-yacht *Jazzybelle* for the week it will be strange if something is not done unofficially to impart a little animation to the "herd of Cowes," a witticism which occurred in the course of a repartee made by the brilliant Illyrian in answer to an august member of the Squadron who had remarked that there were too many greasy Poles and "climbers" about as it was.

* * * *

With the Sale of Honours and the Reform of the House of Lords so very much on the *tapis* just now, it is especially interesting to hear of a Private Bill which, if, as hoped, it is shortly introduced in the Upper Chamber, may have the most direct bearing on both these questions.

The Lease of Titles Bill, as it is called, which has the eager support of a small but active group of Peers, including the Duke of Flint, the Marquess of Dunstable and the Earl of Seakale, who of course sits as Baron Kirkmousie, was explained to me yesterday by its sponsor, Lord Gargoyle, who promises to make a name for himself as a far-seeing politician.

It has long been felt to be a hardship, Lord Gargoyle told me, that an inherited title is not marketable, like houses and lands, and, though in the interest of heirs it is not proposed to allow sale outright, his Bill permits a title to be leased for any term up to nine hundred and ninety-nine years. In this way a practically perpetual title-rent would be assured to each head of the family.

Lord Gargoyle mentioned as an instance that, if the Bill were passed, he himself would immediately become plain Mr. Ludovic de Vere-Fitzludovic, for Sir Albert Woollens, the rich manufacturer who has already acquired the Castle Gargoyle estates, is ready and anxious to take a long lease of the title of Viscount Gargoyle.

A clause in the Bill, however, stipulates that no person unapproved by the Prime Minister shall become the lessee of a title. The granting of permission to do so may, in fact, be found the most convenient way of conferring an honour. Altogether the Bill opens up such possibilities

Mrs. O'Leary. "SHURE THEY HAVEN'T SENT YOU TO SWEEP THE CHIMNEY! WHERE'S YOUR FATHER?"
Young Republican. "HE'S VERY SORRY HE CAN'T COME, MA'AM. THEY'VE JUST MADE HIM A BRIGADIER."

that it would not be surprising if it were adopted as a Government measure. * * * *

I have before now given some particulars of Mr. and Mrs. Torquil Freke's delightful Sunday Afternoons at High Brow, their Hampstead home, which thinking people have come to regard as an oasis in the materialism of London life.

Last week the special attraction was Madame Bertha Pram, the leader of the Aaland Back-to-Baby-Talk movement. By way of introducing her, Mrs. Torquil Freke delivered an interesting address on "The Curse of the Consonant," in which she expounded Madame Pram's theory that we are born with a universal language in our mouths, and that it is the cultivation of tongues that estranges people.

Madame Pram then rendered in baby-talk selections from the poets of various nations, all of which were equally intelligible to and appreciated by the large and distinguished gathering in the marquee thoughtfully provided in view of the unsettled weather. Among the intelligentsia present it was recognised that primitivism in enunciation, as in Art, is the remedy for many ills.

Baby-talk may not be for the man-in-the-street, but upon bearded lips it will bespeak the intellectual advance towards international comprehension.

* * * *

At this time of year the public is thirsty for news of the holiday arrangements of public men, and I hasten to dispense what drops of information I have managed to collect.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's plans are, of course, as usual governed by the political pendulum. In the event of a swing to the extreme left, for instance, he may find it expedient to be at hand to receive the Freedom of Poplar, whereas a pronounced movement in the other direction may impel him to propitiate the Die-hard Group by being formally installed an honorary member of the Gloucestershire Fat Stock Society in Bathurst Park.

Lord RIDDELL, a little bird tells me, projects a tour of Europe, attended by a golf architect and two professionals, for the purpose of surveying suitable sites for future Conferences.

Lord BIRKENHEAD is credited with the intention of making a personal test of the acoustic properties of Assize Courts throughout the country, in readiness for the decentralisation of divorce business in the autumn; and Mr. H. G. WELLS is believed to contemplate a few weeks' bricklaying as a preparation for standing as Labour Candidate for London University.

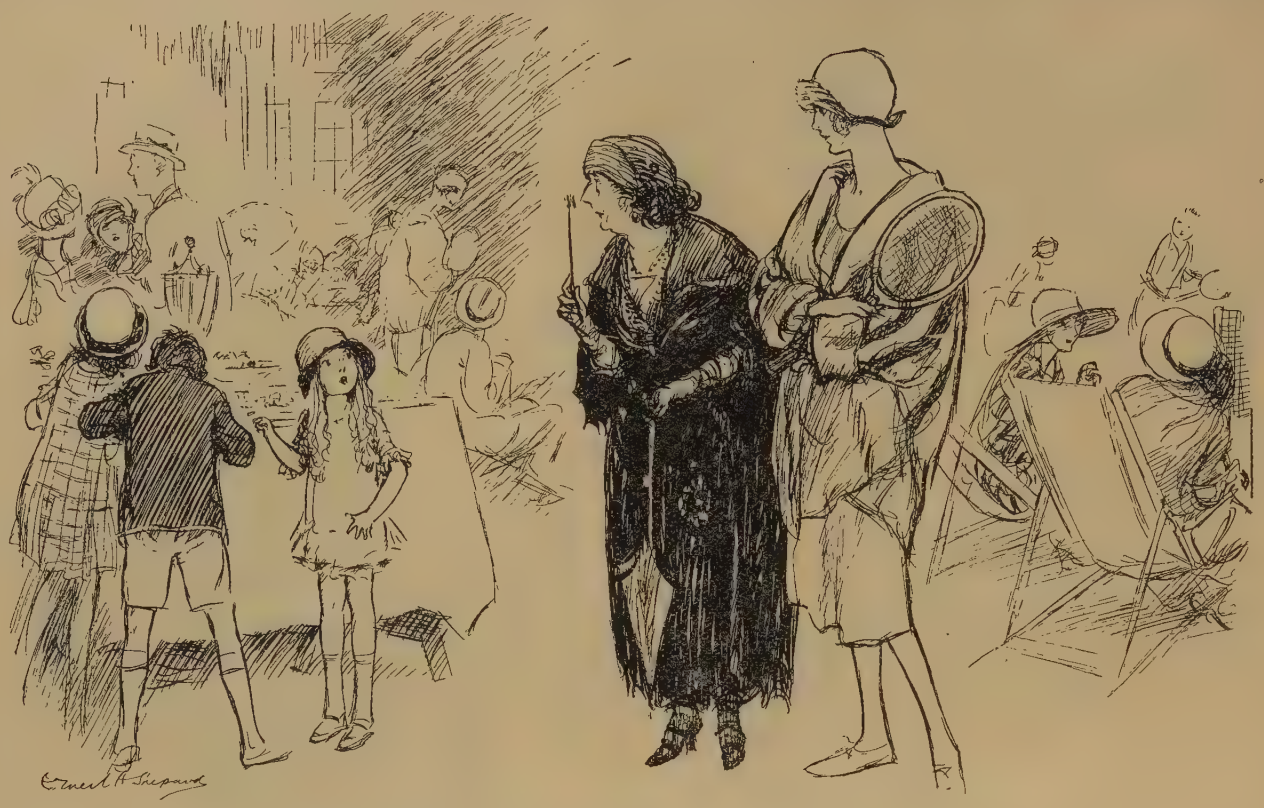
Every year it becomes more evident that with the truly great a holiday merely means a change of work.

"NOTE.—The —— —— Insurance Scheme is the only one which covers the bread-winner while he is at work. No other newspaper offers any Insurance against this great risk."—*Daily Paper.*

So great, indeed, that some people refuse to touch it.

"Viscount Curzon asked the Home Secretary whether his attention had been drawn to a newspaper report which it appeared that the Duke of Lancaster had motored from London to Aberdeen in fifteen hours at an average speed of forty miles an hour, and whether he contemplated instituting legal proceedings?"—*Irish Paper.*

Surely "the Duke of Lancaster" can do no wrong?



Visitor. "I THINK YOU'D BE BETTER, JANE, WITHOUT ANY MORE ICES."
Jane. "WELL, MAY I HAVE ONE FOR MY LITTLE SISTER?"
Visitor. "I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A LITTLE SISTER."
Jane. "I'M ONLY PRETENDING—BUT I KNOW SHE'D LIKE ICES."

A FREE NEWSPAPER.

IT was at the height—or perhaps it was the depth—of the slump that Grant's 60-80 h.p. 12-cylinder something or other just failed to lay me out in Piccadilly.

"Step inside, old boy," he called, stopping the car. "Which way are you going?"

"I can't remember," I replied; "you have put it out of my head. But carry on."

We glided away.

"Well," I said, "you don't look absolutely prostrated by the trade depression."

"Prostrated!" he laughed. "Why, I'm doing the deal of my life."

"Oh, lord," I groaned, "don't tell me you've made a million in these times. It's more than I can bear. What is it this time? A corner in cocaine?"

"No," he answered; "but come along with me and I'll show you."

Grant, I must explain, in case you have never met him, is one of those astonishing fellows who are always bringing off colossal and mysterious coups of business. He has no office and no profession; you never know where he is, but almost every time you happen to be invited to the Carlton, or the Ritz, or Ascot, or Monte Carlo, there is Grant—not, mind you, a guest of anyone, but running a party that makes yours look like high tea in a Huddersfield suburb.

He snatches a moment to tell you how he has just got in with the Soviet Government and sold them half-a-million pairs of boots, cash before delivery, net profit I forget how many thousands; or how he has just completed the fusion of a couple of railways, or bought up all the banks in Scandinavia without having to write a cheque for a fiver. It is all very baffling. How, you wonder, did he get into the boot trade? What made him think two railways wanted to be fused? And how comes it that all the bankers in Scandinavia sit idly by while Grant, ex-bootmaker, takes the money out of their tills?

I was tempted to disbelieve these stories, despite the evidence of brand-new Rolls-Royces and Corona-coronas, until I became eye-witness of this new undertaking, which must, of course, eclipse everything ever done before.

Well, I went along with him. On the way he said, "Have you ever heard of newspaper free insurance?"

"Heard of it?" I exclaimed. "Why, if your expensive car had been trying a little harder when it saw me just now I should have had a claim on three different journals."

We alighted and he led me to the board-room of a City office.

"Now here," he explained, "we have an insurance company which was just going into liquidation when I stepped in and bought it. Don't look so surprised; I didn't have to pay anything for it. I just took over their liabilities. That's nothing. Now for my scheme. When times are bad it is hard to sell things—see?"

I saw; anyone could see that.

"Well then, if you can't sell things, you must give them away—see?"

I didn't see this.

"Unless," I said, "you mean with a pound of tea which is made of dud tea-leaves."

"That," he agreed, "is the underlying principle, but it has been modernised into something far grander. Listen. If we were a newspaper-office we should spend hundreds of thousands a year giving away insurance policies so as to sell our papers. Well, we are an insurance company, so we have to do the same thing the other way round. Spend

ONE MORE FUR OCCASION.

thousands a year giving away newspapers so as to sell our policies. Look at this."

I looked. It was an enormous poster, shouting as follows:—

THE HEAVEN AND EARTH INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

makes the following

AMAZING OFFER

To every holder of one of our £1,000 Life Policies and/or certain other policies (particulars on application) we will provide a

FREE "DAILY TAIL"

so long as the policy is in force.

All you have to do is to insure with us, give us the name of your newsagent, and we will do the rest.

You will still be entitled to the

FREE INSURANCE

offered by your paper, and you will now be entitled to a

FREE NEWSPAPER

offered by your Insurance Company.

WHAT COULD BE FAIRER?

Apply for your policy at once. Every day wasted is money thrown away.

I stared blindly at Grant for about half-an-hour.

"Grant," I said at last, "you're mad. It will cost you a perfect packet."

"I hope so," he answered. "The more it costs the more I make."

"What a swindle your premiums must be, then."

"Not at all. We only buy papers instead of paying agents' commission."

"But everybody," I protested, "does not want to read *The Daily Tail*. Why not let them choose their paper?"

"Ah," he explained, "I've acquired a huge interest in *The Daily Tail* for fixing this up with them. There will soon be only one paper as well as only one insurance company. Their sales will exceed six millions a day. It's the biggest thing ever done in business. And I, you see, am at both ends of the stick."

"And what," I inquired, "do you suppose Lord —— and Lord —— [mentioning a few newspaper men] are going to do about it?"

"Starve, I suppose," he answered, smiling.

The thought of these noblemen starving was enough to make anyone smile, but it was too good—I mean too sad—to be true.

"No, seriously, Grant?" I asked.

"Well, seriously, then," he replied, "they will have to come to me on their knees and beg me to absorb them."

"Well, anyhow," I said as I left him, "you're an amazing fellow. I wonder what title you will take?"

* * * * *

The posters haven't appeared yet, and I am under the impression that there has been a hitch somewhere in the scheme. However, I see that Grant is entertaining an enormous party for Goodwood, so he must be doing well out of it.

Perhaps he has found it more convenient to be absorbed himself. I hope not; it will be so much more fun the other way.

"Considerable disorder occurred during the sitting of the Standing Committee."
Daily Paper.

Possibly the sudden change of posture upset the Members' equilibrium.

"The Vicar proposed the health of the newmarried couple, for which the bridegroom thanked and was enthusiastically drunk."
Indian Paper.

We are not quite sure whether it was the Vicar or the bridegroom who was guilty of this unfortunate lapse, but in either case it was most regrettable.

Invalid (as her Mother closes the door on the Doctor). "MUMMY, I DON'T THINK I LIKE THAT GENTLEMAN. IF HE CALLS AGAIN, PLEASE TELL HIM THAT I'M NOT WELL ENOUGH TO SEE HIM."

THE TRIUMPHS OF YOUTH.

Adolphus Roland Smithers at sixteen was quite unique
For unfathomable ignorance of Latin and of Greek;
But he didn't shrink from issuing a memorable tome
On the Hades that was Hellas and the Ruin that was Rome.
A popular Headmaster, who was always up-to-date,
Proclaimed the work of paramount importance to the State,
And urged the disestablishment, on Isis and on Cam,
Of Universities maintained by mediæval cram.

Orlando Percy Bloomer never went to any school;
He never had a master and he never learned a rule;
And yet untaught, unaided, he evolved a counterpoint
Which put the nose of BLISS and BAX completely out of joint.
His method of notation was entirely his own,
And he seldom used an interval more than a quarter-tone;
The aged obscurantists found the noise a trifle odd,
But enlightened critics hailed him as a genuine demi-god.

Llewelyn Ivor Jenkins, ere he sprouted into "tails,"
Was commonly referred to as the Sargent of South Wales;
His knowledge of perspective and anatomy was *nil*,
But ROGER, CLIVE, and CLUTTON plied the panegyric quill.
All the cultured *dilettanti* flocked to patronize his shows,
And speculative purchasers made payment through the nose;
For the *pros* upon a balance had the better of the *cons*
In maintaining that his portraits were more terrible than JOHN'S.

Diana Phyllis Timmins—she was only just thirteen—
Composed an "Ode to Satan" for a parish magazine;
It was subsequently published by an enterprising firm,
And a Bishop wrote from Fulham: "This will make old Satan squirm."
The spelling was phonetic and the grammar much to seek,
But a hundred thousand copies were disposed of in a week,
And *The Times's* correspondents, on its literary page,
Acclaimed it as the glory of the neo-Georgian age.

Then, O ye precious juveniles, take comfort from my screed
And bend your utmost efforts to supply the nation's need,
By acting on the principles which this heroic Four
Adopted in their treatment of the men that are no more.
Let not routine or drudgery or academic grind
Or precedent intimidate or influence your mind;
Upon their dusty perches let reactionaries roost,
Be it your aim to conquer fame by hustle, vim and boost.

How to Advertise Foreign Resorts.

"WEATHER FORECAST.

Cloudy, probably some rain later . . . .
Sun Orb has left Newmarket for Belgium."—*Evening Paper.*

"CRASH FOLLOWS CRASH.

—— appeared to be an incompetent driver, and when asked to stop the engine of the war he was unable to do so."—*Evening Paper.*

Just like W. HOHENZOLLERN.

From a report of Lord BALFOUR'S speech at Cambridge:—

"It was within these walls that I strolled with moderate success—(laughter)—to obtain such approval as I could from my examiners."
Daily Paper.

On the principle, *Solvitur ambulando.*

"I COULD NOT LOVE THEE, DEAR, SO MUCH,
LOVED I NOT HONOURS MORE."

Railway Porter (to Jones, who has arrived at seaside resort on carnival day). "IT'LL BE A NARRER SQUEAK, SIR, BUT I'LL DO MY BEST TO GIT YER LUGGIDGE DOWN TO THE HOTEL BEFORE I TAKES PART IN THE PROCESSION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 17th.—The Peers present, or, at any rate, most of them, listened with keen interest as the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND read letter after letter from touts offering to procure titles at what appeared to be a regular tariff. A Knighthood, for example, was priced at ten thousand pounds, payable on the hire-purchase system.

In the Commons, Mr. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON did his spiriting very gently; and Sir SAMUEL HOARE, who seconded his motion, was equally restrained. Conscious, as he said, that "there is a good deal of thin ice and a good deal of deep water under," he was very cautious; and the only personal attack he permitted himself was at the expense of poor old ARISTIDES, for whose death, he declared, he would cheerfully have voted.

I fancy the PRIME MINISTER had prepared for a more vigorous onslaught, and was a little disappointed to find that the counter-attack, in which he excels, would not do on this occasion. Nor for a long time were there any interruptions to spur his rather jaded Pegasus into a canter. The House laughed a little when he attributed the increase in honours to the growth in "the *wealth* of the population," but for the most part it listened—Treasury Bench and all—in rather bored silence while he defended the party-system and the party-funds.

Mr. ASQUITH considered that the Government had in effect accepted the motion. After a little pardonable self-praise—his lists might have been "stuffed with mediocrities," but none of his nominees had been accused of unworthiness—he gave his view of the proper relation between party-funds and honours. Subscription alone should not qualify for an honour, but neither should it disqualify. The wise Patronage Secretary, I gather, should "never recommend for money, but go where money is."

So far the debate had been conducted in kid-gloves; but they came off when Mr. MCNEILL proceeded to make accusations against two of the persons whom the PRIME MINISTER had recommended for peerages in his recent list. The immediate result was that one of these persons, who happened to be at the

Sir SAMUEL HOARE. "POOR OLD MCNEILL! BUT ANYHOW I WARNED HIM THAT THE ICE WAS NOT UP TO HIS WEIGHT."

moment in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, made audible protest, and was called to order by the attendant. A further result was that the rest of the debate was conducted at a higher temperature, and that before it concluded Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (who had been warmly welcomed on his return to the House) had to threaten something very like resignation to induce the House to accept the Government's proposal of a Royal Commission in lieu of a Select Committee.

Tuesday, July 18th.—In a maiden speech Lord FORRES (formerly Sir ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON) indignantly repudiated the charge of trading with the enemy which Mr. MCNEILL had levelled against his firm. The acts on which the charge was apparently based had all been done with the knowledge and approval of the Government of the day. As for himself, he had been offered a Peerage four years ago, but had taken a Privy Councillorship instead. The LORD CHANCELLOR added that in point of fact the noble lord might have had a Peerage thirteen years before, and called upon Mr. MCNEILL to repeat his charges where he would not be protected by Parliamentary privilege.

Contrary to expectation it was Lord PEEL, and not Lord BIRKENHEAD, who introduced the Reform resolutions, which originally stood in the name of Lord CURZON. For some reason—perhaps to ensure that no one should mistake him for their author—he was pleased to be facetious. He spoke of the resolutions as "a general sketch, rich in undisclosed articulations," whatever they may be, and recommended the Peers to discuss them "as if you were in your smoking-jackets rather than decked out in all the panoply of full Court dress."

The Peers certainly did not show them any undue respect. Lord SELBORNE complained that they did nothing to strengthen the powers of the House, which might have to look on helplessly while the House of Commons passed Prohibition (in the guise of a Money Bill), permanently suspended the Habeas Corpus Act or turned itself into a Soviet. Lord LANSDOWNE described the proposals as "a half-baked scheme;" Lord CREWE, who, like *Mrs. Malaprop*, was suffering from a temporary "derangement of epitaphs," referred to them in one sentence as "a fleshless skeleton," and in the next as "a shapeless monster." They did nothing, in the opinion of Lord BURNHAM, to revive the reputation of the House, which had become "a gilded monument of departed greatness:" while Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE deplored their infringement of the hereditary principle, "the only sound principle upon which you can found any institution, whether it is the Monarchy, the House of Lords or a pack of foxhounds."

A Question regarding the variation in the Sunday licensing hours between London and the country caused Mr. WILL THORNE to volunteer the information that on one side of the road (presumably in his constituency) licensed premises are open from six o'clock to nine, and on the other side from seven o'clock to ten. He did not suggest that the residents in West Ham (where the poets come from) objected to this arrangement, which, indeed, appears to give them an extra hour for tasting the Pierian stream.

Lord BURNHAM to the Builder's Man (Lord PEEL). "I WONDER YOUR BOSS DIDN'T WAIT TILL THE STRUCTURAL ALTERATIONS WERE COMPLETED BEFORE HE HAD NEW GILDING PUT ON THE OLD HOUSE."

Wednesday, July 19th.—Lord WARING has the reputation of being "a bit of a hustler," and he certainly justified it to-day when within a few minutes he was formally introduced to the House of Lords, and then, having doffed his scarlet and ermine, made a maiden speech and a personal explanation all in one. He emphatically denied having built for himself a fortune that should have gone to his Company. On the contrary, all the contracts had been made by the Government with Messrs. WARING AND GILLOW, LTD., and all the money received had been paid into the coffers of the Company. The explanation seemed to satisfy most of the Peers present. But Lord SALISBURY said that Mr. MCNEILL had been misunderstood. The charge that he had intended to make was that the shareholders in Lord WARING's old and defunct company had not benefited by the profits earned by the new. But neither he nor Lord ARMAGHDALE, who supported him, condescended to explain why money apparently earned by one set of persons should be diverted to another.

In the Commons, Sir ALFRED MOND introduced a modest little Bill to improve the quality of milk. It was so modest that Dr. ADDISON, who rarely misses an opportunity of having a gibe at his successor in the Ministry of Health, could not resist the temptation of calling it a "milk-and-water Bill." Nevertheless the House gave it a Second Reading without a division.

Thursday, July 20th. — The Archbishop of CANTERBURY was not much more complimentary than the lay Peers to the Government's scheme for the reform of the Lords. In his opinion, I gathered, the egg had been so long sat upon that it was addled. Lord CRAWFORD defended the Government as best he could, and comforted himself with the reflection that no one was opposed to the idea of reduction, with the possible exception of those peers who only attended the House in times of crisis, and then "did not as a rule add to the wisdom of its deliberations." Lord BUXTON, a Liberal, declared that the House was more influential now than before the Parliament Act, and seemed to think that further reform might render it too powerful altogether.

Mr. CHURCHILL announced that, as the result of the fighting between the Free Staters and the Irregulars, the Ulstermen kidnapped some months ago had been released; and, when Colonel ASHLEY asked if he was satisfied with his Irish policy, replied, "Yes, Sir, I am increasingly satisfied." As, moreover, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stated that there must be an Autumn Sitting to deal with Irish business, it looks as if the Government expected Ireland to settle down shortly.

In complaining to the HOME SECRETARY that there had been a refusal to grant passports to certain British subjects Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY

She. "YOU 'AVIN' A SPLASH TO-DAY, SAM?" *Sam (publican).* "NOT ME—TOO MUCH 'EAD ON IT."

evoked loud cheers by declaiming a passage from Magna Carta in the original Latin. No reply being given, he appealed to the SPEAKER, who, with a subtle compliment to the superior erudition of the sea-lawyer, remarked, "It may require reference."

Sir CHARLES TOWNSHEND, by the way, also seems to have founded himself on the article permitting any subject of the KING "*exire de regno nostro*," for, though refused a passport to visit Turkey, he appears to have got there all the same. Whether he will be allowed "*redire salvus et secure*," depends, I imagine, on whether the description of his proceedings as given (with some reserve) by Mr. CECIL HARMSWORTH turns out to be accurate.

In reply to successive Questions it was admitted by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that the income-tax in the Isle of Man is only one and fivepence halfpenny in the pound, and that there are only twenty-nine British residents in the island who are in receipt of old-age pensions; but, strange to say, he seemed to see no particular connection between these two facts.

The Cart before the Horse.

"The bridal carriage drawn by four milk-white steeds and followed by five other carriages, each with two milk-white steeds in tow."—*Local Paper.*

THE CHANGELING.

IT is only because MacWhirter is dead (you may have seen his obituary notice in *The Times*; *cerebro-spinal meningitis* they called it, but I fancy it was really inferior port), and I have resigned my membership of the Club and am sailing to-morrow to take up an appointment abroad which will keep me out of England for some years, that I dare tell the truth about Porkiss.

Even now, as I set the story down, I am assailed by grave doubts as to the attitude the Law may adopt with regard to the hand taken by MacWhirter and myself in Porkiss's sudden disappearance, which, you will remember, caused such a stir at the time; but I feel that I owe it to my conscience and the repose of MacWhirter's soul to withhold the true facts of the case no longer, and I must take my chance with the Law.

I do not feel the least bit sorry for Porkiss—I don't think anybody does; nobody liked him, and everyone feels that he is better where he is, and that his disappearance has vastly improved him.

He was a large square man of several tons displacement, broad in the beam and narrow in the mind; his face resembled an over-ripe water-melon, and his intellect was without form and void.

His appetite and his capacity for containing the fuel for it were infinite; he would have eaten his young if he had had any; but Heaven, as ever, was merciful, and there were no little Porkisses.

None of us knew him at all intimately when he was put up for the Club; otherwise he would very probably have been black-balled; but from establishing a firm hold on the position of Club Bore he went on from strength to strength until he became the Club Pestilence.

He was a base materialist; he could never have been issued with a soul, and he was wont to describe himself as a "sceptic." He spelt it with two "c's," but MacWhirter always contended that one would have been enough. "The man," he would say, "believes in nothing at all. He is an atheist, an anabaptist and an anæsthetic. He ought to be burned at the stake and buried at the four cross-roads with that same stake through his black heart."

The curious thing was that Porkiss's parents were not in the least like Porkiss; indeed, those who had met Sir Malcolm and Lady Porkiss declared that they were quite the most engaging old couple it would be possible to meet anywhere; but then it must be remembered that, as Porkiss didn't be-

lieve in anything, he didn't believe in heredity.

I am never likely to forget the day of his disappearance. It was an afternoon in November, one of those cold wet afternoons when we call for the lamp at about 3.30, huddle over the fire and say, "Bless me, how the evenings are drawing in!" and MacWhirter and I, having as usual nothing better to do, had, as we thought, secured the Club smoking-room to ourselves and were having tea *tête-à-tête* by the fire. But we had reckoned without our Porkiss.

He had, I am convinced, intended to go home to tea, but the sight and smell of our crumpets changed his intentions and he thrust his company upon us.

I saw a dangerous glint in MacWhirter's eye as Porkiss lowered his obese bulk into an armchair and wolfed one of our largest crumpets. Silence fell, broken only by loud, sloppy, smacking sounds, caused by Porkiss having our tea.

"PORKISS WOLFED ONE OF OUR LARGEST CRUMPETS."

MacWhirter got up and poked the fire. It didn't need poking, but action of some kind was necessary to relieve the tension.

"Do you believe in fairies?" he said to me suddenly over his shoulder.

His question rather surprised me, and I could not for the moment see his purpose in asking it: to ask anyone if he believed in anything in the presence of Porkiss was to ask for trouble.

"Well," I said hesitatingly, "to a certain extent I do; that is, I believe in banshees, bogles, leprechauns and all the authentic sprites. But why?"

"I was telling my little girl about *Peter Pan* yesterday," said MacWhirter, putting down the poker and settling back into his chair, "and I was asked that question."

Suddenly Porkiss puffed out his cheeks and opened fire.

"How anyone can encourage such tomfoolery I cannot understand," he began. "The LORD CHAMBERLAIN ought never to have licensed such a play. It only puts unhealthy ideas into children's heads."

MacWhirter lit a cigarette.

"Don't you believe in fairies, Porkiss?" he asked sweetly; "I always thought you were rather superstitious."

Porkiss exploded. Not all at once with one terrific report, but slowly, in a series of spluttering bangs, like the firing of a *feu-de-joie*.

"It's my private belief," went on MacWhirter still more sweetly, "that you, Porkiss, are a changeling."

"And what," snorted Porkiss, "may a changeling be, when it's at home?"

"Your ignorance of the common phenomena of our daily life surprises me, Porkiss. Very often, when a baby is born, it happens that the fairies, if they take a liking to it, remove it from its cradle and leave in its stead a counterfeit. You, I think, Porkiss, must be just such a counterfeit. But one can always tell. There is the egg-shell test."

"And what is that?" growled Porkiss.

"Boil a little water in an egg-shell, and the changeling, if it be a changeling, will disappear up the chimney. It is an experiment that has been tried with the most gratifying results in thousands of over-populated homes." And MacWhirter leaned forward and rang the bell by the fire-place.

"What rubbish!" said Porkiss. "You can't boil water in an egg-shell. The shell would burn."

"I don't know about that," said MacWhirter; "but the thing, as I say, has been tried with successful results. Ah, waiter, some more hot water, and I'll have a boiled egg."

Porkiss's revoltingly supercilious snorts as MacWhirter rapidly devoured his egg alienated from me all sympathy with him.

"Now," he said, as MacWhirter put down his spoon, "let us apply the supreme test."

"I warn you," said MacWhirter, rather nervously I thought, "it 's playing with fire."

"'Playing' is the word. A more childish superstition I never met."

That decided it. A steely glitter came into MacWhirter's grey eyes. "Pass me the hot water," he said.

It was already almost boiling, and how MacWhirter succeeded in pouring some of it into his empty egg-shell I can't understand, but he did it, and, holding the shell in one hand, with the help of a pocket-handkerchief he balanced it carefully on the coals. It did not catch fire.

"PORKISS'S PATENT LEATHER BOOTS DISAPPEARING UP THE CHIMNEY."

It is curious how we live to regret bitterly some of our most insignificant actions, and I shall never forgive myself for what I did then. My pipe had gone out, and I walked across to the other end of the smoking-room in search of a match. And so I never saw exactly what happened.

As it was, at a sudden startled exclamation from MacWhirter, I turned to find Porkiss's armchair empty, and just in time to see Porkiss's patent leather boots disappearing up the chimney. The changeling had left us!

"Good God, MacWhirter!" I exclaimed in horror. "Now you *have* gone and done it."

To recount here the many subterfuges to which we had to resort in order to provide a satisfactory explanation of Porkiss's departure from the

LITERATURE FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

"SUDDEN PARTINGS, SUCH AS PRESS
THE LIFE FROM OUT YOUNG HEARTS."—*Byron.*

room in which the waiter had seen him some ten minutes before would be tedious; I will simply round off my story by quoting a letter I have just received from Lady Porkiss, to whom, a few days ago, I sent a full confession:—

The Manor House.
Lushington-under-Matchwood,

MY DEAR MR. CLUTTERBUCK,—It was *most* thoughtful of you to write to us in the way you did. My husband and I were *so* pleased to get your letter.

Please do not let the matter of Theobald's disappearance worry you. Malcolm and I feel that it has been for the best. We have both been certain for a long time that Theobald was not really our own child.

The fault lies entirely with a careless nursemaid, who left our baby unguarded for half-an-hour, some thirty-five years ago, in order to flirt with the milkman. She was discharged and a more responsible nurse engaged; but it was a case of shutting the nursery door after the baby had got out.

Malcolm and I are most anxious to meet you. Could you come down on Friday for the week-end? There is *quite* a good train from Paddington at 4.25 P.M. *Do* come.

P.S.—I was *so* sorry to hear about poor Mr. MacWhirter. He must have been such a charming man.

Yours sincerely,
ANGELA PORKISS.

JULY IN WHITEHALL.

It is golden July, but for others her beauty;
I am pining in Whitehall, a martyr to duty;
Chiefs are on leave,
So the messengers heave
Their work on my table,
More work than I'm able
Ever to compass from morning to eve.

From Croydon, from Crewe, people write a long tissue
Of riddles relating to Forms that we issue;
Bootle and Bow
Swell the chorus of woe,
Sage counsel imploring,
And one writes from Goring—
Goring-on-Thames! What can *he* want to know?

If *I* were at Goring I'd view with aversion
The faintest suggestion of mental exertion:
There I could find
Hobbies more to my mind
Than penning long letters
To wretches in fetters,
Doomed through July to Officialdom's grind.

I would charter a punt, cushioned deep with gay pillows
And find me a nook in the shade of the willows,
Where I could hear
The cool song of the weir,
And watch the sun glancing
Through green leaves and dancing,
Dancing on waters bedimpled and clear.

But I'm chained to an oar in Bureaucracy's galleys,
Not wielding a pole in the fairest of valleys;
Here I'm a thrall
And to work I must fall;
Yet, since you discover
In me an old lover,
Goring, your case shall come first of them all.

THE RETURN.

I HAD been so afraid they were all dead. And they were such dear little things.

I had heard of them from my earliest childhood. We had a much-loved German governess who had the most intimate acquaintance with them and their delightful doings—and later on I had learnt to know and love them for myself.

But I wondered very much whether I should find any of them left this time. One had heard rumours . . .

Yet almost from the moment when I set foot in Germany I kept coming across hopeful indications. Crossing over the Dom Platz in Cologne in the morning, when all the flaxen-haired neatly-satchelled little boys and girls were trotting across the square on their way to school with a noise like the twitter of early birds, I thought I saw a gleam of something bright and swiftly-moving that seemed to dart about among them with a motion more alert, more vivid, than that of a mere dancing sunbeam.

In Munich, again, as I stood gazing at one of BÖCKLIN'S fantastic masterpieces in the great gallery, I was suddenly aware of a twinkle as of gleaming wings which appeared to flutter about the twisted gold of the frame. It vanished immediately, but I followed in the direction in which it had fled, and again I thought I saw it hovering for a moment over the beflowered hat of a stout middle-aged German matron who was walking placidly through the gallery hand-in-hand with an equally stout husband, whose blue inquiring eyes peered out with astonishing mildness from over a perfectly ferocious wilderness of beard and whiskers.

It then darted off again, this time in the direction of the Flemish Madonnas, and I lost it.

The third time was on a perfect evening in a quiet South-German village. The delicate glory of wild-flowers which makes the meadows in these parts such a joyful Paradise by day was now only faintly indicated by a pale glimmering among the dark grass; but the woods and mountains stood out starkly distinct against the serene sky, while high among them gleamed the towers of one of those marvellous castles of enchantment of which there are so many in this land.

"Surely I have been told that no one lives there?" I asked in sudden astonishment.

"No, nobody lives there now," was the reply.

"But look," I said, pointing.

A blazing light shone like a beacon from the topmost tower, dazzlingly white. It seemed to illuminate the whole castle as if with a magical radiance.

"Perhaps the fairies are holding their revels there to-night," said one of my companions, smiling.

"You know we have many of them in these parts," said another.

When we looked again, a little later, the light on the castle was gone. Only, just above the highest turret, a single bright star hung in the darkening sky.

That may, of course, have been the explanation, and yet—one never knows.

And why should these people have spoken so naturally and confidently of the fairy folk if they are indeed all vanished out of the land?

I rather think there were some of them in Oberammergau too, though why and how they came to be there I cannot tell.

More than once I seemed to catch a glimpse of them darting in and out among the gaily-painted houses, and several times—and of this I am almost certain—actually flitting across the open stage during the performance of the play itself.

And yesterday I became quite definitely sure; there was no longer any possible room for doubt.

I was walking through a country village in the late afternoon and a heavy shower came on. I took shelter under the kindly eaves of a peasant's house. A big dog came amicably snuffing about me, and through the door of a shed, which seemed to be part of the house, I could see the head and shoulders of one of those great gentle-eyed cream-coloured cows which abound in this district.

In a few minutes a woman came to the door with a little girl of about four years old clinging to her skirts.

The child had a bunch of wild strawberries in her hand, flowers and fruit together on their slender stalks.

The woman spoke to me in her soft friendly dialect, and presently asked me whence I came.

"From England," I said.

"From England!" she echoed, astonished. "All the way from England!"

She turned to the little girl.

"Look," she said. "This lady has come all the way from England to visit us here. What do you say to that?"

The little girl looked at me for a minute with bright wide eyes. Then she came forward a step and held out her bunch of strawberries to me with the friendliest gesture.

I took them and thanked her, and when presently the rain ceased and I turned to go, lo and behold, there, deftly poised in the midst of my bunch of strawberries, was a tiny, quaint, elfin creature, nodding and smiling at me in the cheeriest fashion imaginable.

There was no mistake about it this time. There it sat, speaking no word, but looking at me as the mother had looked, as the child had looked, as our simple hosts in Oberammergau had looked, and also with something of a whimsical, half-shy expression which I suddenly remembered to have seen on the face of a cabman in Cologne, who insisted, when, after immense calculations based upon a close study of his recording instrument, I had proffered him his fare, that I was giving him too much money. I glanced back for a moment to wave a farewell to the woman and her child, and of course in that instant my fairy was gone.

But it's true after all. The fairies are back. They are not dead. I'm sure of it. I've seen them. R. F.

Official. "HAVEN'T YER SEEN THE NOTICE OVER THERE, MUM: 'NO BATHING ALLOWED 'ERE'?"

Lady. "HO, INDEED! AND WHEN DID YOU BUY THE OCEAN, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?"

Official. "I 'AVEN'T, MUM. IT BELONGS TO THE PUGSEA DISTRICT COUNCIL."

HAUNTS OF ROMANCE: THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

THE RIVAL ARTS.

IT was after the first of the concerts in the National Gallery, which may perhaps become a regular event, that Painting and Music met for a real heart-to-heart talk. So far as I have gathered this is what they said:—

Painting. I've been wondering—do you think it's quite fair, this sending of musicians to play among pictures? The National Gallery belongs to me, you know. You've got an Academy of your own. Why this poaching on my preserves?

Music. Poaching! Oh, my dear, how unreasonable you are! How unreasonable everyone is! One is always being misunderstood. No matter how pure one's motives someone finds self-interest in them. Why, when I sent those artists to Trafalgar Square I had only one thought in my head, and that——

Painting. Excuse me a minute, but I must make a protest. I do wish you wouldn't call your fiddlers and pianists artists. It has always annoyed me. The word artist should be kept for painters and draughtsmen—in short, for artists. You can call your people performers or professors or anything, but not artists.

Music. Not even if there is a final e.

Painting. No. If you really value my friendship, no. But I interrupted you.

Music. I was saying that when I sent up that little band of—of—executants to the National Gallery I had but one idea in my head, and that was to be of assistance.

Painting. Assistance? To who?

Music. Don't you mean "to whom," dearest?

Painting. "To whom," then. But grammar has never worried artists much.

Music. Why, to you, of course. My idea was to increase your popularity.

Painting. How?

Music. By supplying people with an additional inducement to go to your exhibitions.

Painting. Oh, thank you.

Music. But, dear, don't be stuffy about it. You want popularity, don't you? Everyone does, and so you must. You don't want all your wonderful men, your MICHAEL ANGELOS and LEONARDOS and TITIANS and RAPHAELS and BOTTICELLIS and FRANCESCAS, to be neglected? Of course not. Then why be stuffy when I add my persuasiveness to yours and the room is crowded?

Painting. You haven't convinced me that this extra inducement was needed. Are we so empty?

Music. There is always space for another enthusiast.

Painting. Are you pretending that the audience consisted of persons who had never been in the National Gallery before?

Music. Not wholly, of course.

Painting. Personally I doubt if there was anyone there who was a stranger to it. My belief is that their purpose was not so much to hear music, as music, as to hear it among beautiful things. So far from attracting music-lovers to the pictures, it was the pictures that were attracting the music-lovers.

Music. I'm sure you are wrong. They came to hear BEETHOVEN and HAYDN.

Painting. In that case why should I be so enchanted?

Music. Because, having been lured into your domain, they might become lovers of painting too. They wouldn't pour out directly the music was over; they would go through the other rooms.

"And those who came to hear remained to stray."

Don't you agree?

Painting. Oh, yes, that's possible. But I don't think it's exactly what we want; we think our own appeal should be strong enough.

Music. "Should be." Ah, that's just it!

Painting. Is strong enough, then.

Music. M'yes.

Painting. Listen. I'll tell you something. I was watching your audience on Tuesday afternoon and we were beating you most of the time. I watched their attention wandering from BEETHOVEN to FILIPPO LIPPI, from HAYDN to UCCELLO. What about that?

Music. Their attention was not necessarily wandering. Would you have every one listen to music with closed eyes?

Painting. I was wondering whether these were listening at all. But one thing is certain. They can't listen to music in the National Gallery with closed eyes, because my men are too strong for them. They had to look.

Music. I'm glad. So the experiment was successful. You ought to be grateful instead of peevish.

Painting. And there's another point. That point is that music is one thing and painting another, and there is no need to mix them up. I don't know how it is with music, but painting requires and demands concentration. If you are listening to a tune you can't appreciate a picture fully; if you are looking at a picture you will miss the beauties of a symphony. Leave my National Gallery to me; let it be silent.

Music. Well, all I can say is I'm pained. I'm shocked. But what is the use of trying to be kind and helpful?

Painting. Let's look at it like this. Supposing I were to send a waggon-load of Old Masters up to your Academy, what would you say?

Music. For what purpose? To decorate the walls?

Painting. No, to induce people to be a little more interested in music. Would you be so frightfully flattered and pleased?

Music. I don't consider the cases parallel. I am in no need of any such assistance.

Painting. Still I did watch those people's attention wandering on Tuesday.

Music. I have explained that. I think you're extremely horrid. Good night.

Painting. Where are you going?

Music. I don't know.

Painting. They're waiting for you at the cinema. There are pictures there that can't do without you; but they're not mine. E. V. L.

THE CRUSADER.

["A female locust has been found dead at Piddington, Bucks."—*Evening Paper.*]

IN perfect peace at Piddington
A female locust died;
Perchance in life a locust's wife,
Perchance a locust's bride.

She breathed her last at Piddington;
There let her tranquil lie;
Fulfilled is now her splendid vow—
See Piddington and die.

She fled the East for Piddington,
And on her high crusade
She left the swarm, and cold and storm
Encountered unafraid.

So, should I pass at Piddington
Beyond the great divide,
Ah! leave me there recumbent where
That bold Crusader died.

A New Order.

"Two Knights of the Bath chairs had been brought from the Henry VII. Chapel."
Daily Paper.

"Lady Victoria —— has entered business as a diary farmer."—*American Paper.*

As the result, no doubt, of Mrs. ASQUITH'S visit to the States.

"Lost, on Sunday, Dawlish Warren, Blue and Green Lady's Bathing Suit."
West-Country Paper.

The water must have been horribly cold.

"Given ordinary care and good health, most children's eyes and teeth will come out all right without the faddy interference of school clinics."—*Liverpool Paper.*

But who wants them to come out?

"The elder of two ——'s boys was born in 1920 and the younger one more recently."
Picture Paper.

It is understood that this fashion is spreading.

The Vicar (during a temporary silence). "THERE'S AN ANGEL PASSING." *Bobbie.* "I WISH SHE'D PASS THE SPONGE-CAKE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Man Who Could Not See (LANE) was a tiresome self-centred youth who, like blind *Tim Turpin* in the ballad, married an ugly but useful wife, only to "see her very plain" when his blindness disappeared. It speaks, I think, volumes for Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS' courage and resource that she is able to make a pleasant sentimental success of a theme so consecrated to low comedy; and she has not got nearly so much support as you would imagine from the fact that her blind hero, *Julian West*, lost his eyesight on active service. *Julian*, you see, was ruthlessly pushed into the War by a Spartan mother, and naturally he felt rather sore about the whole business, especially as his monitress did not remain in the world made safe for heroes to look after her derelict, but died while *Julian* was on a visit to his aunts at Eastgate. At Eastgate—most God-forsaken of watering-places—he met his cousin, *Mara;* and *Mara*, being plain but noble, married him out of compassion. How restored sight and a butterfly cousin of his wife's on whom to exercise it played havoc with *Julian's* affections I will leave you to discover. The critical, I fancy, will prefer the aunts and east winds of the overture to the long-drawn sweetness of the finale; but a holiday mood should get considerable satisfaction out of both.

Of course life can be pretty rotten, but not, I think, quite so rotten as Miss REBECCA WEST chooses to make out in the second part of *The Judge* (HUTCHINSON). In the first, with a sincerity and skill which are beyond praise, Miss WEST builds you up the character of her *Ellen Melville*, the little Edinburgh typist and Suffragette, with her sweetness, her quick temper, her eagerness for knowledge, her rawness, her sanity, her courage—a perfect dear. (How touching when her lover, *Richard Yaverland*, sent the roses and she and her mother for a week used candles instead of gas so that the unaccustomed rare flowers might last the longer!) And *Richard* is a fine soul, an ardent and unselfish lover. . . . Then I see Miss WEST looking at the beauty and sweetness she has created and saying, "Dear me, this is very bourgeois!" and forthwith plunging her pen into the pot marked "Sexual pathology" and blotting in some dreadful outlines and shadows. *Richard* is illegitimate and his love for his ill-used mother becomes morbid in its intense preoccupation; the mother herself, drawn with a most masterly skill, is absorbed in her son and her sorrows to the point of madness. The thing plunges on to darker and darker issues—the mother a suicide, the son a murderer, and poor little *Ellen* tossed as jetsam on this sombre flood under the shadow of the gallows. . . . Give me the bourgeois touch, say I. But what a clever piece of work!

It seems a sad pity that Mrs. PHILIP SNOWDEN and Messrs. J. H. THOMAS, ROBERT WILLIAMS, TOM MANN, J. BROMLEY and NOAH ABLETT could not have forgathered together, like the personages of a Platonic dialogue, so that *What We Want and Why* (COLLINS) might have stood a chance of expressing the sum and not the difference of their reasoned opinions. To issue some such manifesto of the views of Labour—especially in the persuasive spirit of the bulk of these six articles—was a very bright notion, and one which I should like to see kindle the opposite camp (if there is one) into an answering flame. On its

critical side, the book, especially Mr. ABLETT'S contribution, is well worth reading. On constructive principles it is rather hard to follow; but I gather (though not throughout) that work is to be minimised and "wagedom" to be abolished. I suppose if I could look upon every master as essentially a "haughty lordling" (BURNS, as quoted by Mr. BROMLEY), every man as inevitably "a cog in a great . . . machine" (Mr. ABLETT) and all opponents of increased leisure as "preachers of pessimism" (Mr. MANN), I should appreciate the Communist attitude better. But, short of that, the eloquent allies will not shake my belief that what we want is different masters, different men and different work, and not the abolition of any of them.

It is probable that Mr. HYLTON CLEAVER is yet young. He seems to preserve certain recollections of boyhood and certain sympathies with the undergraduate. Also he is clearly an admirer of Sir JAMES BARRIE and of Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE One of these days he may very likely write a good novel, for there are excellent points about *On With the Motley* (MILLS AND BOON). The central idea is not too hackneyed and up to a point is well handled. *Basil Ingram* is the low comedian *malgré lui*, the man who possesses a knightly soul, but has always been cursed, from his earliest youth, by this unfortunate talent for arousing laughter. A rather artificial misunderstanding with a shy but well-meaning father sends him to the provincial music-halls, the only road that he can see to a quick fortune. The scene in which his young lady (*Amosé* is her ridiculous name) discovers him in baggy trousers and a silly hat doing a knockabout turn at the Hippodrome, Falmouth, is perhaps the best in the book; the succeeding chapters are assuredly the worst. I conjecture some kindly friend may have advised Mr. CLEAVER to "ginger up" his finish, and the author, no doubt against his better judgment, yielded, thereby entirely ruining his book as a work of art. It is as though a play were begun by Mr. GALSWORTHY and finished by the Brothers MELVILLE. Which is a pity, for the characters of the two *Ingrams* and the two *Bellamys* (father and son) are distinctly well observed.

My golf-ball and I have been in many bunkers on various Cornish links, but we have (ultimately) emerged without meeting the fate of *Jack Saunderson* in *The Haunted Seventh* (MURRAY). He, when practising by himself on a course in Cornwall, landed his ball in the bunker at the seventh hole, and while he was trying to retrieve it he found himself precipitated into what I can only call the bowels of the earth. As a matter of fact (or fiction) he had fallen into an ancient mine, and there he remained for some deliriously exciting days and nights. Major-General CHARLES ROSS is already known as the author of a thrilling story, *The Fly-by-Nights*, and to searchers after sensation I can guarantee a sure find if they sample his latest tale. Just to give a hint of what awaits you, let me say that the vanished golfer encountered some most sanguinary revolutionaries who were using this mine for nefarious schemes, and they led him, and he led them, some pretty dances before he was rescued by his sweetheart and a caddie. Fortunately he met one *Bates* in the mine, and this rough-and-ready man proved to be of the purest gold. Moreover, if we study the character of *Bates*, we shall understand why some admirable people were cajoled into playing with revolution. A yarn with scarcely a dull page in it.

Messrs. HEINEMANN have done well to bring out a new edition of Mr. CHARLES TURLEY'S *Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy*. If there is a better story of life in a public school I should like to know of it. In putting his narrative into the mouth of *Godfrey Marten* himself and letting him tell it while his school experiences are still fresh in his memory, the author attempted a very difficult feat. He had not only to make him speak like a schoolboy, but every idea, every reflection, every observation of character, had to be limited by the same dramatic restriction. Mr. TURLEY achieves his purpose to admiration. There is nothing morbid or sentimental in his hero or his hero's friends; he pretends to solve no difficult moral problem: he just tells a tale of school life that is as true as it is clean. I can imagine for the rising generation no sounder incentive to the right patriotism of house and school. Let all those who have the care of youth take note of it for a holiday-gift.

Miss Powerscourt of Powerscourt, the heroine of *Cyrilla Seeks Herself* (HUTCHINSON), was at the outset of her story as cold and self-contained a damsel as one could wish to avoid, but by the time Mr. G. B. BURGIN has finished with her she has not only sought but found herself. As a contrast to *Cyrilla* we are given an astoundingly bold and crafty young woman in whose vast audacities I found it difficult to believe. The men are drawn with considerably more skill than the women. *Lettiker Lane, K.C.*, the brilliant barrister whose career was almost ruined by opium, and *John Torpicherne*, a healthy and sound specimen of British manhood, are people with whom you can easily sympathise. The book is free from any suspicion of dulness. From the premonitory list I find that this is Mr. BURGIN'S sixty-sixth work. I hope he will reach what cricket-reporters call "the coveted century."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

[As every schoolboy knows, Mount Everest is 29,002 feet in height.]

The Mountaineer. "OH, DASH IT! THERE GOES THAT EXTRA TWO FEET. NOW ALL THE GEOGRAPHY-BOOKS WILL HAVE TO BE ALTERED."

"LODE *v.* TRUMPINGTON.

Played at Trumpington in rather unpleasant way, owing to remarks passed by some of the home team."—*Cambridge Paper.*

"At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington."—*Rupert Brooke.*

CHARIVARIA.

We are reminded that Mr. Kellaway, who competed at Bisley, is a crack rifle-shot. All the same we shall bravely continue to say what we think about the Post-Office.

***

As the rival forces in Paraguay are ill-trained and badly equipped, prolonged hostilities are predicted. A leading topic of the Paraguayan Silly Season is, "What is wrong with our civil wars?"

***

"I have never caught a fish," says Dean Inge. Most anglers seem to start like that, but they soon grow out of it.

***

The Dean also declares that the only creature he has ever killed was a wasp, in self-defence. And even then, we feel sure, not without an effort to appeal to its better nature.

***

We understand that the number of literary men who did not write *The Pomp of Power* has now been narrowed down to three.

***

It has been stated that the acoustic properties of the Council Chamber of the new London County Hall are so bad that members cannot hear one another's speeches. Not every municipal building enjoys this advantage.

***

A machine for ironing collars has been shown at the Women's Exhibition. The method of stropping collars is of course a trade secret.

***

"England," says *Le Rire*, "boasts of some six-hundred-and-seventy Members of Parliament." Our contemporary is wrong; we never brag about it.

***

A Scottish hotel admits that it is close to five golf-courses. It is not known what can be done about it.

***

Coal-carts are now allowed to go on the pavements in Berlin. Thanks to the courtesy of motorists the same privilege has been extended to pedestrians in London.

***

A German soldier has published a book entitled *Four Years in England as a Prisoner of War*. He must be one of the two that failed to escape.

London milkmen are complaining that the lids of their milk-cans are being stolen in large quantities. Considering the wet weather we have had of late they should be grateful for this voluntary assistance.

***

Glow-worms are being sold in the West-End at the rate of two shillings a dozen. Readers are warned against unscrupulous dealers who are flooding the market with a species of common worm fitted with a small accumulator.

***

"Every householder should learn to shoot," declares a contemporary. But surely everybody's neighbour doesn't play the cornet.

***

Up to the time of going to Press the rumour that a medal is to be struck for all those who survived the first three years of peace had not been confirmed.

***

Dr. Milton Noble, the Philadelphia geologist, announces that within thirty days Southern Europe and the whole of Asia will be destroyed by earthquake and their populations wiped out. Owing to the short notice we understand that it will be a quiet affair.

***

It is claimed that wireless waves promote the growth of the hair. The telephone, on the other hand, tends to turn it grey.

***

"If an elephant were left unattended in Shoreditch," says a County Court Judge, "it would be stolen." It seems hard that a man can't leave his elephant for five minutes while he pops in for a drink.

***

At a meeting of protest against the conversion of the Brighton Aquarium into a garage, Mr. Hilaire Belloc announced that he could bawl as well as think. We are confident, however, that he won't allow either of these accomplishments to interfere with his writing.

***

We read that, in a Northamptonshire garden, the female of a pair of robins has laid twenty-one eggs since March and reared fourteen young robins. This supports the belief that it is the hen-bird that lays the eggs, and that the offspring of robins tend to be robins.

***

A Breslau boy with artificial ribs made of gold and platinum is said to be so valuable that he is given special police protection. It must be something of a relief when he is tucked up for the night in his little safe.

***

The Spanish military authorities are reported to be considering the lesson of the reverses in Morocco. It is now recognised that the bane of Spanish musketry has been the two-eyed stance.

***

With reference to the future of the "Beaver Hut," which has been saved from demolition, we understand that there is some idea of making it a refuge for bearded men.

***

A composer has written an opera about a prize-fight. In sporting circles the opinion is that, except for the familiar spectacle of a hard-hearted referee trying to tear apart two loving heavy-weights, he can't have seen much lately to make a song about.

***

A Moscow message reports unprecedented betting on the race-course there. Your sporting Bolshevik is always ready to back his fancy with somebody else's last million roubles.

***

"Men revelled in the pitfalls and gins with which their fair enemies used to beset them," writes a lady on the subject of changing manners. The gin-and-pitfall custom was, of course, the forerunner of the cocktail habit.

"Strange thing, Alfred, but it was only the other day that I was watching the seals at the Zoo."

"St. Paul's Cross.

The ignorance of Londoners about London is shown by the fact that scarcely anybody nowadays knows of the visitors' book which is kept in the golden gallery just beneath the dome."—*Daily Paper.*

We confess to being so ignorant that we thought the golden gallery was just above the dome and not just beneath.

MORE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

[At the Olympic Games to be held in Paris in 1924, in addition to the usual athletic contests there will be competitions in Poetry and the Arts. It is hoped, as *The Times* suggests, to revive something of the Greek spirit which associated "music" with "gymnastic." Competitors will be limited to subjects inspired by *l'idée sportive*.]

Thomas, my friend, there was a time
When in our young and bounding prime
  At sports we took a lot of beating;
But, having grown too old and fat,
We can't—I'm almost sure of that—
Expect to lift the olive at
  The next Olympic meeting.

Did I attempt to hurl the disc,
I should incur a horrid risk,
  Possibly break a large blood-vessel;
Nor do I care to picture you
Punched in the ring all black and blue,
Or with your tummy bent in two
  During a Greekish wrestle.

But here is noble news—that France
Offers a consolation chance
  To us whose age is past its middle:
Medals for Art, for odes and plays,
Ballets and busts, as in the days
When NERO crowned himself with bays
  For feats upon the fiddle.

'Twas well our masters took such pains
To mould us when our youthful brains
  And bodies yet were nice and plastic;
A *corpus sanum* they supplied,
And sowed a *sana mens* inside,
That Art with Games might be allied,
  Or "Music" with "Gymnastic."

And now, with muscles gone to pulp,
You're still an artist: you can sculp;
  And, though but poor my pace and wind are,
I dabble still in verse. Then why
For these events should we not try,
You in the mode of MYRON, I
  In that of sportive PINDAR? O. S.

"OUR BRUISED ARMS."

Angela took my sword down from the nail upon which it hangs and shook her head sorrowfully.

"I'm afraid it's rusting in its sheath," she said.

"'Our bruiséd arms hung up for monuments,'" I quoted rather aptly, I think, except that in the Great War our swords didn't really get bruised to any appreciable extent. RICHARD III. was probably thinking more about tin hats.

Angela sighed.

"Yes, of course, it's nice to have it there," she said. "But it seems rather a waste, doesn't it?" And she sighed again.

Angela is romantic. One must look facts in the face now and then, and when I feel that my time has come to do so I set my mouth in that firm hard line characteristic of one who is looking facts in the face, and I say to myself sternly, "Angela is romantic." Then I shake my head and sigh and look somewhere else.

But the fact remains, and so I know that, when she takes my sword down and looks at it like that, she is, for the moment, a spiritual contemporary of the Knights of the Table Round. I know that in her mind's eye she sees me with my good sword girt about me sallying forth to slay my dragon and rescue a conveniently distressed damsel. Not any haphazard damsel, you understand, but one strikingly resembling herself in form and feature.

But I am not like that. Personally I have no desire to kill dragons. I don't particularly want to kill anybody, but if I did it occurs to me that a couple of income-tax collectors could be more easily spared in these humdrum times.

"It seems so little *use*," continued Angela, emphasising her point.

"Oh, I don't know," I answered. "There is precedent for beating it into a plough-share, for example."

I drew it from its scabbard and looked at it with a keen agricultural look.

"Not that I think that would be an easy thing to do," I added on second thoughts.

But in spite of the lightness of my tone I sighed as I balanced the shining blade in my hand. We stern military men always feel like that when we are reminded of the time when platoons trembled at our merest nod.

"But then," continued Angela, "it isn't as if it ever *was* of any *real* use."

I drew myself up and frowned. Once a soldier always a soldier, and there are things which a soldier cannot lightly let pass. I thought of church parade, of guard-mountings, of general inspections, and of the impressive ceremonials in which it had played its part to the honour and glory of its country and the confounding of the KING'S enemies. Why, when the Adjutant was married . . .

"It helped to win the War," I said with simple dignity.

"How?" said Angela, obviously unimpressed. "I thought you only wore it when you went to church. And you never even took it with you to France."

It was true; no one but the R.A.S.C. took swords to France. It was a humiliating moment. But with the sword still in my hand my martial spirit revived and I began to tell of the nights when, my sword at my side and occasionally, in the dark, between my legs, I had made my rounds as Orderly Officer, absolutely careless of the dangers I ran.

Angela looked more happy.

"You mean when you were locking-up the camp for the night?" she said.

"Something like that," I agreed, smiling.

"Then couldn't you wear it here every night when you lock the back-door and shut the study window and let the cat out and——"

"No," I said almost brusquely, "I could not. Besides," I added more kindly, "I am afraid it would hardly look impressive, worn with a dinner-jacket."

Angela sighed again.

"No," she agreed; "perhaps it wouldn't. And in any case I expect you've lost the little thing it used to hang from."

I started. My sword-frog lost? Ridiculous! Once a soldier always—— But I said that before.

And yet was it so ridiculous after all? I know I had one to begin with, but then an Army Council Instruction or a General Routine Order or something washed it out. I am not blaming anybody. The times were critical, and it is to the honour of our country that we had men who could make these stern decisions without flinching.

Anyhow, I don't suppose I could find my sword-frog now. My batman could, perhaps, but I don't suppose I could find him either.

I returned the sword to its sheath with a clang, and the sound gave me new heart. I faced round with a look before which even Australians have been known to salute.

"Though I may never wear it again," I said, "its day of usefulness has not passed."

"Why, what can you do with it?" asked Angela, brightening.

"I can rattle it in its scabbard," I said grimly; and I rattled it to show her how it was done.

Angela's eyes opened wider.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"It is a sign," I said, "that you don't propose to stand any nonsense. At least, that was what the KAISER meant by it, and it was always considered very effective."

"And where will you do it?"

"The KAISER rattled his all over Europe. But I propose," I added darkly, "to reserve mine strictly for domestic use." And I turned to the wall, rattling it just a very little, in case——

"Well, you'd better be careful," said Angela. "It didn't do the KAISER any good in the end."

"That," I said, "was because one day he rattled it so loudly that he drew it by mistake."

And as I hung my sword up on its nail again a gleam of light twinkled at me from its polished hilt, and I winked back in perfect comprehension.

We at least understand each other.

THE MAILED FIST. THE FABRIC GLOVE.

THE GERMAN MENACE.

He. "I SAY, WHO *IS* THAT WEIRD-LOOKING BIRD?" *She.* "MY FIANCÉ." *He.* "AH, THANKS. THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW."

AT THE OVAL.

IT is my turn to go in next; to emerge into the brilliant sunshine out there in the sight of that vast concourse of people and take my stand at the wicket. HITCH is bowling; someone said at lunch that he has never bowled so fast since 1914 as he is bowling to-day. I can quite believe it. Even old J. out there is not at all comfortable and R. is obviously terrified. I don't blame him.

Someone said at lunch that there would be quite fifteen thousand spectators present this afternoon, if not more. There are more. There must be nearly a million of—— Heavens! R. is out, bowled by HITCH. The spectators are howling with delight. *It is my turn.*

I am trekking to the wicket; I must already have trekked a mile and I seem very little nearer than when I started. Fifteen thousand people are watching me; the fieldsmen regard me curiously; as I approach they move to their places. Old J. winks encouragingly as I pass. He made his first hundred in county cricket the year after I was born.

The umpire is giving me guard; it is the small fat one in the white boots. Why is one umpire always small and fat and the other tall and thin? Are they chosen like this deliberately, so that they won't get mixed up with each other and stand at the wrong ends? He has informed me that that covers the two.

The fieldsmen assume alert attitudes; the crowd is silent with intense expectation. Probably all of them, players and spectators alike, take me for a promising young colt who may very likely make fifty. I alone realise what a pitiful error this is.

I have glanced over my shoulder to see exactly where fine-leg is standing, and promptly forgotten that he even exists. What is that little white speck away there on the horizon? Good heavens! it is HITCH. He is beginning to run in my direction; he grows bigger and bigger; he is almost upon me; he leaps savagely into the air . . .

I see a red streak flashing with incredible velocity towards me and make a convulsive movement with my bat. Something jars horribly, but I am still alive. What is happening now? A number of fieldsmen have begun to run swiftly away; even old J. at the other end has begun to run; it seems the thing to do. I run. The fat umpire is waving his arm slowly from side to side. *I have hit HITCH for four.*

Very faintly from far away I hear the plaintive sound of a few hand-claps. It only serves to intensify the awful silence. The dreadful truth forces itself upon me—I have hurt the feelings of fifteen thousand people. They are angry with me, and justly so. Who am I, one solitary insignificant individual, that I should thwart the hopes of fifteen thousands of my fellow-creatures? They paid their hard-earned shillings to see HITCH bowl me out, and I have hit him for four. The sensation of supreme loneliness and unpopularity is more than I can bear. I shall let the next ball bowl me.

I have caught STRUDWICK'S eye and he has grinned at me in a friendly fashion; I love him for it. I would like to tell him all my troubles because I feel somehow that he would understand. There is no time, however, for that little white speck has begun to loom up again from the far distance. This time I miss the ball completely, but I am still in. The fat umpire calls "Over."

The fieldsmen walk briskly hither and thither; old J. is strolling up the pitch towards me. I go and meet him and we chat. The onlookers think that he is giving me a tip about the bowling, but as a matter of fact he is pointing out a red hat in the crowd and telling me that it belongs to a jolly pretty girl—he spotted her when we were fielding. Spectators naturally think that

when the batsmen talk together between the overs they are discussing the bowling, but actually they are nearly always pointing out some pretty girl they have seen in the crowd. County cricketers are sad dogs in that respect.

Fender is bowling this time; he looks to me horribly sinister and Mephistophelian, but I am not really afraid of him because he is slower than Hitch and can't hurt me much even if he hits me. Old J. has scored a single and once more it is my turn. I would like to catch Strudwick's eye again, but he is trying to get a fly out of it with the thumb of his wicket-keeping glove—a hopeless disheartening task. I wonder whether it will be a leg-break or a swinger.

It is a full toss and I hit it for two. I am gaining confidence. I play out the rest of the over in masterly fashion. Afterwards old J. and I have another little conversation: this time he is telling me that he would give five pounds for a bottle of beer; but the crowd thinks we are discussing the state of the wicket because he is tapping it critically with the end of his bat. That is just his cunning.

We run a leg-bye and I am facing Hitch again, but I am no longer afraid. I will hit him for another four, and very soon I will jump out and hit him for six. I have forgotten all about the crowd. Nevertheless I am cautious; I play a defensive stroke and the ball travels about two feet down the wicket. I shout loudly to old J. and tell him to stay where he is, though he never had the slightest intention of doing anything else. I feel more confident than ever after this. Now I think I will hit Hitch into the pavilion.

I am bowled. A triumphant derisive roar swells from fifteen thousand throats. From the direction of the gasworks someone is yelling "Good old Billy" at the top of his voice: I dislike this person's accent. I feel that I have been sacrificed to make a Kennington holiday.

Anyhow I am no longer unpopular. No one takes any notice of me as I wander back to the pavilion. For all practical purposes I have ceased to exist.

In the dressing-room someone tells me that if I had played forward I should have got it easily. I thought I had played forward.

* * * * *

Play is over for the day and, abandoning old J. in the bar, I prepare to leave the ground. I shall go to a show to-night. As soon as I emerge into the open a hoarse voice cries, "That 's one of 'em!" and an eager excited mob descends upon me, determined, it seems, to tear me limb from limb.

Celebrity (*to son home for the holidays*). "And what are these, my boy—prizes?" *Son.* "No, Father; autograph albums."

No, they only want my autograph. What in the world do they want *my* autograph for? Can they have mistaken me for Hobbs? I sign and sign. After a while I grow tired of signing my own name and begin to sign other people's. I sign one "D. Lloyd George," and another, "George Bernard Shaw," but it makes no difference. I am still hemmed in.

Battling fiercely I gain the exit at last and proceed inch by inch along the pavement. Outside the Tube station I am completely surrounded again and forced back against a lamp-post. Suddenly I see an absolute stranger approaching along the opposite side of the road and a brilliant stratagem occurs to me. "See that gentleman over there," I cry to the seething crowd; "that is Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas."

Instantly I am alone and have made good my retreat into the Tube entrance. A last glance over my shoulder shows me the innocent stranger gesticulating and protesting in the midst of a mad clamorous multitude. I am afraid he will be torn to pieces.

"Bib Week-end in the North.

This week-end sees the greatest holiday exodus of the season in the North."

Evening Paper.

Mainly of infants, we gather.

"Great Civic Demonstration against War, —— Meadow, Saturday, July 29th.—Advt.

Civic Demonstration against Man, Saturday next. Women sympathisers are invited to form up at 5 p.m."—*West Country Paper.*

We understand that the feminists who read the second paragraph and not the first are thinking of sueing the journal for attempting to extract sympathy under false pretences.

EARLY EFFORTS.

V.

I HAVE here a hitherto unpublished story, quite a short one, called

THE PECULIAR BIRD.

BY H. G. WELLS.

"Eng!" said Mr. Bottleby, addressing the eighteenth milestone with intense bitterness; "Eng!"

The bright windy sunshine on that open downland road, the sense of healthy effort, of rhythmic trundling speed, the consciousness of the nearly new ready-to-wear gent's cycling costume which draped his limbs—it had been ticketed "ENORMOUS REDUCTION," and, underneath that again, "STARTLING SACRIFICE, 25/6," in Parkinson's great front window on the South Parade—none of these things had availed to dissipate the gradual gloom which had been settling like a miasma on Mr. Bottleby's mind through the whole of that morning of May. Various causes, historical, social as well as physiological, had contributed their share towards that tenebrous exhalation which already seemed to hang about him like a tangible and visible cloud. But undoubtedly its immediate origin and the cause of his hasty flight was the state of the Breakfast Bacon. Greasy. Uneatable. Tck! How many times had he told Ann, a hundred times if he had told her once, that he liked it in little crisp hard pieces and the eggs poached separately on toast? He was Fed Up. That was it. Absobloominglutely Fed. Tck!

If some well-meaning social philosopher had attempted to explain to Mr. Bottleby the exact processes whereby a wasteful and ill-organised civilisation had condemned him to struggle Laocöon-like in the coils of the retail ironmongery and the embraces of an uncongenial spouse, it is doubtful whether Mr. Bottleby would have clearly understood. But his resentment against fate was none the less profound because it was largely inarticulate and because he would probably have summed up all this mismanagement and stupidity and carelessness and insensate cruelty in some simple epigram like "A bit too thick." Vaguely, in the recesses of his being, Mr. Bottleby knew that in some way or other there ought to have been for him a more beautiful and gracious existence, a life somehow different from the drudgery and pettiness that he endured . . .

The shop . . . How he hated it! How he did hate it! Ironmongery! Fast bound—— What was it they had said in that church he had strayed into one evening? Misery and iron? Yes, that was it. Fast bound in misery and iron. That was him. And Ann. Sometimes when he thought of Ann. . . . Skinny. Complaining. And why the doose did she cook like that? . . . There were other things too. In fact there was One Thing after Another.

"Eng," repeated Mr. Bottleby to the nineteenth milestone; "Eng."

And having come now to the rather precipitous winding lane which leads down into Fittlehurst village he placed his feet on the rests—it was long before the luxurious days of the free-wheel—folded his arms and began to coast. Perilously, but with a certain sense of satisfaction in his extreme recklessness, to coast. . . .

One figures him, a slightly rotund shape of about three-and-thirty years of age, attired in the check knickerbocker suit which had meant such an earth-shaking sacrifice to Mr. Parkinson; one figures him, I say, with his freckled face, pleasant brown eyes and that large tuft of hair which continually escaped the control of his cap peak, rushing rapidly, worried, tormented by destiny, between those tall hedges on which the hawthorn had already made patches of scented, almost delirious, bloom, rushing downwards—on . . .

Whuck!

I come now upon a difficulty. I find it exceedingly hard to describe to you the nature of that surprising existence to which Mr. Bottleby awoke when, having caught the fallen telegraph wire—fallen in yesterday's gale so that it blocked the Fittlehurst road like a piece of paddock fencing—having caught this wire exactly under his chin, he was projected out and away into the Ultimate Beyond.

His first impression was agreeable enough. It was one of amazing lightness. And, looking down with those pleasant brown eyes of his, he found that there was indeed good reason for this. For all that lower corporeal part of Mr. Bottleby, that envelope of complicated tubes and piping which had been the source of so much of his trouble, that foundation for the altruistic sartorial efforts of Mr. Parkinson, had completely disappeared. The bicycling suit, and all that therein was, had ceased to be. It had been even more Greatly Reduced. It had been Sacrificed Entirely. And simultaneously Mr. Bottleby was conscious of a kind of soft and feathery growth to right and left of him, a faint iridescent fluffiness a little way behind each of his ears. At the same moment he also became conscious of the fact that he was not alone. All about him, floating, if I may so put it, though the phrase is a singularly inapt one, were thousands of similarly bodiless beings with bright and tiny wings attached to their necks. There was a sound, too, as of a mighty chattering. All these beings were talking, talking hard, talking with a shrill pleasant chirrup like that of song-birds at dawn.

"Queer go," muttered Mr. Bottleby. "Sort of cherribim. Tck."

And instantly he found himself twittering too.

But around and over and under and interpenetrating these more immediate impressions of his a tremendous alteration had come over the mentality of Mr. Bottleby, an alteration that I almost despair of making intelligible. For he was now Out of Time and Out of Space. He was conscious of the Eternal, of the Infinite. The universe as a concrete fact and the universe as a process of change were for him merged into one. The barriers separating history, biology, astronomy, were broken down.

I can perhaps give a faint hint of that new strange consciousness of his when I say that a simultaneous and precisely equivalent impact was now being made on Mr. Bottleby's optical retinæ by the emergence of a huge plesiosaurus from a bog of slime, the murder of JULIUS CÆSAR, and the efforts of a morose and scowling Ann to remove the remnants of bacon grease from a broken willow-pattern plate.

There was also the Future. . . .

One would have thought that this expansion of vision, this sudden opening, as it were, of a thousand intellectual flood-gates, would have suffused Mr. Bottleby's brain with a sense of ineffable beatitude. But it was not so. Whether it was because he was not really fitted for so rapid a translation from the terrestrial to the supernal environment—he was, as a matter of fact, still wearing his bicycling cap—I cannot say; but the fact remains that in the secret places of his ego Mr. Bottleby was bored, abominably bored. And quite soon, if

In Memoriam.

It is with deep regret that we record the death, on July 25th, at the age of sixty-three, of Roy Vernon Somerville, for the last twelve years Advertisement Manager of *Punch*. During most of the period of his loyal service he suffered from a malady which might well have broken the courage of a man less brave. He bore it with a fine and unfailing cheerfulness. When he had become too weak to attend at the office he still carried on his work, almost till the last day of his life. Our heavy sense of loss is shared by a wide circle of devoted friends.

CONSOLATION.

Fougasse

AT ALL EVENTS—

I'D RATHER—

LOSE MY SIDE THE MATCH—

BY COMMITTING THE BLUNDER—

OF MISSING A CATCH—

WHILE FIELDING FOR THEM—

THAN THAT—

I SHOULD—

WIN IT—

FOR THEM—

BY COMMITTING—

THE UNSPEAKABLE CRIME—

OF—

MISSING ONE—

WHILE FIELDING SUBSTITUTE FOR OUR OPPONENTS.

I may use this inaccurate temporal expression, he made up his mind that, if it were possible, he would abscond.

"Vamoose," he twittered. "Clear. Get out of it."

Curiously enough, he found that he could. By holding his breath very hard till both cheeks and eyes bulged, he found that the infinite consciousness began mysteriously to recede, whilst the terrestrial in some peculiar way enhanced itself. The winged head of Mr. Bottleby began to sink; I should rather say to emerge. Infinity, like a slow sunset, like the memory of a dream, faded. Speaking again in temporal phraseology, Mr. Bottleby became a sort of meteorite, a flying fragment, a detached chip of immortality.

* * * *

The question of who was really the first to see the Strange Bird is still hotly debated in the bar parlour of "The Blue Pig" at Fittlehurst. It was certainly seen at ten o'clock by the young man who was dressing the window of Hipley the haberdasher, because his testimony is confirmed by that of the Doctor, who saw it at the same time and said so afterwards to the Vicar. And undoubtedly at half-past ten or thereabouts it perched on one of the great branches of the village oak, for two small boys saw it there and threw stones at it. Equally certain that just before noon it was seen making for the gap in the downs by old Marley the hedger.

"Girt bumblesome thing," he reports it to have been. And then, scratching his head, "Sure-ly."

In any case it was a chance visitor to Pipley-on-Sea, a man named Herringshaw, who wantonly fired at it from the sands near the big breakwater by the bathing-huts at 2.45 P.M. and winged it. Flopping heavily and cumbrously it dipped down to the waves, rose unsteadily, flopped back and was seen for some time tossing from sunlit crest to crest before it passed out with the tide. It was never heard of again.

Nobody thought of connecting it with the headless body of Mr. Bottleby, the retail ironmonger, which was found entangled with his wrecked bicycle two-thirds of the way down Fittlehurst lane.

EVOE.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SERIAL.

"FIVE minutes only for an outline," said the editor to the serial-story-writer.

The serial-story-writer drew a long breath. "It begins with Michael Montague in the train coming back to London after an absence of twenty years."

"Gaol, of course?" asked the editor.

"Dartmoor—life sentence—reduced for good conduct."

"I am afraid that this would scarcely suit our readers. Far too long a period. Why, he 'll be forty-five at least—not a romantic age, you know."

"He committed the murder—at least he didn't commit the murder—at nineteen. I must have twenty years of prison for him. You will see the object of the twenty years in a moment."

"I apologise. Go on," said the editor.

"As he sits in the train he is obsessed by two things—his love for Lady Diana Coningsby and his hatred of his cousin, Reginald Fitzthomas. One word from Fitzthomas would have cleared him at the trial and that word was never spoken. He looks out of the window on the fair England he has not seen for twenty years——"

"Skip that," interrupted the editor. "It is understood that a half-column is allowed for that. Get him to Euston."

"Waterloo," corrected the author. "We must be accurate nowadays. He is coming from Dartmoor, you know. But before he reaches Waterloo he recalls the grim night when his old great-uncle vowed that he would give a million to anyone who relieved him of his gouty and intolerable existence, and that awful next morning, when the great-uncle was found stabbed to the heart with two of his (Michael's) visiting cards beside him, and one million in bank-notes was discovered hidden beneath Michael's bed."

"Good," said the editor; "true and lifelike. Go on."

"At Waterloo he looks out for the fair Diana, who he is confident will be waiting for him, and instead sees Weldon, the faithful family butler.

"'Glad to see you back, Master Michael. They 've found coal under the old park and you 're worth five millions.'

"'Where is she?' cries Michael, indifferent to his new wealth. "'Tell me she is not dead, Weldon.'

"'Master Michael,' says the butler tearfully, 'don't think of her. One week after your sentence she married. Now she is Lady Buttermere.'

"Michael Montague walked sternly to the waiting Rolls-Royce. He only asks one question: 'Tell me, Weldon, who is this Buttermere she has married?'

"'Why, your own cousin, Sir, Mr. Reginald Fitzthomas. He was created a peer because he made two million out of Government contracts during the War.'

"Michael's face darkens. To the horror of the faithful butler he takes an oath to work fearful vengeance on Lord and Lady Buttermere. They drive through Hyde Park so that Michael can gaze on the scene of his past social triumphs. As he surveys it with saturnine glance a frightened horse dashes down Rotten Row. It is the work of a moment for Michael Montague, his frame hardened by twenty years' labour in the Dartmoor quarries, to reach out an arm, lift a graceful maiden from the horse and drag her into the car.

"'My God, it 's Diana!' he says.

"'I am the Honourable Angela Fitzthomas,' murmurs the maiden sweetly, 'but my mother's name is Diana and we are supposed to be alike ——'"

"Stop!" cried the editor, rising from his chair.

* * * * *

Now comes our problem. Did the

Gentleman of the Road. "WOT'S THE TROUBLE?"
Genius. "FAILURE—FAILURE! ISN'T IT ALWAYS THE FAILURES THAT SIT ON THE EMBANKMENT?"
Gentleman of the Road. "'ERE—SPEAK FOR YERSELF."

THE AMENITIES OF GOLF.

"I SAY, YOU 'LL HAVE TO LET US THROUGH. WE 'VE GOT CADDIES."
"OH, THEY 'RE CADDIES, ARE THEY? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A FOURSOME."

editor kick the author down the stairs, or did he offer him a thousand pounds for the serial rights? To all sending correct solutions of this problem we will give the benefit of our famous insurance against hydrophobia.

Ed. Punch. Whom do you mean by "we"?

Author. That 's the editorial we.

Ed. Punch. I think not.

Marriage by Capture—New Style.

"The bride looked charming. She carried a bouquet of white roses and carnations and the bridegroom."—*Local Paper.*

A propos of a suggestion by the MINISTER OF EDUCATION that revolvers should be proscribed:—

"Is Mr. H. A. L. Fisher a master of irony—an English Voltaire?"—*Daily Paper.*

The answer surely is, Not H.A.L.F.

"The Duke of Leinster, daredevil sportsman of England, is said to be planning a novel race across the Continent, but will not say whether it is to be in an airplane or a boat."
American Paper.

We are not in the gentleman's secrets, but are betting against the boat.

A HOSPITAL FOR TREES.

"Animal, Vegetable and Mineral" was always a difficult game to play, because of the number of objects which refused to belong very definitely to any particular one of these categories. But the work of such men as Dr. Blugg is rapidly making confusion worse confounded.

I first heard of Dr. Blugg from a Russian friend of mine called P., who has lived in this country for twenty years, and finds the strain of keeping up his Russian so great that he makes very little attempt to improve his English. He still speaks English like a child, very attractively and with superb contempt for the article, definite or indefinite; and one day he came in and began bubbling in the following manner:—

"I have dear friend . . . rich lady . . . she have two tree . . . Japanese tree. These tree not very well. So my friend write to specialist of tree . . . Why you laugh? . . .

"Truly . . . great man, doctor of tree. He write 'Bring tree. I make them well.' So my friend put tree in very fine motor-car and take to specialist of tree. I see them myself. . . .

"After long while he write her very solemn letter:—

"'DEAR MADAM,—Your tree not at all well. Tree need fresh air and country life.'"

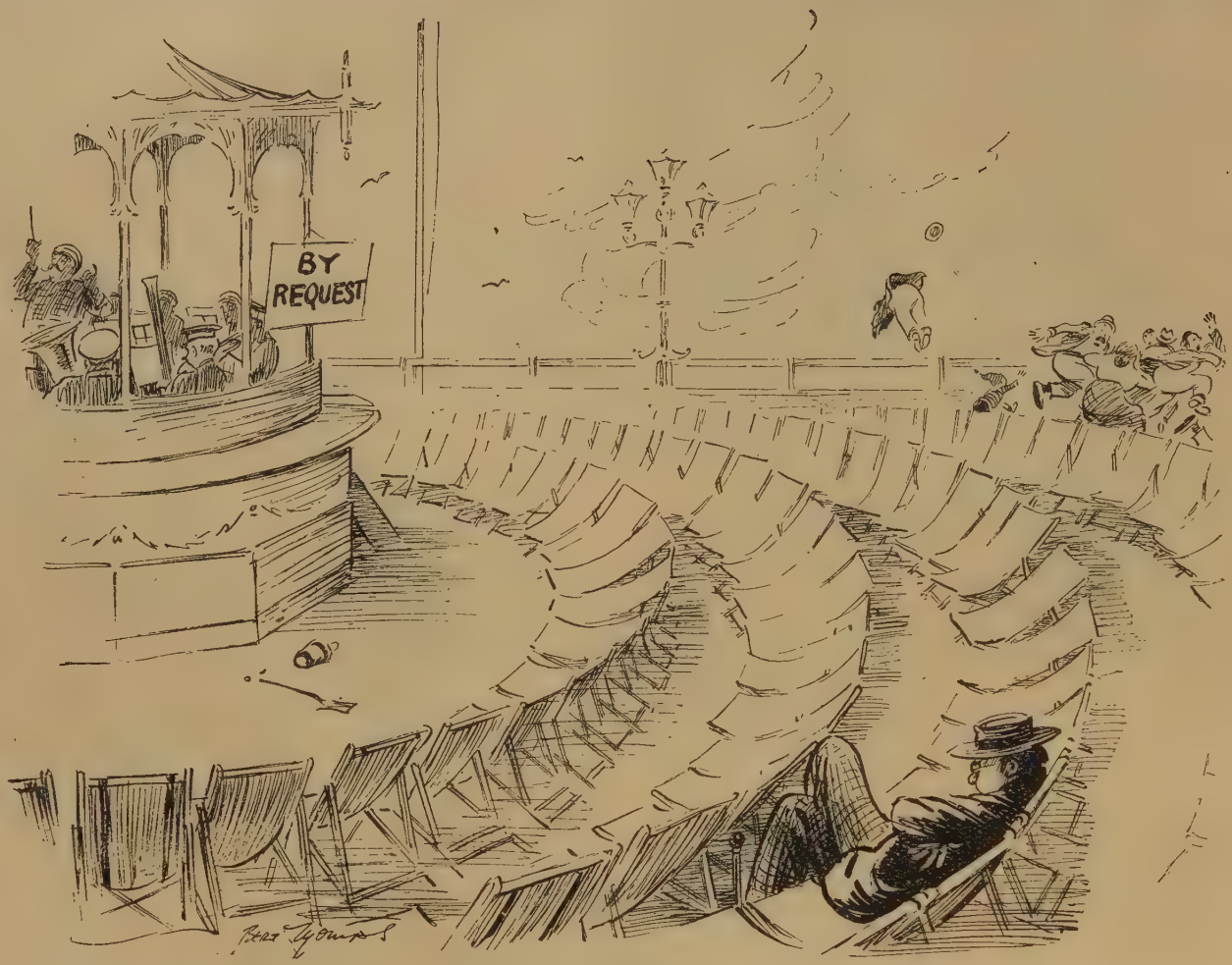
P. illustrated this with an eloquent Russian gesture suggesting a number of trees extracting benefit from brisk country walks before breakfast. Then he continued his version of the letter:—

"'Now in country I have hospital of tree, very beautiful scenery, good air. Dear lady, you send your tree to me. . . . I make them well in five, six month. Ten shilling a week every tree. . . .'

"Ha, ha, ha!"

P. went off into peals of loud laughter, and I laughed politely. Then he went on bubbling about his specialist of tree and I went on with my work. This is the only way to deal with Russian visitors. Just let them bubble.

I did not think much of his yarn, for everybody knows that trees are subject



THE HIGHBROW.

to disease, and that there are men skilled in curing their complaints. But some weeks later he rushed in upon me in a great state of excitement and said, "My friend go to visit tree in hospital. Terrible motor-car. You come. Bring own tree!"

Now as a matter of fact I do possess two trees, or, to be accurate, I am the tenant of two trees, a large laburnum and a small lilac. And for the last year or two the lilac has been sadly out of sorts, flowering in a listless and half-hearted manner and having that air of melancholy so common in London lilac-bushes. A short holiday in the country I felt would be the very thing for it. So up it came, and off we went in Mrs. R.'s "terrible motor-car."

Dr. Blugg impressed me as a rather sinister man, dark and sleek and smooth-voiced, like some of the more fashionable dentists. His "Hospital of Tree," however, is a beautiful place. Imagine a great park with a rolling view to the South over a wide wooded valley to some dim hills in the distance. The park is full of sick and convalescent trees, clustered together in clumps and copses, or rather in wards, according to the nature of their complaints. Every tree is railed off in its own little bed, and at the foot of each bed hangs a card and chart giving a day-to-day history of the case, Respiration, Temperature, Sap-pressure, and so on.

Orderlies in trim green uniforms moved softly through the wards, busily tidying up the patients for the receipt of visitors. For this was Visitors' Day, and the park was full of anxious owners longing to see what progress their dear ones had made. All was peace and ordered efficiency.

Yet there was many a sad spectacle. On our way to the Japanese ward we passed a consumptive sycamore obviously not long for this world. "A slum-child," said Dr. Blugg laconically, and, glancing at the card, I noticed the home-address of the unfortunate thing—"Belgrave Square."

A little further on we came upon a young may-tree, all by itself, before which the hospital band was playing an air from GLUCK'S *Orpheus*.

"This tree is mad," said Dr. Blugg. "It blossoms white one year and red the next. We are doing what we can," he added modestly.

I shuddered.

But Mrs. R——'s Japanese trees were looking the picture of health, and I felt that this was clearly the place for my lilac-bush. Dr. Blugg pursed his lips as he examined it and gave a low whistle of concern. "Is your estate much wooded?" he asked.

"Fairly," I replied. "Chiefly *Laburnum—Laburnum vulgare*."

"I thought as much," he said darkly. "Well, we'll see what we can do."

But I saw that he was worried.

* * * * *

It was some weeks before I was able to visit the hospital again, and I blame Dr. Blugg for not communicating with me during that time, for had I known what was going forward not even the important work I was doing could have kept me from the bedside.

The Doctor met me with a grave face and led me almost in silence to a remote corner of the grounds. At last

we stopped before a small door in a high wall. On the door was written :—

NERVOUS DISORDERS.

I blanched.

The Doctor halted, key in hand. "You know, I suppose," he said, "that your lilac is a female?"

"Good Heavens, no!" I cried. "I thought it was a boy."

"Ah!" he answered, and unlocked the door.

We entered silently a walled enclosure, and I shivered again. It was a ghastly place. Hysterical aspens quivered at us insanely; willows in the last stages of melancholia wept in a corner; and in the middle a morbid old yew with poisonous asides provoked the deranged company to wild extravagant gestures.

At last we came to my lilac; looking much older, I thought, looking pathetic, and looking somehow, I saw with horror, indefinably *immoral*.

"What is the matter, Doctor?" I asked. "The tree's worse."

"Did she *dream* very much at home?" he answered.

"I never noticed."

"Well, she dreamed here—terribly," he went on. "Always the same dream."

"What was it?" I whispered, trembling.

"About a laburnum-tree."

"Heavens!"

"It is a most difficult case," said Dr. Blugg. "The fact is your tree is suffering from an inhibition. She is the victim of what we know as the Laburnum Complex, a passion which in the narrow circumstances of her suburban upbringing she has been compelled to *suppress*. In order to release that desire, to drag it up from the deeps of the unconscious, we have surrounded her, as you see, with a ring of laburnum-trees. As a result she has given the frankest expression to her passion, so much so that she has had a gravely corrupting influence over some of the healthier-minded trees in her neighbourhood."

"I'm awfully sorry," I murmured.

"Not at all," said Dr. Blugg. "The disappointing thing is that she is not yet *cured*. She still yearns for some *particular* laburnum-tree, and unless this yearning can be satisfied I can hold out little hope of an early recovery."

"*I* know," I said; "she wants to go home."

"As you will," said Dr. Blugg. "But I must remind you that, as a result of our treatment, the desire is now no longer *suppressed*, but free and unrestrained; therefore, if she should chance to encounter the object of her affection, the tree may be guilty of the worst excesses, and for these I cannot be responsible if she be removed from the hospital, where we are well accustomed to such manifestations and know how to deal with them."

"I'll risk it," I said, paying the bill.

When we got home—— But no, I cannot tell you what occurred.

A. P. H.

Jock (talking his girl out for the evening). "I 'D LIKE FINE TO SEE THAT, JANET. I DINNA KEN WHAT IT MEANS, BUT THERE 'S A BRAW SCOTS SOOND ABOOT IT."

"CANCELLATION OF WIFESHIP.

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have repealed my matrimonial alliance with my wife from to-day's date as she is impertinent, undutiful, and disobedient to me and my parents, in spite of our many chastisements, teachings and warnings."

Advt. in Burmese Paper.

Why the Burmese should be agitating for any more Home Rule than they appear to have got already is a mystery.

The Fall in Prices.

"Underground" notices :—

"(1) Penalty for smoking in the lift, 40/-.

(2) Passenger fined £1 for smoking in the tube lift."

"LIVE STOCK AND PETS.

Girl, respectable, 16-17, for housework; live in."—*Liverpool Paper.*

She will be wise not to expect too much petting—not in Liverpool.

From an advertisement for sports suits :—

"By the use of —— —— sleeves and other ingenious liberty-giving devices, it improves hooting by allowing the utmost freedom to the arms and shoulders."—*Weekly Paper.*

We should have thought that room for chest expansion was more essential to this pastime.

Old Lady (who is opening an account—to Bank Manager). "NOW I NEVER PUT ALL MY EGGS INTO ONE BASKET, MR. SMITH, SO I'M GOING TO LEAVE PART OF MY MONEY HERE AND PART IN YOUR BAYSWATER BRANCH."

EVEREST.

"WE shall come back." Never those words in vain
Were flung in our English pride to a foeman power;
Never the flag was lowered but to fly again
Over a wider realm for its trampled hour!
Gifts have the high gods given us; this the best:
Battered and baffled, never to know defeat;
So let the glittering shield on your shoulder rest,
It has still our swords to meet!

"We shall come back." It was the English boast
Many a time—and at Mons! The word once said,
Weight of no guns, strength of no armèd host
Could bar the coming. Witness it, ye dead!
No ice-forged armour and no snow-bound crest,
Not breathless airs nor whirling tempests' threat
Shall keep us from our victory, Everest;
The goal shall be England's yet! W. H. O.

"WIRELESS CONCERTS IN THE STREET.—A loud-speaking broadcaster by which a firm of wireless instrument makers is able to entertain large street crowds to selections of music wirelessed from Paris. Sounds are distinctly audible."—*Sunday Paper.*

We suppose that *is* an advantage.

An insurance claim paid:—

"Mrs. —— strained hand while writing blanket."—*Daily Paper.*

We must now put in a claim for "scrivener's palsy" contracted while writing sheets.

DISILLUSION.

WHEN Esmé was about six she had, I know, a firm intention of marrying me. I had this on the best authority—her father's. He said she meant to kill my wife.

"That," I said, "seems to me a little harsh. Eleanor is always most friendly to her; moreover she feeds her well."

"Oh," he said, "there is not the least ill-feeling about it. It's just that it's the only way of getting rid of her."

A year or two has gone by; peace has been quite decently kept, and I have been justified, I think, in feeling that a certain dignity, if not importance, had come into my excuse for existence.

But I fear I have exaggerated my position.

"Master," she said musingly to-day, that being the august name she has adopted for me, "I have been having my fortune told. Out of my hands," she added as she gravely examined the insides of her rather grubby paws.

"Yes?" I asked breathlessly.

"I am not to have a career," she sighed wistfully, "but I shall marry young, and my husband will be older than me."

"That sounds rather jolly," I said brightly.

"I shall have two little boys," she continued. "One will be quite an ordinary boy, and the other," she said proudly, "will be very famous."

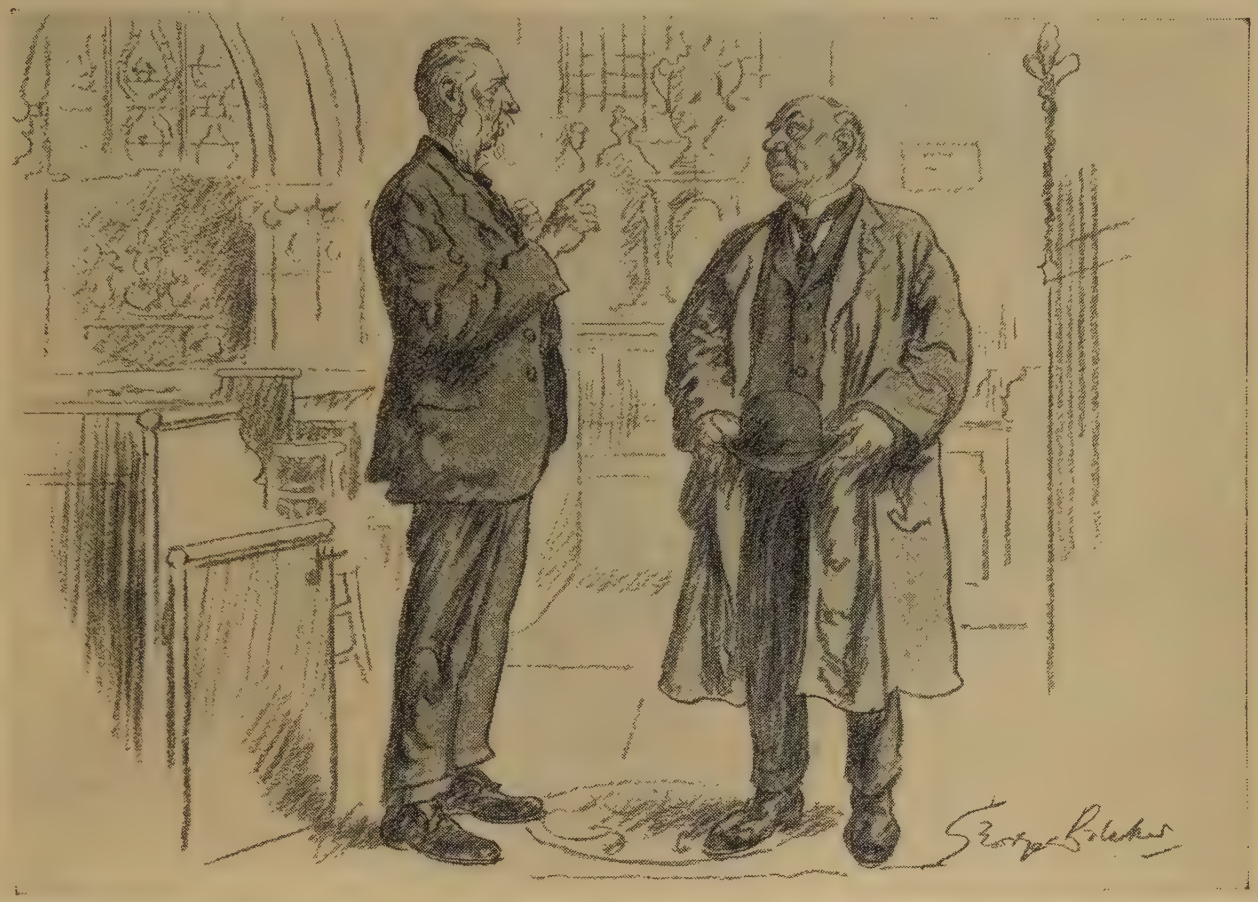
"I like the ordinary boy best," I said.

"Master," she said, with all the modesty that should accompany a superlatively generous action, "I am going to ask you to be a godfather to the ordinary boy."

THE CATTLE-DRUMMER.

The Baron of Beeferbrook *sings*:—

"OH, THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD CANADA,
AND OH, THE CANADIAN ROAST BEEF!"



Retiring Pew-Opener (initiating new one into the duties). "Remember, Mr. Higgins, they are very good Christians here until you show someone else into their pew."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 24th.—A hundred years ago Sir Robert Peel founded the Royal Irish Constabulary, and to-day his grandson was nominally in charge of the Constabulary (Ireland) Bill, which marks the final stage in its abolition. I say "nominally" because it was Lord Carson who really dominated the proceedings.

In language sufficiently pungent he expressed the opinion that the Government spokesman knew nothing about Ireland or the Force that for a century was the mainstay of law and order in that country, and he induced the Peers to accept sundry changes in the Bill, by way of making it a more generous measure. In vain Lord Peel pointed out that most of these changes infringed the financial "privilege" of the Commons. The cause of generosity to the R.I.C. secured for Lord Carson the support of two Liberal ex-Viceroys, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Crewe, who can rarely have found themselves in agreement with him before.

The debate on the Canadian Cattle Embargo was not quite so lively as it had been expected to be. The announcement that the Cabinet was divided on the subject, and that the decision would be left to the free vote of the House, had prepared us for a repetition of what happened over the women's suffrage controversy, when Ministers belaboured their colleagues and embraced their opponents with equal fervour. On this occasion the early speakers—Mr. T. Shaw and Mr. Percy for the removal of the embargo, Captain Evans and Captain Elliott for its retention—were all a little long in the wind. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen earned the delighted cheers of the embargoists for an obviously sincere and almost convincing plea that the "pledge" was not to admit Canadian cattle, but merely to remove a stigma from them; but Mr. Churchill reminded his colleague that when the pledge was given in 1917 it was made dependent upon the supply of shipping, and "you do not require ships to remove a stigma." By 247 to 171 the House voted for the removal of the embargo.

Tuesday, July 25th.—The Government have been accused of being lukewarm in their desire for the reform of the Upper House. It is quite intelligible, anyhow, that the Prime Minister should cherish kindly feelings towards a body for whose composition he is so largely responsible. But the Peers, ungrateful creatures, show no reciprocity, and seem to think that unless they defeat the Government at least once every sitting they have, like Marcus Aurelius, "lost a day." This time it was Lord Lambourne, with the Exportation of Horses Bill, who administered the stroke. Lord Ancaster, for the Board of Agriculture, pleaded that to charge a veterinary's fee of twenty pounds for every old horse exported would practically prohibit the trade. "So much the better," said the Peers in effect, and they passed the Second Reading by 63 to 45.

Then they turned once more to the question of their own reformation. Lord Stuart of Wortley thought they would be wise to rebuild their House before the storm fell upon them, though he admitted that no reform would save them from a revolution conducted not by argument but with stink-bombs. But Lord Long declared that the record of the House "was so wholly ad-

mirable as to be almost extraordinary," and doubted if the proposed "reforms" would in any way improve it. Lord ABERDEEN welcomed the possibility of admitting Nonconformist Ministers and women, and Lord CHARNWOOD, after an exhaustive examination of the merits and defects of the American Senate, doubted the wisdom of introducing the elective principle, and so putting the Upper House into competition with the Lower.

The House of Commons always contains at least one member whose instinct is to believe that, in any dispute between a black man and a white, the white man is in the wrong. Colonel WEDGWOOD, the most notable holder of this belief in the present House, slipped up rather badly when he called attention to the bombing of certain Hottentots in South-West Africa, and wanted to know what the Government were going to do about it. Mr. CHURCHILL quietly reminded him that the Mandate for what was formerly "German-West" was held not by this country but by the Union of South Africa. Colonel WEDGWOOD tried to cover his retreat by suggesting that we ought to call the attention of the League of Nations to these proceedings; to which Mr. CHURCHILL replied, amid general cheers, that he hoped we should find some better occupation in the League than to attack our own Dominions.

A report that a motor-bus service had been established between Bagdad and Aleppo has recently disturbed the repose of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY. Would it be self-supporting, and, if not, who would make up the deficit? Were the Arabs along the route to be subsidised not to snipe at the vehicles, and, if so, who was finding the money? Mr. CHURCHILL had no official information on the subject, but was able to assure him that any enterprise of the kind would be a purely private venture.

The House generally was delighted to hear from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that if it got through its allotted task of work by Friday the 4th it might go for its holidays, and, better still, that it need not return until November 14th. Neither Mr. CLYNES nor Sir DONALD MACLEAN, however, was prepared to accept the boon without a little criticism. As the former seemed to think that the Government had not done enough, and the latter complained that there had been too much legislation, their remarks cancelled one another. The House set about its work with a will and sat up till the small hours to get rid of the Electricity Bill and the Criminal Law Amendment Bill.

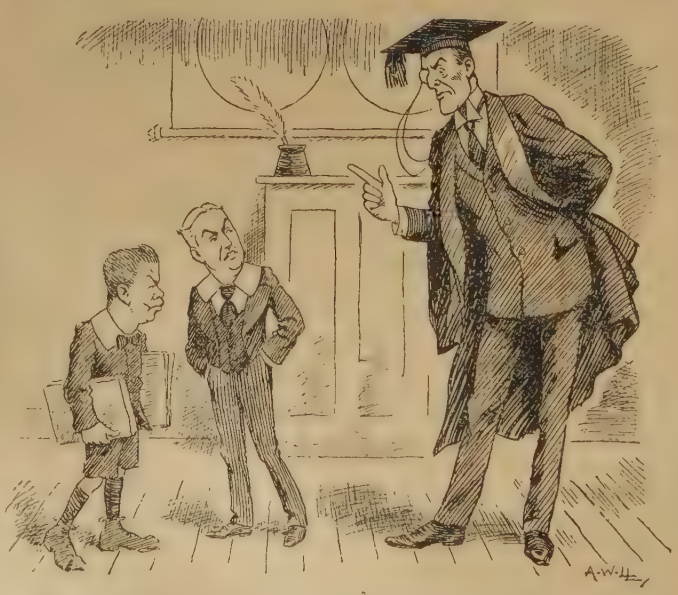
Stage Manager of Coalition Company. "QUITE A NICE LITTLE SCRAP. ONE MIGHT ALMOST THINK YOU WERE REALLY FIGHTING."
SIR A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN. MR. CHURCHILL. MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Wednesday, July 26th.—On the subject of the Cattle Embargo Captain WEDGWOOD BENN pleasantly inquired if the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE intended to carry out a policy which he had described in advance as "a betrayal of his trust;" hoping, presumably, to draw an announcement of resignation. But Sir A. BOSCAWEN, with an air of conscious virtue, replied, "I shall do my duty; I always do my duty," and left his questioners guessing.

Following the example of the London County Council the authorities of the Royal Parks are going to allow Sunday games under certain restrictions. Lord BALFOUR will no doubt be glad to learn that the hard courts in Regent's Park will be open on Sundays, and the PRIME MINISTER will be interested to hear that Richmond Park may shortly be added to the list of those places where he can, but does not, indulge in Sabbath golf.

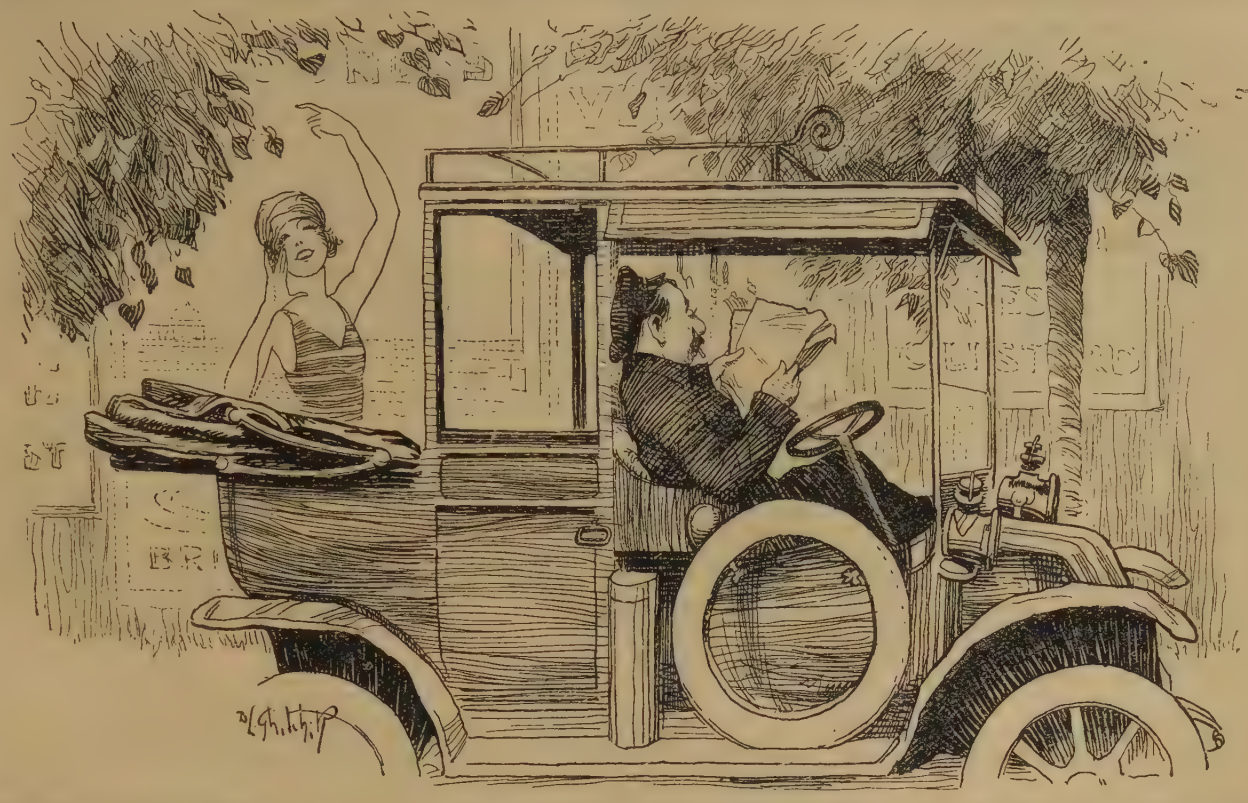
Fresh from the Hague Sir PHILIP LLOYD GREAME and Mr. HILTON YOUNG gave a surprisingly hopeful account of their efforts to instil common sense and common honesty into the Russian delegates. Mr. CLYNES complained that Russia had been "placed by us in the position of a political outcast," but admitted that "she could not afford to stand by a policy which eliminated her from the rest of the world;" and the PRIME MINISTER, in one of the most closely-argued speeches that he has made for some time, laid down the one condition—the recognition of private property—which would enable Russia to regain her place in the normal life of Europe.

By way of showing how much more sensible we are than those benighted Russians, the House of Commons spent the last two hours of a long sitting in a continuous tramp through the Division Lobbies.



Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. "NOW IF YOU 'RE EXTREMELY GOOD BOYS, AND WORK EXTRA HARD TILL THE END OF TERM, I WILL GIVE YOU A THREE MONTHS' HOLIDAY."
Master D. MACLEAN. "WE 'VE HAD TOO MUCH WORK AS IT IS."
Master CLYNES. "ON THE CONTRARY, I SHOULD LIKE MORE."

Thursday, July 27th.—Counsels of perfection were showered upon the Air Ministry by the Peers to-night. Unfortunately they were often of a most contradictory



TAXICAB DRIVER, WHO HAS PULLED UP IN FRONT OF A SEASIDE POSTER, INADVERTENTLY CONTRIBUTES TO THE BRIGHTNESS OF LONDON.

kind. Lord Londonderry considered the arguments in favour of a separate Air Force were overwhelming, and Lord Montagu insisted that Air Force officers must be caught young and kept in the service as long as possible. On the other hand, Lords Vernon and Long declared that Navy and Army must have their own aerial squadrons, manned by their own officers.

The Air Ministry, I gathered from Lord Gorell, is doing its best with inadequate resources and in the face of Press criticisms "usually uninformed, frequently futile, and sometimes arrant nonsense," to satisfy all these conflicting claims. He boldly asserted that the Government had a "definite" air policy, but, perhaps for strategic reasons, did not explain whether the Air Force or the Navy or the Army will be primarily responsible for resisting the aerial attack that will herald the next war.

Even the Prime Minister does not seem to be quite sure, for, in reply to questions in the Commons, he said that the whole subject of air defence was now under consideration by the Committee of Imperial Defence, but no decision had yet been taken.

To the satisfaction of the many Members who patronize the straps of the Underground Railway Mr. Neal announced that there was to be an inquiry into the fares.

HELEN.

["Helen as a *casus belli* disappears and her place is taken by a trade monopoly."
Morning Post.]

Walled to Heaven, high stood Troy;
Where is she now, oh where?
Paris the lover, the ivory boy,
Helen the loved, the rare?
Helen the kind,
Helen the curled,
Helen the loveliest rose of the world?

Ashes are they? Ancient dust?
Echoes of songs long sung?
Back with the gods and the old times thrust,
Lost with a world once young?
Nay, *she* remains,
Helen, whose lips
Hastened the heroes and speeded the ships.

Find new faith and reasons new;
Down with each old ideal;
Say that Trade is the one thing true,
Money the one thing real;
Helen still counts,
Helen the call,
Helen the trouble twixt gentlemen all.

Walk the English ways of Spring,
Stepping the mad March road;
Bold cock partridges, battling, ring,
All in the gay old mode;
Helen 's the way,
Helen the flail,
Helen eternal, the mate to the male.

Timbered chase or corrie stark,
Dusk and October's chill;
You 've heard the stags in the angry dark
Fighting their ugly fill?
Helen occurs,
Hind or pied doe,
Helen for ever the fire to the tow.

More are we than buck or bird,
Nathless on green or in tap,
Anywhere, briefly, that fist follows word,
Helen 's mixed up in the scrap;
Helen the lass,
Helen the prize,
Helen the wherefore of countless black eyes.

Tall stood Troy the stars to kiss;
Where is she now, ah where?
Dust and ashes an' all, she is,
Helen 's still young, still fair;
Helen the Cause,
Time cannot cheat
Helen the witch with the world at her feet.

Comme il faut.

From the description of a rural sports meeting:—

"Catching the live pig (ladies), Winifred Pork."—*Local Paper.*

"Miss —— belongs to a Bristol family and is a grandfather of Mr. —— of ——."
Provincial Evening Paper.

Girls will be granddads these days.

THE SNOWBALL.

"WHAT," said he, "am I to do about this?" and he handed me a flimsy sheet of paper, typewritten, with a long list of names on it, each separated by the word "to." The last two names were written by hand, the last of all being his own. At the foot of the names were these instructions:—

"GOOD LUCK.

Copy this in full and send to nine friends to whom you wish good luck.

This chain, started by an American officer, should go round the world three times.

Do not break this chain, for whoever does will have bad luck.

Do it within twenty-four hours and count nine days.

You will then have some great fortune.

Remember, if you believe it, it is so."

I handed it back.

"But you don't say what I am to do with it," he said.

"It's a matter on which advice is useless," I replied. "If you believe in it, you will at once sit down and try to think of nine friends to whom you wish good luck. It's a large number, it's almost a prohibitive number, but you'll try. Then, having collected them, you'll copy the thing out nine times and send it off. Because you're superstitious and you want a bit of good luck; even more, you don't want bad luck. But if you don't believe in it, you'll fling it in the waste-paper basket."

"I don't think I could destroy it," he said. "Suppose it's true. How could I dare to break the chain?"

"Then copy it out nine times and despatch it," I said. "But within twenty-four hours."

"I'm horribly busy to-day," he replied.

"Then throw it away and forget it," I said.

"I simply daren't do that," he said. "It would break the chain and bring me bad luck. Wouldn't it be all right if I waited till Sunday?"

I pointed out that it must be done within twenty-four hours.

"What a nuisance!" he said. "But Heaven knows I could do with 'great fortune.'"

"Then go without lunch and think of nine friends," I said.

"Oh, I couldn't go without lunch," he replied. "I depend on lunch."

"Here, let me tear it up," I said, extending a hand.

His face blanched. "I couldn't," he said. "I should never forgive myself. Just think of something wonderful happening before the end of nine days. What would you do if you were in my place?" he asked.

"Me?" I said. "I should throw it in the waste-paper basket. I can't be bothered with superstition."

And so I left him.

The next morning I received a letter in his handwriting and discovered that he had been base enough to send one of his nine copies to me. My first impulse was to throw it in the waste-paper basket, but something checked me and I read it once more:—

"GOOD LUCK.

Copy this in full and send to nine friends to whom you wish good luck.

This chain, started by an American officer, should go round the world three times.

Do not break this chain, for whoever does will have bad luck.

Do it within twenty-four hours and count nine days.

You will then have some great fortune.

Remember, if you believe it, it is so."

Who on earth is this American officer? I thought. Is he a fanatic or a practical joker? Is he a friend of the Post-Office —Mr. KELLAWAY himself, in masquerade, perhaps?

I began to do a little arithmetic—with astonishing results. If, for example, I were to sit down to-day and send off my nine copies, and each of the nine recipients did the same, and no one in the chain failed, by next Monday 6,330,969 copies of the thing would be in circulation, and the same number of persons assured of great fortune. This figure, I must say, shook me a good deal, because there can't be so much good fortune in the world. This isn't really a lucky planet, you know.

And so I approached the waste-paper basket again.

And then I remembered that so many people would fail to respond, that perhaps the run on the bank of fortune might not be so serious after all, and there would be more for those who complied.

But could any piece of luck recompense one for the dreary task of copying out anything nine times?

And had I the courage to let nine of my friends know that I went in for this kind of foolishness?

And who were the nine friends to be? Most of my friends have too much good luck as it is.

I wondered if that Liverpool lady who drew "Captain Cuttle" in the Calcutta Sweep had copied out nine of these forms.

Had Lord WOOLAVINGTON?

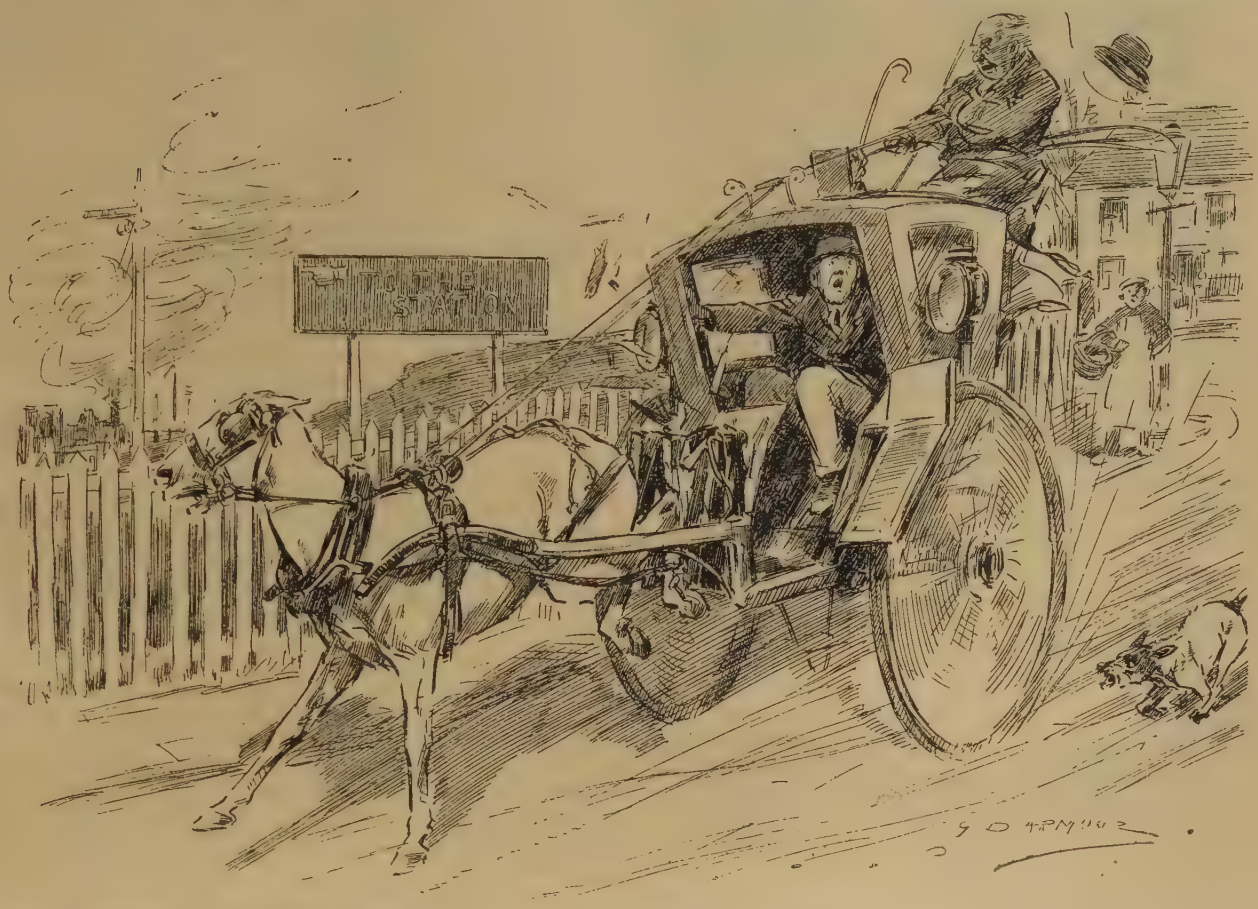
What kind of "great fortune" was I most needing? *A* great fortune, of course. But the words here were "some great fortune"—which seemed to cut out money. If the American officer had written "some fortune" it would be more comforting. Still, fortune is fortune.

I began to jot down the names of a few friends, but not one of them would do. They would all think my mind was giving way.

Meanwhile my work was being neglected. Really this kind of thing wasn't fair. No one had any right to butt into other people's lives with this rubbish about breaking chains and bad luck. No one wants bad luck, of course, but unsettling nine of one's friends was beyond a joke. I, at any rate, would not add to the nuisance. I reached out towards the waste-paper basket again.

And yet—— E. V. L.

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
MR. JOHN DRINKWATER STEEPS HIMSELF IN THE BURNS TRADITION.



Passenger. "HI! STOP! LET ME OUT." *Driver of Relic.* "YOU CAN'T GET OUT THIS WAY, GUV'NOR."

À LA FRANÇAISE.

"THIS is an example of what I always have maintained," I said, tapping the paper with my pipe; "where should we be without our conventions?"

"Where, indeed?" said Joan.

I looked at her admiringly. "You have the correct reply always on the tip of your tongue. Most women would simply have said, 'Yes, dear,' and I should have been chilled; but you know exactly how to lead me on."

"Yes, dear," said Joan.

I wriggled my shoulders into the cushions and laid the paper on my knees.

"Now here," I began, "is a fellow who has been interviewing a maid. He has reported her, as he would have us believe, *verbatim*."

"I understand."

"He gives her a little speech all to herself. She was a French maid."

"Ah, ha!"

"Her mistress's room had been burgled. The speech describes how. But does the reporter make her speak naturally? He does not. Her language is neither broken English nor French. It is the conventional language of the French maid."

"Those conventions!" said Joan, wagging her head.

"It is the simplest language to learn in the world if you know English. All you have to do is to say 'ze' for 'the' (whenever you remember to), interpolate an occasional "'Ow you say?' and speak in the present tense. For the rest you talk English and think English. Why did not the reporter make her speak naturally?"

"Tell me."

"Because the 2,835,610 registered readers (including casualties) of his paper won't have it. We—and I speak as a registered reader——"

"But you'll be a casualty some day, darling."

"*We*, I say, have our fixed conception of a French maid. If she spoke broken-English we wouldn't understand her. She must abide by our conventions. By these we shall know she is French. And when she says "'Ow you say?' we all thrill and love her for doing so. We feel we could forgive her anything."

"Oh?"

"Take an instance. If Doris came to you and said, 'The vase, Mum, fell off the mantel-piece when my back was turned,' you'd be angry."

"'Mm!"

"But supposing she said, 'Ze vase, Madame, fall off ze mantel-piece when my back is—'ow you say?—turned.' Different, isn't it? It seems almost a charming occurrence."

"I think I see."

I rose, stretched myself and walked to the tantalus.

"Hullo!" I said; "empty! Oh, I forgot; I suppose the new case is outside. You ordered it, didn't you?"

Joan dropped her sewing and got up. She put a hand on my arm and smiled in a way that I can only describe as coquettish.

"I'm awfully sorry, darling," she said, "but I—'ow you say?—forget to."

More Glimpses of the Obvious.

"All the verdure [at Goodwood] is green . . . Where the sun strikes the numerous patches of trees, whether in coppice or solitary clumps, deep shadows are left upon the ground."
Evening Paper.

"Whilst being most reasonable in price there are more ounces to the pound in —— Wool than in either artificial silk or mercerised cotton of equal thickness."
Advt. in Ladies' Paper.

That may be (though we doubt it), but are there as many inches to the foot?

ROLAND: A MEMORY.

YOUNG Roland, *ætat.* twenty-five,
If those who love him read him rightly,
Is grateful to be still alive,
And treats his sacrifices lightly;
He served three years of ceaseless strain
In lands with human wreckage littered,
Emerging from the ordeal sane,
Unbrutalized and unembittered.

He won a scholarship from school,
But it was nearly five years later
Before he came beneath the rule
And magic of his *alma mater*;
Somewhat aloof, he owns the sway
Of every influence that mellows,
And goes his meditative way
Among his more light-hearted fellows.

Goodly to look at, good at games,
No slave of "form" nor awed by rumour,
He does not let his serious aims
Impair a freakish sense of humour;
Coining odd phrases to express
A fancy delicately daring,
A trifle casual in his dress
And yet distinguished in his bearing.

His taste in books is somewhat strange;
He loves MACAULAY, GIBBON, PEACOCK,
Without excluding, as a change,
The "larger lunacy" of LEACOCK;
Averse from those who seek to ban
The ancient humanistic banner,
You 'd tell him for an Oxford man,
Although he lacks the Oxford manner.

In science, ruthlessly "applied"
And owning no control, no master,
He finds the Devil's surest guide
To race-destruction, world-disaster;
He is not minded to deplore
The passing of De Veres and Howards;
He sees an evil worse than War—
The Peace of conscientious cowards.

Unmoved by any passionate pleas
For giving rule to youth and numbers;
Loth to admit the world's disease
Is wholly due to senile slumbers;
When fathers fretfully complain,
And sons resentfully revile them,
Till poison works in either brain,
He only longs to reconcile them.

His parents, deeply in his debt,
Find him a younger, stronger brother,
Still heart-whole, for no women yet
Challenge the love he bears his mother;
Too faithful to detect a flaw,
Too generous-hearted to disparage,
He never will confirm the saw
That loyal sonship ends with marriage.

I see him, but 'tis in a dream
Born of insatiable longing,
A vision radiant with the gleam
Of memories ever freshly thronging;
For Roland fell four years ago;
Four silent years keep us asunder,
Yet cannot dim the after-glow
Of love and reverence and wonder.

WORMS THAT TURNED.

THE sea was grey and choppy, the sky was grey and sunless, and the air was full of chilly draughts. Nevertheless, John had intimidated me into accompanying him as far as the beach. We had brought bathing material—I under protest.

"I don't think I'll go in to-day," I said weakly.

"My dear fellow, why not?" said John, with a sort of tolerant contempt.

"Bit of a chill on the liver," I murmured, and added a convulsive "Ugh!" as corroboration.

"You want hardening," said John. "Sea-bathing is Nature's own cure for susceptibility to chills on the liver."

I knew he lied.

"Different if you were a stuffy old woman," said John.

I almost wished I were.

It really was a repulsive outlook, and the sea was the most repulsive thing in sight.

"I don't think I will, John," I faltered.

"Funking it?" asked John keenly.

"Oh, no. No. Not that," I said.

It simply is not done—to confess that you funk sea-bathing, under any circumstances, even if the thermometer be below zero and the coast be fringed with icebergs. If you can invent any excuse not utterly transparent, you may escape: but to own that you funk it is to let down the whole of our island race.

"Then don't talk rot," said John. "You 'll love it once you are in."

John is one of those comfortably adipose men who look as though they never shiver. I am incurably lean, and cold shrivels me instantly.

"*You* bathe, John," I said, "and I 'll watch you from here and wait for you."

"Not at all," said John. "Shan't go in unless you come too."

All Johns are like that. They are not cruel; they only like to see you suffer, to the glorification of their own superior masculinity.

"Why won't you bathe unless I do?" I asked.

John evaded the point. "Come along and undress," he said.

The word "undress" settled it. I looked at the very grey sea, I savoured the very chilly air, and I thought of my fairly warm body in contact with the two. A shiver and a spasm of defiance passed through me simultaneously.

"I am *not* coming," I said, with deliberation. "I have *not* got a chill on the liver, and I don't intend to get one. Whether I am funking is irrelevant. I simply am *not* coming. If you try to make me I shall scream. And if you want to bathe to-day you can have the whole sea to yourself."

John looked at me rather stupidly. Johns can cope with evasion but not with plain speaking.

"Oh, well," he said, after a trying pause. "What are you going to do then?"

"Going back to the hotel," I said, "to play billiards," and I started to move away—away from that dreadful sea.

John shuffled after me. "I 'll give you a game if you like," he said, and off we strode.

Why did not John—the eager, lusty, cold-proof John—bathe by himself? I do not know. I am no psychologist. I am only a worm that turned.

But John is another. He turned too.

SCOTLAND'S TRIBUTE.

["When the Burns Federation visits Birmingham on September 1st and 2nd, its social functions will include a drive by the worshippers of the Scottish Poet to the birthplace of Shakspeare."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHAT needs our SHAKSPEARE, for his honoured bones,
A eulogy by SHAW or H. A. JONES,
Now that staunch Burnsites to his birthplace come
From federated junketings at Brum?
Men by whom fealty to The Bard is given
Will drive to Stratford—they will not be driven—
And freely, where his sacred dust is hearsed,
Will bare their heads in homage uncoerced.

Stands Scotland where she did? Ay, man, hooch ay!
Her patriots, from Galashiels to Skye,
Salute, ere their conventicle adjourns,
"The Greatest Poet before ROBBIE BURNS."

R. K. R.

"JUDGE STOPS KNITTING."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Thus setting a very proper example to the women in his court.

"The exhibition is the first of its kind to be held since 1883, and that period coincides roughly with the rise to fame of the fried-fish saloons."—*Daily Paper.*

Which, of course, accounts for it.

THE ROAD TO FAME; OR, VARIATIONS ON THE SAME THEME.

TRAGEDY OF A REBELLIOUS HERO.

THE story of Jasper Brand, which appeared some time ago in these columns, exposed the hard case of the typical villain of fiction, saddled with a name which leaves no calling open to him but that of crime. To pursue a career of villainy through three hundred and twenty-seven serials and die by a violent death every time, does no doubt become monotonous. But even the innocent hero of fiction sometimes suffers a great deal of annoyance at the hands of an author with an artistic conscience. Such authors would resent it if they were told that their characters were not alive; yet they are apt to forget that most living beings have wills of their own and, like rebellious children, may kick against the arrangements made for them by an arbitrary parent and prefer to make their own. When a hero does this his author sometimes has to take a very strong line with him. For instance:—

"And so, amid the crash of thunder and the flare of lightning, Patrick crossed Little Meadow, his face upturned to the driving rain. And in spite of the lines that told of wreck and confusion and failure there was on it a certain exultation, an expression almost of triumph. . . ."

There was the click of a gate and the novelist laid down her pen and looked out of the window. A man in rough tweeds was coming in at the gate with a fox-terrier at his heels.

He entered the room in his swift decisive manner and stood looking down at her with an amused, slightly cynical smile on his thin, brown, clear-cut face. The novelist recognised him in a moment and sprang to her feet.

"Patrick!" she cried, and held out both hands to him.

He bowed over them with that old-world courtesy which distinguished him.

"You will forgive me for calling at this hour of the morning?" he said, "but I gather there is no time to lose and it's rather important—to me, at least."

"Of course, of course."

He sank rather wearily into the chair she indicated.

"Look here," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about what?"

"This." He thrust his hands into his pockets and hunched his shoulders. "All my life I have been dogged by the most extraordinary ill-luck. I was expelled from school—through no fault of my own, of course—but still, there you are. I have always been hard-up. The opera on which I spent ten of the best years of my life is a complete failure. My only son has just died of scarlet fever and my wife has run away with my best friend. Don't think I'm blaming you—I have an almost feminine intuition in many ways—but I ask you, how is it all to end?"

"How," asked the novelist with sudden curiosity, "would you end it yourself?"

"What about fetching Viola back again? She wasn't a bad little thing."

HOW TO GET BUSINESS.

Office Boys (simultaneously, as new client enters). "BEAVER!"

"Oh, no!" she protested hastily. "Viola never understood you. You would be miserable together."

"Well, then"—he spoke boyishly, impulsively—"let me horsewhip St. Etienne. I haven't the vaguest how you do it; I've never whipped a horse in my life; but I feel sure I could; and you'll pardon my saying so, but he really is an impossible cad."

"He was your best friend," she reminded him severely, "and you trusted him—implicitly."

"Well, how are you going to finish it?"

"I'm sorry, but it's so awfully old-fashioned to finish a novel at all nowadays. I shall just stop and leave you to do the tidying-up."

"Leave me walking about in a howling thunderstorm? I call that simply brutal."

"But think what you have gained in character, in experience. You begin all over again."

"Begin all over again, do I?" He leapt to his feet. "By Jove! And I will too." He started for the door.

"Pat! Pat!" she cried, "what do you mean? You're not going to do anything rash?"

"I'll tell you," he said, "exactly what I'm going to do. First of all I shall divorce Viola. Then I shall write a successful musical comedy. Yes, I said *musical comedy*, one of those jolly things with a lot of catchy refrains—'We all want a latch-key when we're twenty-one'—that kind of thing. And if it doesn't hit the popular taste I'm a Dutchman. Then you remember Dorothy?"

"Oh, no, no!" moaned the novelist.

"Yes, you do," he said, wilfully misunderstanding her. "You remember her all right: rich, warm-hearted, vulgar Dorothy—at least you kept on calling her vulgar; I never could see much amiss with her myself. You always said she cherished a hopeless passion for me. Well then, I'm damn well going to marry Dorothy and have a good time—and several children, healthy ones who play football; and I shall become a churchwarden—and grow fat. So that's that!"

He turned at the door and held out his hand, smiling.

"We part friends, I hope?"

But the novelist could only watch him in frozen horror.

When the gate had clicked to and he was gone she came to herself with a start and picked up her pen as if it had been a dagger.

". . . A flash rent the sky from horizon to horizon," she wrote, "the trees were daguerreotyped against a livid yellow sky, and Patrick lay stretched amid the summer grass, his thin, keen face, with that look of triumph still upon it, upturned to the pitiless heavens, his brown, shapely hands outflung, crushing the sodden daisies; never again to create wonder-music for the heedless unapprehending multitude, never again to be held out in speechless longing, to clasp a dream and to fall empty and discouraged. Never again."

The novelist wrote "FINIS" and laid down her pen.

"I can't help it," she said remorsefully; "I couldn't have borne it—not Dorothy, not a churchwarden, not *fat!*"

Master (who is going away for the holidays). "I AM HAVING ALL THE SILVER SENT TO THE BANK, JANE."
Maid (who is not brave). "OH, DEAR ME! WHAT SHALL I HAVE TO GIVE THE BURGLARS IF THEY COME?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HAVING forfeited an early opportunity of tackling *If Winter Comes*, because I found the first pages so very like an obstacle race, and refusing later to be overawed into reading so emphatic a best-seller, I came to Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON'S new novel, *This Freedom* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), with an unembarrassed mind. The problem is an interesting one: Can a woman with a passionate bent and inordinate capacity for business continue her chosen work after marriage and child-bearing? Mr. HUTCHINSON'S answer is that she can't, or her elder son will be expelled from school, marry the daughter of a clergyman and become a thief; her only girl will succumb to an illegal operation, and her remaining son will commit suicide on the District Railway. As *Rosalie*, the woman in question, couldn't help thinking, it was all rather like the Book of Job. The author's main conclusion may conceivably be right, but his reasoning and his piled-up catastrophes are far from being conclusive. Has one not known mothers who have continued their work, done their housekeeping and educating by proxy and retained the affection of their children; as well as mothers, obstinate home-keepers and educators, who, being no hand at their job, have turned out the most unsatisfactory offspring? It wouldn't be fair to leave the impression that the author is unsympathetic towards the aspirations of the woman with a career. He is not. He is merely convinced that the aspirations are in fact, by reason of these results, absurd; and not merely (he contends) is a career inconsistent with marriage but, because when a woman has once embraced anything she is absolutely unable to let it go, it is impossible before marriage. A thesis for feminists to ponder, courageously archaic and simple, and withal desperately serious, being, in fact, enlivened by but one joke. When *Rosalie's* brilliant barrister-husband knocks her thumb with the hammer he said, "Mice and Mumps!" I gather that he thought more of the joke than I did, for he went on saying it for at least twelve years. Mightn't this partly account for the unsatisfactory development of his children?

Books by distinguished newspaper proprietors have a never-failing charm, and Lord RIDDELL has many striking things to say in *Some Things that Matter* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Ranging over a wide variety of subjects, he shows an equal familiarity with and mastery of them all. "A lack of concentration," he tells us in his essay on "How to Concentrate," is due to inattention. And again, in "How to Observe," he writes, "Most people are unobservant except in regard to matters in which they are keenly interested." SOPHOCLES, PLATO and CARLYLE are recommended as literature by Lord RIDDELL, and poetry attracts him so strongly that he will have everyone read it. "It is best to begin," he says, "with something simple, even *The Ingoldsby Legends*, or with a good anthology of English verse containing the star turns, from which you can make your own selection, or with a poem full of lilt and rhythm which tells a dramatic story, such as TENNYSON'S *Revenge*." The laws of thought and judgment and the art of public speaking are treated with no less insight and acumen. "It may be asked," he states very shrewdly, "in what respect do speeches differ from a pamphlet or a magazine article. There is an essential difference. Speech has a human element lacking in the written word, because speech is the communication between the speaker and his audience, face to face." The last chapter in this book is on "The Moral

Duty of Belief," and his lordship notes here that, if the evidence that satisfies Sir OLIVER LODGE as to the existence of departed spirits were brought to himself in connection with a business proposition, he would want to look into it very carefully. I shall turn to my *News of the World* with a freshened interest every Sunday after all this good advice.

Miss RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA has been quite clever in so arranging matters in her novel, *Stolen Fruit* (HURST AND BLACKETT), that it seems natural enough that *Damer Langrishe* should suspect his wife, *Pamela*, of having once spent a very foolish week alone with a man friend at a Cornish inn. Theirs had been a marriage of convenience: *Damer*, a widower, wanted a step-mother for his little daughter, *Dido*, and *Pamela* wanted a home of her own. It had grown into one of love, and when malicious gossip and her own behaviour persuade *Langrishe* that his wife is not as CÆSAR'S, the world grows very dark for both of them. The explanation of the mystery is that, by one of those coincidences which make novel-writing possible, *Tim Doran*, the hero of the Cornish episode, is not only the friend of *Pamela's* childhood, but also *Dido's* lover. *Dido* is by now violently in love with a French excavator of Egyptian antiquities—most of the story takes place on the banks of the Nile—and when her step-mother finds out the truth gets her to promise secrecy. *Pamela*, who hasn't blue eyes and Irish ancestry for nothing, suffers much at her husband's hands, or rather at his tongue, before Miss MACNAMARA allows them to achieve, with *Dido's* help, an even enhanced happiness. Although *Dido's* love passages with her Frenchman are a little tempestuous, reminding one of the conventional film treatment of such scenes, and although the plot turns upon such an unpleasing, though, as it happens, innocuous, incident, the book is really simple and pleasant and clean and ought to gratify a good many of those readers whose thirst is rather for entertainment than literature.

Despairing bus-driver (new to the route, to conductor who is equally ignorant). "LOOK 'ERE, BILL. I CAN'T FIND THE BLINKIN' PLACE! I'LL JUST GO ON TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE AND YOU CAN 'OLLER OUT 'STOW-ON-THE-'ILL! ALL CHANGE!' THEY'RE ALL JOY-RIDERS, ANYWAY, AND IT WON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE TO THEM."

It was, I suppose, inevitable that Mr. WARWICK W. ARMSTRONG should be constrained to write a book. Our publishers (an intelligent but imitative race) are in some danger of over-doing the excellent plan of engaging a recognised authority to write a book on his pet subject. Immaterial to them whether he knows how to write or not; he is an expert; there is sure to be a large section of the public anxious to spend money to see what he has to say. Thus Mr. W. T. TILDEN gave us *The Art of Lawn Tennis;* Messrs. BRAID and VARDON and a whole row of others their views of how to play golf; thus too Mr. ARMSTRONG steps forward with *The Art of Cricket* (METHUEN). I may as well say at once that those who procure the book hoping to find any interesting revelations of Mr. ARMSTRONG'S own personality, or any echo of the little controversies that arose during the Australian visit of last year on matters of sportsmanship, will be disappointed. The author keeps solidly to his subject, and has something useful to say on all branches of the great game, though possibly it is not always put as clearly as it might be. The pen, with him, is not mightier than the bat. But the older school of critics will be glad to note that he is impeccably sound on all the burning questions of the day. He warns young cricketers against attempting the hook, and he is all against the so called "two-eyed stance." He considers that we were astonishingly bad at running between the wickets, and that we packed our slips too closely. The general reader may yawn at this, but the keen student will no doubt read, mark and profit.

I wish Miss MARGARET PETERSON had contented herself with telling me what *Ninon* (CASSELL) did, and left me to guess why she did it. Not that I should have tried to guess for very long—nor would you—for in the first place *Ninon* is too much of a puppet to have any motives of her own, and in the second place her life is such a series of thrills that its lack of psychological coherence doesn't matter two pins. There is *Ninon* (in green gauze) preparing to leap from a sinking liner; *Ninon* lashed to the side of the strong, silent man she had so scandalized by her frivolities on board; the rescue of *Ninon* and *Dick*, and their acclamation as husband and wife by the rescue party; their marriage and their departure for East Africa. So far so good. But just before "The Last of England" *tableau* a drunken stepfather, primed with innuendo, turns up out of *Ninon's* ambiguous past; and there is a long interlude of misunderstanding between the husband and wife who would otherwise start living happily ever afterwards before they got to Africa, and leave no room for *Zidoki*. As it is, *Zidoki*, the native king who looms large in *Ninon's* flight from her husband, is the most human figure in what I can best describe, with no sense of disparagement, as an excellent deck-chair novel.

It is by no means easy to offer advice to lads and young men without providing food for the pruriently-minded, and it is much to Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL'S credit that in *Rovering to Success* (JENKINS) he tackles various problems fearlessly and at the same time avoids the pitfalls that lie in wait for writers on such delicate subjects. No one can question his zeal in the task that he has undertaken, and in this book (published at the small price of half-a-crown) it remains unabated. Possibly there may be flaws in his literary style, but the cleanness and soundness of his matter more than compensate for any defect of manner. Here he deals successively with Horses, Wine, Women, Humbugs and Irreligion, and I need hardly say that the inclusion of women in this curious assortment means no disrespect to them. One has only to read what he has written on the subject of chivalry to realize what Sir ROBERT considers the ideal attitude of men in their relations with women.

CHARIVARIA.

READERS of *The Daily News* have been discussing the propriety of allowing their children to mix casually with other children on the sands. There is, of course, the grave danger that the parents of the other children may be readers of another daily paper.

***

According to a leading veterinary surgeon the practice of kissing dogs is a factor in the spreading of pyorrhœa. No doubt this is why so many dogs prefer just to shake a paw.

***

We note that a new ball game called "Disco," which promises to have a future, has been demonstrated in Battersea Park. It remains to be seen if it will become sufficiently popular in England for a foreign country to win the championship.

***

With regard to the grouse prospects, reports from the refrigerators indicate that birds will be found well forward on the Twelfth.

***

Mr. PINHAS RUTENBERG is reported as denying that he is a second MOSES. We can only regret that the rumour was given publicity in these columns.

***

A fish twenty feet long and weighing a ton has been captured in Dundalk Bay, Ireland. A robust angler writes to say that, if it has two hooks in its mouth and shows signs of a struggle, it is the one that broke away from him a few days ago.

***

An instrument has been invented which enables people to sing without being heard outside the room. All that we now need is an appliance which enables them to sing without being heard inside the room.

***

A North of England clergyman hopes to popularise the game of draughts by arranging an inter-county competition. Our view is that it would be better to dispose of the Irish problem first.

***

Queensland is thinking of abolishing capital punishment. Amongst the more refined murderers it seems there is little demand for it.

***

According to *The Daily Express*, Mr. E. C. MCKAY, of Cleveland, Ohio, decorated a blank wall in front of his house with a landscape, and several birds trying to alight in the imaginary trees broke their necks. Need we say that Ohio is in America?

***

A Glasgow schoolmaster has reminded a London audience that Scotsmen are not always playing the bagpipes. This supports our contention that they only use them in self-defence.

***

According to a recent report, fewer postmen were bitten by dogs in 1921. It is thought that too much postman is apt to make the average dog bilious.

***

We understand that the hundred yards' sprint for plumbers' mates included in a Sports programme last week is proving a great success. The winner's name will be published as soon as he completes the course.

***

A Ford car owned by the Mayor of Hemel Hempstead has been stolen three times and restored by the police on each occasion. We wish him better luck next time.

***

"Are the poor really happy?" asks a contemporary. We never answer these personal questions.

***

"It will soon be possible to collect money by wireless," declares a daily paper. This will come as a blow to those ardent listeners-in in Aberdeen who are at present enjoying the wireless sermons.

***

"When I first saw St. Paul's as a child," writes Dean INGE, "the effect of the interior was cold, dark and dingy." This explains a good deal.

***

The Brighton Council has banned Sunday games in the local parks. The desire is to preserve the place as a sanctuary for those who run down for the week-end to escape the abandonment of London.

***

The Russian Fleet is stated to have been sufficiently repaired to enable it to manœuvre in the Baltic. There is no truth, however, in the rumour that the Bolsheviks have asked for the loan of a retired Admiral, to be locally known as Scottsky, to teach them what is the use of a battleship.

***

A Missouri woman is seeking a divorce because she has discovered that her husband wrote poetry before they were married. This only shows how advisable it is for a man to make an open confession of his dark secrets before marriage.

***

With reference to the threatened revival of the modes depicted in State portraits of eighty or ninety years ago we understand that the leading fashion topic is "If Winterhalter Comes."

***

A speaker at the British Medical Association's Congress attributed the drinking of rum-and-milk to an ancient discovery that milk inhibits intoxication. This refutes the theory that the rum is added to prevent the milk from rushing to the head and turning into butter.

***

A green monkey with a pink tail and brown eyebrows has been exhibited at the Zoological Park, Washington. Those who have inspected it say that it reminds them of the good old days before Prohibition.

***

Red Indians of the Oklahoma Reservations have barred jazz music at their tribal dances. The feeling is that the best people don't care for these American innovations.

***

People who eat in cafés often chew their food in time with the music, we read. This explains why men have been heard to ask the leader of the orchestra to play faster as they wanted to catch a train.

"THAT TAKES A BIT OF DOING, GEORGE."
"YES, I RECKON THEY PAY THEM FELLERS PRETTY HIGH, WILLIAM."
"WHICH FELLERS, GEORGE?"
"THEM FELLERS SITTING ROUND THE TABLE, WILLIAM."

THE END OF THE SEASON.

A TRIBUTE TO CERTAIN PILLARS OF SOCIETY.

YOUR term is done; the Season's toil
Has touched its final consummation;
And you who bore its dust and moil
May take a well-deserved vacation;
May doff, as you emerge from Cowes,
Your landsman's rig of old sea-rover.
And pay to Heaven your pious vows
Because the awful strain is over.

The claims of Epsom tried you hard;
Stoutly you suffered Ascot's rigours;
You went right through the Horse Show's card;
At Wimbledon you worked like niggers;
Poverty's pinch has all along
Made labour seem still more laborious,
Yet Goodwood saw you going strong
(No wonder people called it "glorious").

And now at length, your public task
Accomplished, you have won a warrant
To take your private ease, and bask
By moor and fen, by crag and torrent;
Guerdon of toil, but ah! how brief!
A few short weeks to taste its beauty—
Then Autumn and the first dead leaf
Call you to Doncaster and Duty. O. S.

WHAT'S SAUCE FOR JERRY . . .

AT income-tax time (and Buff Forms are now in season) a poor man's fancy sadly turns to thoughts of the Boche—wondering if, and when, he will make it convenient to pay something on account in the little matter of the World War which we thoughtlessly won—Heaven help us!—four years ago.

While tax-collectors are paying for the War with the lion's share of my miserable stipend, experts are debating the question, "Can Germany pay?" And they are leisurely folk (the experts, not the tax-collectors). For four years they have calmly and dispassionately considered the problem in the balmy air of all the most beautiful seaside resorts of Europe.

They say a scheme must be perfected for the economic reconstruction of Hunland. It seems, curiously enough, that Jerry is suffering from the effects of the War, poor fellow! So am I.

I have repeatedly explained to our tax-collector that I too am suffering from the effects of the War. I have told him that my economic reconstruction, like Jerry's, is a matter of some importance. I have begged him to arrange a long series of conferences—the longer the better—with all the other tax-collectors, to go thoroughly into the question of whether I can pay, and to propose schemes for repairing my fallen fortunes.

The fellow replies, on buff memoranda, with menaces:—"Unless I receive a remittance within ten days from this date . . ." And all that sort of thing.

This is stark militarism. My democratic, pacifist, 1922 blood seethes. They rattle the sabre at me, these tax-collectors. They hint darkly that my suburban Ruhr Valley will be occupied in ten days by brokers unless I jolly well stump up.

I look at my Victory Medal and ask myself, "What is the fruit of victory?" And the answer is a lemon.

This morning I read two articles on Germany by two "experts," as their papers called them. One said, "Germany is prosperous." The other said, "Germany is bankrupt." Gott strafe experts!

For example, observe the German sort. After they had won the Franco-German War of 1870 they agreed unanimously and enthusiastically that war indemnities must be paid on the spot-cash principle. To-day, however, they are agreed, unanimously again, that it is impossible to pay war indemnities at all.

"Indemnities?" says Jerry. "Indemnities? Come, come—let us talk of economics." And everybody and his secretary and his under-secretary and his typist take first-class tickets to the Riviera and talk it over.

It seems a pity that the idea of an economic reconstruction of the enemy was unknown to the arts of warfare in BISMARCK'S day. How that bluff old Prussian would have thrown himself heart and soul into the congenial and typically Prussian task of effecting the economic reconstruction of France! How eloquently he would have pleaded with Germany's bankers to lend France a few millions to be going on with! How blithely he would have hailed the New Rules of Civilised Warfare, by which it is enacted that the conqueror foots the bill!

The Great War was rich in lessons. I do hope that the richest lesson of all has been learned by the British War Office. I do trust that the General Staff have been instructed to lose the next war in order to avoid the financial inconvenience of paying the war indemnity.

Last night I dreamed a fantastic dream. I dreamed that Germany had won the War and that the KAISER and VON HINDENBURG were appealing for a loan to help us pay the indemnity due under the Treaty of London, 1918. The SUPREME WAR LORD (in my dream) delivered a moving harangue at Potsdam reproving certain sections of the German Press for demanding that the industrial districts of conquered England should be occupied by German troops unless the indemnity were paid without further delay. "We must help England," said His Majesty, "to——"

At that interesting juncture I was awakened from my dream by a loud irritating rat-tat at the front-door. It was the postman. He delivered another ultimatum from the income-tax department's chief inquisitor.

I replied in the following terms:

SIR,—Owing to the devastated regions in my banking account due to the War, it is regretted that payment of the amount due from me to the British Government is at present impossible. I beg, however, that you will not be downhearted. I may pay you some day. For, in order to induce the British Government to assist in my economic reconstruction, so to speak, I beg to inform you that I am about to become a naturalised German subject. Then we can discuss the matter in a leisurely and genial manner, as between friends.

I recommend this method to others who may desire to see the collection of Britain's taxes removed from the rude old-fashioned rut and brought into line with the more enlightened methods of modern statesmanship.

After all, what 's sauce for Jerry is sauce for Tommy too.

"GOAL FOR SALE,
Complete with Gallows and Burial Ground."—*Irish Paper.*

Very convenient for the disposal of unpopular referees.

"So far as one is able to present a comprehensive view of the military situation, it would appear, wires a Dublin correspondent, that in Leinster and throughout the midland counties the National troops have suppressed the revolt in the counties of Donegal, Mayo and Sligo."—*Daily Paper.*

It was a clever notion of the Free State censor to put these counties in the Midlands.

TINOPOLIS.

Tino. "MY CITY, I THINK."
British Tar. "WELL, THINK AGAIN."

First Lady. "I SUPPOSE YOU 'RE OFF TO THE SEA-SIDE SOON?"
Second Lady (of the New Aristocracy). "OH, WE 'VE QUITE GIVEN UP THE SEA-SIDE. WE ONLY GO TO WATERING-PLACES NOW."

"ADJOINING A GOLF-COURSE."

IT happened that I, in common with many other gentlemen who have been ruined by a spendthrift Government (you have read all about us in *The Times*), was compelled to part with an ancient home. Mine was a lovely place. In addition to being surrounded by honeysuckle and bees and cuckoos and that sort of thing, it had all those features that delight the agents—you know, heat, light and water and drains and everything that you thought every house had until you came to buy one. "A choice gentleman's freehold Tudor residence" they called it, and you would swear that no really choice gentleman could ask for more than it offered. And yet you are wrong. Hopelessly wrong. Why? Because it had no golf-course. Believe me, if you do not know it already, there is scarcely a single Englishman looking for a house to-day whose first requirement is not a golf-course outside the garden gate.

Modern drainage, Company's water, south aspect, bath h. and c.—these things count for nothing, nothing. They are the bleatings of agents who, being unable to say "adjoining famous links," are trying to make the best of a practically hopeless job.

The first man who called to inspect my house got no further than the spacious lounge hall, 34 by 22.

"Where 's the nearest course?" he demanded.

"Course?" I inquired, bewildered.

"Yes, golf-course," he explained.

"Oh, of course," I replied, but I hadn't the least idea.

He picked up his hat and gloves and made for the door. I might have been going to knock thousands off my price; I might have been going to offer him the house for nothing; he did not stay to inquire. He rushed off to find a residence up against a club-house.

It was the same with everyone.

I took the trouble to find out where the nearest golf-course was, but I gave up recommending it, as it appears that golf is a game which you have to play all day long every day, and it certainly would be rather a tiring journey to my course and back.

What was I to do? Why, what else could I do? I was bound to make a golf-course.

I got to work at once. I found the name of a gentleman entitled "Golf-course architect," and wrote to him as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have a house for sale, picture of which I enclose. It is a nice house and has been admired by thousands, but no one will buy it because there is not a golf-course leaning up against the dining-room window. As I am very anxious to sell the house, it is essential that a course be erected on the premises, and I should therefore be much obliged if you would call and put one up. I have seventeen acres of ground, which is at present laid out rather prettily, but you would, of course, be at liberty to destroy anything you like for the purpose of creating the golf-course. I hope you will manage to get on with this job at once, as I am in rather a hurry."

His reply was:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say there would not be room for any sort of golf-links to be laid out in the space at your disposal. You might have an approach and putting course, but I fear this would not help much toward the sale of your house."

I may be—I am, in fact—no golfer, but I wasn't going to be put off like

that. I decided to take the matter in hand myself, and to this end I made the cross-country journey to Ashborough Golf Club, where I interviewed the professional and ordered through him some tins to stick into the ground, some posts to stick into the tins, flags to stick on the posts, boxes to put sand in, and a couple of long white sticks known as "guide posts." I took away with me a fair impression of what a golf-course should look like, and, with the aid of my gardener and a spade and a mowing-machine, I quickly transformed my beautiful garden into a hideous links. I then advertised the place under the headline, "Golf-course outside the door," and sat down to await the avalanche.

It came. Motor-cars followed telegrams all day long, and the place was as busy as a Riviera town during a World Conference.

One day, when I had run through some four lots of disgruntled golfers who didn't seem to approve of my golf-course, there happened one of those miracles that are performed at the most unlikely moments of our lives, and just in time to save us from theft or suicide.

He was a pleasant-looking little man, with just a touch of foreign accent in his speech. He bowed and led me into the garden.

"There seem," he remarked, "a lot of people to see your house."

"Yes," I said, "it is very popular. The golf-course, you know——"

"Ah!"—he waved a deprecating hand at the course—"I do not like your golf-course."

I knew he wouldn't; nobody did.

"Oh," I replied, "it's quite a good little course. Not one of the best known, you know, but excellent in its way."

"But," he protested, "I did not know there was a golf-course here. The agents told me not."

"Dear, dear," I said, "how unreliable these agents are!"

"Yes," he went on; "but I asked them particularly, for I do not want the golf-course. It is an eyesore. Why must one have this eternal golf? It is golf everywhere."

I stared at him in amazement.

"You do not mean to tell me, Sir," I gasped, "that you want a place without a golf-course?"

"But certainly," he replied.

"Come inside," I said.

I told him the truth over a glass of wine. He smiled understanding. I wept hysteria. He bought my house, lock, stock and barrel, fixtures and fittings, excluding golf equipment, of which we made a very good bonfire.

* * * * *

Scarcely had they blotted our signatures on the agreement when I learnt that, after being visited by so many enthusiasts in answer to my advertisement of adjacent links, the country surrounding my house was simply aching to be turned into a magnificent golf-course, with the result that a course is now in process of construction which threatens to become one of the leading linkses in all the land. Not a word has been uttered about the drains, elevation, aspect or Tudor style of my house, but it has already been resold by the new owner for just twice as much as he paid me for it.

THE DAILY BLOT'S PHOTOGRAPH OF SIR X. S. PROFFIT AT HIS RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE WAS AN EXCELLENT LIKENESS OF THE GREAT MAN; BUT, ALL THE SAME, IT WAS A SINGULARLY TACTLESS MISTAKE TO PUBLISH IT THE WRONG WAY UP.

"Of 300 entries at a Yarmouth baby show, the heaviest was 41 lb."—*Evening Paper.*

One of the local bloaters, we presume.

A Chinese trade circular:—

"LATEST FACON TO MAKE MONEY.

To sell or to lend some damaged letter presses. Profed as the best machine to make money absolutely sure and without risk.

Agents or Managers with the highest connections also first class witnesses (ready mixed for use) to moderate rates in stock.

Rollectants with good passports are requested to apply to the General Manager of the UNITED SALTFISH MERCHANTS OF ASIA."

Some of the statements seem open to question; but there is no doubt about the "damaged letter-presses."

"House to be Let, 14 rooms: nice garden; £52 per annum; four gentlemen boarders and some furniture, £400."—*Daily Paper.*

But can the gentlemen boarders be regarded as fixtures?

EARLY EFFORTS.

VI.

I HAVE just had another stroke of luck in retrieving from a Tidborough School waste-paper basket a very youthful essay written by the author of those well-known books, *If Winter Comes* and *This Freedom*. One can see in it the germs of that lyrical style which has been so justly admired, especially in the latter book. Even in those early days the symptoms of rhapsody had begun, and I think it is a great pity that efforts were made to suppress them. Efforts certainly were made, and at the end of this essay I have chosen to preserve the foolish comments of the schoolmaster who corrected it. Supposing that he still lives, I wonder what he thinks of himself now.

RALEIGH AND THE CLOAK.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

Sir Walter comes. We 'll see him then.

It 's Devon's tanned him, wired his limbs and firmed and lithed them so. Waggo his men called him. What would you else? Their leader — tanned and wired and lithed, though not yet has he sailed in good ship to bring back that root esculent, that root nutritive, not yet to bring back that other plant, plant odorous, plant consolatory, that are to be his name and fame. Sir Walter comes.

Struggling Author. "THERE WAS A LOT OF PAPER ON MY DESK. WHAT HAS BECOME OF IT?"

Cleaner. "I THREW IT OUT. I THOUGHT IT WAS WASTE-PAPER."

Struggling Author. "IT WASN'T WASTE-PAPER. I HAVEN'T WRITTEN ANYTHING ON IT YET."

He stands there on the street. Mud everywhere, rain-puddles gleaming from fall of recent storm, there in the street he stands. Thoughtful he, oh, thoughtful, and England, always England, ever uppermost in breast of him. He stands there. Sir Walter. He.

Who comes then now? Oh wonderful, who?

Elizabeth. Yes.

Elizabeth here now, that woman that then was England's Queen, the Queen of England, beheld by us advancing, stepping slowly towards him, courtiers about her, complaisant, obsequious, the Queen of England, England's Queen, England's Virgin Queen.

His Queen! And he, Sir Walter, how should not over and about him now, seeing her thuswise stepping, memories of old chivalry, all ancient desire to do leal service as knights in tournament listed for battle of champions, glove upon helmet high, come rushing, come flooding, as floods a flood a pasture in flood time when rivers overflow. He felt like that.

His Queen!

His!

He tore off cloak.

Oh wonderful. This man that in days to come, and soon, is to plough Spanish seas, loot great galliasses, oh, but for England, ah, yes, but for England's sake, and bring to Plymouth Harbour back such spoil of gold, stands there with cloak in hand, stands there with cloak outspread, stands there with figure bent, bows down as bowing menials bow, and not ashamed.

His Queen. For her. Oh wonderful.

Of cramoisie the cloak, dight richly but oh richly, and this the taking off leaves body in cambric shirt-sleeves chill to bite and rustle of cold wind, whipped through by stings of it yet feeling not those stings for very warmth of loyalty that surges up suffusing cheek and bosom, occluding pain.

"Ods bodikins," he says. 'Twas so now as always his way was, you heard him speak, and "My halidom," he says, and then "Gadzooks," he says. There 's never other expletive passed his lips or man heard him say but those when Spaniard smote, pin pricked or button irked, tripped peel of orange on pavement kerb and threw.

So now.

"Ods bodikins." "My halidom." "Gadzooks." No more.

Then smiled.

His Queen. Most wonderful. His Queen.

And stooped so smiling now with cloak outspread, and laid in puddle flat and mired that same with slime for pathway of those feet, oh glorious feet, the Queen of England's feet, and bowing stepped aside.

She went over.

His Queen. And very graciously thus passing as her small feet lightly trod thereon, ruffled, flounced, superb, gave thanks with lifted arch of brow, acknowledged service, smiled, she too, reply.*

He picked it up. Oh, picked it up and mired and fouled to eye but not to heart of him. There 's love there, love. Not selfish love, call it not that, mere man's for woman, a bodily thing, but passionless as loves the sun the stars, the moon the tide, for England's sake his love but not for woman, no, for Virgin Queen.

Oh wonderful. His Virgin Queen.

He picked it up.

A button crushed where foot had trod, where foot had printed glorious print of heel, button crushed, no more. He kissed the place. He put it on. Was ever nobler mire?

His Queen.

[*Too flowery. You seem to have got the facts fairly right, but the grammar and syntax are thoroughly slovenly and disgraceful. Rewrite in English, trying to remember that an English sentence consists of subject and predicate, and bring to me before second school tomorrow. $\frac{2}{10}$.] EVOE.

* Schoolmaster's note.

What Happened to Canute.

Extract from a small child's examination paper:—

"Canute proved that he was not king, because he sat in his chair by the water and told the sea to keep back, but it came and washed his feet away."

"Was it not Shakspeare who, finding himself at a loss for words one day, could only exclaim: 'Wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful! and yet again wonderful.'"—*Weekly Paper.*

But when was SHAKSPEARE at a loss for words?

"We regret to state that Mr. —— who is seriously indisposed at his residence showed slight signs of improvement yesterday."

West Indian Paper.

We gather that Mr. —— is not a popular member of the community.

THE BEAGLE PUPPIES: A STORY WITH A STING.

THE NEW SUIT.

WHEN it was announced that we had all been made honorary members of the club during our enforced stay in harbour, Charles suggested that we should make ourselves beautiful and go ashore and see how they cooked.

To avoid the appearance of advertising I feel that I must conceal the name of the town and that of the club; suffice it to say that on inspection it proved to be a singularly well-organised place. I can describe its merits very shortly by saying that everything that we took to counteract the effects of the heat was pre-war.

Our dinner over, we make for the smoking-room and ordered coffee, and Morris proposed bridge; I was detailed to find a fourth.

There was no one in the smoking-room, so I wandered upstairs and eventually came upon the card-room. This too was empty, save for one man crumpled up and sleeping in a chair by one of the tables. As I had by this time been over most of the building without finding anyone but an occasional waiter, I decided to risk a rebuff and wake the fellow. It did not require very much energy to produce the desired result, the first touch on his arm bringing him back to consciousness with a jerk.

"Excuse me, Sir," I began, "but there are three of us just ashore for the evening and we were looking for a fourth for bridge; I wonder if you——" But he interrupted me before I could finish my sentence.

"Never, never again. Not after an experience such as I have just had."

"Run of bad luck?" I queried.

"Bad luck? No, far worse than that. I—— But if you care to listen I will tell you the whole thing exactly as it happened."

I mumbled assent. It seemed impossible to do otherwise.

"We sat down to bridge," he continued, "directly after lunch and I could not hold a card. Five rubbers in succession I lost. We were playing pretty high stakes and drinks were circulating very freely—long glasses of Crème de Menthe and Green Chartreuse and soda, which are by way of being the favourite drinks here. Feeling that my luck must change, I offered, after consulting my partner, to double the stakes, a proposal that was accepted with alacrity by our opponents.

"I have no very clear recollection of the next few hands, but I know I continued to lose and to lose a great deal more than I cared to think about. Things must at length have taken a change for the better, because the next thing that I remember was that we were in the middle of a rubber, game all, and our opponents had just gone down a hundred. The man on my right dealt and said 'No.' I looked at my hand and could hardly believe my eyes: I had four Aces, four Kings, four Queens and a Knave. I controlled my voice with difficulty and called seven no-trumps, and to my immense surprise was doubled by the man on my left! I looked at my hand again. No, there was no mistake, so naturally I re-doubled. The thing was a cast-iron certainty.

"And then—then the amazing, the frightful thing happened: the man on my left led, and he led a card from a green suit that I had never seen before."

He buried his head in his hands and shivered.

Finding no words to express my surprise, I got to my feet and, closing the door behind me, stole quietly downstairs.

Coming into the smoking-room I was just in time to countermand Morris's order for two large Crème de Menthes and soda and substitute a request for lime-juice, though Charles explained that the drinks that they had ordered had been recommended by the waiter as the club's speciality.

HOLIDAY FASHIONS.

(*Modish Musings after a well-known Model.*)

WITH the close of the season a new spirit comes over the sartorial dreams of all sensible people. Comfortable clothes are what everyone wants on a holiday, and no clothes could be more comfortable than those which are being worn this summer. Superficially viewed by the untutored observer they seem to strike a note of excessive simplicity, as though the plumage of the seagull and not that of the peacock were the ideal aimed at. But, while anyone can achieve a white skirt, a woolly jumper and a squash hat, with white shoes and stockings, infinite possibilities of variety are to be found in the choice of materials. The skirt may be in kasha, in fluted cherimoya or in unbleached pangofflin; the jumper may be in desiccated gagalit, or flaxite, or albino georgette. Over it there should certainly be one of the new loose but cosy coats in some material like piperazine or carmelite-de-laine, trimmed with silver tissue, with an enharmonic counterpoint of miramar.

It must never be forgotten that in summer clothes, as indeed in all clothes, it is cut and quality that tell. It is rarely economical to get anything but the best in woollen materials, and now that wool is in fashion the question of shrinking assumes an acute and painful importance. In particular the shrinkage of cheap stockings has ere now brought untold misery on many happy homes. To spare the wool spoils the child in the true sense of the word. So too with hats and shoes. Girls may indulge in a great variety of headwear, provided they abstain from cheap materials. The amblongus patty-pan hat should be anathema to any right-minded girl. A crinoline hat of mirliton straw is always pleasing, and no trimming is necessary beyond a cluster of synthetic cherry-blossom caught up with pegamoid insertions, a salmi of Brussels lace and, in the dog-days, a tubular lightning-conductor of Velasquez aluminium. For shoes the Plimsoll brogue is to be recommended, with stout saxophone soles and pink okapi-hide laces.

Bathing-dresses should be marked by the same frugality and simplicity. The Periclean tunic and the Mæso-Gothic maillot are the most convenient. In malvoisie, charalampia and brilliantine-proof butter-paper they look well and may be recommended with impunity to persons of good circulation. For a bathing-cloak a white Bollandist quilt looks well; and here the choice of colour is less restricted. In crimson crash it may have putty-coloured bands as a trimming. In Mazawattee mauve it should be trimmed with buttercup-yellow gargoylettes. In salmon, to be thrown over a black bathing-suit, it is trimmed with cucumber-green. Flame satin always looks well, and allows of polyphonic variations in radio or trombone trimmings; but the vivid shades of a year ago are not permissible.

To sum up, discretion rather than delirium is the note of Deauville this summer. But I cannot too earnestly impress on all right-minded women to avoid cheap materials as they would the plague, and practise a true economy by a generous outlay on the things that matter. For the wise votaries of Mode, as a great writer has recently observed, do not hold money in disdain, neither do they hold it in vast respect. They transmute it into other things—into movement and laughter, into ninon and georgette, cloth of silver, girdles of pearls and orgulous ostrich feathers.

"HAMPSHIRE *v.* WARWICKSHIRE.
At Southampton.
WARWICKSHIRE.
Smith, not out ..£..£..£....£..£..£..£ 56"
Evening Paper.

The scorer appears to have made sure that SMITH should get his talent-money.

"Nurse wanted; one boy aged 14 months; willing to do own nurseries and washing."
Daily Paper.

Handy little fellow!

Visitor to very quiet seaside place. "AND WHAT EVER DO YOU PEOPLE DO WITH YOURSELVES IN THE WINTER?"
Landlady. "OH, WE TALKS AND LAUGHS ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHAT STAYS 'ERE IN THE SUMMER."

MY WIFE'S NEW HAT.

THE first mistake I made was in not recognising for myself the fact that it was a new hat; but when my wife said, "How do you like my new hat?" I knew at once from her tone that no wife should even have had to put such a question to any husband who was anything like what a proper husband should be. In a momentary lapse due to agitation I said, "It's a very sensible hat." Now, no woman wants a sensible hat any more than she wants a hat in which she looks either good or innocent. At any rate, innocence in a hat, if it is to be tolerated by a woman, must be so provocative that it invites every passer-by to an intrigue.

What my wife really wants—and she is quite typical; she might be anybody's wife—is for everyone to think, and me to say, the instant I see the thing for the first time, "By Jove! that's a wicked little hat you've got." One can make any reflections one likes upon the morality of the hat, but one must not call it sensible.

Also one has got to be jolly careful about guessing the price. Before you can come out of that dangerous game with any credit you must study the subject for years and years. And you have, in the first place, to understand your wife. Guess too much, much too much, and some wives will burst into tears and bitterly defend themselves against a hundred unuttered charges of extravagance; guess too little, and you may see the worst passions cloud the face which you so dearly love—hatred of a man who thinks practically anything is good enough for his wife so long as he does himself well; contempt for the so-called business man who really knows so deplorably little of what decent things cost, and a savage vow not to be so stupidly economical next time. The movements of the female mind are always rapid; in a wife, especially an experienced wife, their rapidity is so intensified as to render them practically invisible to the ordinary husband.

Then again you must give more study to milliners' windows, especially those of the furtive little shops with baby-names in the secondary streets; the big shops only serve to give you a kind of grounding and help you to get to know what hats people are wearing, which is not of much use because when everybody is wearing them no really tasteful woman would be seen dead in one.

Another thing: if your wife is economical or has spent all her money on something else, which really comes to much the same thing, and if she has her old brown straw with the red cherries re-dyed a jet black and turned up at one side with a daringly red rose underneath, just over her left ear, don't be such a blithering ass as to say, "Hullo! I see you've had that old hat of yours altered again." No wife will be economical if that's all she's going to get for it.

There are times, you must believe me, when the wise husband should pretend to be as foolish as his wife thinks he is. It comes easily after some years of practice; quite the cleverest man I know, alert as a lynx in his own business, successfully poses at home as a good-natured duffer. His wife adores the dear old silly, and, if she ever wonders how on earth any man of such limited capacity manages to earn as good a living as he does, the solution which she reaches is so flattering to her sex that it makes her love him all the more. *He* never tells his wife she's got a sensible hat!

Village Blacksmith. "WHY, WHAT BE THE MATTER, JARGE?"
Jarge (pulling himself together). "SQUIRE THINKS HE BE WALKIN' A COUPLE O' PUPS; BUT I RECKON THEY BE WALKIN' HE."

A CLERICAL SCANDAL.

ALL my life I have wanted an advowson. And now at last—but I am forgetting; you don't know what an advowson is. Let 's look it up.

Taking down your well-thumbed *Law Lexicon*, we read that an ADVOWSON is "a right of presentation to, or the patronage of, a church or spiritual living . . . Consult *Mirehouse on Advowsons*, pp. 1—6."

Someone has borrowed your *Mirehouse*, confound it; but the main facts are clear enough. And—this is the thrilling thing—now at last *there is an advowson going.*

It was in the Agony Column of *The Times* I saw it, I need hardly say:—

"ADVOWSON.—For Sale, the Advowson of a living in —— Counties; income, chiefly tithe, about £850 net; fine church, large vicarage; small town, station one mile; present incumbent over 75 years of age.—Q. 980." (This was not the advertiser's real name. I made it up.)

I wrote to him at once.

£850! £850 net! Take down your *Topham's Real Property*, and you will see that—

"An advowson of a vicarage is the right to appoint a vicarius or vicar when the rectory has become vested in a lay person . . . At the present day the rector is often a lay person *who receives the tithes* and has the right of appointing the vicar." (*Italics mine.*)

I walk on air. I am going to be a rector—a lay impropriator; as that doesn't sound quite nice, a rector. Already I see myself the patron of that fine church in the small town, raking in the £850 net. I shall repaper the vicarage. I expect the present incumbent has let it get into a sad mess.

Poor old fellow—over seventy-five! One is almost sorry for him; though, of course, it is no concern of ours. A jolly old boy, I picture him, but a little doddery now, perhaps. No doubt Q980 has been keeping a watchful eye upon him lately. You see, you have to be very careful about selling advowsons. You can't sell them while the benefice is *vacant*. That 's simony.

So if the old man dies before Q980, it 's all up with my scheme. I feel sure that Q980 would shrink from making a simoniacal contract. So should I.

Over seventy-five years of age. I like the delicate wording of that. You or I would have put it more bluntly, "Over seventy-five and not expected to last much longer." But Q980 is a man of finer feelings. Undue squeamishness, I think, though I admire him for it. Business is business.

And frankly it will be a great nuisance if the old man insists on living for another twenty years. But no doubt he will see the force of that.

I shall use the strictest economy about the new appointment. Too much of the £850 must not be squandered on the incumbent's stipend. No, in these hard times one should be able to secure some quite inexpensive bachelor vicar—something at about £300 a year, say. That will leave me with an income of £550 *net*—chiefly tithe, I know, but I don't object to that.

But how am I to find this man? I could lay my hand on a dozen first-class Private Secretaries at any moment, but unemployed clergymen are rarer birds.

I shall try the Club first. I see it all. I sit down casually and have a cocktail with somebody; and at about the second cocktail I assume a pensive air; and the other man says, "What 's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," I say. "Well, as a matter of fact, I 'm a little worried about my advowson."

"That 's bad," says he politely. "You don't look well. Have another?"

"Thanks. The fact is my benefice is vacant, and I 'm looking for a new incumbent. Do you know of a nice cheap Vicar?"

"Afraid not. Well, cheer-o."

In this way I am bound to hear of something sooner or later if I am still allowed in the Club (men have been expelled for less).

Then will come the examination of the candidates. I wonder how other advowson-owners engage their Vicars. No doubt it is much the same as engaging a cook, and the first questions are obvious:—

"Can you preach?"

"Have you a sense of humour?"

"Do you say 'glorious' or 'glowrious'?"

But I shall go further than that. One cannot be too careful. Probably I shall make all the candidates preach me a trial sermon, allotting marks for brevity, sincerity, commonsense, brevity, intelligibility and brevity. This should be the universal practice in these affairs, though I fear that if it were there would be few pulpits occupied.

Which gives me an idea. We advowson-owners must stand together; we must keep in touch, like the owners of mining royalties. I shall form a Union, to be called the Incorporated Society of Advowsoneers. We shall have a common policy and lots of regulations. For instance, no member will be allowed to select a Vicar without proper precautions, such as I have indicated. Thus we shall do an immense public service.

And we shall have an Annual Dinner, and compare notes about the ages of our incumbents.

Otherwise, when the appointment has once been made, I suppose one's interest tends to flag, though, with such a property, one could never be really dull again. Life is uncertain, you see, and at any moment it may be necessary to make a new appointment. You take me? Quite.

And then one might keep the interest alive *artificially*. I wonder whether it would be good form to choose none but very aged Vicars—no one under seventy-five years of age, shall we say? I must ask Q980.

Yes, this thing has got hold of me thoroughly, and I fear that ultimately it may become a kind of craze. Already I find myself indulging the most grandiose visions. I shall buy up every advowson in the market. (There is another in *The Times* to-day.) I shall *collect* advowsons. I shall become the Advowson King. And when I am tired of it I shall just sell the whole collection to America

For that matter I have a good mind to sell this one. I foresee that this business is going to involve me in a good deal of work and worry. Times are hard and I might be wise to sell out at a good profit while I can. Now is the time. There is many an American connoisseur in the country at this moment who would be glad to take a genuine old English advowson home to his wife. Old masters are *vieux jeu* nowadays, and Norman castles are not too mobile. But an advowson can be carried in the hip-pocket, and I doubt if there is a single millionaire in the States with the power to present a Vicar to a small town in ——shire.

But somehow I keep thinking of the present incumbent. Poor old fellow! But no, we mustn't be sentimental about *him*. This is business.

* * * * *

Later.—I have heard from Q.980. A nice letter. He says there are four acres of glebe.

I wrote to him again—a plain frank question. I had his answer to-day. He says: "In the event of purchase you would have a right of patronage only. You would not be in any way in the position of a Lay Impropriator, nor would you be able to receive any part of the income. The Incumbent receives the whole of the income."

Sickening! Scandalous! Well, I shan't buy it. I shall look out for a better one.

And meanwhile I hope the present incumbent lives to be a hundred-and-fifty.

A. P. H.

Provincial (after fall of curtain on Act II.). "What's the next Act about?"
His Wife (consulting programme). "Says 'ere, 'Act III. same as Act I.'"
Provincial. "What, all over again? Not me. Let's 'op it!"

Mistress. "I REALLY MUST GET ANOTHER KITCHEN-MAID, COOK. JANE IS SO CARELESS AND BEHAVING SO BADLY. DO YOU THINK MRS. SMITH'S REGISTRY-OFFICE IS A GOOD ONE?"

Cook. "OH, NOT SO BAD, MA'AM. THAT'S WHERE I GOT YOU."

THE KESWICK DRIVER.

FROM Keswick Town to Borrowdale
Beneath the loud Lodore
I take my team through Derwent Vale,
My staunch and dauntless four;
By Falcon Crag and Castle Hill
Their lead-bars lift and swing,
And stepping with a right good will
They make the lake-road ring.

By farm and church and lone hotel
They thread the narrowing way
Till, closing inward, peak and fell
Rise round us gaunt and grey;
And up the arduous path they go
With shoulders collar-strained
Till, the last larchwood left below,
The crown at last is gained.

Down the high crag of Honister
The tinkling slate-stone falls
From where unseen the quarrier
Toils on its steep grey walls;
And circling round its rampart crest
The great hawks dive and climb
In that unending mountain quest
That takes no heed of time.

The shadows on the peaks are blue,
The rock ravines are black;
We sink the hill with chain and "shoe"
And collars riding slack,
Till safely through the outcrop slate
The team with jingling gear
Takes up the road by bank and gate
That leads to Buttermere.

Watered and rested, groomed and fed,
Once more with straining bars
They face the winding steeps ahead
As though to climb the stars;
Once more the high tops left and right,
Once more the mists of blue;
Once more the pause upon the height,
Once more the chain and shoe!

And so we pass the hills of charm
That slope on either hand
And, swinging down by fold and farm,
Come back to planted land;
And through the shades of Portinscale,
By Greta's guiding stream,
The children on the pathway hail
My tired head-tossing team.

But they've a pride to hold and keep
And they've a trust to bear;
The road was long, the passes steep,
But each has pulled his share;
And now, heads high, with quickened pace,
Arched necks and lifted knees,
They thunder through the market-place
As proudly as you please.

From Keswick Town to Windermere
And round the Thirlmere ring,
From Bassenthwaite to Bowness Pier
The carburettor's king;
But we can climb where engines fail
And, conquerors of the crest,
We rule the road from Borrowdale
To where the brown hawks nest.

W. H. O.

"AT THE DUBLIN SYNOD.

Mr. —— appealed to the clergy to take greater and more active part in temperance work and to give up dancing."—*Irish Paper.*

For our part we are glad in present circumstances that they have the heart to dance.

Note recently received by an elementary schoolmaster:—

"Sir,—Sorry Cicel could not come yesterday as his feet were so wet and he did not have any more to put on."

THE DEBTORS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Paterfamilias (*turning up at the last moment*). "EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR?"

Materfamilias (*who has had all the packing to do*). "YES, DAVID, EXCEPT THAT I HADN'T TIME TO TIDY UP THE HOUSE, AND OUR LITTLE EDGE FELL OUT OF THE 'BUS AT THE LAST MOMENT."

COLONEL AMERY, SIR A. MOND, DR. MACNAMARA, LORD WINTERTON, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, SIR R. HORNE, MR. CHURCHILL, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, SIR L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, MR. NEAL AND CAPTAIN GUEST.

Monday, July 31st.—Before resuming the debate on their own reform the Lords enjoyed a pleasant little interlude on the question of "Keep to the Left." It was begun by Lord MAYO, who admitted the impossibility of forcing free and independent citizens (especially ladies) to walk on one side or the other, but urged that the Home Office should give a lead in the matter. If Mr. SHORTT would walk down Whitehall with a sandwich-board advertising the life-saving advantages of the new method it would no doubt have more effect than Lord MEATH'S inculcation of "Left, please" appears to have had. Lord TEYNHAM, however, was sceptical. If "safety first" was really to be the rule then everyone would try to walk in the middle of the pavement, and chaos would result. True to his patronymic, Lord ONSLOW, for the Government, deprecated haste, and advised the partisans of the Left to content themselves for the present with "a process of peaceful penetration."

In the opinion of Lord SALISBURY the only reform of the House of Lords that will do the country any real good is to scrap the Parliament Act, and enable the Peers, as in 1909, to force a Dissolution. The LORD CHANCELLOR, who incidentally revealed the fact that as plain "F. E." he opposed the action of the Lords in that fateful year, was very sarcastic at the expense of the newly-elected leader of the Die-hards. He agreed with him, however, that it would never do to leave the Throne the only hereditary office in the State. Indeed, with scant respect to some of his colleagues, he deprecated the introduction of the elective element into that ancient House, and advised the Peers to get rid of their drones and popinjays, but otherwise to go the whole hereditary hog.

Something seems to have gone wrong with the delivery of the Order-Papers in the House of Commons, and for a few minutes the occupants of the Press Gallery had to listen to Ministerial answers to Questions whose subject-matter they could only conjecture. It might have been better for the PRIME MINISTER if the shortage had continued until his "turn" was completed, for in that case his halting replies to a series of highly inconvenient inquiries regarding the Honours Commission and other problems might have escaped publicity. Eventually he took refuge in the plea that "a process of cross-examination will never deal with matters of this kind," and provoked from Colonel ASHLEY the retort that it is always the inconvenient questions that remain unanswered.

Devices intended for the comfort of the members of "the best club in London" do not always work out as desired. Mr. GIDEON MURRAY declared that the rattle of the "annunciator" in the Strangers' Dining Room interfered with the convenience of visitors—one of them, from the provinces, being said to have complained that he could not hear himself eat; and Colonel DALRYMPLE WHITE drew attention to an even worse outrage—the electric fans in the Harcourt Room disturb the coiffures of the lady-guests. The CHAIRMAN OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE, fearful of being accused of a deep design to sport with the tangles of Neæra's hair, hastened to state that steps were being taken to "prevent a recurrence of the tragedies reported in the Question."

The "great glove fight," as it has been called, over the administration of the Safeguarding of Industries Act turned out, as such contests are apt to do, something of a fiasco. Mr. BALDWIN, who apparently studies theology in his leisure moments, declared that, as the impugned Orders were "immanent" in the measure as passed, anyone who voted for the Act was bound to vote for the Orders; Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. BONAR LAW made speeches recalling their old battles over Tariff Reform; a few Lancashire Members (including the Member for Bolton, who has given up his place in the Ministry and become the EDGE of Beyond) voted against the Order; but the Government survived with the comfortable majority of 164. A few Wee Frees and Labour men kept the House sitting till 3 A.M.

Tuesday, August 1st.—A week ago the Peers decided, against the advice of the Government, to discourage the trade in worn-out horses by insisting that a veterinary's fee of twenty pounds should be charged for every animal exported. This afternoon, at the instance of the Duke of BUCCLEUCH, who spoke in the interests of the horse-breeders, they reduced the fee to five shillings. That meant, Lord LAMBOURNE said, that the trade would go on practically as it did at present.

A journey on the Bagdad Railway must be full of varied interest. The northern section is worked by the Kemalists and the next by the French. Then comes a stretch which, according to Lord CRAWFORD, is "in a neglected condition." Finally, if still surviving, the through-passenger arrives at a section controlled by the Iraq Administration, which is said to be in good condition. Nevertheless the traveller who desires real excitement should take a ticket from Dublin to Cork.

Led by Mr. HOGGE and Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN the Wee Frees avenged themselves for their last night's defeat by objecting to all the Private Bills on the Paper. I don't think Sir DONALD MACLEAN, as a former Chairman of Committee, quite saw the logic or propriety of punishing municipal bodies for the sins of the Government.

A good retort came from the FINANCIAL SECRETARY to the War Office in reply to a suggestion from Viscount CURZON (whose disregard of the speed-limit is a by-word) that he should test the condition of a certain stretch of road under the control of his Department by taking a run over it "in a War Office car." "I don't mind going in a War Office car," replied Colonel STANLEY, "but"—emphatically—"I won't go with the noble lord."

To the relief of most Members of the House Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY did not appear in his place to show cause why he should not be expelled the House. The SPEAKER read a long letter from him, curiously characteristic both of his strength and his weakness. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made the motion for his expulsion in few and almost formal words; and Colonel JOHN WARD, while disclaiming any personal acquaintance with the man, felt impelled, "remembering the remarkable position he occupied in the country," to express his personal regret.

"BOWLED AGAIN FUST BALL, THOMAS?"
"AY—'TWEREN'T MIDDLE STUMP, THOUGH."

Wednesday, August 2nd.—To a suggestion from Admiral SUETER that the Admiralty should try the effect of dropping heavy bombs on one of our obsolete battleships before spending sixteen millions on building two new ones, Mr. AMERY replied that experiments of that kind had already been made, and that the Admiralty was satisfied that "under service conditions" no existing aeroplane could destroy a battleship. Comments upon this statement from Sir PERCY SCOTT and his midshipman are awaited.

If the battleships are to be built, Mr. FOOT is convinced that one of them should be built at Devonport, and declined to be put off with Mr. AMERY's excuse that it would take two years to lengthen one of the slips there sufficiently. Other dockyard representatives were swift to improve the occasion. Lady ASTOR, who, where the interests of her constituents are concerned, is a veritable daughter of the horse-leech, excitedly declared that, if her representations had been attended to, the slip would have been ready long ago; and Sir C. KINLOCH COOKE, refusing on this occasion to act on the maxim, "*Place aux dames*," with equal insistence claimed priority for himself. The SPEAKER, who knows his dockyard Members, drily remarked, "This competition takes up too much time."

Mr. WHITLEY was indeed unusually bright, owing no doubt to the prospect of a three months' release from the Chair. When somebody wanted to know whether the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, in the case of conflicting instructions from his brace of Chiefs, would obey Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL or Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD, the SPEAKER delighted the Opposition with the remark that "The Government is supposed to be united."

"Mr. ——, who termed himself a world trotter, and who has already accomplished 8,000 miles of the journey around the globe, has arrived in Bombay. He Aaims to be, amongst other things, the first clotter to trot the complete length of the trrabian Sea Coast."—*Indian Paper.*

Judging by the effect of his visit upon our contemporary he must be awfully good at clotting.

"A DEMOCRAT'S HONOURS LIST.—The London *Times* has published figures showing the remarkable increase in the honours granted by Mr. Lloyd George. For the first six months of 1922 he has created 10 peerages, 7 Privy Councillors, 30 baronetcies and 141 imprisonment with hard labour."

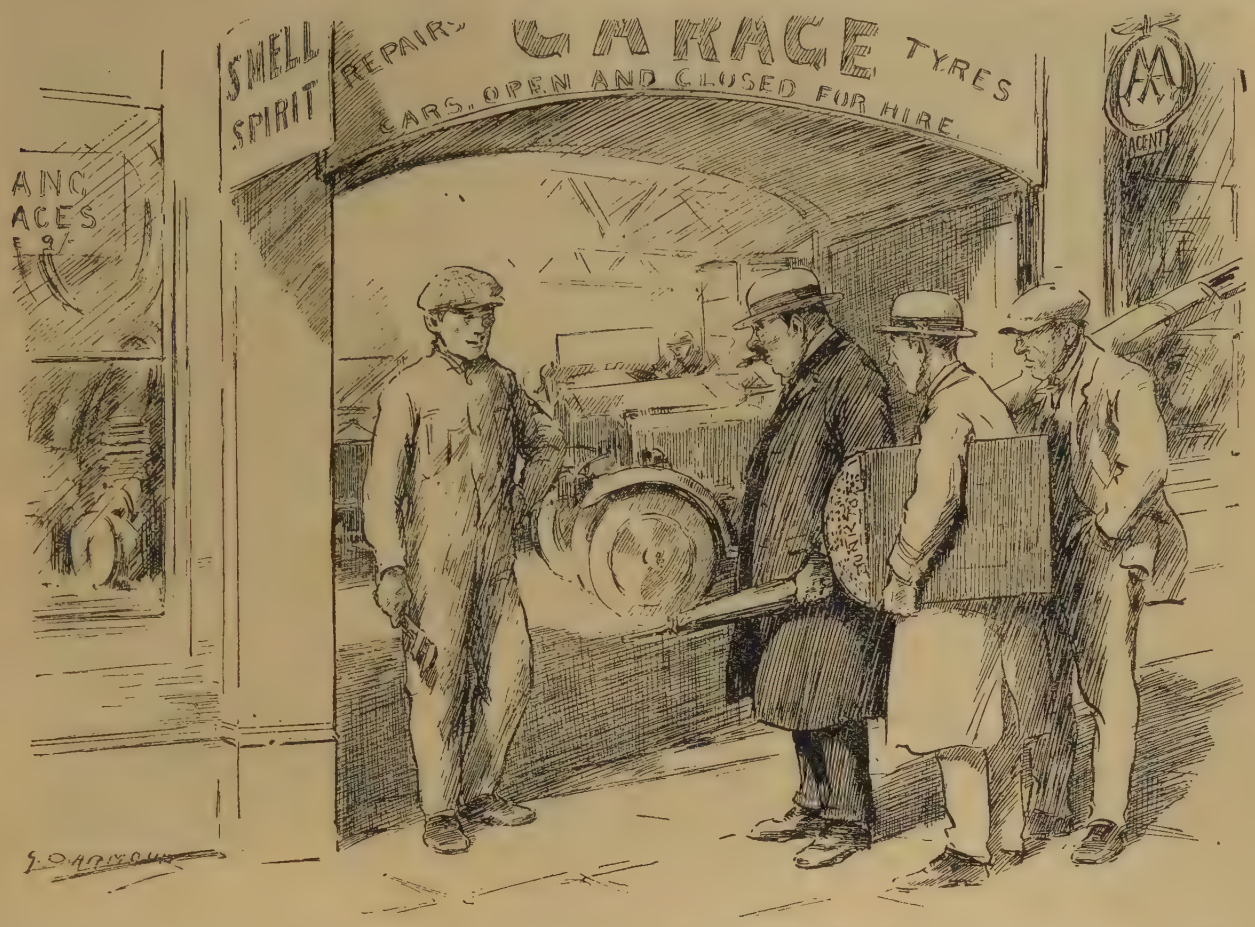
South African Paper.

In the case of the last-mentioned we have heard no suggestion of any contribution to party-funds.

"When speaking of women Egyptologists one must not leave out the name of Miss Murray, who lectures at University College and has written much on Ancient Egypt for the learned and the unlearned.

Under the latter head come those who know no more of Horus and Orisis than they have picked up in her delightful collection of Egyptian fairy-tales."—*Evening Paper.*

Even to those who come under the former head "Orisis" remains a bit of a mystery.



Garage Man. "WANT A FAST CAR TO TAKE YOU TO THE RACES? WHY, THE SLOWEST CAR WE'VE GOT WILL GET YOU THERE IN PLENTY OF TIME."

Spokesman of Welsher Gang. "BLESS YER 'EART, IT AIN'T THE GETTIN' THERE; IT'S THE GETTIN' AWAY."

THE GOLDEN GRASSHOPPER.

(*There is a weathercock over the Royal Exchange in the shape of a golden grasshopper.*)

'Twas told of old how the grasshopper was
The prince of improvidence,
How he never got on in the world because
Of his terrible want of sense,
His gay incompetence;
Then isn't it, isn't it, Madam or Sir,
Then isn't it passing strange,
That sign of the giddy grasshopper
Over the grey Exchange?

For there the busiest bees find bowers,
For there they hum and hive
The heavy honey of iron flowers
As fast as their wits can drive,
Till it damns their souls alive.
What mockery hoist him swinging there
To make old Mammon laugh,
That feckless child of the sunshine fair,
Instead of the golden calf?

He sees how millionaires are made
And the Midas touch come true,
But he sees how fortunes melt and fade,
For Luck's a weathercock too,
And turns as weathercocks do;
He hears of discount and loan and rate,
Dull matters, you'll all concur,
That one doesn't at once associate
With a chirruping grasshopper.

Maybe he's a locust in disguise
That eats the other chap's chance,
As we all of us must who would win a prize
In the schools of High Finance,
Where the dollars spin and dance,
And the motto of life for every man
Who's east of Temple Bar,
Is, buy at a discount when you can
And sell it 'em back at par.

But there he reigns mid the winds that blow,
Mid the echoes of pounds and pence;
He's risen a bit in the world, you know,
In spite of his want of sense,
His gay incompetence;
So, though Luck's a weathercock, Madam or Sir,
That veers like the winds that range,
May ours hold gay as a grasshopper,
A song-in-the-sunshine grasshopper,
And gold as my golden grasshopper
Over the grey Exchange!

"SPORTS NOTICES.
INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY COUNCIL.
PUBLIC MEETING, KINGSWAY HALL."
Daily Paper.

We frankly admit to having betted at Longchamps, Ostend and Pau, but as a general rule we do not touch Foreign Races.

"Early in August the Prince of Wales will be the guest of Lord and Lady Wimborne at Ashby St. Ledgers Hall, near Rugby. The —— *Daily Press* understands that since the visit is to be of a purely private nature he will assume a non-de-plume."—*Provincial Paper.*

In other words His Royal Highness will not wear his feathers.

A correspondent complains that his gas bill for last quarter is a flagrant example of therminological inexactitude.

THE ELEVENTH MAN.

A CRICKET ROMANCE.

"MARRY a man who lives for Ludo?" exclaimed Geraldine. "Never! A cricketer or nobody for me. You may ask me again when——"

"When I have played cricket for the county?" said Roderick.

"Exactly," said Geraldine. "But how did you guess?"

"I know a magazine situation when I meet one," replied Roderick. "You shall hear from me in due course. Till then good-bye."

* * * * *

Roderick was not a cricketer—never had been—but the notion intrigued him strangely. The county—dear old Rutland! . . . He went straight to the Free Library, took out a book on cricket and, after looking at the pictures, decided to be a bowler.

That was in April. First, Roderick mugged up theory. By the middle of May he could draw a sketch plan of a long-hop, with dotted lines and footnotes. Then, early in June, he took a ball into his hand. He practised in all his spare time from sunrise to sunset. His muscles hardened and his face became sun-tanned. Sometimes he practised by moonlight, but the effect upon his complexion was negligible.

Meanwhile, chaperoned by her Aunt Minnie, Geraldine followed the Rutland eleven everywhere. One day, while she was at Appleby for the Westmorland match, the postman brought her a card saying just this: "Bank Holiday—Huntingdon—Be there!"

Roderick's handwriting! Of course she was there. So was Roderick. But I anticipate.

* * * * *

There was a man named Spallow—Stephen Spallow—who played for Rutland. He was a fast bowler, the fastest in all Rutland. Roderick chose Spallow as the man in whose place he would play against Huntingdon. I hardly like to say how he managed it, but all 's fair in love and war.

He got in touch with Spallow's housekeeper and found that money lured her. To be exact, five pounds lured her.

So on the day of the match, when Spallow got up in plenty of time to cycle into Oakham to catch the Huntingdon express, he was thrown into a violent rage by the disappearance of his match-trousers, which he had put under the mattress to press, as he always did, being very careful of his turn-out.

"Where's my practice pair?" he snapped.

"Not back from the wash, Sir," said the housekeeper.

Spallow snorted, just as he did when a batsman swept him through the slips for six.

"Wear the grey, Sir," suggested the hypocritical housekeeper.

"Don't be futile," barked Spallow. "You know Rutland always play in white. Go and buy me another pair."

"Bank Holiday, Sir; shops shut," said the housekeeper.

"A FEMALE FIGURE . . . SPED TOWARDS RODERICK."

"Curse!" said Spallow, who was really of a rather petulant nature. "Well, I shan't be able to play for the county to-day, that 's all."

And he went back to bed.

* * * * *

At Huntingdon, as mid-day drew near, the Rutland captain was in a state of panic. No Spallow!—and Huntingdon wouldn't hear of playing ten-a-side.

"Where shall I ever find an eleventh man?" he wailed.

"Here—Rutland born and bred," said a fresh young voice at his elbow, or rather higher, for Roderick was no dwarf.

Roderick looked every inch a cricketer. He wore white twill trousers with permanent turn-ups, spotless canvas shoes, cream socks, a cellular shirt and a natty belt with tie to match. His hair was all crisply waving under his tri-coloured cap, and his face was, if anything, more bronzed than the captain's own. He had his sleeves rolled up, and in his right hand he carried a bright red ball, stamped "Match" in gold letters. His left hand held his birth-certificate, showing him to be a native of Rutland.

It was wonderful how he had thought of everything.

The captain scanned the birth-certificate to see if it was forged.

Then "Off with your cap," he said.

Roderick obeyed, and the captain saw the crisply waving hair. This gave him faith in Roderick.

"You 'll do. We field," he said.

"What's your position?" growled the captain on the way out.

"Pupil to an auctioneer," said Roderick politely.

"At cricket?" snarled the captain.

"Oh, long-stop, please," said Roderick; "but I 'd rather bowl."

"Got the right stuff in him," muttered the captain. "Perhaps you shall later," he added gruffly but not unkindly.

Things went badly for poor old Rutland. When the score-board showed two hundred for no wickets, the captain threw one scathing glance at the bowler at the pavilion end and said "Here, let Westlake finish the over."

There were three balls to go. Westlake was Roderick's surname.

Geraldine in her private box now recognised Roderick for the first time. She had never seen him in whites before. They were so different from his Ludo kit—purple velvet, with buff piping.

Who will ever forget what followed? Roderick took all ten wickets with consecutive balls, and only an absurd convention stopped him from taking the eleventh as well.

The first man was out to a splendid full-pitch; the second hit right over a straight low sneak; the third was utterly deceived by Roderick's clever trick of bowling with the left hand after setting out with a right-hand action; the fourth—but you may read all about it on a commemorative tablet in the smoking-room of the I Zingari Club.

As the tenth man was beaten to extinction by a deadly lob, bowled with both hands at once for the purpose of imparting double spin, a female figure lightly vaulted the rails, brushing aside silly-slip, who had been idly making daisy-chains against the boundary,

HOPELESS DAWN.

P.C. (new to the suburbs). "LUMME! WHAT A NEIGHBOURHOOD FOR AN AMBITIOUS MAN LIKE ME! NO DRUNKS—AND AS FOR BURGLARS, WELL, THERE 'S NOTHING FOR 'EM TO PINCH, ONLY TENNIS RACQUETS."

having nothing better to do, and sped towards Roderick.

The reader is quite right. It was not Aunt Minnie; she was, as usual, asleep. It was Geraldine.

* * * * *

Presently the two were alone.

"Geraldine," breathed Roderick.

"Yes, darling?" she murmured.

"Geraldine," he said, "have I—have I bowled a maiden over?"

She laughed happily and nestled closer to him. "Is that original?" she asked.

"No," replied Roderick; "but is anything ever original in these cricket stories?"

Our Press Linguists.

From an account of MICHEL'S unsuccessful attempt to swim the Channel:—

"'Qpoi! varicu?' ('What, conquered?') he asks in a sort of listless amazement."
Daily Paper.

Pink Cricket.

"The Old Boys had a weak side against the school at Westminster, and were dismissed for 1207. R. G. H. Lowe, who bowls fast medium right hand, took six wickets for 31 runs, seven of which were clean bowled."
Sunday Paper.

THE TROUT INN.

(New style.)

To-DAY I sculled a boat alone
A course we ofttimes held together
In days whose light, alas! is flown,
Those halcyon days of halcyon weather;
Reach after reach a mirror gleamed
Till my intruding keel would shake it;
Gold silence brooded, and I dreamed
Of one dear silver voice to break it.

I landed where the stonecrops blow
In comfortable slabs and pillows;
The weir sang loud, the pool below
Lapped to the steps in circling billows;
There drowsed our old Inn, grey and white,
Its ancient stonework seemed to quiver
With little flickering waves of light
Reflected from the trembling river.

No buxom fresh-cheeked country lass
To lay the cloth with friendly racket,
But, tightly buttoned up with brass,
A boy—a page-boy—in a jacket!
Where we had teas on snowy cloths
Off speckless china, pale and mellow,
Was some crude garniture of Goths
With diapers of black and yellow.

Here was a neo-Georgian scheme
Framed for a visitor's improvement—
The walls, the drapery a scream,
Jazz patterns in a constant movement;
And on those walls in grim array
A blotchy almond-eyed obsession
Of female shapes which Art to-day
Excuses by the word "Impression."

Escaping from the hectic rout
I gain the garden, to discover
The seemly signboard of THE TROUT
Is newly daubed and painted over;
Someone has dared thereon affix,
With RECKITT'S Blue about it flaring,
Some ghastly denizen of Styx
Which leaves the local rustic staring.

Ah, those were happier days than these
When, homely as their clambering roses,
Old taverns where we took our ease
Were free from modern fads and poses;
Of every anti-social sin
Here is the crowning crime and scandal
That such an honest English inn
Should fall before the "cultured" Vandal.

THE RETORT IMAGINARY.

Robbins and I were playing a round and approaching the second hole. It was just as Robbins was applying his brassie that one of the new Committee-men passed. New Committee-men are often incapable of not assuming airs, and this one was like that. He paused to watch the stroke, and little Robbins, either from incapacity or nervousness, grounded the club so effectively that a large piece of turf flew into the air.

Humbled and vexed, he was for a moment motionless. Doubtless he had been on the point of following up the clod and retrieving it, but before he could do so the new Committee-man, mistaking delay for carelessness and wishing to exercise authority, made the replacing of divots the subject of a homily.

One of the most stringent rules of all golf clubs, he said. What would become of golf clubs if divots were left about? The obligation of a player was to remedy the defect immediately. Nothing should intervene between the blunder and the correction of it; and so forth.

Poor little Robbins, dazed by so much rhetoric and perplexed by receiving instruction in a duty which he had had no kind of intention of avoiding, made no reply. He replaced the divot in silence, and we walked on.

But his mind thenceforth was no more on the game; it was on the new Committee-man and his officiousness.

"Did you ever hear anything like it," he asked, "speaking to a fellow-member like that? More than speaking to him—ordering him about. In another minute I should have let him know what I thought of him. As if I wasn't aware of the rule about replacing divots. Every child knows it. As if I should dream of leaving it there."

Now and then we caught up other players and they too had to hear the story. Gradually, little Robbins evolved some of the things that he would have said had he had more time to think, or not been so petrified by surprise.

"In another minute," he said, "I should have told him to mind his own business. The time to speak about replacing divots was after the player had gone on without doing so; clever men (I should have said) are rarely officious. Some men are not fit to be trusted with authority: it goes to their little heads."

The more sympathy he received the more scathing little Robbins became in the retorts which the new Committee-man had only just missed.

"What I was on the point of saying when he left," he said, "was that there are more important things for Committee-men to do than standing about on the links putting men off their stroke. 'Never mind about the turf,' I should have said. 'Get back to the club-house and try to make the waiting a little better. We'll look after the divots if you'll look after the walnut pickles.' That would have been a nasty one for him. There have been no walnut pickles for a fortnight. The beef too—I'm sure it's not English. 'While I'm replacing the divots perhaps you'll do something about replacing foreign meat with home-grown.' I nearly said that."

"What would you do," I heard him ask old Satterthwaite, "if a new Committee-man ordered you to replace a divot—and when you were just about to do it, too?"

"What should I do?" old Satterthwaite replied. "I should give him a piece of my mind, of course, and if he continued to be insulting I should knock him down."

"Yes," said little Robbins, "that's how I felt. In fact I very nearly did it."

And so we gradually finished the round and prepared for lunch. As it happened—but more by design on my part than pure chance—we did not sit together; but afterwards I found myself in an adjacent armchair with its back to the group in which little Robbins, still eloquent on the same subject, was holding forth.

"Such a remark as that—such busybody interference—coming from a new Committee-man—a mushroom—was more than I could stand. 'Look here,' I said, 'that's not the way to address members of the club. You jolly well mind your own business. You're too officious; and clever men are never officious. I'm afraid,' I said, 'that authority's gone to your poor little head.'"

Someone whistled his astonishment.

"I did," little Robbins affirmed, "and more too. I told him he could be better employed looking after the club-house than hanging about the course. I got in a nasty one about walnut pickles and foreign beef. 'Why don't you see we have walnut pickles?'" I said.

"And what did he say?" someone asked.

"He? Nothing. Just looked foolish. I felt almost sorry for him. 'Look here,' I said finally, 'I'm talking to you for your good. You're new to the job and it's too much for you. Take a piece of advice from a friend: Go slow—or jolly well go to Hades!' That's how I ended: 'or jolly well go to Hades!'"

E. V. L.

Commercial Motto for a pushing firm of Undertakers: *Moriturum te salutamus.*

THE FAMOUS CRICKETERS.

CECIL PARKIN has been discovered amongst the straw in the rabbit-cage. It simply shows that, though Priscilla was wild and foolish, she was not naughty, and that Richard quite wrongfully suspected her of tearing the All-England trundler up. You can't blame Richard for feeling aggrieved, because it was really very generous of him to allow Priscilla to have his Famous Cricketers as well as his black rabbit to tea on the lawn while he was away.

Himself, he was out for an all-day's cricketing. I met him at the front gate about nine o'clock in the morning. He was wearing pads and batting-gloves and carrying a bat and a large exercise-book. Casual observers would call the kind of cricket that Richard plays with his friends single-wicket games. That only shows how deceptive appearances are. If you open the exercise-book you find in it something like this:—

ALL ENGLAND *v.* SUSEX.

Hobbs b B.	5
H. Ashton b B.	7
P. G. H. Fender b B.	0
R. c and b B.	56

and so on, with two innings to each side, all very exciting.

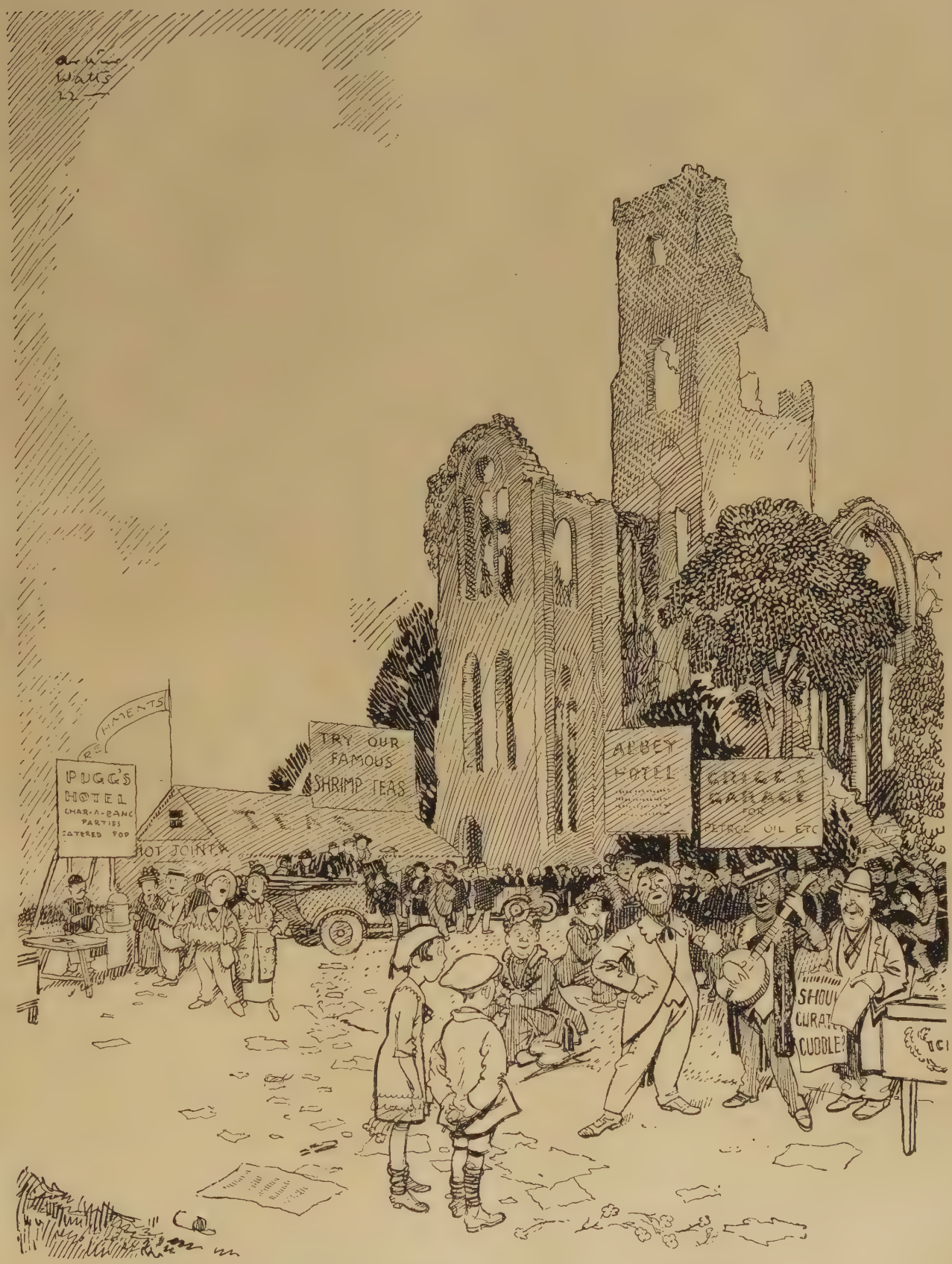
That is what happens on fine days, but unfortunately a great many days are wet. Then the Famous Cricketers, who, I ought to say, are Given Away as supplements with Each Number (*carte-de-visite* size), come in. They are propped up round a miniature pitch on the nursery floor, and against one of them there leans a cardboard bat. The stumps are three nails in a piece of wood, and Richard bowls at them with a small marble. The scoring is very mysterious and complicated, but the matches are put down in the note-book just like the out-of-door ones, and headed like them, regardless of strict accuracy

ALL ENGLAND *v.* SUSEX.

Susex always wins.

At other times the Famous Cricketers are carried about in Richard's pocket, and frequently shuffled over the floor so that Richard may lie down and examine their faces. The principal deeds of the Famous Cricketers are written on their backs, and he takes great pains to coach Priscilla in them.

When I came out on to the lawn the tea-party was in full blast. Several dolls' tables had been put together, and the Famous Cricketers sat all along one side and at both ends. On the other side sat the hosts—not dolls, because Priscilla hates dolls, but those peculiarly ragged and dirty objects the names of which, I gather, are Piggy Snout, Lamb Bam, and Rover. They were dressed in



HAUNTS OF ROMANCE: THE OLD-TIME FANE.

Mother (to Tommy, practising his scales). "MY DEAR BOY, WHAT DREADFUL MISTAKES YOU 'RE MAKING!"

Tommy (who plays by eye). "HOW *could* YOU TELL, MUMMY? YOU WEREN'T LOOKING."

shawls. The black rabbit had refused to sit in a chair, and was hopping with a rather worried expression round the dolls' perambulator in which the whole party had been driven to the feast. The rabbit looked worried because Priscilla's yellow cat was also present: though the cat is afraid of the rabbit, the rabbit is rather afraid of the cat too.

It was a rich feast. There was lobster and cucumber, and chicken and ham, and plum cake and Swiss roll, and poached eggs on spinach, and half a salmon, and a pie, all very small and hard, but coloured very bright.

"I see you've put WOOLLEY at the head of the table," I said to Priscilla. "Why did you do that?"

"Because he's a very nice face," she told me, "and because he's so very alert in the slips."

"And why is RUSSELL at the other end?"

"I put him there because he's a most profillic run-getter and made two centuries in the Tests."

"I see," I said.

Priscilla's games are elaborate, but they do not last very long. The next time I looked at the lawn the scene had entirely changed. The Famous Cricketers were scattered in wild disarray amongst the confused litter of the feast like a pack of cards in a gambling scene. Priscilla had turned the dolls' perambulator upside down and put the yellow cat underneath it. Amongst the wheels and the springs she had established Piggy Snout, Lamb Bam and Rover, and was trying to make the black rabbit stop there too by fastening him to one of the wheels with a shawl.

"I am playing at a motor-'bus now," she explained.

It was at this point that Richard returned flushed with century-making and naturally anxious to talk to his rabbit and refresh his mind with the deeds of famous cricketers. He seemed inclined to consider that Priscilla was lacking in the proper courtesy of a hostess. He didn't put it in any such terrible words as that, but Priscilla howled with rage at being rebuked and was taken off to bed. I helped Richard to collect the Famous Cricketers, and he then took the black rabbit, kicking wildly, but probably thankful that things were no worse, back to its cage. Later on he complained that CECIL PARKIN was missing from the pack.

"I expect she's torn him up to make 'bus tickets of," he said rather bitterly. And for a whole day a certain amount of suspicion rested on Priscilla.

However, it is all right now. The popular Lancashire and All England trundler has been returned, slightly soiled, to his friends, and is quite fit to turn out again for Susex on the next wet afternoon.

There does not, now I come to think of it, seem to be any educational moral in this tale.

EVOE.

The Lion's Share.

"Before the war, out of the world's total of 15,000,000 tons of mercantile shipping Great Britain possessed over 20,000,000."
Daily Paper.

"The British Press has placed humanity deeply in its debt."—*Sunday Paper.*

So much so, in fact, that a loan of five shillings till Friday is now practically impossible to arrange in Fleet Street.

"The surprise of the sale was the Manx Crag colt, which has gone wrong in his forelegs and changed hands for 10*s.* 6*d.*"—*Daily Paper.*

In the circumstances the animal would surely have done better to change legs.

"When the two sets of doors were opened, the female [jaguar] walked joyously into the cage of her treacherous admirer.

In an instant Lopez rushed upon her, seized her whole neck in his powerful jaws, and crushed her cervical verteforæ by his awful bite."—*Evening Paper.*

Growling, "None of your new-fangled verteforæ in *my* cage!"

Tourist. "ANY SNIPE IN THAT BOG?"
Jarvey. "SNIPE IS IT, SORR? SHURE, IF YE WENT IN THERE WIDOUT A GUN THEY'D *EAT* YEZ."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

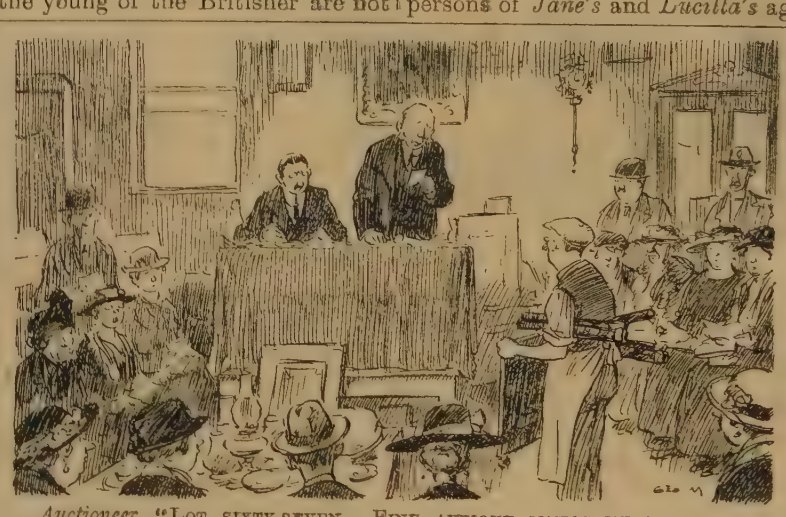
THE history of any ordinary street, fully told, would be the history of mankind. Witness the American novel, *Main Street*, in which we find a little world. If then one does not get a history of mankind in Mr. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR'S *Memorials of St. James's Street and Chronicles of Almack's* (GRANT RICHARDS) it is because St. James's Street cannot be called ordinary. There are no homes in it, and therefore practically no women. It is a street of men, and not only of men, but of men in the act of taking refuge from their wives and enjoying it; and this circumstance is against the completeness of a microcosm. What Mr. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR gives us instead is a mass of information on gambling and gamblers, dandies and wits. Needless to say, BEAU BRUMMELL, whom the author detests, and CHARLES JAMES FOX, whom the author handles with understanding, are prominent. I should guess that BRUMMELL had some very remarkable gift of charm not recognised by Mr. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, or he could not have ruled as he did. Sheer effrontery would not have sufficed. The book is a miscellany of good stories and entertaining odds-and-ends of social history; but the author does not tell all. He does nothing, for example, to clear up the mystery of No. 7 (next door to the house where BYRON awoke in 1812 to "find himself famous"), which has been a ruin for so long. And now and then he does not sufficiently watch his pen, as when he writes of BRUMMELL asking "whom the distinguished-looking man . . . was."

Miss WINIFRED STEPHENS' *Women of the French Revolution* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) fills a notable gap in English, if not in French, memoirs very gracefully; and if its handling is rather discursive than deep it is none the worse for that, the subject being what it is. None of her minor stars, however newly furbished, will ever outshine Madame ROLAND and CHARLOTTE CORDAY; but as Miss STEPHENS groups her chapters under activities rather than actors—she deals, for instance, with salons, agitators, clubs, journalism and the "religion of *civisme*," emotional and intellectual, militant and triumphant—she is able with excellent effect to introduce lesser figures (such as the Belgian warrior-agitator, ANNE JOSÈPHE DE TERWAGNE), who are usually most illustrative when least exemplary. Midway between "brown-locked Demoiselle THÉROUENNE," as CARLYLE called her, and the ROLANDS and CORDAYS, you get such very human types as OLYMPE DE GOUGES, whose naïvely heroic letter to the Convention, offering herself as MALESHERBES' junior for the defence of "LOUIS CAPET," is the gem of the book. Miss STEPHENS contends, and I think rightly, that the women lost heavily by the Revolution, being thrust back into deeper dependence by the very men they had helped to emancipate. It took an unfrocked priest of the Commune, ANAXAGORE CHAUMETTE, to bracket Madame ROLAND and OLYMPE DE GOUGES as "immoral creatures," and urge woman to resume her place as "the divinity of the domestic sanctuary."

Mr. GUEDALLA is a very flattering writer. He assumes you know such a tremendous lot and will take up his most shadowy allusion and faintly-stressed point with perfect ease. This is very tactful, even if it does make *The Second Empire* (CONSTABLE), supposing it not to be your period, a little obscure occasionally. Here is a brilliant close-packed book. Mr. GUEDALLA writes his history not as one who consults and transcribes documents, but as one who has so lived in the period that fact, comment, gossip, quotation simply flow out from the tip of his pen. It is a sympathetic study. NAPOLEON III. even in his *opéra-bouffe* throws for

his throne at Strasburg and Boulogne, is not sneered at, nor is he belittled in his tragic fall. Our author seems to judge that, as princes go, the son of the vivid HORTENSE had brains and an uncommon seriousness, and makes one realise —no easy thing, so queer a patch on the tapestry of history was this Second Empire—how this silent man, with his waxed moustache, his dull eyes and his inevitable "star," dominated the Europe of the fifties and sixties. There is hardly a page in this book without a happy epigram, or a sentence of such a quality as—"A European war had, as usual, washed the army contractors into society" (1798), "and they enjoyed a freer field than usual in view of the recent execution of most of the people who might have snubbed them." My best compliments to Mr. GUEDALLA.

As the novelist of adolescence Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON is without an equal, and his juvenile Americans are the more appreciated on this side of the Atlantic because our own fiction is by no means rich in lively or convincing pictures of young people of either sex. The fact that between the ages of 0 and eighteen the young of the Britisher are not permitted to obtrude themselves on the public notice as freely as in America may have something to do with the matter, and yet, without wishing to alter this condition of affairs, one could wish that some of our lighter-minded novelists would turn their attention to the younger brothers and sisters of their characteristic puppets. *Gentle Julia* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has no plot worthy of the name, but it is brimful of the restrained humour that delighted us in *Penrod*, and has the swift but unhurried movement that is the outstanding feature in the technique of the modern American writer of fiction. *Julia* is the small-town belle, the lode-star of eligible youth, and something of a trial not only to them but to her relatives, to whom the sweet but futile pangs of her swains are quite unnecessarily a source of distress; and in particular to her sire, who dislikes the smell of cigarettes. With the antics of the swains, but infinitely more with the antics of certain youthful relatives, male and female, of pretty *Julia* we are gaily entertained for some three hundred pages, and we turn the last wishing there were three hundred more. For by that time the *Atwater* family, and especially its junior members, have greatly endeared themselves to us. If Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON lacks other material for his next novel let him reintroduce that priceless pair of trouble-makers, *Florence* and *Herbert*, and we shall be content.



Auctioneer. "LOT SIXTY-SEVEN. FINE ANTIQUE MAHOGANY ARMCHAIR, IN GOOD CONDITION. IS THAT IT, GUBBINS?"

Gubbins. "YES, SIR—IT COME TO PIECES IN MY 'ANDS."

Auctioneer. "AH, I SEE. AN OMISSION IN THE CATALOGUE. IT SHOULD BE 'THIS FINE ANTIQUE MAHOGANY *COLLAPSIBLE* ARMCHAIR, IN GOOD CONDITION.'"

I have an idea that the disciples of M. COUÉ will eagerly recommend Miss E. NESBIT'S latest book to each other, because *The Lark* (HUTCHINSON) is all about two plucky girls who, in spite of a defaulting guardian and paying guests who turned out to be burglars and other tiresome embarrassments, insisted on regarding life as a "lark" and, on the whole, found that it was one. *Jane* and *Lucilla* are cousins, both charming; *Lucilla* the more practical and less impetuous. Their guardian summons them from boarding-school to tell them that, having lost their money, he is leaving the country, and they must fend for themselves with five hundred pounds and a cottage instead of the affluence they had been led to expect. How they sold flowers from their garden, and then had a larger garden, with more flowers to sell, lent to them, and then a house, and there became the hostesses of a succession of paying-guests, is all very prettily told and made to appear just possible. They have various experiences with their inmates, including *Lucilla's* masquerade as "Aunt Harriet" when a chaperon is indicated, and are fortunate in meeting four charming if queer young men, the most satisfactory of whom proposes to *Jane* in the last chapter. *Lucilla* is left thinking regretfully of two of them, who have gone overseas, and doesn't seem to care more for one than the other, which leads me to expect a sequel. In a world where earning one's own living is apt not to be quite such a lark as they made of it, their adventures read refreshingly even to me, and I am sure that persons of *Jane's* and *Lucilla's* age and sex, as well as the followers of M. COUÉ, will revel in them; so quite a number of us will be pleased if Miss NESBIT decides to let *Lucilla* make another appearance.

If Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has, in *Big Peter* (COLLINS), worked the long arm of coincidence until it aches, he has also written a story that becomes increasingly intriguing as it progresses. Here we have him in a holiday mood, and I should fancy that he has derived considerable enjoyment from his brief flight into sensational fiction. He is no niggard when he sets out to thrill. He gives us three villains: the terribly wicked *Earl of Cambray*, to whom I allot a first-class in vice; a confidential servant whose criminal methods were so crude that he can only be placed in the second class, and a crafty rogue who merely satisfied the examiners. As compensation for this iniquitous trio we have the big-hearted hero, who saves the beautiful heroine (*a*) from drowning, and (*b*) from the arms of an importunate and impertinent lover. When I add that the heroine is the daughter of the wicked *Earl* and that the hero knows that he is really entitled to the Cambray estates and earldom, you will understand that Mr. MARSHALL is dealing generously with his public. I have known so many books of this type that have begun promisingly and then petered out that it is a pleasure to find one whose finish is even more robust than its beginning.

"The balance-sheet of the —— Trust shows a credit at profit and loss on March 31, 1921, of £133,455, and, as profit for the year ended March 31 last amounted to £821, a total credit of which Tetrameta won, owing to his leg filling, £134,276 remains, which is carried forward."—*Daily Paper.*

What the profits would have been if Tetrameta's leg had not filled only a Turf accountant could estimate.

CHARIVARIA.

AN American who claims to be the oldest motorist in the world is a hundred-and-eleven. The odds are increasingly against anything like that age being attained by a pedestrian.

***

"The pigmy tribe discovered in Venezuela," says *The World's Work*, "could only count up to four." This seems a wonderful chance for some of our war-time profiteers to go out there and give the natives change for a pound-note.

***

Five large bones, said to belong to a mammoth elephant, have been unearthed in Hampshire. A mammoth dog must have forgotten where it had hidden its dinner.

***

The barrel-organ is said to be very popular just now in Turkey. The remarkable thing is that a country like that, professing to know an atrocity when it sees one, should not have adopted this weapon before.

***

In view of the deluges of late every effort is being made to keep secret the name and address of the ardent soul who recently prayed for rain.

***

In connection with the proposed German moratorium, it is said that if France can devise a method of keeping a mule so weak that it cannot kick, and yet so strong that it can work, there might be a solution of the difficulty.

***

An American who came over here to study college yells states that he is disappointed. We hope he will not give up until he has heard the plaintive wail of a Die-hard nursing its grievance.

***

Over three hundred thousand men are said to be working in Government departments. The real question now is what the others are doing.

***

A centenarian claims to have lived at Southend for sixty-one years. It is presumed that he went there to see the sea and refuses to give up the quest.

***

Mr. BONAR LAW has been elected to the Honourable Company of Skinners. The reason why the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was not elected as well is because membership is not open to skinners who are professionals.

***

A surveyor expresses doubt as to the safety of the foundations of No. 10, Downing Street. It is said that the building trembles like a leaf every time a Die-hard passes along Whitehall.

***

Much sympathy is felt for the short-sighted gentleman who, seeing a walrus at the Zoo the other day, shouted "Beaver."

***

A thief at the Gare du Lyon who snatched a bag, thinking it contained valuable stones, found in it a small book of poems. This ought to be a lesson to him.

***

Fulham Council have given permission to their employees to smoke provided they are engaged in obnoxious work. It will be interesting to see whether rate-collectors will take advantage of this opportunity.

***

The London Telephone Directory contains the names of 1,126 persons of the surname of Smith, each of whom has a telephone. This confirms our contention that the Smiths are no cowards.

***

The Daily Mail points out to a correspondent that no news has been published about the League of Nations because there was no news to publish. But surely that was just the opportunity for an enterprising newspaper to shine.

***

"It may interest your readers," writes Mr. ALFRED HOSSACKS in *The Daily Mail*, "to know that I have a bunch of ripe blackberries in my garden." We hasten to say that we are more than delighted.

***

It is announced that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who has a mass of material ready, intends to write his memoirs when he has leisure. This is regarded as a counter-threat to those who are trying to force him into a General Election.

***

Modern humour, according to Dean INGE, demands tears as well as laughter. Reports of the DEAN'S most humorous addresses are, of course, freely interspersed with "(loud weeping)."

***

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR admits that he has never been able to read BROWNING. A presentiment of this is understood to have clouded the poet's life.

***

Preparations for the football season are in full swing. All over the country referees are making their final arrangements for the future of their wives and families.

***

Professor HOPKINS, of Cambridge, has discovered that rats do not thrive on fats in which the vitamines have been destroyed by aeration. Rat fanciers will be grateful for the tip.

***

"The Englishmen at the tables," writes the Deauville correspondent of an evening paper, "are mostly of an easily recognisable type—tall, thin, straight men with little heads, who belong to White's." The reference is, of course, to a rule peculiar to this famous Club, that every member must take the same size in hats.

***

Because one of the players was attacked by his father-in-law with an axe, a cricket-match in Norfolk had to be abandoned. In our opinion spectators who can't control their feelings ought to leave their axes at home.

***

"It was in Yorkshire," says a contemporary, "that the Englishman began to shoot grouse on the wing." There is some uncertainty as to where he left off missing them sitting.

***

We hear on good authority that all penny-in-the-slot machines in Russia are now being fitted with large tanks for the reception of sacks of roubles.

A DIAGNOSIS.

Dr. M. Collins. "A SOMEWHAT OBSCURE COMPLAINT. SAY '99.'"

Mr. De Valera. "I AM SORRY, SIR, BUT I CAN NEVER PROCEED ANY FURTHER THAN '98."

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(*By our Fleet Street Flâneur.*)

So much has been heard about the anguish caused to hairy-faced men by the game of "Beaver" and its variants that it is a relief to know of a case in which the intended victims have, by adapting the pastime to their own sporting purposes, proved that hirsute adornments do not necessarily disguise thin skins.

I understand that a discussion at one of the Service clubs was the origin of this very sporting match between Rear-Admiral Berserker, whose beard is of a luxuriance unknown in the modern Navy, and Major-General Brandish, who was, of course, noted for his magnificent moustaches even in a bygone generation of cavalrymen, the arrangement being that they should walk out together and score, as in lawn-tennis, from the cries that greeted them: "Beaver!" counting to the Admiral, and "Walrus!" to the General. The stake was a "little dinner," and I am told that the affair saw some brisk betting.

Colonel Jolly, late of the Marines, accompanied the pair as umpire, and, in order to avert any possibility of tampering, was the only person aware of the routes to be taken. For the most part these lay through the busier streets of Kensington and Bayswater; but, though the Admiral won easily in three straight sets, only one game—in the Earl's Court Road—being taken to "deuce," a finish was not reached until after several tiring days.

There is some talk of a return match in the Autumn, with the General handicapped to "receive fifteen." Anyhow, the possibilities of this alternative to Golf are worth the consideration of the whiskered.

* * * *

In these days there are few branches of sport in which the tyro is unable to shorten his novitiate by a preliminary course of intensive training, and many people whose circumstances at present preclude the enjoyment of a Scottish deer-forest will welcome the news that a reproduction of the real thing will shortly be available within easy reach of London at comparatively trifling expense.

It is out Hendon way, where a suitable piece of waste land has been acquired, that that enterprising Highland chief, The M'Cateran, on behalf of a syndicate of which he is the moving spirit, is supervising the construction of a facsimile of a portion of his own Strathusquebaugh estate, which is, of course, let this season to Lord Spinningborough.

Thousands of tons of rock and other material are being used in the creation of this rugged bit of Caledonia-in-Middlesex, and when everything is completed, The M'Cateran explains, the would-be stalker will be able to motor out from Town, engage a genuine gillie, and set off on a strenuous crawl and clamber so ingeniously arranged that, though the total area is only a few acres, it will be two hours or so before he gets a shot with a miniature rifle at the stag—a cardboard one. A hit in the vital spot will entitle him to a plate of venison at half-price in the adjoining restaurant—a replica, by the way, of the banqueting-hall at Kilcow Castle—where the Clan Cateran pipers will play during dinner. A selection of kilts in various tartans will also be on hire, so that Southrons may have an opportunity of acquiring the natural management of this difficult garment.

A name for the new venture has not yet been decided upon, and The M'Cateran, with his characteristic native humour, deplores the fact that KIPLING has anticipated him with "Stalky and Co."

* * * *

As a rumour has got about that the understudy has been appearing in Cora Morant's part in *Tut-Tut!* at the Pyrrhic, while the famous actress herself lazed at Chevauxville, it is high time that the true facts were made known. That Miss Morant has been a centre of admiration on the *plage* at Chevauxville every morning is perfectly true; but it is also true that she has been delighting many eyes on the London stage every evening.

I have it from her own musical mouth that it is the simplest thing in the world for her to dash for her car at the fall of the final curtain, to be rushed out to Croydon, to board her private plane—an incredibly fast Plopwith racer—and to be tucked up in bed at the Hôtel Cosmopole, Chevauxville, in scarcely more time, as she puts it, than it would have taken her grandmother to get to Brixton on the last bus. A refreshing sleep, an hour or two in the invigorating air of the French coast, and she is as fit as a bird for the return flight.

There is no harm, however, in mentioning that, on occasions when Miss Morant has found it expedient to remain in London overnight for a *matinée*, her place in the public eye at Chevauxville has to some extent been filled by an understudy.

* * * *

Talking of Chevauxville—as so many people are doing just now—it is remarkable how many wrinkles in clothes—I don't mean the wrinkles one gets by lolling in a deck-chair—a mere male man may pick up at this favourite international rendezvous.

The comfortable American custom of sitting down to luncheon in coatless shirt-waists and "sponge-bag" caps has for some reason or other never caught on with Britishers as it has, a friend tells me, with the Czecho-Slovakian contingent; but the pink satin tie worn with a dinner-jacket by a Portuguese sportsman the other evening suggests possible departures from our eternal black bow.

The clever notion of M. Hippolytus Baktheoldos, the Greek Turfite, of carrying out in pale green patent-leather boots with real ruby buttons the pretty cucumber-and-tomato racing colours under which his good horse, Saladin, scored a popular win in the Grand Prix de Chevauxville last week is necessarily for the very few; but the double-breasted dress shirt, admitting of two rows of diamond studs instead of one, with which, I hear, a prominent Brazilian has been electrifying the Casino nightly, is quite likely to have a large following.

It is to be feared, though, that, in the matter of taking a hint from the foreigner, the average Englishman still shows less than the condescension of his womenfolk.

Mythology up to Date.

"Pluto is shown in pictures as an old man carrying a two-pronged fork and having a three-headed dog, 'Cerebus,' at his feet."—*Daily Paper.*

This statement must, as a famous novelist said, be taken "with a little *cum grano.*"

"It was with real regret that the Church learned of the serious and painful accident which befel the Bishop of —— last month. His lordship was thrown while cycling; and but for the fact that a pedestrian broke his fall, the accident might have been fatal. The Bishop, though severely hurt, has made a good recovery; and for this we cannot be too thankful."—*Ecclesiastical Paper.*

Nothing is said of the condition of the pedestrian, but probably he was only a layman.

"Police-constable —— found Leonard wokes driving a motor without lights.

Ascertaining that Nokes's acetylene lamps were flooded, the constable procured carbide from the police-station, and refilled the lamps, so that Vokes could reach his home.

Having performed this act of kindness, he summoned the driver, who was fined."—*Provincial Paper.*

Which of them, Vokes, Nokes or wokes?

MID-CHANNEL.

M. Poincaré. "IT WAS A LONG WAY HERE."
Mr. Lloyd George. "THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.'
Both Together. "STILL WE *ARE* HERE."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

"OH, GEORGE, AIN'T THIS 'EAVENLY?"

BAD LUCK.

DEAR MR PUNCH,—You have been good enough from time to time to publish in your columns little personal revelations and experiences of my own. For a long time I have been wondering how I could repay your kindness, and at last I feel that an opportunity has come. You, Sir, shall profit by my misfortunes; you at least shall not fall into the dismal error which has proved so disastrous in my own case. I will save you from the possibility of offending those sinister and little understood forces which, as I now so abundantly recognise, control our fates.

During the past three weeks I have three times received an anonymous communication of such a nature that I was moved to write an article about it for your paper. But I was forestalled—that is my tragedy—in your issue of August 2nd.

Let me refresh your readers' memory:

"GOOD LUCK.

Copy this out in full and send to nine friends to whom you wish good luck.

This chain, started by an American officer, should go round the world three times.

Do not break this chain, for whoever does will have bad luck.

Do it within twenty-four hours and count nine days.

You will then have some great fortune."

Now, Sir, I am as anxious to be the recipient of good luck as any man, but I have always held that he who judiciously helps himself is the more deserving of it. So I set about thinking how I could help Dame Fortune to turn this matter to account, and the idea of a column or two on the subject for your pages took form in my mind. My thoughts flowed easily to paper, and soon my article was ready, scintillating with wit, yet with here and there pearls of wisdom. It had form and colour, and most of all, like a good wine, it had body. It was perfect.

My article finished, I took up again the communication which had occasioned it, and I looked at it with a pitying smile for those who were foolish enough to believe in it. For I had demolished its pretences. In glowing words I had shown the hollowness of its promises and the emptiness of its threats. *And I had broken the chain!*

For three days I went my way care free. The threatened bad luck had not sought me out, and I had forgotten how the Fates bide their time.

On the morning of the fourth day I sat myself down to my frugal breakfast and my copy of *Punch*, blithe and happy.

I rose a broken man. The blow had fallen, for there, in cold print before my eyes, was an article on my subject.

But I had not written it. Surreptitiously, with subtle cunning, the Fates had struck, and the theme of my great idea was there, over the initials of another.

And so my article will never be published. And yet, although it will never delight the myriad minds of your circulation, I should like to tell you about it in confidence. You, Sir, I know, would appreciate the way in which I made fun of that anonymous American officer. Was it thus, I asked, that American officers employed their time whilst waiting for America to come into the World War? One had often wondered with what those giant intellects were busied behind their tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. Or was this inspiration, this destroyer of the peace of quiet homes, of more recent date? Could it be that my American, sitting tight upon a war-won pile of appreciated dollars, imagined our distracted world to be already so much at peace with itself as to need this rude shaking up?

And three times round the earth (he says "world," but Americans are not purists). It is a stupendous thought. And I showed how in an intuitive flash he must have envisaged the naked savage of Central Africa, his woolly head on one side, laboriously copying the

MURIEL WILL BE LEAVING SCHOOL NEXT TERM. I SUPPOSE SHE WILL SOON BE—

PUTTING HER HAIR UP—

AND LENGTHENING HER SKIRTS.

fateful words on a piece of bark with a trade-pen. In his mind's eye the originator of this world *motif* must have seen the yellow Mongolian gazing with eyes aslant, yet shining with childlike faith, at his nine facsimiles. The night of the Eskimo was to be lit by this torch, and to the insurgent Mexican it was to breathe of a more fortunate morrow.

And, mind you, it was to do all these things not once but three times. Three times this ray from the larger culture was to win through the murk of darkest Africa and cheer the afore-mentioned savage, still in spite of it obstinately naked and with his trade-pen by this time almost worn out. Three times that inscrutable Celestial must pass on the glad tidings, his smile growing ever more childlike and bland. Three times the Patagonian must take his hand from doing whatever Patagonians do and lick a stubby pencil into reluctant life, and three times Lord BEAVERBROOK must fill his fountain-pen and turn scribe at the bidding of an American officer. It is a fascinating thought.

And upon which lap are we at present engaged? Has this thing already wended its way through trackless jungles to reach me? Has the bell perhaps even rung for the last lap of all? Can it be that I have broken in upon three laps in three places in three weeks? But that is scarcely possible. I know of course that Puck could put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, but that would be some hustle even for an American officer. And I am sure that the thing would break down when it came to the Eskimo. He is a slow worker. And my Mexican revolutionary, has he got nine friends? It is all very confusing.

These things and many more I said in my article, but I have told you enough to indicate the extent of the bad luck which has sought me out. I feel too that it is not upon myself alone that I have brought bad luck; there are all the people who might have read my article.

And so, Sir, let me beseech you, when your morning post brings you your shoal of these fateful little slips, to set your pen to the task of passing them on. Take warning by me and flee from the bad luck to come. After all, it is easy for you; you have plenty of friends. Indeed, could you not save this harassed world from much trouble by finishing off the whole job yourself?

Believe me, Sir,
Yours very truly, X. Y.

Our Paradoxical Weather.

"Our Cullompton correspondent writes that the torrents of rain on Sunday dried up the stream of motor cars."—*Devonshire Paper.*

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The Germans have invented a new word 'swo' for two, their word for two—viz., zire—being very similar to their word for three—viz., drei."—*Evening Paper.*

There was an old man on a yacht
Who was trying to tie a reef nacht;
He said, "It 's uncanny
How it turns out a granny;
I 'll study it up in *Whacht's Whacht.*"

"Alderman —— said that fixing the age at 222 made no provision for any who might be exceptionally clever and able to pass before reaching that age."—*Provincial Paper.*

We have heard of several young centenarians whose careers have been blighted by the restriction.

"I and my wife used your —— for the last three months. It shows lot of improving results to the head, such as headaches, cooling the brain, hair growing and all sorts of diseases in the head."—*Advt. in Ceylon Paper.*

This seems to be a thoroughly honest testimonial.

From a Holiday guide:—

"DRONTHEIM.—The most Northern city in the World. A few hours from Hell, a warm place even in winter, where cheap arrangements can be made for a long stay."

Thanks; but we have no desire to go there.

Marygold (with an air of happy retrospection). "I'VE JUST LET SATAN DO 'XACTLY WHAT HE LIKED WITH ME ALL DAY."

THE FRONTIER.

IT was a wonderful strawberry patch—I had never seen anything like it before. There were so many, and they were such big ones.

I had walked for some way along the lower mountain slopes. It was a hot day and I was thirsty. I fell to without a moment's hesitation.

It was a long way from the village, apparently far from human habitation of any kind, so that I was immensely surprised at what happened next.

I ought really to have been prepared, for since I have been in Bavaria I have on no fewer than three occasions found myself most unexpectedly confronted by a severe-looking official in a neat Austrian uniform incontinently demanding my "frontier-permit" and "papers," so that I have felt inclined to describe this otherwise quite delightful country as "a piece of land entirely surrounded by Austrians." Never before have I fully realised what an immense advantage it is to live upon an island. You always know where you are, so to speak.

But I cannot understand why any country, in times of peace, should make such a pother about letting people in and out.

Of course I saw at once that this was no ordinary official. He wore a green suit and a pointed red cap, and the whole man of him came no higher than my knee.

But he looked at me with such bright piercing eyes that I felt even more alarmed than usual.

"Your papers, please," he said.

"I'm exceedingly sorry," I replied. "I had no idea that Austria——" He gave a little snort.

"Austria! What has Austria got to do with it?" he said. "This strawberry orchard belongs to the Fairy Queen. She owns a great deal of land in these parts. Have you a permit? No one is allowed in without a special permit."

"I know the Fairy Queen slightly," I said, with some natural hesitation; "I write a little about your people."

The Gnome snorted again.

"Oh, lots of folk do that," he replied. "Most of them know nothing about us. And really you hardly look the sort of person——"

"Yes, I know," I said humbly. "All the same Her Majesty has actually been kind enough to come and see me on several occasions."

"Well, look here," said the Gnome, unbending a little, "I'll take down a few particulars and make inquiries. I shall be able to let you know for certain by to-morrow."

He produced a business-like note-book from his satchel, together with a gaily-coloured little tube-like implement. When he held it up in his hand a spray of sparkling water rose into the air, deliciously fragrant and refreshing.

"My fountain-pen," he said nonchalantly. "A *real* one. The Queen gave it me," and he proceeded to take down the necessary particulars with the other end.

I really don't believe an English gnome would have wanted to know so much. Some of the questions were absurd. He inquired, for instance, on what day of the week I was born (which I was quite unable to tell him) and whether I knew how to make meringues.

When he heard that I came from England he inquired immediately whether I knew SHAKSPEARE.

"But SHAKSPEARE's been dead for hundreds of years," I said.

"That's rather a silly answer," he remarked very snappishly. "Surely everybody knows that SHAKSPEARE is immortal."

What could I reply?

Just as I turned to go, rather disconsolately, a little girl appeared at the edge of the slope. She was evidently a country child. She had two fair sun-bleached plaits, and her slender brown legs and feet were bare. She had a can over her arm. She greeted me shyly, bestowed a familiar friendly smile upon the Gnome, to which he responded in like manner, and immediately set to work gathering strawberries. I felt more snubbed than ever. A rustic child with not so much as a stocking!

* * * * *

A few days later I was particularly anxious to have some wild strawberries, as I had invited some friends to tea. I knew of no other spot where they were so plentiful; so many people came to gather them in all the lower woods. I took a small basket and set out with what courage I could muster, but feeling rather nervous. The Fairy Queen had certainly always been more than kind, but she might easily have forgotten me. She might not wish . . .

My heart was beating fast as I went up the steep little path; but I need not have been afraid. Apparently the Gnome had been looking out for me. He stood in the road, cap in hand. He bowed, he smiled, he was full of apologies.

"I'm exceedingly sorry," he said. "Very stupid of me—very stupid. But one has to be so careful nowadays. We get so many strangers prying about. Scientists and people of that sort. You never know what they may be up to.

"The Queen sends you her best love. She may be in these parts herself before long. But why on earth didn't you tell me you wrote for *Punch?*".

"I didn't know——" I faltered. "I never thought—— And I'm not a very regular contributor, you know."

"Makes no difference—no difference at all," said the Gnome. "They all come in. It's one of the rules. I should have thought you would have known" (this with a touch of his former impatience); "it's so *obvious*."

I acknowledged that it was rather stupid of me, and he became exceedingly affable again and set to work to help me in the most energetic fashion.

I got a splendid basketful of strawberries.

The other hotel guests looked at them with envious eyes on my return.

"Where did you get them?" they asked.

I waved vaguely towards the mountain. "Up there," I said; "but it's rather tiresome. You have to have a passport."

"What nonsense!" they said. "There's no frontier up there."

But I knew better. R. F.

The Major. "CHEERY GREETING THAT OLD BOY GAVE YOU. WHO IS HE?"
The Merchant. "OH, A GREAT FRIEND OF MINE. I SHOT HIM THREE TIMES LAST YEAR"

Another Impending Apology.

"THE —— ARMS HOTEL.
The Leading Hotel for Golfers and Ladies and Gentlemen."—*Scots Publication.*

"All our numbers up to ten are words of one syllable."—*Evening Paper.*

To be strictly accurate not quite all; but all but seven.

From a report of Kent *v.* Hants:—

"Aird and Altham later put on 6 in seventy minutes, the batting of both men being very attractive."—*Daily Paper.*

Brighter cricket at last!

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Evening Standard* has quite recently rendered valuable service to the community by reproducing the remarks made to him by Mr. J. O. ANDERSON, the famous Australian lawn-tennis player, on the secret of success at that pastime:—

"'Success in tennis,' said Anderson, 'is a peculiarly personal affair, difficult to seize, analyse or set down in words. One can hardly realise, even to oneself, the minute "something" which takes place in that psychological moment of actual contact between the taking and the returning of the volley.

"'It is something more than judging the angle, as is done, say, in billiards; for while the ball is touching the racquet you give the stroke a certain quality of your own. In that secret something abides which is at once the mystery and the charm of the game.'"

Anxious, as always, to contribute to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, Mr. Punch has communicated with a number of experts in other fields of activity, and gladly avails himself of the opportunity of publishing their views on this momentous and engrossing topic.

Mr. FENDER, the brilliant Surrey cricketer, pronounces himself entirely in accord with Mr. ANDERSON'S illuminating analysis. "In order to hit the ball out of the ground," he asserts, "it is perfectly clear that, at the fraction of a second at which the bat is touching the ball, you must give the stroke a certain quality of your own. It is no earthly use to impart a quality which belongs to some one else, for such a procedure constitutes an infringement of the inviolable law on which the whole social fabric depends—I mean the essential sanctity of the difference between *tuum* and *meum*."

Mr. ROGER WETHERED, the famous amateur golfer, gives it as his deliberate opinion that the match-winning capacity which is so desirable to cultivate is essentially idiosyncratic, and for that reason is peculiarly difficult to reduce to the precision of an exact formula. Temperament, stance, swing and timing may each contribute their quota to the ultimate result; but the true inwardness of the winning stroke can only be comprehended and attained by a meticulous study of the psychic "urge" communicated to the ball at the moment of contact with the face of the club. It is in the conscious but entirely esoteric and subjective will-to-succeed manifested by the striker at this crucial moment that the mystery and magic of the game reside.

Mr. MARK HAMBOURG, the momentous pianist, takes a similar view. "I owe much," he says, "to assiduous practice and to arduous gymnastic training, without which no performer can aspire to the attainment of what has happily been called the true pianofortitude. But this is not enough. It is in the passage from the basilico-thaumaturgic nodule of the pineal gland to the keyboard of the electric current of intensive ipsissimism that the appeal of the performer to his audience resides. Some players have practically none; others are unable to impart it to the ivories. The supreme artist is he who directs this current with the maximum voltage at the moment of contact. I admit that it is difficult to convey my meaning in words, but I hope that I have at least adumbrated it with a certain measure of lucidity."

Sir JAMES DENHAM, the author of *Memoirs of the Memorable* and *Sowing the Sunrise*, observes that Mr. ANDERSON'S analysis can be closely paralleled by the process which takes place in the mind of the poet in the composition of one of his masterpieces. "Education, scholarship, the attentive study of the great masters, are as nothing compared to the sublime and illuminating emanation of the authentic Ego which, at the culminating moment of inspiration, controls and directs the pen of the bard. The burning phrases which are committed to paper in these auspicious circumstances never lose their effulgence. They send their diamond light across the sea; their tenderful tones assuage the worn wayfarer with languorous lullings, and lead him on insensibly to the plains of amaranth and asphodel, in which he reaps the moonbeams of uncloistered joy."

Mr. NEWMAN, the famous cueist, adds his testimony in support of the theory advanced by Mr. ANDERSON. "Prolonged investigations in the sphere of psycho-analysis," he writes, "have convinced me that the paramount factor in building up breaks is the infusion into the stroke, at the moment of contact between cue and ball, of that element of personality which differentiates the tactile process from that adopted by others. Whether this infusion is ectoplasmic or not I cannot pronounce with dogmatic certainty; but that it is idiosynthetic and, so to speak, automobilized by the sole effort of the striker, I have no doubt whatever. It is in the capacity of the individual to rise superior to his environment that the secret of success ultimately resides. As MATTHEW ARNOLD remarks, 'We mortal millions live alone.'"

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
CAP'N CONRAD.

Prophetic?

Notice in a shopkeeper's window:—

"CHIMING CLOCK.
An acceptable wedding present; plays 'The Merry Widow' waltz."

"Plumber (Society) Req. Sit."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

One of the New Poor?

"Persistent rain fell with tropical violence, flooding houses and cellars, the fire brigade rendering assistance."—*Provincial Paper.*

Keen, we suppose, to show off their hose.

Artist's Wife. "OLD SMUGBY GAVE ME TWO FINGERS OF HIS LEFT HAND WHEN HE MET ME. AND JUST LOOK AT HIM NOW WITH THE SHULDHEIMS."

Artist. "ONE PAW FOR THE RICH AND T'OTHER FOR THE POOR, MY DEAR."

HOW TO ADVERTISE ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Respectfully dedicated to a Sunday contemporary which, as proof of the value of its advertising columns, solemnly printed in the middle of them the following letter: "DEAR SIR,—I am obliged to you for returning the 8*s.* by P.O. for my advertisement in last Sunday's issue under the wrong classification, which P.O. I am now returning to you, as, in spite of the error made by your printers, I have just succeeded in letting my house through that advertisement. Yours faithfully, (*signed*) (Mrs.) ——."]

The Business Manager, "The Bungay Bargain-hunter and Optimists' Exchange."

DEAR SIR,—I have had no difficulty whatsoever in exchanging my two-seater for the gold-fish and gramophone records suggested in my advertisement which you published on the 27th ult. The readiness of its present owner to throw in a set of handsomely inlaid dominoes speaks volumes, I consider, for the high moral tone and good faith of the readers among whom your excellent organ circulates. I was also particularly impressed by the fact that my chances of making this exchange were not affected by an error on the part of your printer, who described my car as being of the "1822 pattern."

Yours, etc.

The Advertising Manager, "The Coggeshall Courant."

DEAR SIR,—Kindly do not repeat our advertisement of Scotch Tokay, guaranteed pre-war strength and quality. You will be pleased to hear that one insertion alone has sufficed to dispose of our entire stock, and this despite the fact that, owing to a printer's mistake, our advertisement originally appeared among the Death Announcements.

Yours, etc.

To the Advertising Manager, "The Tuft-hunters' Gazette.

SIR,—I congratulate you (and myself) on the immediate and astounding success of the advertisement you published for me of my Charity Ball. The result has been that the eldest of my seven daughters is now affianced to an eligible Lieut.-Colonel of Die-hards (retired). And this notwithstanding the fact that by a compositor's oversight my advertisement appeared under the heading of "Auctions of Antiques."

Yours, etc.

Commercial Candour.

"REAL DEAR GLOVES,
Offered at 8/11 per pair."—*Irish Paper.*

"WANTED.—Three more Careful Guns to complete party of six for first-class Shoot."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

What happened to the first three?

"Stately Stone-Built Mansion seated in a Deer Park. Four Reception Rooms, Business Boom, etc."—*Daily Paper.*

A good investment for one of our temporarily-depressed manufacturers.

"Perhaps no more momentous document was ever penned than the British Note on War Debts bearing the signature of Earl Balfour. The supreme impotence of the decision, and its immensely important consequences, were gravely recognised by Ministers."
Provincial Paper.

We trust "impotence" is a misprint and not a prophecy.

A butcher's advertisement:—
"DIARY-FED PORK
of the Finest Quality."

It suggests a new reading of a nursery rhyme: "This little pig went to MARGOT."

BERSERK.

A scene somewhere by the sea. There are discovered Robinson *and* Brown.

Robinson. It is now necessary to bathe.

Brown. Why?

R. It is always done at the sea.

B. There are two seas. It is not necessary to bathe at a refined select sea with only two hotels and a golf-links. This is a crude, commonplace, democratic sea.

R. Stark, elemental. I'm feeling rather stark this morning. Aren't you?

B. (*with disgust*). You *look* stark. So does everyone here. All the beastly and barbarous impulses of the subconscious self seem to be released by this kind of sea. Practically speaking, this sort of sea is like cocaine and ought to be suppressed. It unhinges. There is a pagan desire to strip off as many clothes as possible. People who aren't going to bathe do it. Abominable people who are going to paddle.

R. I admit that a lot of well-known paddling men and women seem to be down here for the season. That's because they've had to let their grouse-moors to Americans. But still——

B. Paddling's bad enough, but I've seen worse. Who do you think I saw actually eating greengages out of a bag in front of the garden railings of the Belvidere? A man who I happen to know is a church-warden in private life.

R. Perhaps they don't have plates in his church. I should like to point out that the tide——

B. And look at this rubber-ball business again. Constant inhibitions have smothered the rubber-ball-throwing instinct in the mind of civilized man. If people in Kensington feel a secret passion sometimes for standing round their front-doorstep and halfway across the road and hurling brightly-tinted pieces of rubber about with encouraging cries, they don't give way to it. They fight it down. At the sea, this kind of sea, the control goes. Women even. You see women who never flung a ball in their lives in London—except to a Pekingese, and then it went down the area railings—as active here as WOOLLEY or HOBBS or——

R. Or NAUSICAA.

B. Who?

R. She was the authoress of the *Odyssey*.

B. Oh, was she? Well, all this leads up very terribly to cricket on the sands. That is the worst phase. Hundreds go down with it. Stout men who have never made a dozen runs in their life, but are suffering from concealed M.C.C. complexes inside, keep hitting sixes over the shingle and the pools, not to amuse the bally children, but themselves. Only the girls to run leg hits. First bounce out. No twisters to Rosemary. Bowl from the end to which the ball is first thrown in. Mother at mid-on. Bah!

R. (*sighing and looking at his watch*). Yes, that's all very painful, very painful indeed. But I think heaving boulders is worse still. Two or three days ago I saw a jolly family party doing that. They were shying at the top of one of those stout posts in the wooden groynes. They were very happy and kept making little bets on the next hit. After a while one of the elder boys said, "Wouldn't it have been funny if there had been somebody on the other side when we began?" Aunt Hilda, I think it was, then went and looked over the groyne and found that there had been.

B. (*faintly interested*). Not really?

R. Yes, a white-haired old lady with a sandwich-bag and a copy of *The Daily Telegraph*. She had been hit by the first boulder, and died without a moan.

B. I wish you wouldn't get off your Grand Guignol rejections on me. I'll tell you a true story now, and far sadder than that. I climbed over one of your wooden groynes yesterday morning a good way along the beach. There was only a small triangle of pebbles on the other side, for the tide was almost full, and a little further on the waves touched the cliff. There was a kind of black-board fixed upon the groyne with a notice on it to say that it was dangerous to sit under the cliff because the top was likely to come off. All the same there were a man and woman sitting there with three small children gambolling around them. The children were mixing fallen lumps of the white chalk cliff with sea-water in their buckets and pouring the mixture every now and then over the laps of Papa and Mamma. The tide had washed up not only sea-weed, amidst which sandhoppers were jumping about, but portions of boots, pieces of tin, old matchboxes and fragments of glass.

It was raining fairly hard. The woman was knitting, and the man was reading under the shelter of his coat a newspaper article on the situation in the Near East. They all seemed perfectly happy. In fact, they were. Just as I put one leg over I heard the man say, "Nice to be out of the mob, isn't it?" And the woman said, "Rather." I climbed back pretty quickly, and as I went another large lump of chalk crumbled off the cliff and fell quite close to the smallest child.

R. What do you suppose happened?

B. Oh, they couldn't have been drowned, the tide was just going to turn. But it's a thing to remember when people say that the English take their pleasures sadly. What they really do is to take sad pleasures with indomitable courage and pertinacity.

R. Such as bathing. Do come along.

B. Well, if the normal decent barriers of a well-regulated mind which prevent a man from trotting nearly naked over a lot of nasty sharp stones on a cold

MODERN HEALING.

The Healer. "THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS TOOTHACHE OR SWELLING. THIS FACE IS SMALL AND PLEASING AND REFLECTS A CONTENTED MIND."

Chatty Piano-Tuner. "I couldn't stick your kind of work long, Sir—too monotonous."

and windy day into a lot of boisterous bubbles are to be swept aside, swept aside let them be. I hope you understand cramp?

R. Perfectly. One keeps the fellow's head under water and kicks him in the wind. [*They go down to the sea.*

A little later.

B. Pff. Isn't this gorgeous? I wish we had a rubber ball.

R. Pff. There's one in the tent. (*Gets it.*) Evoe.

From a letter on "Telephonetics":—

"For several years I have suggested the '5' should be called 'nap' (5 at cards). It works all right with some of the girls at our exchange."

The others being too busy, we suppose, suiting the action to the word.

From an article on "Labour's Objection to Freemasonry":—

"It is difficult to fathom the reason for this opposition, even among a minor section of Labour. The idea underlying Freemasonry throughout all its ceremonies is work, from which none is exempt."—*Times.*

Is not that quite enough to account for the opposition?

DISTINCTION IN GIRLS.

["'You cannot very well tell nowadays whether a girl comes from Hanwell or Ealing, except you know,' said a man charged at Ealing Police-court."—*Evening Paper.*]

By certain signs you once could know
A Bromley girl from one of Bow,
Distinguish at a glance between
The maids of Lee and Hither Green.
'Twixt Muswell Hill and Hornsey Rise
The line was plain to any eyes;
Some unsuspected turn of speech
Bewrayed the rose of Chelsea Reach;
By something in the way she drest
A Putney damsel stood confest;
A graceful carriage of the neck
Marked Totty as from Tooting Bec,
While Hetty by her tilted hat
Claimed Balham for her habitat;
Her stalwart stride and whistle blithe
Allotted Ruth to Rotherhithe;
An effervescence in the frock
Assigned Elaine to Enfield Lock;
If tendencies towards display
Gave all the Dulwich girls away,
A certain gladness in the eye
Determined those of Peckham Rye.
But times are changed, old landmarks broken,
And now there's left no sign or token;
The mischief's done and can't be undone,
A London girl's a girl from London.
By some contrivance of the Devil
Brought to a uniform dead-level.
There's not a connoisseur who can well
Pick from a bunch the pride of Hanwell,
And experts have that baffled feeling
When asked to spot a girl from Ealing.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

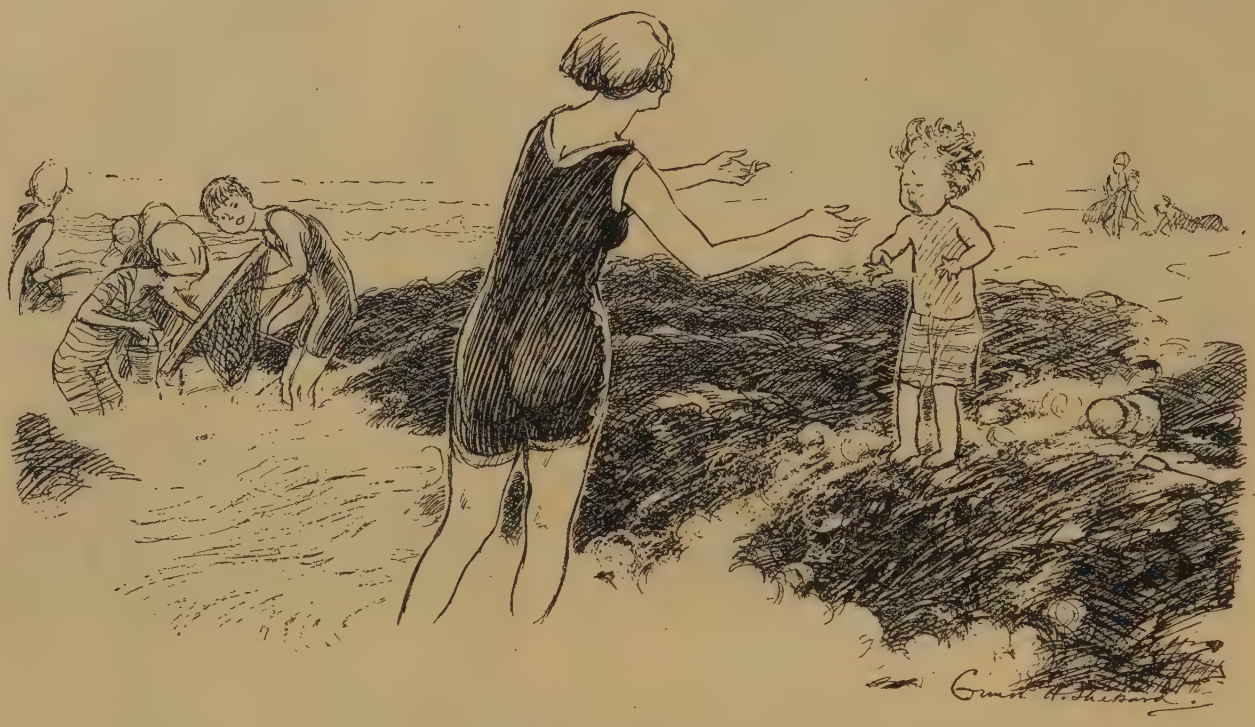
"The man whose name is said to have given the world those household terms in electricity 'insulate' and 'insulation' is Mr. Samuel Insull, of Chicago."—*Scots Paper.*

It is only fair to Mr. Insull to say that he has authoritatively disclaimed the rumour.

On a charge of causing obstruction—

"Supt. —— said that the police had considerable difficulty with such men. They were told to move and they certainly did move for about 10 years, and then returned to their original place."—*Provincial Paper.*

But might not the culprits have pleaded the Statute of Limitations?



Joan (her first experience of the Cornish foam). "JOAN DOESN'T LIKE THE SEA. IT LOOKS SO SOAPY."

THE SWEET PEAS.

SWEET PEAS are so painty, so porcelain pretty,
So rare in their airified row;
They look in their dresses
Like mock shepherdesses,
Those delicate, delicate Dresden princesses
Who postured and posed long ago
With gallants (in china) who bent to them so.
You see the whole bevy (so Fancy confesses),
A ballroom of belles; at a zephyr's caresses
A medley of movement and curtseyings low,
So faint and so quaintly aglow.

And their scent, oh, their scent 'tis as dear as a ditty
Of days of bouquets and picquet,
Insidious, slender,
Intangibly tender,
A haunting of notes through a harmony's splendour,
An aria echoing yet,
Though the rest, from the rose to the rich mignonette,
Would drown it with chords that their concerts engender,
O'erwhelm in the honey-sweet songs that they render,
And crush with their opulent orchestra's fret
From dawn till the lawn's dewy wet.

Oh, if you should walk in the Strand or the City
When work seems an irksome unease,
A garden of posies
(That Idlesse discloses),
Where bullfinches come and where Father Thames goes his
Fair way to the ultimate seas,
Past lawns of gay borders and blossoms and bees,
Is good to remember: its day-dreams and dozes,
Its stocks and its cloves, its sweet-williams and roses,
Its arbours and dove-cooing sycamore-trees,
And, a-glow and a-blow in the breeze,
All dainty and painty, its pretty sweet peas,
Its best and most blest, an' you please.

"During the recent gale a large popular tree was blown down, and falling across telegraph wires, broke 91 of them."—*Local Paper.*
After which it ceased to be popular.

Letter received from the Argentine by a British manufacturer:—

"Always has been my illusion of young man to possess a good great and robust moto-cycle; but they are of very tall cost, and I have not money for purchase it, by what I them might stay infinitely thankful if you regale to me an; then in yours immense factory she is a gout of water. I change I were the more enthusiast propagator of your moto-cycle."

We understand that the writer has not received the motor-cycle, but has been allowed to retain his "illusion."

From an Indian trade circular:—

"This tube is filled with redolent scent on opening the screw cap at the mouth the scent immediately self-emanates like shower up to a distance of about fourteen feet. This is so wonderfully good for entertaining friends that one cannot help enjoying it repeatedly, till the tube is emptied. The Lance can be carried in pocket and can be used at any time to the surprise of the companion. It can be used and stopped at will of the owner. The most pleasant and innocent jokes can be cut with friend. The company of its owner will be most desirable to the friends."

We were prepared to believe the rest, but the last sentence is too much for our credulity.

MARK
MARK
MARK

Mother (to little girl making her first Channel crossing). "LOOK, DARLING—THERE'S THE COAST OF FRANCE."
Little Girl. "WHAT—IS THAT FRANCE ALREADY? WHY, WE SHALL BE THERE QUITE SOON."
Mother. "YES, QUITE SOON, DARLING."
Little Girl. "BUT—BUT WHEN SHALL I BE SICK?"

OTTER.

"THERE 's a bubble-froth a-whirling, and a hither-thither swirling,
And a glint of dancing waters where the coppice fronts the weir;
And a pollard standing sentry on the bramble-curtained entry
Of the culvert mounting slowly to the outfall of the mere.
Is it there you doze the day through? Is it there you lie so still?"
"It 's more peaceful," grunts the Otter, "in the drain behind the mill."

"You can feast on fin or feather, fur or scale, or all together;
There 's pike or perch or grayling; there 's gudgeon, rudd or roach;
There 's the water-rat a-chatter and the moor-hen's brood a-scatter,
And up the gravelled spawning grounds the lampern and the loach.
Is a chunk of speckled shoulder none the less your favourite meal?"
"Never mind what people tell you," snaps the Otter; "give me eel."

"But let me just remind you, there are marks you leave behind you,
Your hand and seal imprinted on the muddy oozing clay;
And the sedges crushed and broken, and bent osiers to betoken
Where you rolled your velvet body round and taught your cubs to play;
There were trout-scales on the elm-stump not so very long ago."
"It 's surprising," pipes the Otter, "what a lot of things you know."

"Well, yesterday I lighted on a fisherman benighted
Who had tempted pool and stickle with his wallet's silken store,
Casting lures with nice precision till the dusk obscured his vision,
Though ne'er a dimple broke the stream. Had you been there before?
Had your antics dulled the magnet of his meretricious flies?"
"I wonder," drawls the Otter, "if they got too tired to rise!"

"But suppose that one fine morning comes a whimper-note of warning
Creeping nearer, ever nearer, into certainty, and then
A baying at the bramble where you couched on last night's ramble,
And, shepherding the yelp of dogs, the hunting cry of men?
I don't want to alarm you, but that day is drawing near."
"Now you 're talking," says the Otter, "and now I think I 'll clear."

"In the open classes the Rector of —— carried off the prize for a group of pants."—*Local Paper.*

He had in reserve, we understand, a fine bunch of pyjamas.

PROPAGANDA BY SUGGESTION.

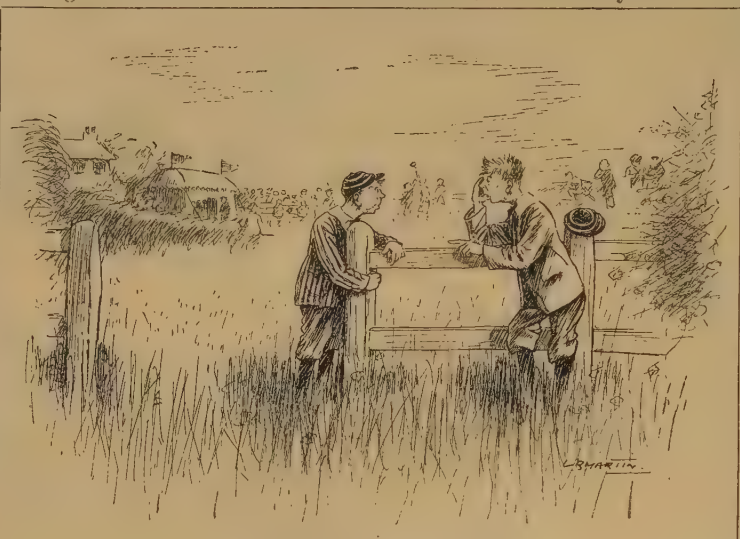
I DO not often visit the Poltuddle Free Library. The fact is, the piteous appeal for Municipal Housing Loans posted at the portals so unmans me that I could never dare to approach the haughty damsel behind the grille separating the books from the bookworms. That in itself requires courage unfluttered by previous trials. I don't mind *being* a bookworm, but I hate to be made to feel like one.

One day, as I was passing the Library, Wilkins beckoned me into his office. Wilkins is our Chief Librarian, who occupies a little room shut off by glass partitions from the rest of the world. It is said that, by sitting at a table beside a telephone, he is able to keep in touch with all our modern authors, and so to obtain the latest books at the shortest possible notice. This, it is maintained, is clearly shown by such volumes as *Epizootic Influenza among Wireworms*, which bears a recent stamp of the Board of Agriculture, while the *Antiquity of the Kitchen Middens of Poltuddle of To-day* and the *Poltuddle and District Railway Time-Table* bear not only the signatures of the authors but also simple complimentary phrases.

Admitting me into his sanctum, Wilkins laid before me in horror-stricken silence a large volume which, it appeared, had been placed in the Public Reading-Room for suggestions and complaints. Glancing rapidly through it, I at first saw no reason for his strong emotion, but then I read in bold characters, "Suggest that this books abollished." This was signed "Bolshevist Scribe." Beneath it a lady had shakily pencilled, "Sign your name, you unmanly villain." Then several tactful people had managed to revive a more commonplace discussion, but quickly there appeared in those same bold letters the unsolicited opinion, "I think the Librarian is a Sleep in the Deep." At this even Wilkins' dignified self-restraint could not suppress a groan.

Skipping a note that Mr. Hobson, "Gardener and also Fruit," was free on three days a week, and an anonymous reproof that this was not the Labour Exchange, I again came to our "Bolshevist Scribe," who, objecting to the Housing Bonds appeal in the porch, stated that it was only another means for Capital to grind the faces of the Poor. From this his remarks became rankly seditious, and I readily agreed when Wilkins begged me to assist him in keeping a watch on the Suggestion Book, although to some extent my sympathy was with "Bolshevist Scribe" over the Loans appeal.

The Suggestion Book was duly returned to its usual place and I lounged at the only table giving a clear view of it. The literature before me was of the kind supplied post free by seaside Town Clerks, so I was in no danger of having my attention distracted, although I *was* interested to read that the old army hut at Shrimpscombe, from which I had so often viewed the sea, was officially known as the "Kursaal." We had always called it "Lot 74," from the inscription displayed in white paint on one of its sides.



AT THE SCHOOL TREAT.

"NICE CHAP, THAT VICAR. KEPT ON ASKING ME TO 'AVE ANOTHER PASTRY, AND I GOT TIRED OF SAYING 'YES, PLEASE,' EVERY TIME, SO I NODDED MY 'EAD INSTEAD. WELL, THAT NODDING 'AS MADE ME FEEL QUITE QUEER."

Hours passed. Only one reader even glanced at the Suggestion Book, and he, to judge from the ends of raffia protruding from his pocket, was simply "Hobson, Gardener and also Fruit." By this time I had read everything at my table, including a last year's School of Art syllabus and a lucid paper by an American cleric, proving that modern aviation is described by one of the Minor Prophets. I began to find my task very dull. My interest in the Suggestion Book flagged and I moved to a new position, from which I could see it by looking over my shoulder. The change brought within reach one paper on Poultry and three on Spiritualism. I began to speculate idly and peevishly on the advantages of trap-nesting in a spirit-laying competition.

The monotony became awful. Heedless of the fact that the Suggestion Book would now be lost to view, I moved over to a horribly uncomfortable chair opposite a "Return of the Deaths of Merchant Seamen" and flanked by some old *London Gazettes* dealing principally with the award of decorations. It was a relief to turn my mind to other people's misfortunes, and I read the entire list of deaths almost with envy, while a roll of newly-made O.B.E.'s filled me with fiendish delight.

This emotion passed, however, and was succeeded by sullen contempt for the easy good-nature with which I had become the tool of Wilkins. Discontentedly glancing round the room, my eye was held by a clock at the end. One-fifteen, it said. I checked it by my watch. Usually I lunch at one precisely. Hate for Wilkins and for his despicable spy business filled my bosom. Furiously I approached the Suggestion Book, intending to calm myself by reading again the more pungent criticisms of Wilkins and his Library. A rough-looking bearded man was just signing "Bolshevist Scribe" to a statement that the people require education, not tripe, and that old Baldhead — Wilkins *is* rather bald—could help by getting some new papers in the Reading Room occasionally.

In a flash I decided what to do. Hastily seizing his hand, I pressed it with emotion. "Comrade," said I, knowing the language of his kind, "them 's my sentiments exactly;" and, drawing out my fountain-pen, I added my signature to his and hurried away.

Of course Wilkins is no friend of mine now, but I understand that there are some more recent *Gazettes* in the Reading Room, as well as a brand-new syllabus of the present School of Art session, so that, although the proletariat are still getting tripe, it is, I trust, a little more fresh than that to which they have been accustomed. Complaints may still be registered in the Suggestion Book, which may be obtained by British subjects from the Librarian on written application, supported by the signatures of at least two householders.

Another Opening for Women.

"Wanted, respectable lady as errand boy."
Provincial Paper.

Doctor. ". . . And give him the capsules three times a day—or four if possible."
Patient's Better Half. "Possible? You leave it to me, Sir. I'll see that it's possible."

CHARLIE.

My new cook, Jane, is a treasure. She is honest, capable and willing, enjoys a day's washing and prefers a basement, is an early riser, Church of England and abstainer; but you may have her if you'll take her.

Yes, I'm in earnest. I wouldn't joke on a really serious subject.

She's a good clean girl too, dotes on children, likes the dog and pets the cat; but she's yours if you can stand Charlie. I can't.

Charlie is Jane's young man, and it is he who is the serpent in our Eden, the spoiler of our domestic peace.

"Too sweet, Mum!" Jane echoes my tentative criticism of her stewed pears. "There now! And you can't put in too much sugar for Charlie. 'E's such a sweet tooth, Mum, you'd never believe."

I do believe, for I have no option—I have heard it so often, and I remark acidly enough, "Anyhow, we don't care for it."

"Very good, Mum," Jane beams (I did tell you she was a pleasant girl, didn't I?) "Give people what they want, Charlie always says."

Resolutely I turn the conversation. "Lamb, I think to-day, Jane," I suggest; "and don't forget the mint-sauce."

I try to hurry away, but Jane is too quick for me, so before I reach the door I know that Charlie always says it is the mint that makes the lamb. Last Sunday we enjoyed our beef to the remark that Charlie always says you can't beat a nice cut o' beef, and not long ago I insisted on pork in face of the fact that Charlie can't stomach it.

But the strain is telling on me, for Charlie is not struck on pastry, and—again to quote Jane verbatim—"he ain't no lover of fruit," so I find myself eating rice (which he *does* enjoy) on the days I escape the boiled pudding to which he's taken something wonderful. Yesterday I made a stand.

"Jane," I said severely, when she had paused for breath in the middle of telling me what Charlie thought of the weather, "them Irish" and the German situation—"Jane, you talk too much."

I expected sniffing resentment and a month's notice. I received a delighted smile as if in recognition of a compliment.

"That's what Charlie always says, Mum," she replied.

"Perhaps the most remarkable cricket of the season was seen in the Middlesex-Essex match at Leyton. Ashton hit all sorts of bowling with the same ease, and by never running singles or 3's contrived to keep always at the batting end."—*Daily Paper.*

The remarkable feature, of course, was that the umpires appear to have allowed "all sorts of bowling" to go on at the same end.

"The proposals of M. Poincaré, which will be explained by the finance experts to-day, will take the following general form:—
1. The control of experts."
Edinburgh Paper.

After what happened last week we are prepared to believe this.

"The end of this week will see the arrival back in England of an interesting diplomatic personality, the British Minister at Lisbon. He has held his present position in Lisbon for nine years, and is very popular with the Spanish people."—*Daily Paper.*

We believe the Portuguese like him too.

"Will the Atom Explode the World?
£8 a Week Insurance for any Accident."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

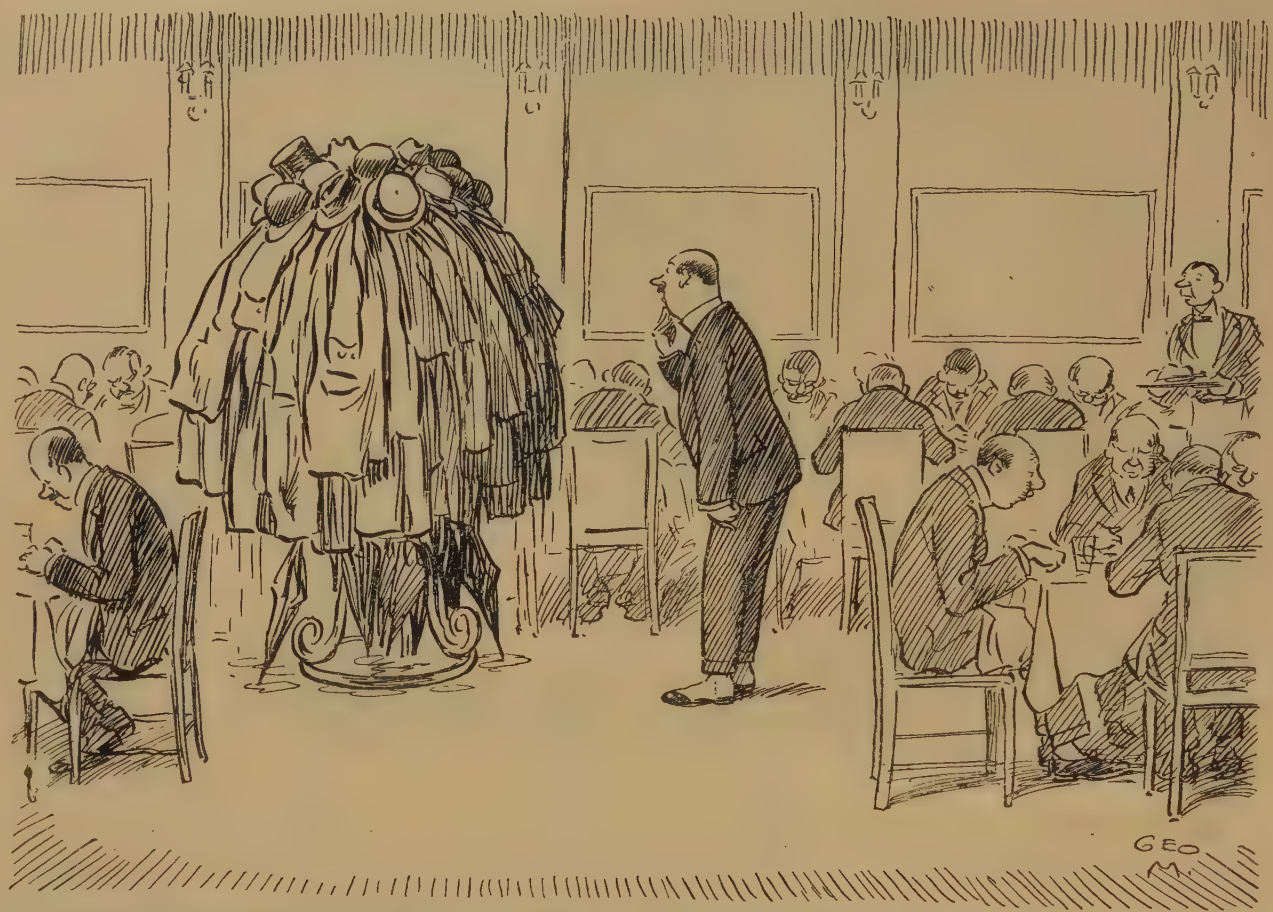
But if the answer to the question is in the affirmative, the offer is little consolation.

"A curious fact which has recently been demonstrated is that nearly all common birds have a horror of blue paper."—*Irish Paper.*

It has the same repellent effect (particularly when stamped) upon many common men.

"Local leaguers will be very pleased to know that Mr. ——, one of our regular referees last season, has been in hospital since the close of last season."—*Provincial Paper.*

We really think that footballers might drop their prejudices during the Summer.



THE GENTLEMAN WHO CAME EARLY TO LUNCH ON A WET DAY FACES A PROBLEM.

NERVE.

WITH dignity and calm but debonair
He left the awed pavilion, head in air,
  His gear and garments faultlessly assembled;
His shirt was silken; pen could never trace
The beauty of his trousers' billowy grace;
And as he moved to his appointed place
  The bowlers trembled.

The wicket reached, he eyed the umpire hard,
With most elaborate caution took his guard,
  And dug a hole and ground his heel within it;
And while the field grew tremulous and pale
He poked it, banged it, measured it to scale,
And then he went and scratched it with a bail
  For quite a minute.

This done, he next surveyed the pitch with care,
Some specks of dust removing here and there,
  Prodding and sweeping, hammering and patting;
The wicket-keeper looking on aghast,
He made the buckles of his leg-guards fast,
Tested his gloves, and seemed disposed at last
  To think of batting.

Not he. Unblushingly he now began
To note the fielders, studying every man
  With keen regard as if each only mattered.
But in the end he took his stance. His brow
Showed grim resolve. He faced the bowler. Now
He stood at bay! There came a horrid row:
  His stumps were scattered.

With dignity and calm he made his way
Back to the dumb Pavilion. I must say
  His mien was proud, his steps were firm and steady,
And as upon the scoring-board they stuck
With callous haste a large and hideous duck,
He said in high clear accents, "Putrid luck!
  I wasn't ready."

"TRAIN ON FIRE.
Passengers alight until blaze is extinguished."
Headlines in Evening Paper.

The guard presumably put them out.

"Wanted Immediately Kitchen-maid; temporary or permanent; age 18120; some experience necessary."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

In the circumstances we should have thought the last stipulation superfluous.

"On the north side of the promenade are the horticulture pavilion, the railway offices, and the ladies' county blub."—*Provincial Paper.*

Where, we suppose, they can indulge in the luxury, so dear even to county ladies, of "a good cry."

"The Summer Time Bill is now law. It provides that summer time shall extend from the third Sunday in April to the third Sunday in September. The Act will operate until September 31, 1923, the intention being to renew it each year under the Expiring Laws Continuation Act."—*Daily Paper.*

But this will not be necessary, since the measure is apparently to continue *sine die*.

Lady (inquiring for accommodation). "AND WHAT IS THE CHARGE FOR YOUR ROOMS?"
Landlady. "WELL, MUM, THE ROOMS IS FIVE GUINEAS A WEEK, KITCHEN FIRE TEN SHILLINGS, LIGHTS SEVEN-AND-SIX, AND MY SON CHARLES ACCEPTS A GRATUITY FROM PARTIES ON LEAVING."

PORT OF DREAMS.

"THERE 's a deal o' ports," said Murphy, "an' I guess I 've sampled most—
Round about the Gulf o' Guinea, up an' down the Chili coast,
In the Black Sea an' the Baltic an' the China Seas I 've been,
An' the North Sea an' the South Sea an' the places in between.

"An' the ports as look the finest turns out some'ow worst of all—
For I lost my chum in Rio in a Dago dancin' 'all,
An' I lost my bloomin' 'eart once to a wench in Callao,
An' I lost my youth in Frisco . . . but that 's years an' years ago.

"But there 's one I 've never sighted out of all the ports there be;
It 's a place a feller talked of as was shipmates once with me
In the hooker *Maid of Athens*, she was one of Dunc Macneill's,
She went missin' many a year since, bound from Steveston home with deals.

"An' this feller said the drinks there are the best a man could find,
An' a sailor 's always welcome, an' the girls are always kind,
An' there 's dancin' an' there 's singin', an' there 's every sort o' fun
In the plaza of an evenin' when the lazy day is done.

"An' the blessed old Pacific he keeps singin' like a psalm
To the shippin' in the roadstead an' the firefly in the palm,
An' the days are never scorchin' an' the nights are never 'ot
In that port 'e used to yarn of with the name I 've clean forgot.

"An' I 'll never fetch that harbour, but it 's maybe for the best,
For I daresay if I found it, it 'd be like all the rest,
An' I like to think it 's waitin', waitin' all the while for me,
With the red wine an' the white wine an' the dancin' an' the spree,
An' the fireflies gleamin' golden in the palms I 'll never see!"

C. F. S.

"Too many motorists have adopted 'Ils ne passerons pas' as their motto. Both their calling and motoring are suffering in consequence."—*Glasgow Paper.*

To say nothing of their reputation as scholars.

From a weather forecast:—

"Some rain or showers."—*Morning Paper.*

We don't understand the distinction. All the showers we had last week were rain.

"Our forefathers did not rush by express to snatch a hurried week-end on a grouse moor and . . . ensconce themselves in a stationary 'pill-box,' using a succession of high velocity rifles."—*Morning Paper.*

Their marksmanship being inferior to that of their descendants, they were obliged to use the ordinary "scatter-gun."

THE DEAL THAT FAILED.

Cyrus J. Multy, junr., to his Father.

DEAR POP,—The papers over here are full of the dangers of Saint Paul's, CHRIS WREN'S tabernacle on Ludgate Hill, which is said to be falling down. It seems that English cathedrals generally are in a poor way, for Westminster Abbey had to appeal for funds to shore it up two years ago, and Lincoln has developed cracks. I went to look at Saint Paul's, and, though I must confess it appeared to be solid enough, and none of the clerks in the drapers' stores all round it showed any signs of panic, still we must believe the experts.

Now I am writing to you to make a suggestion. You know how often you have said that you wished you could do something really big with your millions. Well, why not buy Saint Paul's, have the stones numbered and take it over to America, lock, stock and barrel, to be set up wherever it is most wanted? We 've got few enough cathedrals as it is, and to have CHRIS WREN'S masterpiece in our midst would be some stunt. I think you 'd get it cheap too, for I understand that the Church of England is very poor, can't even pay its clergymen a decent living very often, although some are fat enough; and if the Cathedral has got to fall, how much better to take it down decently and realise on it! Cable me if I am to get busy as to terms, etc.

Your affectionate Son, CYRUS.

Cablegram from Cyrus J. Multy to his Son.

Great scheme. Go ahead with inquiries.

Cyrus J. Multy to his Son.

DEAR BOY,—I cabled you to-day to go ahead. It 's a fine idea and should do us a power of good, and I 'm proud of you thinking of your old dad while you 're having a good time in Europe. I should guess that it 's too bold a move for those islanders, but I shall set about cornering some ships for transport at once, in case. I suppose there 's some weight of stone in that conventicle. I remember how it towers up above you when you stand at Ludgate Circus, and it will make a big hole in the scenery when it goes. I don't know yet where it would be put up again here, but that can be decided later. Somewhere central. The donor's name and business address might go on the Dome?

Your affectionate father,
CYRUS J. MULTY.

Cyrus J. Multy, junr., to his Father.

DEAR POP,—I 'm afraid this proposition isn't going to be as simple as I was hoping. These Britishers are very slow in business and they don't seem to understand really big stuff. The idea of selling a cathedral is so novel that they don't know what to do. Everything new is a cause of suspicion over here, and particularly a notion of this kind. Still there is a strong feeling that if Saint Paul's crashes it will cost so much to put it up again that it might be lost for ever; and of course real estate in the City is very valuable, and the part of the City where Saint Paul's at the moment stands could be sold for a tremendous sum.

I enclose a copy of the letter I sent to the LORD MAYOR of London, who I judged was the best man to approach. You shall hear more as events develop.

Your affectionate Son,
CYRUS.

ENCLOSURE.

Cyrus J. Multy, junr., to the Lord Mayor of London.

MY LORD,—I have a business proposition to lay before you, to which, although at first sight it may seem fantastic or even frivolous, I hope you will give serious attention. To put it briefly, I want, on behalf of my father, Cyrus J. Multy, of Chicago, President of the Baseball and Gum Trust, to purchase Saint Paul's Cathedral and remove it to America for re-erection. According to your newspapers it is in a very insecure state and may at any moment collapse owing to the defective work which the builders put over on old CHRIS. If you sell it to us we will arrange for the demolition and transport, and the site will then be free for you to do what you like with—build another church, or more probably blocks of offices or cinemas. An early answer will oblige; or perhaps you will honour me by lunching or dining with me at my hotel and talking it over.

I am, Yours faithfully,
CYRUS J. MULTY, JUNR.

Cablegram from Cyrus J. Multy, junr., to his Father.

Am expecting results soon, but hope you clearly understand that Dean goes with edifice.

Cablegram from Cyrus J. Multy to his Son.

Cathedral without Dean or not at all.

Cablegram from Cyrus J. Multy, junr., to his Father.

Very sorry, but in that case whole affair off. E. V. L.

"From an issue of *The Westminster Gazette*, staidest and most dignified of London's Conservative sheets. . . ."—*American Magazine.*

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us."
Burns.

GOOD DOG TINKER.

A MEMOIR.

He came to seek the falling crumb,
Staked out a claim and proved a sticker,
Where drab St. Sebert's-in-the-Slum
Domesticates its ill-paid Vicar.

An attitude he there maintained
Of mingled push and self-effacement,
Until at last the day was gained
Which found him feeding in the basement.

Each proffered inch he took full well—
One morning saw him soaped and suddy—
And, thus encouraged, grasped his ell,
The only arm-chair in the study.

Good dog was he not in the sense
Of high-bred species lapped in satins,
But that he gave no cats offence
And greatly longed to go to Matins.

Checked ofttimes in the latter deed,
His way was less ingratiating
With persons of the verger breed
And rose at times to sexton-baiting.

From head to waist of bullish make
And after that distinctly foxy,
He seemed when set in Parson's wake
To soften down his orthodoxy.

He hobnobbed freely—often fed—
With cases which no Church could grapple,
And naively district-visited
The families who went to chapel.

Alone he 'd beat the parish bounds,
Nor feared that fate a blow might deal him,
For, though most popular of hounds,
No connoisseur desired to steal him.

What time at Parson's heel he 'd jog,
Persons of doubtful avocation
Would shout, "Hullo!" to Parson's dog,
Who handed on the salutation.

And when by honoured years surprised
He went to prowl in precincts vaster,
The friendship of the unbaptized
Remained with Good Dog Tinker's master.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From "Answers to Correspondents":

"TIDE (Gravesend).—'The pilot's job is no *sine qua non*.' Nor a *pied de terre* either. 'Sinecure' is the word you want, Tidy."
Weekly Paper.

Our Realists.

From a dramatic criticism:—

"His comedy causes the muscles of the abdomen to quiver and his pathos raises emotional gulps in the windpipe."
The Curtain.

HAUNTS OF ROMANCE: THE WATERFALL.

THE MASTERS.

IT was a pure fluke.

To tell you the truth, I did not even know the thing was held there. Some instinct, probably a survival of the old days when the Westminster Aquarium used to cater for my youthful tastes, brought my wandering footsteps to a halt where the old entrance used to stand. Yes, that was just where we paid our shillings at the turnstile and were admitted into that singular Palace of Entertainment, to be assailed at once by a myriad siren voices beseeching us to buy something at a stall. Gone were those ancient temptresses; the only stall in sight held an array of sober-looking books and pamphlets, dealing apparently with the Game of Chess.

"Is there anything on here?" I asked, seeing a few gentlemen disappearing through a half-open door on the right.

"The Chess Congress," said the fair damsel in charge, smiling pleasantly at my ignorance.

I paid two-and-fourpence and went in. Chess Congresses were new to me.

* * *

So these were the Masters. They sat in pairs, at eight separate tables, within a roped-in enclosure. Each table was furnished with a board and pieces in battle array, glasses and a bottle of water, paper pads and pencils, and an ingenious-looking double clock, furnished with two knobs on the top, one of which rises when the other is depressed. I gather they must make a certain number of moves within the hour; if they overstep the limit these machines witness against them. How they do it I can't say. Mechanics were never my strong suit.

It is a strangely quiet crowd. The eight pairs sit silent within their enclosure, studying those unresponsive pieces on the boards with an intent absorption. All round, seated or standing (sometimes, near an important pair, standing on chairs), are the silent watchers. There is a sprinkling of ladies. Most of them have brought with them little portable folding boards, on which they follow the game, making move for move with their favourite pair. Why they should do this is, I confess, a mystery to me.

* * * * *

I climb a chair and look over the shoulders of the spectators at table No. 4. CAPABLANCA must be playing there, to judge by the crowd. He is. That young gentleman is CAPABLANCA, the boyish-looking fellow in the soft collar, with black hair and brown eyes. They all look younger than I should have expected. I had thought spectacles and a beard were almost inevitable adjuncts of a Master; but so far as I can see there is not a Beaver among them, and only a single pair of side-whiskers. Their clothes would almost pass the expert of *The Tailor and Cutter*.

They are curiously motionless, this pair. I have stood there so long that I begin to feel hypnotised. Something must be wrong with those clocks. CAPABLANCA's knob is raised; it is his turn to play. Ah, something is going to happen at last. He raises his right hand, strokes his right eyebrow reflectively and resumes his original position. Two minutes later he raises it again, places it gently but firmly on the K B, and moves that prelate one square in a south-easterly direction. Rapidly he presses down the knob on the top of his clock, writes rapidly on the pad by his side, pushes back his chair and walks round, with hands in pockets, to see how the others are getting on. Meanwhile his opponent sits there as before, his head supported in his hands, staring at the pieces as though mesmerised.

* * * * *

It seems to me something might be done with this game. I shall write a letter to the daily Press advocating Brighter Chess. So far, chess is the most neglected of our games. Here, for example, is the big event of the year—the Great Chess Congress, including a Masters' Tournament—and the affair is hardly advertised. Even in the neighbourhood of the Central Hall itself you have to look carefully before you can discover where the contest is being held. The hours of play are not given broadcast to an expectant crowd of sightseers. Look at Wimbledon, at Lord's, at Twickenham, at Sandown Park, when anything important is staged. The chess "fans" would roll up in their thousands if they were given anything of a lead.

Something should certainly be done to attract them. They should have a band at the very least. I see no reason why the spectacle of a great chess match should not be made as dramatic in its tense interest as any other game. But it would have to be speeded up. A cinema could manage this easily enough. Then, with each game condensed into ten minutes or so, there would be something to watch.

* * *

At present the Chess Reporter is the Cinderella of his profession. In most papers he is tucked away into some obscure corner. In part, no doubt, it is his own fault. He has not grasped the possibilities of the thing. So far I believe I am justified in saying that we do not know any of the players by their Christian names. Cricket has long shown us the importance of this point. Until we could speak familiarly of VALLANCE JUPP we did not really take an intimate interest in that eminent player's fortunes. BOGULJUBOW has an excellent patronymic, but unless we can think of him as DIMITRI he is hardly human to us. So with ZNOSKO-BOROWSKY, with TARTAKOWER, even with ALECHINE.

The great British public is waiting to take the Chess Master to its capacious heart. Will the Chess Master look a little more lively, please?

"GARN! AFRAID O' THE WATER—AN' YOU WITH A SAILOR'S 'AT ON! DON'T LET THAT NAVAL GENT SEE YOU."

From a race-card:—

"The Pedigrees and Names of Trainers have been added for convenience, but they are not guaranteed to be correct."

There are still a few of them who are not in *Burke*.

"YACHT.—Beautiful, 67 feet long, fully equipped with 40 h.p. Buffalo heavy duty engine, also dingy sleeping quarters for four. Owner must sacrifice for personal reasons."

Advt. in Canadian Paper.

Presumably, the condition of the sleeping quarters.

New Sportsman (who has been shooting at several cheepers). "WOT D'YE MEAN ALWAYS SHOUTIN' 'CHEAPER' JUST WHEN I'M GOING TO SHOOT? CHEAPER THAN WHAT? THERE AIN'T NOTHING CHEAP HERE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

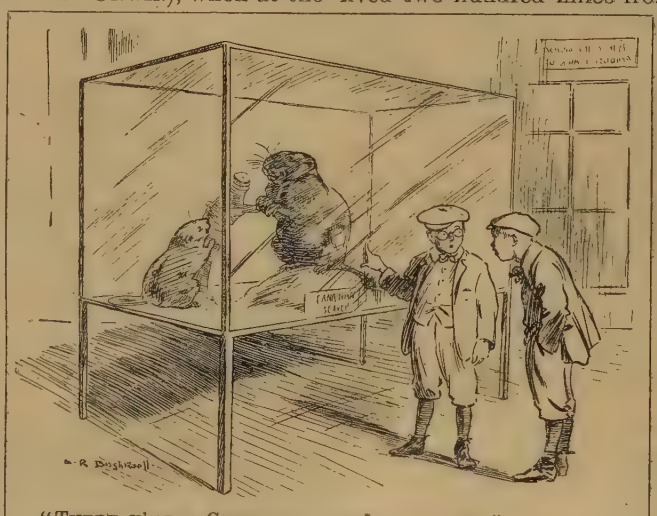
MRS. HENRY DUDENEY'S latest volume of short stories, *A Baker's Dozen* (HEINEMANN), is one of those uneasy books which are being written nowadays by novelists of established reputation who cannot quite make up their minds whether to run with the Victorian hare or hunt with the Georgian hounds. If I were Mrs. DUDENEY I should (to vary the metaphor) stick to my Victorian securities and give contemporary influences the go-by, in the serene assurance that the Mrs. GASKELL elements in my work were much more characteristic and valuable than its recently-acquired tang of Miss MAY SINCLAIR. The present thirteen stories start off in a psycho-analytical vein, with themes to match. In "Taking the Waters" a wronged wife urges her bored and resentful husband to go and visit her dying rival; in "The Embrace" a young husband kills his wife's faithful mongrel as a possible menace to their unborn child; in "A Seller of Purple" an egomaniac novelist pits himself successfully against a girlish rival who has dared to make a name for herself by writing about his particular strip of scenery; and so on. But with "The Feast," a quite simply sentimental yet extraordinarily careful account of a lonely cottager's Christmas, we get back into the pleasant air of the eighteen-fifties; and this agreeably reappears—though never with quite such a definite fragrance—in at least three of the succeeding tales.

"H. B." and Laurence Irving (GRANT RICHARDS) is very properly an affectionate and gossiping, rather than a critical, biography by AUSTIN BRERETON of the two interesting and talented brothers whose lives were so sadly cut short, to the loss of all lovers of the theatre. Mr. BRERETON seems rather tentatively to suggest what many critics will readily agree to, that it was LAURENCE who was the born actor. "H. B.'s" intelligence and gifts of person stood him in good stead, but it is doubtful if he ever did anything as fine as his brother's memorable performance in *Typhoon*. To "H. B." success came early and easily; to LAURENCE it came late, and when it came all his high hopes (and ours) went down in *The Empress of Ireland*. Theatre-goers will be glad to have a complete record of "H. B.'s" parts and some account of the principal parts played by his brother. It would be disingenuous in a reviewer not to record that the book shows signs of rather hasty padding. Perhaps discretion tied the author's hand.

Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM has made so good a thing of the best of his *Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies* (MACMILLAN) that the duller passages filled with trivialities and his rather mild and often obscure little jokes come as a surprise, suggesting that the author was hampered by the need of sending prompt and measured instalments to the New York *Evening Post*. Here is a record of the wanderings of two good comrades, eccentrics and mystics both, through Glacier, National Park and a slice of Canada. The poet was VACHEL LINDSAY, the itinerant and vociferous reciter. The affair was something more than a (rather noisy) picnic, and it didn't seem the likeliest thing that sliding down moving shale-beds, fording unknown torrents and getting lost in unmapped forests would end in nothing

more serious than torn and wet clothes, a twisted ankle and deferred meals. I should say that it must have required some courage (of which Mr. GRAHAM has plenty, as he has proved) to go up to a strange bear, offer it bread and gentle its nose. I rather suspect that the enthusiastic LINDSAY, for all his early "bumming" experiences, didn't quite realise what a devil of a fellow GRAHAM was when he really got going—which, as GRAHAM is the narrator, might seem to suggest a lack of modesty. Quite the contrary. No one could be simpler or less of an egoist, and the wanderings of these two inspired lunatics, LINDSAY making the welkin ring with odd verse, and his companion loving everything and everybody, from bears to Dukhobors, are a thoroughly diverting business, with the reservations I have in honesty indicated. One reads indeed with a spasm of envy, and regrets that one allows oneself to be so tied to hot shaving-water and all that it implies. Mr. VERNON HILL's emblematic designs seem to me quite excellent.

I was a little anxious for *Benjamin Pye*, the youthful hero of *Eyes of Innocence* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), when at the age of ten and a half I found him talking to himself about "menial occupations." But *Benjamin* was perfectly safe in the hands of Mr. ROBERT A. HAMBLIN, and I need not have worried. The clever son of a poetical and feckless greengrocer, *Benjamin* had a successful school career before he passed into the Civil Service. Once there, he and his wonderful father imagined that he would quickly climb the ladder of fame; what actually happened to him was a tragedy, relieved indeed by the humour with which his creator relates it, but nevertheless a tragedy. This story is a considerable advance upon Mr. HAMBLIN's previous work. In the main it is a serious study of temperament, well observed both in essentials and trifles. The poetical greengrocer is not, I feel compelled to say, free from caricature. But Mr. HAMBLIN knows his *Benjamin* and describes him with skill and restraint.



"THERE Y' ARE, CHARLIE; THAT 'S A BEAVER."
"GARN! THAT AIN'T A BEAVER; IT AIN'T GOT NO BEARD."

If the British Empire is really worth anything to itself and the world at large, as we all fundamentally know it is, whatever foolish things are sometimes said, it will do no one any harm to stop occasionally to consider what has made it so and how its vitality is to be maintained in the future. Professor RAMSAY MUIR, in *The Expansion of Europe* (CONSTABLE), a book already well known in its pre-war form, thrashes the matter out in so lucid and easy a way that one is inclined to feel at first blush that anyone could do it. That Europe's manner of thought and civilization has conquered the whole earth he proves very neatly by showing that even where bits of the East, for instance, appear to resent the conquest, they do so after a European, not an Oriental, fashion. The author, in tracing the successive and very curious stages of this conquering process, analyses without either partiality or scepticism both the motives that have been its driving force and the share which different nations have had in the achievement. For my part I declare I love him for the certainty he feels that it is a question of glory, as well as for the courage with which he defines the questions at issue between civilization and the backward peoples as being primarily moral (and British) rather than material (and German). In its present shape his book is not only much larger than it was before, but it has harvested from the War a wisdom that various statesmen might envy. To persons suffering from any of the forms of pessimism apparently prevailing in political circles it is recommended as a wholesome common-sense tonic.

When I say that readers of *Witch Doctors* (CAPE) are invited to follow the fortunes of *MFunya MPopo*, who begat *Kawa Kendi*, who begat *Zalu Zako*, you will understand why I appreciate Mr. CHARLES BEADLE's thoughtfulness in supplying a detailed list of his characters. Even with this assistance I was occasionally a little, but not unpleasantly, bewildered. Indeed this story is so far removed from the ordinary novel of the day that those who take pleasure in something outside the range of common experience will find real refreshment in it. They will, for instance, discover how *Herr Ober-Leutnant Hermann von Schnitzler und zu Pfeiffer* tried to teach some natives, who lived two hundred miles from the south-eastern corner of the Victoria Nyanza, a very Prussian lesson, and why his attempt ended in failure. *Von Schnitzler, etc.*, is a figure not easily forgotten. But Mr. BEADLE is less concerned with him than with the witch-doctors. Wonderful were the machinations of these jealous old gentlemen, and I am greatly impressed by the skill and knowledge that were needed for the revelation of their unique mentality.

According to Mynheer LOUIS COUPERUS, *The Hidden Force* (CAPE) which defies the European occupation of the Orient is the religion and magic of the native. These, working from above and below, end by exercising a sort of attrition on the moral of the purely materialistic ruler. The European *raj* at (it is to be hoped) its worst is represented here by the household of *Van Oudijck*, the Dutch Resident of a small Javanese capital—pathetically by the Resident himself and repulsively by his second wife, *Léonie*, and his divorced wife's children, *Theo* and *Doddie*. The setting of their follies and depravities—the Concordia Club with its gin-and-bitters table, and the Residency with its chocolate-box boudoirs—is pitted against exquisite Javanese country houses and cleanly Chinese palaces; just as the depravities themselves are contrasted (I think in excessive detail) with the patriarchal manners of the old and fast-deteriorating native *régime*. The moral of it all seems to be that East cannot mix with West without each suffering, and suffering in proportion to its lack of the supernatural. The legitimate attractions of the book (excellently translated by the late Mr. ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS) include half-a-dozen memorable landscapes and "interiors"; and a charming portrait of the wife of *Van Oudijck's* secretary, who tries in vain to stiffen the colony in the essentials of the European tradition—from monogamy to dress-clothes—against the encroaching East.

In respect to last week's Cartoon, "The Debtors," Mr. Punch desires to acknowledge his own indebtedness to RIPOLIN, LTD.

CHARIVARIA.

We understand that, in deference to the Commission recently set up on the question of honours, Mr. Lloyd George has decided that the book he is to write will not have a title.

***

It is pointed out that Mr. Lloyd George will be paid at the rate of ten shillings a word. A political opponent is said to have offered to tell him one or two words that would be well worth the money.

***

Mr. Lloyd George will go down in history as the man who won the War, a leader-writer thinks. It is hoped he may eventually have a like success with the Peace.

***

Bavaria denies the report that she has a Coalition Government. In fact, things are said to be fairly tolerable there.

***

There is one thing to be said for the Peace Conference delegates. They should be highly successful as writers of travel books.

***

There is no truth in the rumour that Lord Beaverbrook has applied for permission to change his title to that of Lord Walruspond.

***

On the same day that *The Daily Mail* announced "Warmer Weather Prospect," a headline in *The Daily News* said, "Chilly Weather to Continue." It is greatly to be deplored that the meteorological rivalries of the popular Press have been carried to the length of unsettling the whole summer.

***

An American visitor now in London is said to have expressed a desire to winter in England again next summer.

***

Professor Sir Arthur Keith denies that a large head indicates brains. In many cases it merely signifies that the owner won the War.

***

A Moscow journal has rebuked Communists for holding dancing-parties which last into the small hours. The feeling is that people who go in for that sort of thing can't expect to turn up bright-eyed and fresh for the Revolution in the morning.

***

It is reported that the spectator who was carried away from the International Chess Congress in a fainting condition still persists in the fantastic story that he saw Bogoljubow move, and the sight was too much for him.

***

The *Vogt Correspondence* makes the announcement that the ex-Crown Prince is anxious to go back to Germany. This rather suggests that Germany is not so poor as some people imagine.

***

American comedians have been forbidden to make jokes about Prohibition. As nothing was said about the Ford car it is hoped that they will be able to carry on.

***

We understand that, even among those Prohibitionists most active in the suppression of rum-running, there is by no means unanimous approval of the extension of United States territorial waters beyond the limit of three miles from the British coast.

***

A German scientist claims to have invented a serum which would enable people to live for a hundred-and-fifty years. We are doubtful whether, in the absence of a money prize, this would counteract the advantages of an early demise under the various newspaper insurance schemes.

***

A wife at Tottenham was not quite sure whether she was summoning her third or fourth husband. If people will trust to their memory and not employ proper methods of bookkeeping they must put up with these inconveniences.

***

The first rule for a happy marriage, in the opinion of Miss Jane Burr, is to be willing to live with the person you marry. Novel though the suggestion may be nowadays, it certainly has its advantages.

***

Women warriors are said to be taking part in the Paraguayan civil war. There is however a strong local feeling that civil wars are not quite suitable for girls.

***

Attention is again drawn to the so-called mirage in the Mall, in which vehicles seem to be reflected in a wet surface. On many occasions lately this illusion has been heightened by foot-passengers having the appearance of carrying umbrellas.

***

No one appears to be making any serious attempt nowadays to discover the secret of perpetual motion. Faced with the possibility of it being fixed to domestic gramophones, who wants to?

***

With reference to the Cardiff man who was arrested for fighting five seamen, the theory is that he was merely a football referee getting in a bit of practice before the season opens.

***

"The bridegroom's family," says a Society note in a Sunday paper "boasts an ancient lineage." We can only hope that the family refrained from doing so at the wedding.

***

A Manchester octogenarian who married last week for the first time declared that he would rather wait sixty years for the mate of his choice than do anything in haste. There is some talk, we understand, of making him an honorary plumber.

***

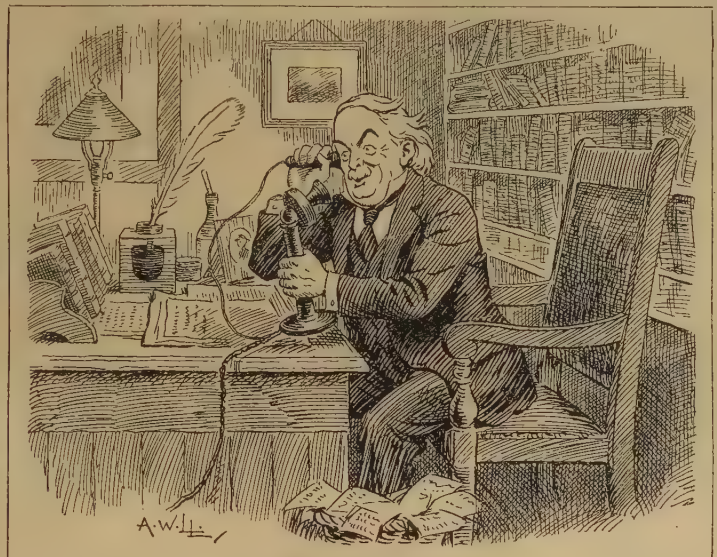
"I was astonished to see so many visitors carrying umbrellas and mackintoshes in spite of the fact that the sun was shining brightly," declares a correspondent in a daily paper. We can only suppose that the weather forecast was "set fair."

***

There are about fifty thousand bees in a swarm, we read. When being attacked by them very few men ever bother to count them.

***

Earwigs have taken possession of new houses in Lincoln and nothing will induce them to leave. This is the first real testimonial Sir Alfred Mond has received in respect of these new houses.



THE NOVICE.

Mr. Lloyd George (on the telephone to Mrs. Asquith). "Do come down to the country for a few days and give me some hints."

THE CRUISE OF THE "CLIO."

I.

"CAN we get away to-night?" asked the owner of the *Clio* as we pushed the dinghy off.

"Ay," said old Joe of Needleport and spat regretfully into the harbour. "You'll have a nice tide under you from six o'clock. Fine weather comin' and a full moon."

To-night! How thrilling! This very night we were to put out to sea and sail along the Channel of Old England under a full moon. What would the *Clio* be like? A "yacht," at any rate, we knew from her captain, though a mere nine tons, but of what shape, of what rig and, most important, of what colour? Never mind; to-night we should be away in her. Old Joe had been looking after her for seven months (at ten shillings a week), and for the last few weeks, we knew, had been busily engaged in making her ready for sea.

It is odd that those two noble things, the horse and the boat, should so corrupt the souls of men. In the United States I saw seventy-nine statues of GEORGE WASHINGTON. All except one wore the painfully virtuous expression of the canonical legends, but that one had a hard, no-nonsense, man-of-the-world aspect which was quite shocking. And the explanation I heard was simply this—that the sculptor had made his preliminary studies of the face while GEORGE WASHINGTON was in the act of selling a horse. Boats have the same effect. I would not trust an archbishop who was selling me a boat. Horse-copers and stable-boys, I understand, are rough, rapacious persons, but I wager they cannot hold a candle to the longshoreman. I have known many of these simple, manly, weather-beaten sharks, but old Joe of Needleport is surely king of them all.

He rowed us slowly out to the *Clio* in the fading light, a superb grey Beaver; and, as he rowed, the thought of the *Clio* and his labours upon her seemed to be more than he could bear.

"Many and many a sleepless night she's given me," he croaked, resting on his oars; and his watery old eyes wandered pathetically from face to face. "Turr'ble gales from the sou'-west. . . Boats carryin' away from their moorin's right and left. . . Many a night I've lain awake thinkin' of 'er. . . I wouldn't go through it again, not for no money, I wouldn't."

"Ah," said the Master of the *Clio*.

"Night after night. Lyin' awake in me bed. . . Wore me out, it 'as," said old Joe.

"Ah," replied the Master of the *Clio*; and old Joe began to row again, but feebly now, as if indeed his stamina was giving out.

"She be turr'ble old," he went on quaveringly. "Started leaking las' week she did," and a slow tear leaked in sympathy out of the corner of his right eye.

"How's that? She never leaked before," said the Captain.

"Tight as a drum she's been these seven months. Then las' week she let in fower inches of water, sudden like. Monday there was six inches. Never seed such a thing in my life. I been pumping 'er out twice a day. Wore me out, she 'as;" and once again he stopped rowing.

"Very odd she should spring a leak just before I want her," said the Captain.

"Likely there'd be a bit of oakum worked out of they seams," said old Joe, ignoring the oddity referred to. "Turr'ble warm suns there's been 'ere," he added.

"Ah," said the Captain, who had not seen the sun for six weeks.

"Pumped 'er out this marnin', I did," said Joe. "She be dry as I be now. Many a sleepless night——" he went on, but caught somebody's eye and stopped.

We boarded the *Clio* in silence and peered down the hatchway into the tiny cabin, as men look down into a disused well. The cabin was full of damp vapour. Where the cabin floor should have been there was a sheet of water, green and noisome, like the water of a stagnant pond, the water of ages, gently slushing to and fro as the boat rolled. Water-beetles swam happily upon the surface. Underneath one felt that there were fish.

"Never seed such a thing," said old Joe, astonished. "Pumped 'er out this marnin', I did."

"Ah," said the Captain. "What about the rigging?"

"Runnin' riggin' be turr'ble rotten," said old Joe. "Look at *that*, now," and, seizing one of the more important ropes, he tugged at it smartly with both hands. The rope came in two.

"And look at *that*!" the old man cried with growing enthusiasm, hauling madly on the main-halyard. The halyard broke in three places.

"And do 'ee look at *this*," he said, tearing one of the shrouds from its place. "And this—and this!" Two heavy things called blocks fell upon our heads. The man was warming to his work. Dejectedly we clambered round the boat, watching old Joe breaking her up. When he had done she looked like the refuse of a ship-chandler's establishment.

"Decks leak," said the weather-beaten old shark cheerfully, plunging a huge knife into one of the seams. A stream of rain-water trickled on to the cabin seats.

"I wouldn't go to sea in this yacht, not for no money, I wouldn't," he croaked again. "Your mains'l 's turr'ble rotten."

"But it oughtn't to be *here*," protested the Captain. "You ought to have kept it under cover *ashore*."

"Las' week I 'ad 'er out and dried 'er. Pretty nigh every week I've dried that sail," quavered the old man, removing the cover. The cover was beautiful with marine fungi. From underneath it two birds emerged and flew away, flapping their wings. The nest was perfectly formed.

Then at last the Captain uplifted his voice. He is a man of letters, and he spoke wingéd words.

"Old Joe," he said, "thou aged liar, thou simple, shameless, incompetent liar, for seven months thou hast left this noble ship to rot upon the waters; thou hast made her within as a large Aquarium, and without as a small Zoo. Thou sayest truly that she is rotten, and thou hast made her rotten. For this service thou dost confidently expect to receive the sum of fifteen pounds. No such sum shall be granted unto thee. Liar, thief, despoiler of mariners, curséd be thy name and the name of all longshoremen, but especially the longshoremen of this iniquitous port! May never a ship or boat put into this place for shelter! May it be marked upon the Admiralty Chart as a wicked place, a danger to the sailor and the home of robbers; that thus the longshoremen of Needleport may perish utterly from the face of the earth! God Save the King!

"And now begone from me, lest I do thee a mischief; but take with thee the sum of five pounds, that haply in the 'Sailor's Arms' thou mayest drink a little of the filthy beer of Needleport, and die."

Old Joe climbed into his dinghy and got out his oars.

"I've been shipmates with the likes of you," he observed darkly. "You wouldn't believe the trouble I've 'ad with that boat."

"I wouldn't," said the Captain.

Then the old man rowed away into the dusk, and over the still water there came for a time the sound of his indignant mumbles: "Many and many a sleepless night . . . Wore me out, she 'as . . . lyin' awake."

Silence fell at last and the night came down upon us.

"Well, we shall have to spend the night *here*, that's all," we said cheer-

THE DECLINE IN MARRIAGE; OR, THE SPOIL-SPORTS.

Sir Alfred Mond. "DON'T SHOOT! THERE'S NOWHERE FOR THEM TO LIVE."
Sir Robert Horne. "AND NOTHING FOR THEM TO LIVE ON."

"AUNTIE, DON'T YOU THINK THAT CYRIL PLAYS MUCH BETTER FOR HIS AGE THAN MRS. BROWN DOES FOR HERS?"

fully. "But first let's go ashore and be merry at an inn."

Then we discovered a new thing. The dinghy of the *Clio* was missing. We were cut off from Needleport, alone and friendless in a porous boat.

"Old Joe," we cried into the darkness, "come back, come back! Nice old Joe, come back to us."

But answer came there none.

Then it began to rain. A. P. H.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BROKEN WING"
(DUKE OF YORK'S).

MESSRS. PAUL DICKEY and CHARLES W. GODDARD describe their entertainment as "a colourful comedy of modern Mexico." "Colourful" it certainly is, with its sun-flooded scene, picturesque costumes, pistol-drawings and dagger-flourishings, not to mention the crashing of an aeroplane on the heroine's house (after preliminary noises that painfully recalled the uncomfortable sensations of air-raid nights). But I am not so sure about "comedy." Comedy should have some relation to real life, and *The Broken Wing* has little or none. It is a blend of farce and melodrama, and it seems, reversing the usual order, to have strayed from the film to the stage. If it succeeds—and the continuous laughter of a first-night audience suggests that it possibly may—its success will be primarily due to that most engaging ruffian, *Captain Innocencio* (the programme says *Innonencio*, but that must be a misprint) *dos Santos*, played with unflagging spirit and joviality by Mr. THURSTON HALL. Miss DOROTHY DIX looked her best and worked her hardest as the heroine, *Inez Villera*. But it was not easy to find much attraction in a young woman who was so frankly out to get a husband—Gringo for choice, because Gringos use soap and water, but Greaser if nothing cleaner offered—and whenever she succeeded for a moment in arousing our sympathies the authors, with some peculiarly fatuous line, let her down with a bump. Eventually, after many vicissitudes, she captured her Gringo, in the person of *Philip Marvin*, a young English aviator who has lost his memory (and possibly his taste as well) in the crash of the aforesaid aeroplane; but I personally should not have minded if he had preferred to pair off with *Cecilia*, the fascinating female detective (Miss DOROTHY HANSON). *Philip*, by the way, was most admirably played by Mr. FRANCIS LISTER, who while he was on the stage almost made me believe that the story was real. Mr. EDDIE VOGT as a male detective, Mr. JOSEPH SPURIN as a thievish and amorous soldier (with an agreeable singing voice), and Miss HOPE TILDEN, as a kitchen-wench, added much to the hilarity of the evening. Yet their efforts would, I fear, have been in vain but for the abounding vitality and humour of *Captain Innocencio*. In case *The Broken Wing* should have but a limited flight I advise my readers to book their seats at once.

W. A. L.

Our Clerical Humourists.

"PARISH CHURCH-BELLS BAZAAR.
Vicarage Stall.
On September 31st, at 3 o'clock.
Please reserve this date."
Advt. in Local Paper.

From Smith Minor's History Paper:
"Wolsey went to Oxford when he was a small boy and rose from one position to another. After a while he became a bachelor. He soon became Henry VIII.'s best man."
No sinecure.

A West African business-card:—
"JAMES A. ——
General Tailor & Draper,
—— Street,
Under upstair in the room opposite big upstair.
Please if you need of pressing your suits or sewing kindly write me when you will have my best attention to do it."
We gather that his show-room is on the mezzanine floor.

LORDS AND LADIES.

WHEN I was a boy at school
(That's in Eighteen something A.D.),
I was taught by rigid rule
How to walk when with a lady;
This should be my constant guide—
Let the lady go inside.

Whether right or left the kerb,
I must take it, as the stronger,
Lest the traffic should disturb
Dainty skirts that then were longer
With a watering-cart in flood
Or a splash of liquid mud.

But when two pedestrians met
Not of the opposing sexes,
What was then the etiquette?
It 's a problem that perplexes,
For I can't remember quite
If one went to left or right.

Later on, I know not why,
Someone mighty and mysterious
Set up notices on high
With a warning sternly serious,
Bidding us (in blue and white)
Keep intently to the right.

Now the innovators bold
Ridicule this rule and crab it;
We are generally told
That it is a fatal habit
Walking as if we designed
To be run down from behind.

Right or left? this is to-day
What our publicists dispute on;
Shall we walk our fathers' way,
Or be followers of NEWTON
(Not Sir ISAAC, who is dead,
But a living Lord instead)?

Is the left the right for us?
Or should right be left as settled?
While the question we discuss
NEWTON seems extremely nettled
That the women wander still
Right or left as suits their will.

To the sacred shrines of dress
They will come like pilgrim Hindoos,
Whether right or left, they press
Closer to the magic windows,
Then before each saleful shop
Streams of women meet—and stop.

What to them does NEWTON mean,
What is his august decree for,
When they gaze on *crêpe de Chine*
Something and eleven three-four?
Right or left are idle tales
In the vortex of the Sales.

Vainly would our noble guides
Keep us to the paths they plan us;
'Tis the Woman that decides,
Not the new *Nutans Tyrannus*;
And her right shall not be reft
While one remnant still is left.

"YOUR 'USBAND 'AS GOT TO LOOK SHABBY LATELY."
"WELL, IT 'S REALLY A BLESSIN' IN DISGUISE, MRS. MIGGS; YER SEE, IT SAVES ME ALL THE EXPENSE OF 'AVIN' TO DRESS UP TO 'IM."

"When the aerial Derby takes place round London one of the entrants will be a machine that is expected to make a speed of four miles an hour. If aerial navigation makes much further progress a flight of the imagination will be a comparatively slow affair."
Canadian Paper.

To judge by the above specimen, our contemporary ought to know.

From the label on the ink officially supplied by the Madras Government:—
"This ink writes beautiful Black neither it spreads on the face of paper nor it peniterates or spoils the nibs, it is specially useful for the valuable documents and registeration etc. The cimical anlysr, of Bombay passes his good views for this ink."

But it seems to have a rather revolutionary effect on the spelling.

"Peas are the most popular vegetable, because supplies are shot."—*Daily Paper.*

By pea-shooters, of course. But why not shell them?

"Working Mousekeeper for Gentleman residing in the country. Good plain cook and needlewoman."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

We may be old-fashioned, but in our opinion this is not a suitable occupation for a woman.

"GRAMOPHONE AIDS TO SURGERY.
WHY NOT FUNNY STORIES?"
Evening Paper.

We wonder whether the story of the surgeon who left a valuable sponge sewed up in the patient will be included in the repertoire.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

LILITH'S LETTER TO *THE TITTLE-TATTLE*.

June, 1944.

OH! MY FEARF'LY DEAR,—I must really tell you of the breathless time I 've just been having. I 've been simply plunged in Bohemia for the last week. Did I tell you that the Georgy-Porgy Wakehams had asked me down to their garden city for a week?

You know, my dearest, that Georgy-Porgy is *the* last word in modernity. He 's simply into the year 2000 already. It 's so extra-speshully easy for him, because Mrs. Georgy is a medium. She 's got a spirit called Mary Ann, who tells her everything that our grand-daughters will do in the days that are to come. So, of course, the Georgy-Porgys are simply ahead of everyone. They dare to do what no one else would attempt, and they 're surrounded by the most extreme of the artistic world.

I arrived there at tea-time. They 'd actually sent a four-wheeler to meet me. Wasn't it a perfect scream? I hadn't seen a horse for an age—had you? I believe Georgy had him brought from some far-off island.

Then, my delectable, I found myself among the most Bohemian people I 've ever met. Mr. Shebna Tom, the artist, was sitting on a sofa beside Prissie Pringle, of Movie fame; and Tollemarche, the rhyming poet, was sitting on a pouffe by the fire nursing a pug. Annette, the great manicurist, was biting her nails in an armchair, and the Georgys were sitting side by side on a settee.

Mrs. Georgy got up and kissed me on both cheeks. Will you believe me, my *chériest*, she was dressed in merino from her chin to her toes? When she sat down to warm her feet I saw that she was wearing ribbed worsted stockings and elastic-sided boots, and—last word in daring, if you can credit your two shell-like ears—she had on a red flannel petticoat.

She insisted on bringing me up to the nursery to see the twins. She has everything decorated in the most charmingly Victorian style. She 's calling the twins Jemima and Augustus. Isn't that too ducky for words? Of course her people will be furious; they think her positively fast about it and want the teeny-weeny ones called Peter and Joan, as children always were in early-Georgian days. But Mrs. Georgy, who is one of the million odd Pamelas, says she 's sick of those old-fashioned fusty ways.

Will you believe me, she said that none of her neighbours get divorced nowadays; they think it very frumpish and old-fashioned? The Georgy-Porgys just *refused* to be divorced, though, of course, all the Grundies advised them to be. But she is such a leader of fashion that she 's lately had her photograph in *The Lounger*, with "Four years of happy married life" written underneath. She says *The Daily Replica* is advanced enough to boom happy marriages. What would our mothers have thought? In 1922 you simply weren't *there* if you hadn't divorced or been divorced.

First Tramp. "'ERE 'S A BIT O' LUCK, BILL."
Bill (fervently). "'EAVEN BLESS THEM ROAD-MENDERS FER LEAVIN' THAT BUMP ON THE ROAD!"

When we got down to tea *the* excitement was the arrival of a Bishop. My duckiest, he was a real, live, palatial, gaitered, aproned and amethyst-ringed Bishop! I don't know when I saw anything so dinky. I thought myself back in the glorious old historical days of Miss YONGE.

Anything can happen at the Georgy-Porgys. The fun waxed fast and furious, for the Bishop stayed to dinner. He said grace too. Poor Prissie Pringle was so surprised that she sat down too soon and had to stand up all in confusion, and Shebna dropped his monocle in the soup, he was so startled. But we didn't dare to seem too old-fashioned, so we played up to the Bishop, and he was really ever so 'tractive. It was the first time I 'd ever looked at one near, so I *stared*.

After dinner Georgy-Porgy made a speech. He said that for a rag, as he felt rather heady and excited, he thought we 'd all go to a concert in aid of the new school-house.

I 'd never been to anything a bit like it. It was splendidly done. Somebody sang a dear old folk-song called "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and Georgy gave a reading from an antique manuscript of *David Copperfield*. I can't think how the Georgys can reproduce the Victorian atmosphere so wonderfully. I suppose everyone will *try* to do it now, but most of us are so hopelessly in a groove.

Tollemarche got up and sang "The Midshipmite" amid *howls* of excitement. He says he just remembers his grandfather singing it by his cradle.

Finally, *petitest*, we joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." It was too thrilling. I do adore these quaint customs! Georgy kept up the illusion till the last moment, for when we got home he lighted our candles for us and said, "Good-night and pleasant dreams."

Prissie Pringle says she daren't smoke in public, it 's so old-fashioned; but she *does* have a tiny puff in her bedroom, even if it *is* like her mother.

I must tell you the rest next time, my cherished. It was a whirl of ultra-modernism: a bazaar, a tea-fight, a course of sermons, tableaux, and dances, where the *dernier cri* is the old joyous polka revived.

Now will you try while you 're in Paris to get me a red flannel petty and three pairs of black worsted stockings? And do ask Recamier if skirts must *quite* hide the feet. *Hélas!* I am a frump at heart. I do regret the passing of the old silken hose and the knee-long skirt. But, *allons!* we advance.

Thine eternally, LILITH.

Commercial Candour.

"Sold Cheap, owing to death, two uninhabitable detached Elizabethan cottages."
Ladies' Paper.

"Catherine —— was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for stealing collecting-boxes, prayerbooks, etc., from —— Parish Church. Prisoner urged that she took the articles in a fit of abstraction."—*Daily Paper.*

Is this the latest synonym for kleptomania?

Betty (as vendor of chocolates approaches). "I 'SPECT YOU 'VE HEARD, UNCLE, THAT THE COST OF LIVING IS SIMPLY AWFUL."

THE ART OF RAISING AN AUDIENCE.

The Chairman of the Greytown Literary and Scientific Association to the Honorary Secretary.

I am glad to hear that the arrangements in respect of the next series of free popular lectures are approaching completion. We must now try to find some way of getting people to attend them. Our past experience has been most disappointing. Can you suggest anything?

Please remember that the undermentioned expedients have been tried and found unsatisfactory :—

Titled Chairman.
Lantern Views.
Preliminary Organ Recital.
Glee Party Selections.

Honorary Secretary to Chairman.

What about a charge for admission? People appreciate a thing more if a money-value is attached to it.

Chairman to Honorary Secretary.

Preposterous. Would ruin the whole show. The thin line of regular supporters would be hopelessly broken.

Honcrary Secretary to Chairman.

I think I can bring it off if I am given a free hand.

Display Advertisement in "The Greytown Chronicle."

TOWN HALL, GREYTOWN.

(*Under the auspices of the Greytown Literary and Scientific Association.*)

PROFESSOR PONSBERY

will deliver Six Lectures on

"VESTIGES OF PRE-HISTORIC MAN."

Tickets for the course, 15/- (Separate Lecture, 3/-).

☛ *For Students a Limited Number of Complimentary Tickets is available. To be had on application to the Honorary Secretary.*

Honorary Secretary to Chairman.

Professor Ponsbery writes to say that he was delighted to have had the opportunity of lecturing before such large and appreciative audiences. It was good, he adds, to see so many eager seekers after knowledge.

Chairman to Honorary Secretary.

Congratulations. I did not realise that the town contained so considerable a number of students.

Incorrigible.

"Mabel —— was summoned for using improper language on August 4th. She admitted it and said another."—*Local Paper.*

A CASE FOR THE COURTS.

FATE carelessly drew us together
And our names were put up on the spot,
So we had to get on with it whether
We took to the notion or not.
But I heard not a hint of the scoffer;
On occasion, in fact, I would catch
The remark that we 'd probably offer
An excellent match.

Till to-day, it is true, we 've afforded
Strong proof of the promise we gave;
If our object was candidly sordid,
As a pair we knew how to behave.
Yet while I regard you as splendid,
Though your welfare 's still close to my heart,
Our engagement, dear lady, is ended,
And now we must part.

But what if our partnership 's over!
Just think of the trophies we boast
As you scamper to-morrow to Dover,
And I to the Devonshire coast.
Not ours the least need to repine; all
Was done that we bargained to do
When we pulled off that handicap final
At 6—4, 6—2.

An Infant Prodigy.

"One of the greatest features of Yorkshire cricket is the way their young players rise quickly to fame. Macaulay is not yet 2 years of age."—*North Country Paper.*

GLORINDA: A PORTRAIT.

RESOLVED from earliest youth to shock and shine,
Glorinda, at the age of forty-nine,
Still drinks with thirst insatiate at the springs
Of new, bizarre, sophisticated things.

Goaded by all the demons of unrest,
Pursuing pleasure with ferocious zest,
Though growing daily longer in the tooth
She leads the revels of rebellious youth,
Sitting, for choice, cross-legged upon the floor
While neo-Georgian lions round her roar;

Though none can drown her piercing peacock tones
As she denounces BROWNING or BURNE-JONES,
Dismisses WELLS or BENNETT to the ranks
Of fogeydom along with SQUIRE and SHANKS,
Or holds it less a blunder than a crime
When the dear SITWELLS deviate into rhyme.
As the fit climax of a hectic day
She loves to patronize the horror play,
In ecstasy succumbing to the lure
Of scenes a scavenger could scarce endure;
And in the realm of music knows no joys
Save those provided by "deliberate noise."

In old Victorian days a game was played
Wherein young ladies their "confessions" made,
And wrote their answers to the *questionnaire*
In albums cherished with religious care.
Some still survive, and one of them enshrines
Glorinda's creed in forty lurid lines,
Showing, in all its cultivated kinks,
The mental outfit of the super-minx.
Most I pass over, but a few may serve
As illustrations of her taste and nerve.

"*Your favourite virtue*—Perfect self-expression.
The vice you most abominate—Discretion.
Your favourite heroine—QUEEN JEZEBEL.
Your pet aversions—BEETHOVEN and DELL.
Your favourite authors—'ALDOUS' and JAMES JOYCE.
Your favourite animal—My big Rolls-Royce.
Your favourite diet—Gin and gorgonzola.
Your favourite female names—Locusta, Lola.
Your favourite composers—BLISS and BAX.
Your favourite sport—Riding on flapper-racks.
Your favourite artists—POY, PICASSO, LAMB.
The Heaven you hope for—One prolonged Grand Slam."

Nor are her ardent energies confined
To championing the mutiny of mind,
Or wallowing with rapture unalloyed
Deep in the ectoplasmic mire of FREUD.
No, in the elastic ambit of her code
The modern Mænad has a place for Mode,
And in the streets the very motors shy
When, dressed to kill, Glorinda passes by,
Alert, self-conscious to the finger-tips,
Plastered with carmine on her cheeks and lips.
But whether you behold her in her box,
Diaphanously clad, with purple locks,
Or jazzing with contortions that outdo
The gestures of a boxing kangaroo,
Tarantulated by the fearsome tunes
Played by a band of epileptic coons—
Glorinda holds the centre of the stage,
The most "conspicuous monster of our age."

THE PLATITUDINARIANS.

IF we took our stand near to the parish pump in some sequestered village, and heard Gaffer Brown talking gravely of the weather to his crony, Master Bellows—"And what I say is that it 's always raining or else it 's shining. And when it isn't raining or shining, belike it 's soon going to do ayther the one or t'other"—we should probably say to ourselves, "The dear old fellows seem to think that they 're in Westminster."

But if we took our place at Westminster and heard our rulers talking gravely about the state of trade—"And we have every reason to cherish the sanguine hope that within the next few months—the next few months, Mr. SPEAKER—we are likely to witness a considerable change in the outlook, taking into account the well-established economic law that periods of depression are usually followed by periods of trade revival"—we should probably say to ourselves, "The dear old things seem to imagine that they 're round the parish pump."

New Profession for "Knuts."

"Small Walnut Telescopic Diner Wanted; good condition and at reasonable price."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

It seems an excellent idea. He would be there when required and take up very little room at other times.

"The Bishop visited us on his 'Pilgrimage Tour,' and though the men could not, owing to agriculture, attend, there were several kind and Sacrificing Spirits amongst the women able to appreciate the short service."—*Parish Magazine.*

We trust his lordship appreciated their sacrifice.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

FUSALDAR'S APPEAL.

Fusaldar was my bearer for a period of five years. He now lives in retirement in Amballa City. He is probably one of the oldest men in India. His recorded history commences with a "chit," dated "Rawal Pindi, October, 1870," in which he is described as "an experienced bearer." His face is like a piece of dark rock and suggests a volcanic origin. An expert geologist might be able to determine his age.

When the end of my sojourn in India was drawing near Fusaldar extracted a promise from me that I should send him a letter from Blighty. I am ashamed to say that I have never redeemed that promise. And about once a month the disappointed old man sends me a pathetic reminder.

"All the people I am telling Master will send it letter for me. Letter is not coming. Every day man is saying for me Master letter not send it I am telling lies. This is not nice for me."

That is a characteristic extract from one of Fusaldar's epistles.

But recently, in some roundabout way, a certain item of news has reached Fusaldar. He seems to have put his own interpretation on it and carried it triumphantly to the babu who conducts his correspondence. As a result I have received the following appeal:—

". . . and now news is coming General Postmaster Sahib making more cheap for letter sending. Therefore I am waiting for arrive letter for me from Master. And I shall always pray for Master and Master mother."

I shall send a letter to Fusaldar by the next Indian Mail.

Mr. Punch's recent appeal for "brighter chess" has not been fruitless. Witness the following extract from Señor CAPABLANCA's own account in *The Times* of 17th August:—

"On my 15th move I offered him a pawn, which, after half an hour's thought, he wisely refused to take. Soon afterwards a wild mêlée ensued." . . .

"Meanwhile Alephine and Reti had had a mighty battle."

Up to the present, however, we have heard of no assault by the spectators upon a chess referee. But that will doubtless come in time.

"Telephonetics."

Anglo-Indian writes:—

"What better substitute can we have for 'five' than 'Punch'? The East so fully appreciates the virtues of Mr. Punch that it sanctifies a number with his name. This is a point on which East and West can surely agree. If you lend your name to diminish the difficulty of 'telephonetics' you will again be a national benefactor. Mr. Punch has never yet had his name called in vain."

Mr. Punch is quite agreeable, if Mr. KELLAWAY approves, and looks forward to the time when no one will be able to ring up the Royal Academy of Music, for example, without mentioning him: "Langham, One seven O Punch"; or Drury Lane Theatre, "Gerrard, Two Punch double eight."

"Addressing the Anglican Provincial Synod the Bishop expressed the belief that the aborigines could be raised to a high level. He instanced the aborigine who six years before had killed and eaten his aunt, but who had now become a thorough gentleman and Christian, and a refined and interesting platform speaker."

Australian Paper.

Nevertheless, in the interests of aunts, we think this method of conversion should be discouraged.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—THE LEAGUE OF BULK.

WHEN it comes to obeying the latest command of the urban authorities I have had no luck at all. "Keep to the Left," they say, and very wisely. But how is it to be done when other people won't let you? I have tried in vain, the result being, on the north side of the Strand, going west, to find myself steadily urged into the gutter, and on the south side, also going west, squeezed and scraped against the wall. I defy any ordinary quiet, unassertive man to keep to the left in London to-day. The only person who could do it singly would be of the Juggernaut type, with an instrument shaped liked an arrow-head, which he could thrust before him; and even that would be operative only when the left side was the house side.

No, if the new rule is to be universally honoured it will be necessary to give some drastic object-lessons, either professional or amateur. If professional, the police must be called in to process continually along the principal pavements. I can see files of a dozen burly constables keeping to the left with such force and determination that gradually the idea will become public property and crystallise into a habit.

But how can the police be spared? They can't. The duty must therefore fall on civic patriots, and a League of Big men, Heavy men, Irresistible men, must be formed to do for love what the police would do as duty. Mr. RONALD MCNEILL, M.P., might be their leader. He has all the qualifications: bulk, energy and the Crusading spirit. London pavements await him.

II.—A SLIDING SCALE.

In an Indian medical paper I find the advertisement of an astrologer who offers for sale a large variety of "Talismans and charms for those people to avoid all sorts of misfortunes and enter the gates of successful life." The tariff has some odd disparities of price. Thus "for Honour, Riches, Learning and Greatness" the talisman costs from 7 to 8 rupees, a moderate enough sum; while "for success in gemming" you must pay 200. A charm to secure a man's love for a woman is 7 or 8 rupees, but a woman's love for a man costs 10. If you would have good crops and agricultural prosperity you must pay 7 or 8 rupees; and the same sum is asked for success in sport, racing, cards and games of chance; whereas "for success in mining plumbago" the fee is 100. This outlay is, however, rendered absurd by the offer of "Rabbi Solomon's special Talisman for every success, 15 rupees."

III.—DOMESTIC SARCASM.

To the assistance of that sacred figure in comic journalism, the fussy husband whose wife's cookery is too much for him, comes from America a new weapon for his armoury of repartee. One of the best of the old ones was the story of Angelina, who, greeting Edwin with tears, explained them by saying that she had made him a lovely cake, but Fido had eaten it. "Never mind," was his heartless reply, "we can easily get another dog." The new story is of a tramp begging at an American back-door. The housewife, scrutinising him narrowly and suspiciously, asks, "Are you the same man I gave a mince-pie to last Christmas?" "No, ma'am, I'm not, and, what's more, my doctor says I never shall be."

IV.—THE COMFORTERS.

A kindly correspondent who appears to know (not impossibly through a process of deduction) how difficult it sometimes is for ephemeral authors to find a subject, invites me to write an essay on letters of condolence. Whether or no I shall ever do it I cannot say, but, lest the two examples which he sends do not see the light owing to my procrastination, let me print them now.

The first is that of a boy, one of whose school-fellows had died, who was urged by the master to write a few lines to the bereaved mother. It was a sympathetic and really admirable letter, copied out with great care. Unfortunately the boy added a postscript in his own ordinary scribble: "I hope you have got over it all by this time."

The other letter was written to a widow by a young man, a recent acquaintance: "I was very grieved to hear of the death of your husband, but as I only met him twice I can hardly be said to know him as well as you did who have lived near him so long [thirty years married]. But as I have recently lost my grandmother, I can to a certain extent enter into your feelings."

Both letters, however, remarks my correspondent, did the recipients good, for they laughed.

V.

A good reply from a friend, a pious smoker, to the question what he would like for a birthday present. "Say it with 'weeds,'" he telegraphed. E. V. L.

THE OLD SELFISH HOUSE.

"OLD house, are you kind, will you love us?" I asked;
And the old house lay still.
It stretched its grey limbs in the sun as it basked
On the side of the hill.

It narrowed its sleepy and critical eyes,
Underneath the tall roof,
And cool and unfriendly it feigned a surprise,
Detached and aloof.

I thought of the women and men it had known,
Who had all loved it so;
Before the red rose to the windows had grown,
Long ago, long ago;

Before the dark trees with their menacing tresses
Had blotted the sky,
Before the great hedge with its seated recesses
Grew sombre and high.

"Be kind to us, house, for we love you," I prayed,
And the old house stood tense,
As cats that sit watching with ears that are laid
Low back in suspense.

And I said, "We will work; we will live for your sake."
Then the old house awoke,
As the wheels of a delicate clock will awake;
I knew that it spoke.

Incredible breathings just touched me and passed
As I entered each door,
I knew it had opened its heart at the last,
That it menaced no more;

But chose us as pipes to be tuned at its leisure
The whole summer long;
As warmth for its winter, as pride for its pleasure,
As harps for its song.

"WILL STRIKE IF WAGES REDUCED.

On the Canadian-Pacific railway the earnings of the highest paid skilled mechanics averaged slightly more than $00 a month."
Canadian Paper.

Not much margin here for reduction, certainly.

Complete Stranger. "COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THAT OLD FELLOW IS? I'VE NOTICED HIM ON THE PIER A GOODISH BIT."
Old Lady. "WELL, HE HAS THE AIR OF AN ACTOR OR A POET."
Complete Stranger. "'AIR! OH, YOU CAN'T GO BY *THAT*. THEY OFTEN CUT IT NOWADAYS."

A HOLIDAY GUEST.

"You seem to forget," said Aminta, "that last year you had the Gallowswains' brute of a dog here for two weeks. Why should you object to my having Muriel's canary while she is on holiday?"

I had put up with the bird for several days without uttering a word, excepting a few remarks made in private to the feathered songster. Now, on making my first protest, to hear it compared with Gallowswain's Irish terrier Mick was annoying. The two creatures are totally different.

Muriel's canary is a continual anxiety. We never had to consider whether Mick was in a draught. If he was, he moved. We had not to decide what would be the best place in which he should rest for the night. He chose the sofa, and we did not dispute his choice. It never occurred to either of us in the dead of the night that perhaps he would be more comfortable if I went down and moved him on to the scullery mat.

We never had to worry about the kind of food he should have. Mick knew, and helped himself. Mick had a throat round which a bit of flannel could be tied if he caught a cold, whereas the canary and its cough present a problem which would baffle a regiment of Coués.

Mick never sang until my ear-drums throbbed. It was never deemed necessary that I should stand before him and make chirruping noises to hearten him when he seemed to be drooping. Mick, indeed, was no drooper. And during the whole of his stay I never once returned home to find the atmosphere vibrating with hysteria because Mick had begun to eat his feathers.

The time had arrived, I felt, to remind Aminta of these things. "But," I added in conclusion, "it would be foolish to quarrel over so trivial a matter."

Aminta, carefully speaking with no more emotion than is expressed by the tick of a typewriter, replied, "I am not quarrelling; and Muriel's canary is not a trivial matter since it has been entrusted to our care and we are responsible for returning it alive and well into her keeping."

"Muriel should have left us a book of instructions with the confounded thing, then," I retorted.

Later, when I had offered an apology, much against my will, if not my judgment, Aminta confided in me that her greatest dread was that burglars might break in before the canary left us.

"No need to worry; they wouldn't take it," I said.

"But," she said with a shudder, "they might throw it a piece of poisoned liver."

"There is not much chance of a canary eating poisoned liver," I replied. "No, if a burglar were to make the experiment, it would result in disappointment." I did not say whose.

"EDUCATION.

Wanted, a few Lessons in French Polishing; moderate terms."—*Scots Paper.*

A line to "Occupier," 10, Downing Street, might bring results.

"SHIRTLESS FREEDOM.

Miss Jane Burr, the American novelist, is coming to England to try and induce English women, in the name of Liberty, to wear trousers."—*Weekly Paper.*

But won't *This* (shirtless) *Freedom* be cold comfort *If Winter Comes*?

Tourist (to postmistress of small Scottish village). "CAN I COME INSIDE OUT OF THE RAIN?"
Postmistress (suspiciously). "DO THEY LET YE INSIDE AT LUNNON?"

OUR LUNATIC IDEALIST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—LLOYD GEORGE is too modest. He asks too little.

Ask a man to put a shilling in a missionary-box and he 'll change the subject. Ask a man to give his life for the freedom of Europe, he 'll go like a shot.

They did it, hundreds of thousands of them, eight years ago.

It is the bigness of the thing that gets them—something worth doing.

Well now, look here. "Shall only Britain pay?" That is the wail of *The Daily Mail*.

But suppose Britain, Britain alone, *did* pay, what would happen?

Folk would laugh, but not for long. Soon Uncle Sam would turn green with envy. He 'd realise, a bit late, that John Bull—"that back-number John Bull"—was attempting the biggest thing in creation. Guess he 'd cuss 'cause he hadn't thought of it himself.

The very idea! The audacious impudence! John Bull starting in to save Europe from bankruptcy by paying the debts himself! The fellow's confounded cheek! Poor old Uncle Sam would have a job to find something to beat it.

Not practical politics, Mr. Punch?

No, it is something better; it is super-wisdom.

Look at the results in five years' time or less.

None of us millionaires.

None of us unemployed.

All of us poor but prosperous.

And Uncle Sam just—thinking!

We 'll insist—positively *insist*—on LLOYD GEORGE doubling our income-tax. Don't see why, do you say? You ass! Wouldn't it be a jolly sight better fun working to save the world from ruin than slaving to make a pile for your beastly asinine self? Something bigger—eh, what?

And to think how we 'd beaten Uncle Sam!

Yours, etc.,
PAX VOBISCUM.

PRETENDING.

I 'VE got a book of history that tells of queens and kings,
Of crowns and thrones and battles and all kinds of thrilling things,
And every day when I get up I choose who I will be,
And all the day I 'm someone else, and hardly ever me.

And sometimes I am RALEIGH, and sometimes FRANCIS DRAKE,
And when I fight the Spaniards you should hear the noise I make;
At other times I think I 'll be KING HAROLD, good and strong,
Or else I 'm RICHARD LIONHEART a-galloping along.

I once was WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, and I wrote a lovely play,
It took me all the morning I had such a lot to say,
And then I 've been NAPOLEON, and NELSON too, of course,
But mostly I 'm Sir Galahad and ride a prancing horse.

But every night at eight o'clock, when I am safe in bed,
I have to stop pretending things and be myself instead,
'Cos Mummy always comes to see if I am still awake,
And says she wants to cuddle *me*, not Galahad or DRAKE!

THE BOND.

The Unknown Soldiers. "THERE'S TOO MUCH BETWEEN US FOR ANY DISPUTE TO BREAK OUR FRIENDSHIP NOW."

THE OTHER MIDDLESEX *v.* SURREY MATCH.

"Hobbs is in," shouted a small boy, brandishing a very large cricket bat; "you Middlesex chaps had better look out."

"Well, Durston 's going on to bowl,"

"HOBBS IS IN."

answered his brother, "and he cut Armstrong's head open last year, so Hobbs had better jolly well look out."

The little strip of ground, one of a row of town gardens, on which the two brothers and a friend were playing, was for the nonce Lord's.

Hobbs was already at the wicket, while Durston was arranging the imaginary field, rolling up his shirt-sleeves and making appalling faces at the unconscious Hobbs.

"I 'm going to be Murrell," said the third boy, taking his place behind the wicket; "he 's the finest wicket-keeper in England."

Hobbs turned on him swiftly. "And what about Strudwick?" he demanded indignantly.

"Are you ready?" shouted Durston. "Remember you 're out if the ball goes near the kitchen windows, and you 're not allowed to slog because of the flowers."

The first ball was a long-hop, and Hobbs sent it hard down the garden path.

"That 's a boundary all right," he remarked with satisfaction as Durston raced after it.

"No, it isn't, then," said Murrell; "Mann 's fielding at mid-off, and *he* doesn't let many balls through, I can tell you."

The second ball was uneventful, the third was a wide, at which Hobbs inquired with withering sarcasm, "You 're quite sure it *is* Durston bowling? Not Hendren by any chance, I suppose?"

But Middlesex treated this with silent contempt.

The fourth ball brought tragedy, sudden and awful. It was a full pitch and Hobbs caught it fairly; it soared over the wall and fell in the next garden with an ominous crash as of broken china.

Hobbs, Durston and Murrell, as one man, rushed to the wall to see what had happened. Hobbs was on top of it first and after one glance he dropped down again, panic in his face. "Golly!" he said in an awestruck whisper, "it landed plumb in the middle of the tea-tray and it 's broken cups and saucers no end."

Durston and Murrell took cautious observations, and then all three discussed the situation. "Thank goodness the old bird wasn't out there," said Durston; "just think if it had landed on her head."

"It 's quite bad enough as it is,"

"YOU 'RE QUITE SURE IT *IS* DURSTON BOWLING?"

Hobbs answered; "we shall have to go round and apologise and all that."

"I 'll go," said Durston heroically; "you fellows wait here."

"Yes, we 'll listen," said Murrell with a chuckle—being a visitor, he was inclined to take the matter less seriously than the others—"after all she can't eat you, you know."

A few minutes later Durston was to be seen in the next-door garden, accompanied by a thin stern-looking lady and a thin meek-looking old man.

The three of them stood and surveyed the damage on the tea-table. It was not, after all, as bad as Hobbs had said. Only one cup and a plate were actually broken, but the milk-jug had been knocked over and there was a horrid mess of wet sugar and jam on the tray.

"We—er—I—er—we 're awfully sorry about it," stammered Durston unhappily. "It was quite an accident." There was no answer; the stern face above him became still more forbidding as its owner realized the crime that had been committed.

"It was Hobbs, you know," Durston went on still more miserably; "he was in. He 's an awfully fine hitter, Hobbs, you know," he added, hoping to mollify her.

She turned on him "What nonsense are you talking?" she demanded "Don't pretend you didn't do it. Hobbs indeed! Who is Hobbs, I should like to know?"

"Oh, my dear," came in mildly shocked tones from the mild little man, "Hobbs is a very famous cricketer."

"Hold your tongue, Henry!" she snapped, and the little man held it.

"Now, you boy," she went on, turning to Durston, "you can leave my garden at once. I shall write to your father about this, and ask him to see that in future you have only woolly balls to play with." There was a curious noise from the other side of the wall at this, and Durston frowned.

"I 'm awfully sorry about it," he said again; "we would like to pay for the —the broken things, you know. If a shilling would be any use——"

He retreated swiftly before the wrath in her face, only stopping on the way to pick up the ball which had been the cause of the trouble. But as he went the terrible voice stopped him. "Boy," it boomed, "bring that ball here; you are certainly not going to have that back again."

"It 's our only ball," Durston protested feebly, "and we 'd be awfully careful not to send it over the wall again."

"Thank you," was the frigid answer as she took the ball from him; "you may go." And Durston went, disconsolate.

* * * * *

Later in the evening Durston and Hobbs wandered aimlessly into the gar-

AND DURSTON WENT, DISCONSOLATE.

den, cursing their neighbour with low-toned vehemence. A whistle made them look up, and they saw the head of the mild little man appearing over the wall.

In his hand he held a brand-new cricket-ball, "not one of your compo things," as Hobbs said afterwards, "but a real fine leather one—must have cost about fifteen bob."

"Which of you is Hobbs?" asked the little man, and Durston pushed his brother forward.

"Here's a ball for you, then," said their benefactor. "Hobbs *is* a jolly fine bat, you do well to emulate him, my boy. I used to do just the same when I was a boy, only it was W.G. in those days. Don't say where the ball came from. And keep them down, my boy, keep them down, remember." And with that the little man's head disappeared.

* * * *

"What's 'emulate'?" said Hobbs sleepily, about ten that night.

"Don't know," said Durston; "keeping 'em down, I expect. Good night."

Extremes Meet.

"WHERE TO STAY IN CHRIST CHURCH.
Hades Hotel."
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

A seaside advertisement:—

"PURE RICH MILK AND CREAM DELIVERED DAILY.
Apply at the Dairy (close to the Waterworks)."

Honi soit, etc.

From an account of the lawn tennis championships:—

"The American lady was outpaced and out-manœuvred by Mdlle. Lenglen's beautiful forehead drives."
Malayan Paper.

Now we realise the necessity for "the Lenglen bandeau."

From a recent novel:—

"'What's the matter?' she whispered.
'This,' I said, and the wood re-echoed to the sound as our lips met."

It must have been a motor-buss.

"For Sale, genuine Violin, by Antonius Stradivarius Cremonenfis Faciebat, Anno 1729, in perfect condition. What offers?"
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

None from us. Old Faciebat is still going strong.

An evening paper, speaking of railway amalgamation, states that it is already possible to see a Great Central horse attached by Great Eastern harness to a Great Northern cart. The Great Central horse is, of course, unmistakable.

THE SUPER-GOOSEBERRY.

THERE is a vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself; even little Mr. Biggleswade, my neighbour, has found that out. In ordinary circumstances you might think Biggleswade a dull, uninteresting little person, but let him take you into his garden and you will reverse your opinion. His face will light up with a splendid enthusiasm as he tells you about his auriculas or his runner-beans; he becomes animated, eloquent; fire is kindled in his spirit. It was on such an occasion that he was moved to confide to me his secret hope, his life's ambition.

There resides in this district a famous newspaper proprietor, who (possibly with a thought of the Silly Season at the back of his mind) offers for competition at our annual Flower Show a gold medal, to be awarded to the exhibitor of what the judges decide to be the finest gooseberry of the year. Gooseberry cultivators and experts from all over the world come to compete for this coveted trophy, and, so he told me, it was little Biggleswade's ambition to win it.

"And I am going to succeed this year," he concluded with shining eyes.

Plucking at my sleeve he led me to a secluded corner of his garden, where on a carefully-tilled plot of ground a single gooseberry-bush grew. As he stooped and parted its prickly branches with reverent touch I discerned one solitary green globule already nearly as large as a hen's egg (this, by the way, was early in May), perfect in symmetry and, even to my unpractised eye, giving promise of a peerless maturity.

"There," he breathed in a voice tremulous with excitement—"is it not a superb fruit, a very prince of gooseberries?"

Later I learned that it had taken him years of patient toil and experiment to achieve this unique result, and you can imagine how he gloated over its splendid proportions with an almost paternal joy. When next I asked him how it was progressing he glanced nervously over his shoulder before he replied.

"Magnificently!" he exclaimed. "It is going to be the most wonderful gooseberry ever grown in these or any other latitudes. It is going to make me famous."

As the date of the show approached he became more and more engrossed in his prodigy. His eyes began to glow strangely and for hours he would sit beside the spot where it hung, as though guarding it vigilantly from some sinister unseen danger. On the eve of the great day he beckoned to me over the wall that divides our gardens.

"Come in and see me to-morrow evening," he whispered, "and congratulate me. As a matter of fact I've bought a bottle of champagne and I mean to crack it in honour of the Gold Medal."

"By Jove, yes," I agreed cordially, and he slipped away into the shadows. I knew where he was gone.

* * * * *

The following evening I found Biggleswade sitting beside the bush that had lately borne all his hopes, his head buried dejectedly in his hands. When I touched his shoulder he looked up with a start; his face was drawn and haggard.

"What's wrong, Biggleswade, old man?" I cried. "Have you—didn't you pull it off after all?"

A pitiful groan escaped his lips. "Failed," he muttered.

AMBITION.

"WASTIN' ALL YOUR TIME AT THE PICTURES—WHAT D' YOU THINK YOU 'RE GOIN' TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?"
"I 'M GOIN' TO BE SOMETHIN' SO THAT ALL MEN TREMBLE AT THE MERE MENTION O' ME NAME!"

Naval Heavy-Weight (with the creative mind). "THE OLD ADMIRAL WASN'T ARF PLEASED WHEN I WON LARST NIGHT. 'GINGER,' 'E SEZ, 'YOU AIN'T ARF WALLOPED OLD NOBBY—MY BLINKIN' OATH, YOU AIN'T. PUT IT THERE, GINGER, OLE PAL,' 'E SEZ; 'I ALLUS DID LIKE YER, AN', MOREOVER, NOW I SEES YER CLOSE TO,' 'E SEZ, 'I EVEN LIKES YER FACE.'"

"Come, come," I remonstrated, "you mustn't take it so badly as this. If you were beaten—well, there's an end of the matter. Better luck next time."

He rose and threw out his hands in a tragic gesture. "You don't understand," he exclaimed bitterly. "If I had been defeated honestly by a finer exhibit I could have borne the blow; I should have been the first to congratulate my successful rival. But I was cheated." His voice broke and he struggled with his emotion. "I took my gooseberry to the show this morning," he continued more calmly, "and handed it so proudly to the stewards. Success seemed assured. Then when I arrived this afternoon what did I find? I found that those contemptible creatures had placed it in the wrong class, and *it had been Highly Commended as a vegetable marrow.*"

* * * * *

I left the little man alone with his anguish. It seemed the kindest thing to do.

THE SEASIDE IN AUGUST.

WHEN THOREAU dwelt in Walden Wood
And mortified, as hermits should,
His stomach for his spirit's good,
  In uplift daily growing,
A crust of bread, an ear of rye,
A microscopic slice of pie,
With water when his throat was dry
  Sufficed to keep him going,
And as his dietetic plan
Was worked on just twelve dols. per an.
We may, I think, admit the man
  Had some excuse for crowing.

When *Baron Danglars*, bad and bold,
By *Monte Cristo* nicely sold,
Bolted with other people's gold
  And sought a change of scene, O
He fell into the hidden hand
Of *Monte's* private bandit band
And ate upon a tariff planned
  By *Monte* and *Peppino*,
At quality he could not growl,
But how their prices made him howl!
A hundred thousand francs per fowl;
  A million for a beano!

I ever, even in my dreams,
Regarded these as great extremes,
But by the sea they meet, it seems,
  In this the summer's crisis,
For boarding-houses, small and great,
The ancient and the up-to-date,
Regard us as the fools of fate—
  O cool are they as ice is!—
They think we live on strong sea air,
They deem each guest a millionaire:
They ration us on THOREAU's fare
  And charge the brigand's prices.

Commercial Candour.

"'The ——,' a Four-Cylinder, Water-cooled 8 H.P. Car, 50 inches to the Gallon."
Scots Paper.

"For example, no one knew that he was was? It is one of the most baffling problems."
Sunday Paper.

It really is is.

"Huntley, the next man in, was also bowled by Stone, the latter getting ten wickets in his first over."—*Provincial Paper.*

We suppose the umpire was too excited to keep count of the balls.

Guide. "LIDIES AN' GENLEMEN, WE ARE NOW PASSIN' ONE O' THE OLDEST PUBLIC-OUSES IN THE COUNTRY."
Passenger. "WOT FOR?"

A QUESTION OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE facts spoke for themselves. I had slipped a one-pound note into the drawer of my study table and then gone out for a stroll in the garden. When I returned the note was nowhere to be found. I hunted all over the table and all over the floor beneath the table. In the interval I discovered Elsabina had been in to dust the study. Elsabina is a diminutive person sent to us as a housemaid by the Labour Exchange in mistake for the full-sized article. I repeat that the facts spoke for themselves.

I went out to look for my wife. She was in the kitchen-garden applying the COUÉ method to the peaches.

"Every second and in every way," she said, "they grow riper and riper. It's frightfully exciting. Don't make a noise. They won't be able to hear me."

"I have come," I said, "about a more serious thing."

"There *aren't* more serious things in August," said Kathleen.

I told her about Elsabina. I remarked at the end that the facts spoke for themselves. She was indignant.

"I'm sure she wouldn't steal," she said. "I know she sometimes rests the hot vegetable dishes on your shoulder when she's waiting at dinner, but I'm *sure* she wouldn't steal."

"I don't blame the girl," I said judicially. "The thing was there and she saw it; sudden temptation and all that, you know. Human nature——"

"You think," said Kathleen scornfully, "that, just because you sometimes write for the papers, you know all about human nature."

"I *often* write for the papers," I said with dignity.

"Perhaps I ought to say," said Kathleen unkindly, "that because the papers sometimes print you—— Anyway, I know she wouldn't steal."

"Why not?" I challenged.

"Because," said Kathleen vaguely, "she's got doggy eyes and she likes flowers."

I smiled the smile of the superior male.

"My dear child," I said, "when it comes to a question of human nature I think you must allow me to be the better judge."

"I'm tired of talking about human nature," said Kathleen. "Come and watch the peaches with me."

"The matter," said I grimly, "must be tackled, and *I* am going to tackle it."

"What are you going to do?" said Kathleen with apprehension.

"First of all," I said, "I'm going to appeal to her better self."

"I'll come and watch you," said Kathleen kindly.

We went to the study and I sent for Elsabina.

"Elsabina," I said, "did you see a one-pound note here when you dusted?"

"No, Sir," said Elsabina.

"I have lost a pound note here this morning," I said. "One pound is twenty shillings, and twenty shillings are two hundred and forty pence, Elsabina. I shall have to go without lunch in the City five days to make it up."

"Yes, Sir," said Elsabina respectfully as she withdrew.

"What are you going to do *now*?" said Kathleen as we returned to the garden.

"I shall wait," I said. "Probably her conscience is troubling her already."

I turned round to see Elsabina coming from the house with something in her hand. She came up to me and handed me the note.

"Here it is, Sir," she said.

"Where did you find it, Elsabina?" I asked reproachfully.

She had the grace to blush.

"I just went to the study to look for it, Sir," she said, "and it was on the floor, Sir, under the table. It must have fallen from the drawer, Sir," she ended, avoiding my eyes.

"Thank you, Elsabina," I said.

I gave Kathleen a triumphant glance as Elsabina departed. I was really rather sorry for Kathleen. She looked horribly disappointed.

"But she *has* got eyes like an Irish terrier's," she moaned, "and she *did* ask to have some lilac for the kitchen dresser."

"My dear," I said, "human nature——"

Kathleen interrupted with sudden spirit.

"I believe it *was* on the floor," she said.

"I'd looked there," I said with a gentle sadness. "Besides, it couldn't fall on to the floor from that drawer. I'll show you."

I took her to the study and opened the drawer to its fullest extent. There, wedged in the farthest corner, was the note.

* * * * *

"What are you going to do *now*?" said Kathleen.

"I don't know," I said weakly.

"The matter," said Kathleen, striking an attitude, "must be tackled."

She sent for Elsabina again. Elsabina, when confronted by the note, was almost tearful.

"Please, 'm," she said, "I know it wasn't true wot I told you, but I'd saved it up, an' I didn't need of it, an' I couldn't bear to think of the master goin' without 'is lunch an' 'im workin' so 'ard in the garding of an evening."

I roused myself and made a little speech to Elsabina, partly to express my gratitude, partly to postpone the moment when I should be left alone with Kathleen. But it had to come. As the last flicker of Elsabina's apron disappeared she spoke.

"My dear child," she said with an unkind exaggeration of my former manner, "when it comes to a question of human nature——"

"I'm tired of talking about human nature," I said. "Come and watch the peaches with me."

Vers Libre.

There was an old lady of Ryde
Who was terribly frightened of cows.
When they said, "There's no risk,"
She replied, "Yes, I know;
But my uncle was Rector of Goring."

Old Lady from the Country. "CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS MORE THAN ONE WAY OF GETTING TO HAMMERSMITH? THE POLICEMAN SAID 'BUS 72,' BUT I'VE BEEN HERE HALF-AN-HOUR AND HAVE ONLY COUNTED SIXTEEN."

"Unfurnished Flat to Let, fashionable square, London; self-contained bath."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

Distinctly preferable to the emotional kind that will slop over.

"Just after the Cabinet broke up a large motor-car drove to Downing Street, and the occupants took a brace of grouse to No. 10 for the Prime Minister.

The birds had been brought by aeroplane from Scotland for the Premier's Sunday dinner."
Sunday Paper.

We understand that they were in excellent condition for the table, having gone quite high on the journey.

"Doubtless the Admiralty will not be any less slack in learning to counter the aeroplane than they were when faced with those new terrors of a former day—the submarine and the torpedo."

This is from a Scots paper—from internal evidence we should say Sir PERCY'S.

From a report of the International Balloon Race:—

"The Swiss balloon Zurich, piloted by P. O. Mueller, landed five millimetres north of Zell-Am-See, near Salzburg."—*Scots Paper.*

One cannot be too minutely accurate in these international matters.

THE BEST SELLER.

THE Prime Minister was sitting upon a high slope of the downs, looking out towards the sea. The coarse grass on which he lay was full of clover and scabious and thistle and thyme. A flock of sheep grazed busily near him, starlings perching on their backs. It amused the Prime Minister to notice how one starling that had sat too near to the end of its sheep very nearly over-balanced when the sheep moved on and had to stretch out its wings very like a man who almost over-balances when a motor-bus starts. The day was hot, the cliffs were very white. There was a dazzle from the sea, which lay in long green and purple bands. The Prime Minister went to sleep.

He awoke very suddenly.

Something like a bugle sounded in his ear and, opening his eyes, he found a face very close to his own. With a cry of alarm he sprang to his feet. Nothing had happened, except that the flock of sheep had grazed right round and up to the Prime Minister as he slept, and one of them, a little startled by this peculiar black object in the grass, had bleated disapproval. But the Prime Minister had been dreaming of an oratorical triumph at Westminster, an oratorical triumph that somehow would not come off. The House had refused to catch fire. There had been murmurs of dissent. And now, suddenly wakened to see this semi-circle of stupid yet somehow hostile faces, in particular this one face so close, so menacing, he could almost believe that he was about to be attacked.

"If the right honourable gentleman sees fit to make these continual interruptions," he had begun, before he realised how foolish, in the circumstances, such a remark was. He was still shaken and agitated as he took the rough grass track that led past the high clump of trees towards the house where he was being entertained.

It was the seventeenth assistant-secretary who first noticed that something was amiss. In reminding the Prime Minister casually of some arrangement which had been recently made, he noticed a peculiarly blank expression upon the face of his chief. The realisation of the full extent of the calamity came only by degrees, but before dinner-time there was no doubt what had occurred. It is a thing that happens not infrequently after a very severe shock.

The Prime Minister had lost his memory!

Rest and recreation were ordered by the doctors, ordered rather unnecessarily as a matter of fact, for the Prime Minister was taking them at the time of the accident. And even if the period of repose were to extend until the next session began, it was not unusual for the Prime Minister to be absent from the House. Yet for a very good reason the secretaries, and indeed the Prime Minister himself, were filled with a deep sense of consternation.

For the Prime Minister had just consented to accept an offer of two hundred thousand pounds for his autobiography.

The publishers of that date, which I forgot to say was about 1960 or thereabouts, held a kind of open market in reminiscences, in which the prices of any popular or notable person were freely quoted, and deals and exchanges done on the nod. Thus a Society beauty might be swapped for a fraudulent financier, and a boxer might soar above a Cabinet Minister, only to sag again after a serious international crisis. Prices for this sort of book ruled in the main at about a hundred thousand pounds, which was considered a fair figure. The Prime Minister had risen far above all ordinary quotations, and been bought and rebought until he stood upon a dizzy pinnacle of fame. It was necessary to find out what effect this present calamity would have upon the mind of his publisher.

Mr. Button was inclined at first to take a very matter-of-fact view.

"If the Prime Minister," he said, "has lost his memory he cannot write us his reminiscences. And that"—with a big puff at his cigar—"is that."

As time went on, however, it became clear that the matter was a trifle more complicated. Visits from secretaries and assistant secretaries, and private secretaries of assistant secretaries, and the deputy private secretaries of assistant secretaries became more and more frequent. The office of Mr. Button was besieged, and various things were pointed out to him.

"It's not as if the Prime Minister wasn't writing *anything*," said Sir Wilfrid Mole, tapping the table thoughtfully. "He is. He insists on it, in fact. Nobody can stop him. You see how unfortunate it would be if there were to be any real disagreement. In the last resort——"

"Yes, well, in the last resort?"

"The Lord Chancellor," said Sir Wilfrid Mole, stroking his chin apologetically.

"I see," said Mr. Button thoughtfully.

As a matter of fact the manuscript was delivered. It consisted of the precise number of words that had been arranged, and the remarks of Mr. Button and his partner, Mr. Hone, were many and various.

"It's not consecutive," growled Mr. Button.

"Simply jumps from one thing to another," complained Mr. Hone.

"You might think the man had never had a policy."

"Says one thing on page 100 and absolutely contradicts it on page 102."

"Treats every crisis as if it were an isolated occasion, without any reference to the future or the past."

"It is not a biography, it's a scrap-book."

"Diddled!" was Mr. Button's emphatic conclusion at the end. "Done in the eye, my boy."

But they had to pay. And, in fact, the autobiography was published, and—the people of England proving less critical than either Mr. Button or Mr. Hone—it turned out a great success.

And the Prime Minister, greatly relieved, for he had feared that there might be some trouble after all about the delivery of the cheque, built an enormous and imposing house in commemoration of his triumph as a historian, which seemed likely to overshadow even his oratorical fame.

He built his house on the high down, where in summer-time he could always look on the flocks of sheep grazing, and beyond them the dazzle of the sea.

EVOE.

THE FIDDLER.

I HEARD a fiddler in the Strand
That fiddled with a fairy wand;
The tune he played sped on my feet
Past Clement Dane's to Street of Fleet;
It filled my heart as full of joy
As though I were a careless boy,
And echoed through my brain until,
Singing still,
I trod my stair at Ludgate Hill.

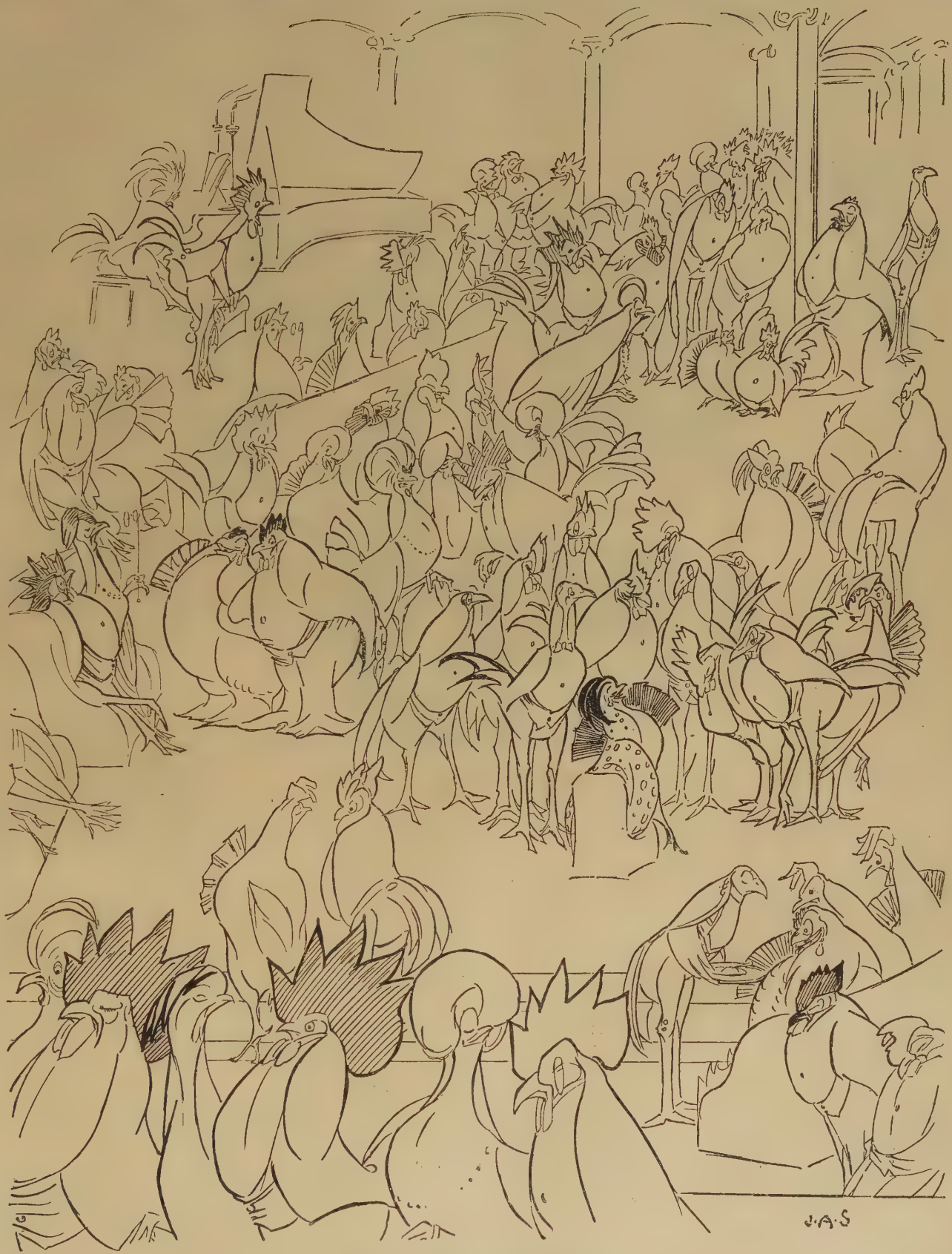
At Ludgate Hill I climbed the stair
And set my mind to labour there
On sums of money that lay thick
In columnar arithmetic;
But all the pelf took sudden wings
Because his wand had touched the strings,
And over lines and columns flew,
Singing too,
As birds about a trellis do.

* * * * *

'Tis five o'clock and still I sit,
And still those bird-like figures flit,
And still the poor Strand fiddler calls
Than Big Ben louder, or St. Paul's;
And still uncast the columns stand;
For as I hear that fairy wand
It makes my "balance" all upset,
Swinging yet
With golden birds that none may net.

A New Material.

"The bride was attired in brocaded ivory satin of lace ancmfwyp ancmfwyp ancmfwyp anpp beauté."—*Provincial Paper.*



MODES AND MANNERS.

INTENSIVE CULTURE: POULTRY "AT HOME."

BRIGHTENING BRITAIN.

THERE are few more distressing chronicles in history than those of gallant efforts which from the outset were doomed to failure. Examples such as those of the late Sisyphus and the more recent *Mrs. Partington* leap to the thoughts at once. How poignant the narrative of their futile endeavours!

I am reminded of them as I contemplate the recent organised effort to brighten up Britain, to revive the days of Merrie England, to make the country fit for pierrots to live in. How splendid it all has been, yet how hopeless!

As usual, London led the way with a careless, magnificent prodigality. What, for example, has Nice ever provided for her merry-makers that can compare with the wonderful road-rending machine that is just now tearing its way up the Buckingham Palace Road, and has attracted millions of onlookers during the luncheon interval alone? Again, vivid ties have been seen here and there on the porters of the Underground Railway; a Philatelic Congress has been held at Bloomsbury; and the hoardings have been a riot of colour with the new posters for Jones's Jam and Linkway's Lung Tonic. When we recall too the Keep-to-the-Left movement, which has brought about so many merry collisions that it brings to mind the old riotous days of the Joy Wheel at Earl's Court, it can be seen that London has done more than its share in stimulating the spirit of laughter and gaiety.

Then Brighton has installed a new set of automatic slot machines; Southend has added a second saxophone to its Pier orchestra; whilst Eastbourne, ever to the fore where the carnival spirit is concerned, has allowed the municipal wash-houses to remain open half-an-hour later.

All through the country the same impulse is at work. Why, on the same day last week the Mayor of Bynkley-o'-t'-Moors kicked off, or whatever is the correct thing to do, at a knur-and-spell tournament, and Alderman Gibbins of Hamworth proudly unveiled a new golf-links.

These are all noteworthy efforts, and to their sponsors all credit is due.

Yet the insistent question forces itself on us: Is Britain getting brighter? Is it smiles, smiles all the way from Chalk Farm to Camberwell Green? Is the Birmingham brow more relaxed? Has the Manchester mouth an upward curve? Is the Glaswegian as buoyant and jovial as he appears in the oatmeal advertisements?

Who can assert that such is the case? Who indeed? Not you. Not I. No one, perhaps, except, of course, that cheery publicist, Lord Badgerstream.

And the cause for this lack of bubbling high spirits?

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in ourselves, but in our *Stars*, our *Newses*, our *Mails*, our *Expresses* and the like. They are the culprits. They will not let us laugh away the hours. Wherever we feast, along they come with a death's-head or two, and we push away the dishes untasted, like the misunderstood heroine of a Victorian novel.

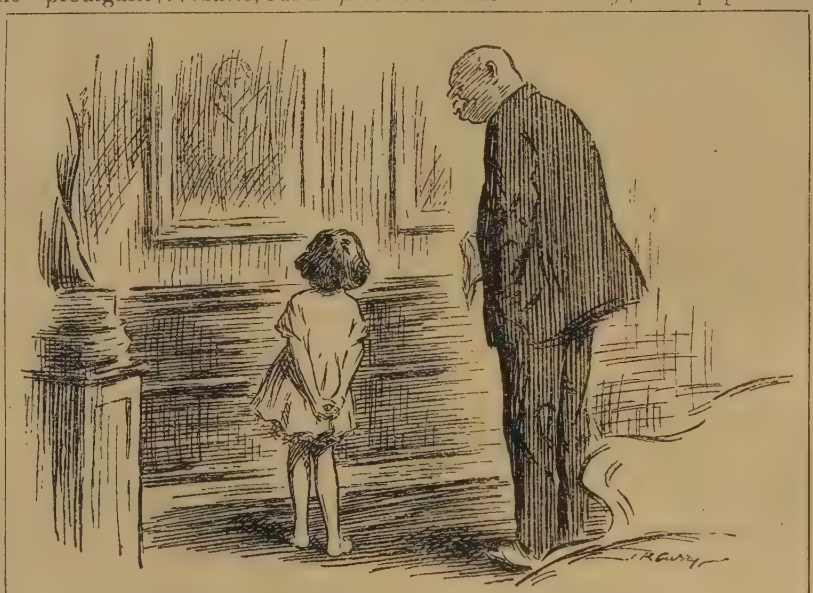
Who, for example, can "laugh and chaff and drink brown sherry" when posters and headlines warn him everywhere that at any moment an atom may be exploded by a bald-headed scientist who has been crossed in love, and we shall all go sailing away in fragments beyond the beyond; that the mosquito has become naturalised and is going to change her name to "the gnat," but with her mosquito faculties retained and with terrific powers to add to her number; that the Brazilian ant has decided to consume with sickening rapidity all that we hold dear, such as cabbages and mangel-wurzels and the like? But I must not force you to listen again to these horrors. Repetition is the secret of excess.

Far be it from me to deny that the Press has here and there done good work in promoting the carnival spirit. For instance, there was an article on jazz fireirons in *The Pig Iron Intelligencer* which alone—but I must avoid giving undue prominence to any one journal. So many have not only been sympathetic but even enthusiastic.

Yet the fact remains that the Press has nullified not only its own efforts but all our efforts towards a Brighter Britain by its persistent prognostications of imminent doom.

May I therefore put in a plea to newspapers and their millionaires to frown upon the doings of their "well-known scientists," and set them to work on discovering new means of increasing the fecundity of periwinkles or promoting some other scheme that will make for national hilarity?

So may the day soon come when the L.C.C. Finance Committee will carry on their debates to a harpsichord accompaniment, and flowers will be wreathed in the helmets of the policemen on point duty at Charing Cross.



Host. "THOSE, MY DEAR, ARE MY GREAT-AUNT AND UNCLE."
Small Guest. "I SUPPOSE THEY ARE DEAD?"
Host. "YES."
Small Guest (*after a pause*). "MAY I ASK WHETHER THEY DIED OF ILLNESS OR OLDNESS?"

"On the pu9th May, the liquor contractor of Kartarpor in the Jullundur district, reported at the mlice station that certain persons who are inmbers of the Congress Committee, and are ecerested in the temperance movement, lame to attack him the previous night with atthis, and threatened to cut off his nose because he had accepted the liquor contract."

Indian Paper.

From internal evidence we should say that the compositor was not one of them.

"Capablanca and the other masters met last night and drew up the conditions of challenge for the World's Championship. Capablanca's first opponent will be Rubinstein, who is given til 11923 to find the necessary funds."

Daily Paper.

We understand that Mr. RUBINSTEIN is hoping to save a shilling a year, which at compound interest should be ample.

From a review of a golf manual:—

"This is an admirable little book, and will be heartily welcomed by the painstaking and pertinacious + 20 golfer, who has been striving for years to reduce his handicap."

Indian Paper.

Personally, we should be quite satisfied if we got down to, say, plus four.

TIPS FOR TYROS.

AN INDIFFERENT SHOT WILL FIND A GOOD DOG A GREAT HELP TOWARDS HIS INDIVIDUAL BAG.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

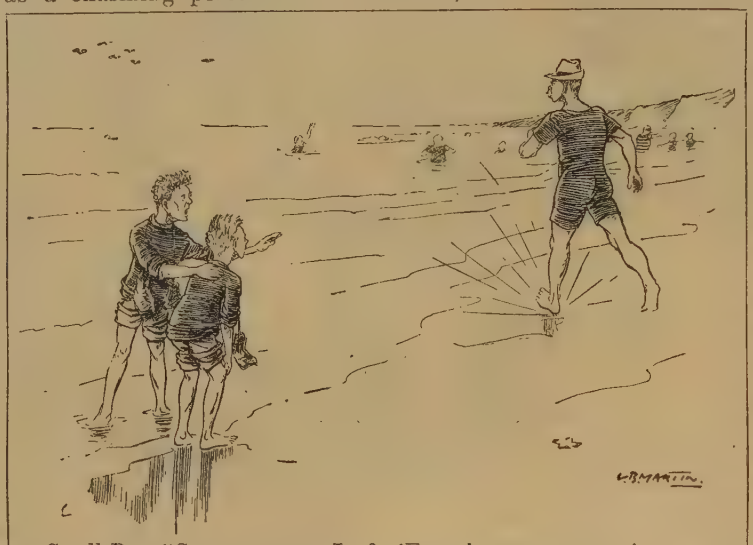
GIVEN a hasty marriage, Quixotic on the one hand and sentimental on the other, between a good-looking undergraduate of nineteen and a beautiful music-teacher of nine-and-thirty; given that the first is naturally callow and fickle and the second is preternaturally infantile and obstinate; and you have all the material of a drama of jealousy intense enough to merit the title of *The Vehement Flame* (MURRAY), a title which Mrs. MARGARET DELAND has borrowed (with suitable acknowledgments) from no less an authority on conjugal incompatibilities than KING SOLOMON. With this title, however, the lyrical implications of the tragedy end, for the misunderstandings of *Maurice Curtis* and his envious *Eleanor* are conducted in the most prosaic of New England towns; and Mrs. DELAND'S talent, for all its broad vigour and a certain ingrained Puritanism which makes for ethical selection, never gets nearer to distilled poetry than a few chance purple passages devoted to landscape. The passions of her four chief characters—of *Maurice* himself, of *Eleanor* and of the two younger women, *Edith* and *Lily*, on whose respective spiritual and physical attractions *Maurice* comes to rely when his wife's monomaniac rancour has stripped her of both—rather smoulder than burn, banked down under a hundred-and-one sordid domestic details. But the elderly people—indecorous *Mrs. Newbolt*, motherly *Mrs. Houghton*, and easy-going "*Uncle Henry*"—keep both humour and charity ablaze in the pleasantest fashion of American fiction.

"I have skimmed through the horses that have actually been seen by me, and have expurgated the worst," writes Mr. WILLIAM ALLISON, the well-known racing journalist and breeder of blood stock, and proceeds to enhance an elaborate ten-page appreciation of Sceptre by "expurgating" that other great mare of a couple of decades back, Pretty Polly. This may be enough to suggest that the outstanding characteristic of *Memories of Men and Horses* (GRANT RICHARDS) is not impartiality. It is difficult to believe too that, out of the experience of half-a-century, the author could not have raked something more worthy to make up the weight of his book (which is occasionally redeemed from the common-place by a touch comparable with THE DRUID'S) than some particularly inane juvenilia consisting of doggerel verses and political skits. Still, much should be forgiven a Turf historian—even two whole chapters devoted to the alleged poisoning of Orme—who has refrained from the story of Hermit's Derby.

Miss ELNITH BEVAN should either write a much better book than *The Taste of Eve's Apple* (DANIEL O'CONNOR)—and I think that she could—or nothing more. Here there are two beautiful young heroines, presented one after the other to monopolise your attention, the first mentally deficient, the second dumb and eccentric; there is a noble young doctor devoting himself to curing them and in love with the first; there is a saintly country gentleman who marries the second when the doctor has declined her hand; and, later on, a third and sane and slightly older heroine who marries an attractive soldier and has a hard time of it,

exorcising his first wife's ghost in the most high-minded fashion. Miss BEVAN created considerable confusion in my mind by introducing herself, not as a character, but as the author encountering in the flesh the people of her imagination; and even more by sliding from one story to another with no better connection than that one person in the first group of characters knew somebody in the next. It seemed as though she were playing an extraordinarily exaggerated version of that parlour game in which two entirely different words are joined by a string of others each related in meaning to the one before and the one after but very far from the first or the last. Here we begin with *Dr. Anthony Melville* and the beautiful insane *Rosdeugh* in an English country cottage, and end with *Major Lincoln* and *Elsa* his wife in the Himalayas. There is an unbroken series of links between their stories, but so long and so tenuous that Miss BEVAN doesn't really deserve a prize.

Mr. JOHN PALMER, in *The Happy Fool* (CHRISTOPHERS), has drawn a clever portrait of a young musical critic and composer. *Guy Reval* was a charming person to meet casually, but to become intimately acquainted with him was rather a devastating experience. First of all he married *Sabina*, a girl considerably beneath him in social position, and his self-centredness led almost directly to her death. Then he married his cousin and soon afterwards became tired of her. Whatever *Guy's* merits as a composer may have been (and of that we have, of course, no proof but the author's word) he was a failure as a husband; and it is something of an achievement that Mr. PALMER contrives to make us feel the attractions of this wayward and selfish youth. *Theodore Reval* is to a great extent overshadowed by his feckless and brilliant brother, but there are many touches in the drawing of his character that are admirably subtle. I do not think that Mr. PALMER faces some of the difficulties that would arise in the married life of such an ill-assorted couple as *Guy* and *Sabina*, but in spite of this omission I have no sort of doubt that you will find his story excellently written and more than ordinarily intriguing.



Small Boy. "SEE THE IDEA, JIM? 'E CAN'T SWIM, BUT HE 'LL KNOW DIRECTLY 'E 'S OUT OF 'IS DEPTH, 'COS 'IS 'AT 'LL COME OFF."

We are a long, long time getting fairly off the mark in *Bill the Bachelor* (HEINEMANN), partly because Mr. DENIS MACKAIL has rather overcrowded his canvas with characters, and partly because, like a nervous hostess, he insists on introducing them to us all at once. I confess that I found the first section of his book hard reading; it was not until I came to the third chapter (there are only seven in all) that I began to feel there might be a story slowly taking shape behind this procession of singular strangers. Mr. MACKAIL is still young and he will improve in construction as he gains experience. He has plenty of verbal felicity and a sense of character, though there may be nothing very novel about the protagonists of his little drama. The male, who adores humbly and dumbly, being a pauper, the daughter of a wealthy peer; the daughter in question, who is eventually compelled to take matters into her own hands because the dear stupid fellow obstinately refuses to see what is patent to the whole world—we have had these with us since our earliest youth. It is among the minor characters that our author scores his chief successes. I like *Austin Harvey*, the "right-hand man," who is determined that his employer shall make a splash in the world. *Lord Longwood* is not the common peer of fiction: there are pleasant features too about *George Lucas* (partner in the remarkable firm of *Fraser and Co.*), and *Maurice* and *Beatrix* and "*Wog*" *Lorden* and the great financier, *Mr. Osman Girling*. And the business part of the story is quite ingeniously handled. But perhaps the best thing about the book is its evidence of the author's youth.

I am not quite sure how far my leg is being pulled by Mr. WILLIAM GERHARDI in *Futility*, a novel in the Russian manner (COBDEN-SAUNDERSON). 'Tis all about three sisters, *Sonia*, *Nina* and *Vera*; a half-Russian, half-English *Andrei Andreich*, in love with the reluctant *Nina* and on service in Russia; *Fanny Ivanovna*, the German mistress of the girls' father; the worried father himself; a host of poor relations, and, in the later half of the book, officers, British and Russian, of the queer, vague and certainly not very competent crusading expeditions which were "saving" Russia between the outbreak of the Revolution and the established triumph of the Bolshevists. The first part of the story opens with a colourable imitation of the odder parts of GOGOL, DOSTOIEVSKI, and CHEHOV (this is a new authentic spelling which I have learnt from the author); and what I am still wondering about is whether this is offered me as a seriously felt thing or as a piece of admirable spoof. If I incline to the spoof theory it is because the last part of the book has an effect of pure burlesque. But, on the other hand, I am advised that no story of these times and places need be rejected on the score of intrinsic unplausibility. Anyhow, whether parodist or annalist, Mr. GERHARDI has made an interesting and amusing book.

I discovered on the paper cover of *Secret Cards* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) that the hero was an impulsive young man who began "by lending three thousand pounds to an elderly gentleman he has never seen before." This is an injustice to the young man. He began by lending eight thousand pounds; but in case you may think that he was as foolish as he was impulsive, let me add that he demanded a return for his money, and did not just stroll about shedding tons and tons of money. Mr. J. J. BELL in this sensational story is so slow in getting into his stride that the earlier chapters are rather tedious to read. The efforts of some swindlers to ruin a pitiable old man are described at excessive length, but in spite of the handicap Mr. BELL has imposed upon himself he makes a brave effort and certainly finishes with a fine spurt. Indeed his concluding pages are so full of thrills and excitement that patient readers will reap their reward. And I like his melancholy detective.

CHARIVARIA.

A TECHNICAL paper thinks that the Government will soon be broadcasting intelligence by wireless. The only difficulty, in the opinion of some people, is where they will obtain it.

***

The French Press dealing with international matters seems to have followed Professor COUÉ and have become bitter and bitter every day.

***

We understand that what most impresses a number of Americans now in London is the number of Americans now in London.

***

Miss JANE BURR suggests that women should have a husband every three years. The idea is approved by a Los Angeles film artiste, who says the first ten husbands are always the worst, and after that things run smoothly.

***

The PRIME MINISTER'S new house in Surrey is reported to be approaching completion, although, we read, inspection is not encouraged. An interesting feature of it is said to be the oubliette for former supporters.

***

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been enjoying rambles on the Welsh hills, accompanied by his St. Bernard dog, the name of which, by the way, is "Riffel," and not, as it is so often spelt, "Riddell."

***

A well-known musical conductor is said to contemplate standing for Parliament. This lends colour to the rumour that the PRIME MINISTER is likely to realise his dream of choral debates.

***

It is believed that many men are deterred from a career of crime only by the fear that, when they are in prison, their families and friends will write reminiscences of them in the Sunday papers.

***

We hear that, in view of the revived interest in chess, an enterprising film company has arranged to produce a slow-motion picture of CAPABLANCA'S "follow-through."

***

"Owing to the cold winds that have prevailed of late, earthworms have not appeared above the surface until the sun has warmed the soil," states a well-known naturalist. The number of early birds faced with unemployment is said to be causing the authorities considerable alarm.

***

Sir HARRY LAUDER protests that the Highland costume is incomplete without the sporran. The curly walking-stick, we understand, is optional.

***

Our idea of an expert is the man who can tell where the English summer finishes up and winter begins.

***

According to a Harley Street specialist plenty of walking exercise prolongs life. It would be interesting to know how many of our centenarians were originally owners of second-hand cars.

***

"A man can create his own atmosphere by the personality he possesses," declares a weekly paper. We fear however that Mr. Justice DARLING and Dean INGE in the same room would cause the barometer to bob up and down in an alarming manner.

***

Although he has been knocked down by passing motors no fewer than nine times, a blind man of Birmingham still persists in going out unaccompanied. There is a movement on foot, we understand, for making him an honorary Die-hard.

***

The leading actor in a newly-produced film is said to be drawing the salary of two Cabinet Ministers. He should remember, however, that all cinema stars have to start at the bottom and work up.

***

According to a Soviet message, ENVER PASHA died in Eastern Bokhara. It is said that he never really rallied after his last death.

***

The Prohibitionists charge the American shipowners with supplying liquor on board their vessels, and there is some talk of its being called the United States Sipping Board.

***

SEASIDE COUNCILLOR, A STRONG SUPPORTER OF A BRIGHTER SEASIDE MOVEMENT, ON THE PROMENADE.

Burglars at Twickenham have carried off a silver challenge trophy. An objection has, however, been lodged on the score of irregularity of entry.

***

A Ford car has been found outside the house from which it was stolen a year ago. No doubt there was some good reason for this delay.

***

A correspondent of a Sunday paper draws attention to the fact that many titled people now travel third-class. In our opinion the railway companies have only themselves to blame if this advantage is taken of a loophole in the by-laws.

***

Mr. H. CALLADINE, who is eighty years of age, has just completed fifty years' service as an organ-blower at a local chapel. He should now, of course, be enjoying his second wind.

***

A motoring expert, giving particulars of cheap cars for workers, looks forward to the day when there will be nobody in England who is not a motorist. Certainly everything points to the early extermination of the pedestrian.

***

Of the children lost in London nearly ninety-five per cent. are eventually restored to their parents. This speaks well for the honesty of the finders.

***

A novelty shown at the Dental Exhibition is the Gazotherme, a pain-deadening device for which it is claimed that it will even enable a humorous book to be enjoyed in the dentist's chair. This invention should stimulate the sale of humorous books.

***

The next meeting of Allied Ministers will be held at Brussels in the autumn. We understand this will conclude the Peace Conference autumn bookings.

LITERATURE *v.* CHEMISTRY.

LET me give this tip to anybody getting into the Upper School, and that is to choose Literature and steer clear of Chemistry. Chaps who don't know the ropes naturally plump for Chemistry, with a view to mucking about with test-tubes and having explosions and other obvious advantages. But afterwards their awakening is rather bitter, because Jarvis, who takes the Chemistry, is a frightfully dull sort of person who hardly ever lets people do any experiments, and then only feeble ones, besides having a pretty rotten sort of temper which inevitably leads to a good deal of Detention Room for the unwary.

On the other hand, old Kemp's Literature Classes are really jolly fine. For one thing he never really punishes people, except in the way of sarcasm; and then again he goes in for a lot of weird stunts which aren't like work at all, so that his classes are really worth going to. A favourite proceeding of his is to dictate us some poetry with a lot of words, chiefly adjectives, left out, and then we have to fill in the blanks according to our own ideas. Afterwards he gives us the real words and makes us learn the poem, which I personally rather enjoy, as the poetry he gives us is really particularly decent and not a bit like *Casabianca* and the sort of sludge they make you learn at your private.

Sometimes he leaves out a whole line, usually the last, and it's simply priceless sport listening to what some of the people put, especially Carruthers. Carruthers is more or less one of the unlettered mob and has no poetry in his soul, and consequently old Kemp loathes him pretty heavily. One day we had a piece which ended:—

"With shifting ladders of shadow and light
And blurred in colour and form,
The sun hung over the gates of night
And glared at a coming storm."

Only in dictating it old Kemp left out "shifting" and "blurred" and only gave us "and" in the last line. Afterwards he made us read out what we'd got, and Carruthers had:—

"With wooden ladders of shadow and light
And yellow in colour and form,
The sun hung over the gates of night
And the weather was quite warm."

Of course everybody laughed like anything. Old Kemp fairly glared at him.

"Wooden ladders!" he groaned. "Miserable Caliban! What d' you think you mean by wooden ladders?"

"Well, Sir," said Carruthers, "it's the only thing that makes sense with ladders."

"Sense!" shouted Kemp. "And what sort of sense d' you call it to represent the sun as making wooden ladders? Is *that* sense?"

"No, Sir," said Carruthers.

"Oh, you admit it isn't," snorted Kemp. "Then what about your much-vaunted sense *now*?"

"That isn't *my* sense, Sir," said Carruthers. "I only put 'wooden' with 'ladders;' I didn't write the *other* part."

Old Kemp glared at him for a bit and then suddenly became quite calm.

"Carruthers," he said, "I take off my hat to you as one of our coming men. With your complete lack of any artistic feeling whatsoever you cannot fail to be a tremendous success in life."

But the best thing of all happened the next week. Kemp had been giving us a perfectly gorgeous piece, beginning:—

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold."

Some of the beginning part I don't quite understand, but even then the mere sound of the words is positively top-hole. I can't explain, but I think it's gorgeous. Well, while Kemp was dictating us the real words to put in the spaces, Carruthers, who is always much slower at writing them in than anybody else, looked up and asked:—

"Did you say 'deep-brown HOMER,' Sir?"

Everybody simply yelled with delight, and Kemp stared at him in a sort of cold fury.

"No, I did not," he snapped. "I said 'coffee-coloured.'"

Everybody yelled again, and Kemp, without taking any notice, just went on dictating at such a lick that, of course, Carruthers got left hopelessly behind. Later on, just before prep., Carruthers went to Creswell and asked him to give him the right words to stick in, because we'd got to learn the poem for Kemp's next class.

"I'm sure I've got half the rot in the wrong spaces," he said. "And what's that muck at the end about CORTEZ?"

That gave Creswell a brilliant idea. First of all he made Carruthers believe that "coffee-coloured" was the right adjective to put with "HOMER," which wasn't as difficult as you'd think, because Carruthers thinks that all poetry is bound to be absolute rot anyhow. Then in the spaces towards the end he deliberately jumbled up the words and even invented some of his own; and Carruthers took it all in beautifully.

Next Literature class by sheer luck Kemp put Carruthers on first, and he'd hardly begun when who should waddle in but the Head. Kemp held up his hand for Carruthers to stop, but the Head said, "No, go on," and stood by smiling and nodding until suddenly Carruthers blurted out:—

"'Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That coffee-coloured HOMER ruled as his demesne.'"

You never saw anybody look so astonished as the Head did.

"Coffee-coloured HOMER!" he gasped. "Coffee-coloured HOMER! God bless my soul!"

Then old Kemp, who had looked jolly astonished himself at first, leant over his desk and started whispering; and after a bit the Head smiled and turned to Carruthers. "'Deep-browed HOMER,' it should be," he said. "Well, go on, boy, go on."

Naturally Carruthers felt pretty fed-up at having to perform like this before the Head, but he managed to get on all right for another couple of lines, after which he said:—

"'Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swarms into his ken . . .'"

"'Swarms'!" squeaked the Head. "What are you talking about, boy? *Swims!*"

"Swims," said Carruthers, looking pretty muddled, and thought for a bit. Then he went on again with a rush:—

"'Or like fat CORTEZ when with staring eyes
He swims in the Pacific. . . .'"

Everybody thought the Head was going to have a fit. His eyeglasses fell right off his nose and he stood there puffing out his cheeks and making a noise like a wounded rabbit.

"Fat CORTEZ!" he squeaked. "Swims in the Pacific! This boy is mad!" And he simply turned and waddled out of the room as fast as he could go. Old Kemp, with a pretty sharp look at all of us, hurried out after him, and we heard a long confab going on in the passage. Everybody felt somewhat blue because we were all of us more or less in it with Creswell, and it was obvious that Kemp smelt a rat.

As a matter of fact nothing happened. After a time Kemp came back and just went on with the class as usual. Only when the bell went he addressed Carruthers: "Next Literature hour," he said, "you report to Mr. Jarvis for Chemistry. I don't quite know what he has done to deserve you, but happily for me that's the arrangement. You will probably end by blowing up the building; but I don't know that that isn't better than murdering the poets. You can go."

"Major —— had 14½ brace grouse, six hairs and a number of rabbits."—*Scots Paper.*

We deprecate the publication of these personal details about our sportsmen.

AN AERIAL FANTASY.

Glide-to-Glory George. "THERE GOES THE MACHINERY. NOW FOR MORE FREEDOM AND LESS RESPONSIBILITY."

"GOOD HEAVENS! YOU 'RE NOT GOING TO BATHE TO-DAY?"
"GRACIOUS, NO. BILL 'S GOING TO PHOTOGRAPH ME BASKING ON THE ROCKS AT SUNNY SHRIMPTON FOR THE HOLIDAY BEAUTY COMPETITION."

OUR PROBLEMS OF CONDUCT.

THERE is a lamentable sameness about most of the problems of conduct published in our contemporaries. They generally deal with Mrs. A.'s troubles when she forgets to leave a card on the dustman, or when she has given the Duchess of B. two lumps instead of one. The following are a few real problems for men only:—

(1) Mr. A., while on the pier at Margate, espies a male bather below him in difficulties. He dives in, incidentally ruining his only suit, and drags the drowning man to shore. When there he discovers that it is his tailor, to whom he naturally owes large sums. It is too late to swim back with him and leave him to sink, as a large crowd is gathering. What should Mr. A. do?

(2) Mr. B. plays golf with Mr. C., and the scores are level to the last hole but one. C. drives into the rough, and his ball is apparently lost. Just as B. is about to claim the hole, C., who has been searching some distance away from the others, gives a yell of triumph and points to the ball, which is lying so favourably that he has an easy shot, thus winning the last hole and the match. Now B. knows perfectly well that C. is lying. That ball he pretended to have found was not his, but a new one he placed there for the purpose. B. is certain of this, for he himself, as soon as he got to the spot, found the original ball and surreptitiously shoved it in his pocket. But he cannot expose C. without exposing himself. What should he do?

(3) Mr. D., by some accident, pays his income-tax on the day it is due. He is consequently certified insane, and placed in a lunatic asylum. Here he plays whist one night, and has for a partner a delightful old gentleman, Mr. E., whose only misfortune is that he is a homicidal maniac, and is interned there for having massacred one of his partners who revoked. E. leads an ace, and playfully remarks that he intends to assassinate anybody who trumps it. He produces a razor, which he has stolen, and places it on the table. D. looks at his hand, and then finds that he has been dealt the whole thirteen trumps. The windows are barred. What is the best course for D. to pursue?

(4) Mr. H. goes to dinner with Miss I., his aunt, from whom he has great expectations. Miss I. is fond of animals, and has a prize goldfish, which she keeps in a bowl on the table. She is also a a fanatical teetotaler. H. knows this, and has brought a small flask for clandestine consumption. While she is answering the telephone in the hall he mixes himself a drink; but auntie, by some miracle, finishes her conversation quickly and comes back before H. is ready for her. In order to dispose of the whisky quickly he pours it into the goldfish's bowl. For *hors d'œuvres* anchovies are served. During this course the prize gold-fish, under the influence of the whisky, gets more and more playful, and finally, while auntie's attention is occupied with the butler, hops out of the bowl on to her plate. She notices nothing wrong, mistakes it for an anchovy, impales it on a fork, and is about to eat it. What should H. do?

"TELEMULTIPHONE.

Eight conversations can go on at once."
Evening Paper.

Judging by our experience there is nothing novel in this.

GOING AND COMING BACK.

I AM waking. I am quite suddenly wide awake and springing out of bed. More suddenly than I have done for ages. This is strange, because I have been badly run-down lately owing to overwork and anxiety, and it has been a daily torment, this business of tearing myself out of my bed. My razor is fine this morning, and shaving is only a matter of a few minutes, instead of a quarter of an hour of scratching and re-lathering and re-stropping and cursing. I am splashing about in the bath; the water is almost cold, but I don't mind a bit. It makes me sing. I am singing "Rule, Britannia." It is a wonderful bath-room song, and it suits my voice admirably. I am drying myself vigorously, saying "S-s-s," as ostlers do when they are grooming their horses. It is most invigorating. The sun is pouring in at the open window. What a morning!

I am dressed. It was easy. Everything was in its proper place, studs, links, sock-suspenders, all of them. I have had a good breakfast and am walking to the station. I cannot remember ever walking to the station before, but this morning I have loads of time. I even have time to say "Good morning" to the ticket-collector instead of nearly bumping him over in my dash for the train. I am years younger. I am well, boisterously well, by Jove! And as happy as the King of Honolulu.

THREE WEEKS LATER.

I am waking. No, I am not. They can call me again. I am annoyed. I refuse to wake. I am falling asleep. I am fast asleep. I am waking again; some one is fussing me. Oh, all right, all right, all right! I am still waking, but I am going to take my own time about it. I must wake, I know. I do. I have crawled out of bed, stretched myself and had a look round. I feel horrible—rotten. This is strange, because I have been so jolly fit the last few weeks and quite free from anxiety. I am up now, so I may as well get on, especially as it is confoundedly late. I am lying in a hot bath. I know this is wasting time and that I shan't have time for breakfast, but I don't care. I have almost got a headache. How disgusting! I have had to shut the bath-room window. This sea air is beastly cold in the early morning.

I am dressed. I don't look very nice, but it has been such a rush, and nothing was in its proper place. There is no time for breakfast. I knew there wouldn't be. It doesn't matter. I couldn't have eaten it, anyhow. I am driving to the station in the hotel bus. The sun is shining. Let it shine. I don't care if it snows. I am in the train. In an hour and a-half I shall be at the office. Oh Heavens! The office. For forty-nine weeks I shall be at the office. I feel weak and ill. I believe I am going to cry. No, I mustn't do that. I am yawning. I am sleepy. I am falling asleep. I am asleep.

Small Boy (on arrival at country cottage). "MUMMY, WHERE IS THE BATH-ROOM?"
Mother. "THERE ISN'T ANY BATH-ROOM, DEAR."
Small Boy. "GOOD! THIS IS GOING TO BE A REAL HOLIDAY."

No Escape that Way.

"Married emigrants desiring to proceed to the United States without their wives will not be accorded American Consular visas in Poland."—*Daily Paper.*

Another Headache for the Historian.

At Victoria Station, after the London Conference:—

"M. Poincaré was cordial and cheerful, despite the failure of his mission."
Liverpool Paper.

"It is unfortunately the fact that M. Poincaré has departed in a very bad temper, and his demeanour at the station this morning was almost churlish."—*Same paper, same day.*

"Five ladies required as entire domestic staff in small Preparatory school. Natural complexions."—*Weekly Paper.*

But how can they teach the young idea to shoot if they are not allowed a little powder?

THE LADIES' DOUBLES.

THERE were four of us talking together in front of the pavilion at the tennis club. George Hilton, who is probably the laziest man in the club, was sprawling indolently in a deck-chair, while Mrs. Hilton, Miss Mostyn and I stood round expatiating on the sinfulness of sloth on a fine Saturday afternoon.

"You made me join this club because you thought I needed exercise," I pointed out, "and you ought to see that I get it."

"Very well," he said with an air of martyrdom, "I will join you in a mixed double. After all," he added, addressing himself to the two ladies, "we old members ought to encourage these keen novices."

"Could you put up with me as a partner?" I asked Miss Mostyn.

Before she could reply, Cobb, who is our Tournament Secretary, emerged from the pavilion with a box of new balls.

"Oh, Miss Mostyn," he said, "are you ready to play off the first round of the Ladies' Doubles?"

"I'm quite ready," said Miss Mostyn. She turned to me: "You don't mind, do you? We might play our mixed after tea."

I registered philosophical resignation.

"Now what about an umpire?" said Cobb persuasively, addressing the club at large. There was an awkward pause. People who happened to be near a door slipped quietly into the pavilion. Others less favourably situated hastily extemporised scratch fours and made for the more distant courts. George was restrained from bolting only by the fact that Cobb was looking straight at him.

"Personally," said George, "I should love the job, only I 'm due to play Hawkins in the Handicap at four o'clock. But don't you worry, Cobb; I 'll find you an umpire."

"Where are you going to find the umpire?" I inquired suspiciously.

"Here," said George, patting my shoulder benevolently; "you shall have the privilege."

"You were always too good to me," I murmured.

"Think of the popularity you will achieve by merely sitting still," he went on. "All the people who might have been in your place will love you like a brother."

"Is all this true?" I asked Miss Mostyn.

"A willingness to umpire," she replied, "is certainly a short cut to popularity."

"As a special favour," added George, "I will lend you my big blanket-coat. You will look so like a real umpire that nobody will notice the difference."

"Hand it over," I said. "I never could resist flattery."

With George's assistance I clambered into the umpire's chair, and by the time I had settled myself Mrs. Cobb, who partnered Miss Mostyn, had won the toss.

"We 'll take service," she announced. Their opponents, Miss Hawkins and Mrs. Strange, moved away to the pavilion end. I leaned back and surveyed the court. Mrs. Cobb retired to her base-line and gazed at me intently; all four of them gazed at me intently. There was a dramatic hush, and then I leaned over and whispered to George—

"Is there a smut on my nose?"

"No," said George; "you look a perfect little picture."

"Then why this delay?" I inquired. "Am I expected to give a short address from the chair?"

"I think," said George confidentially, "that if you just say 'Play' in a loud clear voice it will meet the case."

"Play!" I said in a loud clear voice.

Mrs. Cobb served. Mrs. Strange placed her return accurately down Miss Mostyn's side-line. Miss Mostyn replied with a deep lob to the far corner, and then the four of them settled down to a quiet driving competition. There was no unseemly sprinting to the net, no vulgar haste. All four belonged to the pre-Lenglen school and held that a woman's place was on the base-line. None of them looked like making a mistake for hours. A bee buzzed drowsily round my head. . . .

Presently Mrs. Strange mis-hit and found the net. I woke up with a start.

"Fifteen love," prompted George.

"Fifteen love," I echoed.

Mrs. Cobb served. Miss Hawkins placed her return accurately down Miss Mostyn's side-line. Miss Mostyn replied with a deep lob. The game went on.

At the end of what seemed about an hour Miss Mostyn and Mrs. Cobb won a game. While they were changing ends I said to George: "How long are we allowed for this round?"

"Until to-day fortnight," he replied.

"We shall never do it," I said.

"They are steady, aren't they?" he remarked, and then, "I must fade away now; I 'm due to play Hawkins at four. I 'll ask Ethel to send you out some tea."

The game went on indefinitely, broken only by a short armistice while Miss Mostyn tidied her hair. I was aroused from a trance-like condition by the arrival of Mrs. Hilton with a cup of tea and a plate of chromatic cakes.

"How are you getting on?" she asked, "and what is the score? I had to tear myself away half-an-hour ago to pour out tea."

"You must have missed at least two points," I said. "Mrs. Strange is getting a little wild on her back-hand; she broke down at the twenty-seventh return just now. The point was gone, one might say, before she had time to look round. The score is now five—four in favour of the Mostyn-Cobb combination."

"Would you like any more tea?"

"No, thank you, kind lady. If my people ever ask after me, tell them I am well and happy. Why, here comes George with more buns."

"Hullo, Frankie," said George. "Still living at the old place, I see." He looked me over critically. "He 's getting awfully stout, isn't he, Ethel? You don't take enough exercise, old man."

"No?" I said coldly.

The game went on. Ours was now the only court occupied. I heard the rattle of tea-cups and the loud laughter of irresponsible idlers who had nothing better to do than to loiter about drinking tea. Presently the courts filled again and the shadows began to lengthen. Still the game went on. The score crept up to set all and two games all in the third and final set.

By that time we had quite a large gallery, composed of people who had finished play for the day. George again stationed himself at the foot of my chair. At five games all in the third set, I leaned over to him.

"George," I said, "if anything happens to me I should like you to have my birds' eggs and the stuffed owl."

"Don't talk like that, old man," he said in a broken voice, and then, more brightly, "Oh, good one, Mrs. Cobb!"

He didn't care.

* * * * *

Late that evening I hobbled out of the dressing-room and along the dusky verandah, looking for my pipe. There I met Miss Mostyn.

"I was just thinking of you," I began.

"How thrilling!" she said. "Tell me some more."

"It was at a tennis club, a long, long time ago," I went on, "that somebody very like you told me that a willingness to umpire was a short cut to popularity. I think 'short' was the word she used."

"In regard to yarns it may be taken as a fact that production is not being absorbed."
Provincial Paper.

The author of this statement has evidently not seen our waste-paper basket.

"Colchester Oyster Feast this year will be heard on Thursday, October 26."
Evening Paper.

The "opening" chorus will, we are told, be particularly fine.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PHOTOGRAPHER'S HORSE.

AFTER THE LITTLE PEDLINGTON TOURNAMENT.

Friend of the Local Champion. "IT MUST BE HEAVENLY, MEETING ALL THESE PEOPLE AND BEING INTRODUCED AS THE NEW CHAMPION."

The Local Champion. "I DON'T MEET PEOPLE, SILLY. PEOPLE MEET ME."

THE DEADLY AUTOMATICS.

"I've brought you here to show you how it is possible to obtain half-an-hour's amusement with the initial outlay of one penny only," I said to Mollie in my best informative manner.

"Roars of applause," commented Mollie, yawning without putting up her hand. "Go on."

We were on the pier, whence all but we had fled, alone—alone save for those strong silent sentinels, the Automatic Machines.

"We'll begin with the Weighing Machine," I continued. "You will note that in the event of my guessing my correct weight my penny will be returned to me. Observe, I step upon the platform, twirl the index-finger to twelve stone four pounds, put a penny in the slot and——"

I had not thought it necessary to tell Mollie that in the morning I had been weighed on another machine and therefore knew my weight exactly. Yet——

"Twelve stone five," announced Mollie. "Good-bye, penny."

I took off my coat and put another penny in the slot.

"Twelve stone three," proclaimed Mollie. "Good-bye, second penny."

After I had varied my attire four more times and had spent sixpence (I had provided myself with three shillingsworth of coppers in case of accidents) I assumed my full garb, put on my left shoe, gave Mollie back her umbrella and passed on to the TRY YOUR GRIP; MODERATE STRENGTH RINGS THE BELL; GREAT STRENGTH RETURNS YOUR PENNY. I was in the right mood for gripping; I wanted to grip. I set my teeth and gripped. The index-finger crept slowly up the dial, quivered on the verge of "Moderate Strength," and then fell back in a dead faint. Chink went my penny.

"Try another machine," advised Mollie after a short interval. "That's tenpence you've spent so far. I'll keep count, shall I? Fancy your not having even moderate strength. Well, well."

I did not answer. Sometimes one cannot. But I shook my aching fist at TRY YOUR GRIP and snarled "Liar!"

I spent only twopence on the FOOTBALL MATCH; SCORE A GOAL AND GET YOUR MONEY BACK. I should have got both pennies back, I know, had there been a ball. But, although I jerked the levers like mad and the trap-door sprang open to permit the egress of the sphere, and although both goalies kicked out their legs with passionate emphasis, no ball appeared. Mollie laughed consumedly.

"Don't they look geese, kicking out at nothing?" she gurgled. "That's a shilling. It's mounting up."

I tried to laugh unconcernedly; but the sort of noise I made quite frightened me and I strode on hastily.

"Ah!" I exclaimed next moment. "Now, here's something I *do* understand: the CRICKET MATCH: PLAY AS YOU PLEASE: YOUR PENNY RETURNED FOR EVERY BOUNDARY." I peered closer and experienced once again the thrill of my schooldays. The batsman was W. G.—W. G. complete with burly figure, cap and beard. I put in my penny almost reverently; it seemed a ridiculous sum to pay to see the big man

bat once again. I pressed the levers. The ball shot up from the trap, hesitated an instant and then trickled down a hole marked "Caught." Caught! And neither the bowler (an underhand one) nor W. G. had touched it.

"Hard luck, Doctor!" I cried warmly, and put in another penny. Altogether I put in nine pennies, but, although I did my utmost with the levers, I could not induce W. G. to score a boundary. Twice he was run-out, and once stumped when I'll swear he hadn't moved an inch from his crease. I forget what was the unseen umpire's decision in the other cases. Once only was I able to manœuvre the ball so that it met the perfectly straight bat of the old-time champion: away scudded the ball, skirting the hole marked "Boundary," and then it slowly meandered back until it dropped into an aperture labelled "L.B.W."!

"Bah!" I cried disgustedly.

"One-and-nine," announced Mollie stolidly.

I flung away from her. The next instant my shout of fiendish glee brought her again to my side. I stood before a machine named The Execution.

"See that?" I growled. "See that man standing under the gallows over the trap-door with a bag over his head and a rope round his neck? Do you know who that is?"

"No," whispered Mollie, rather awed.

"It's the inventor of all automatic machines. And I'm going to hang him. I'm going to hang him for a penny; and I don't care if I don't get my money back. It's worth it."

In went the penny. The trap-door remained shut; the inventor of automatic machines remained unhanged; the hangman remained mildly expectant, and the penny remained in the machine.

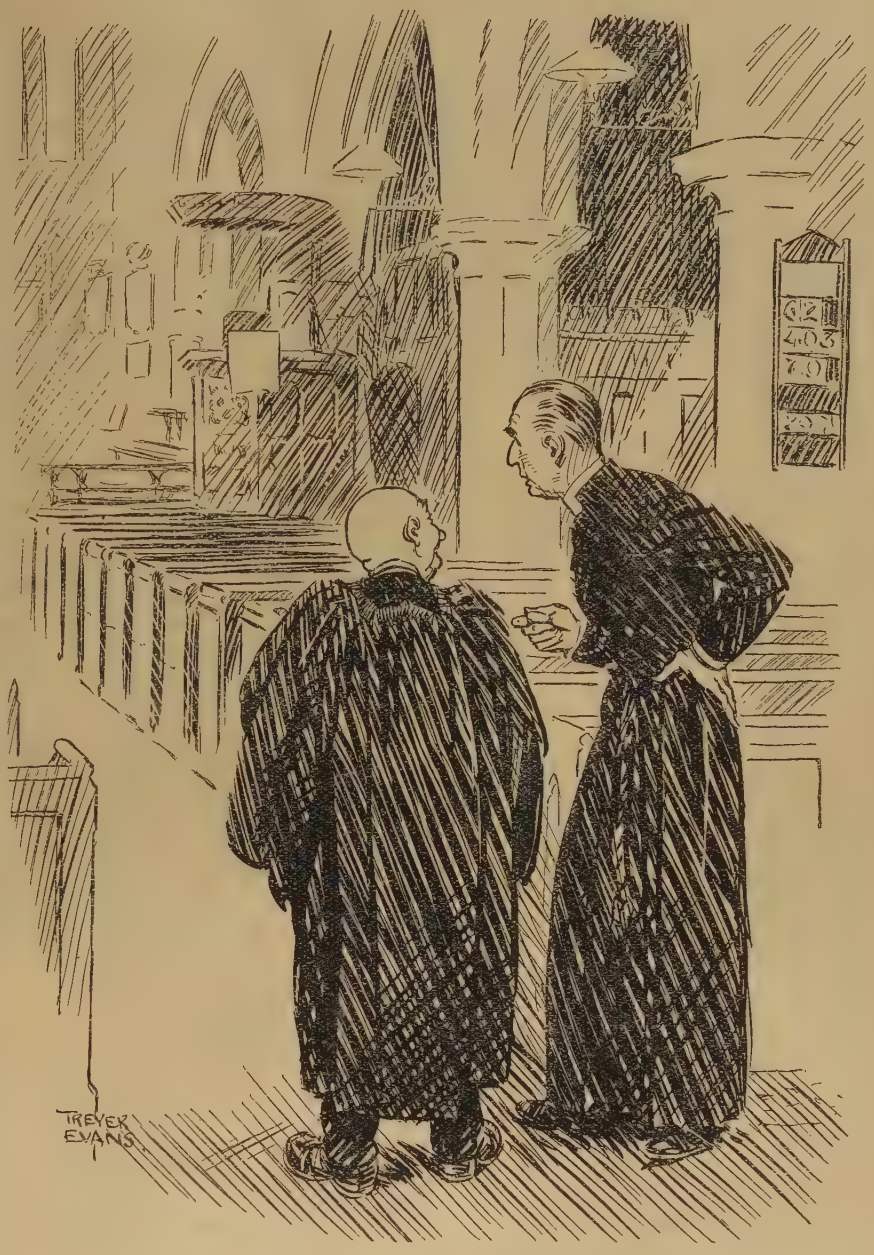
"Reprieved!" I gasped, and pushed in another penny and then another and another, until my pocket was empty of coppers. Altogether I attempted to let the law take its course with the criminal fifteen times, and every time the Home Secretary intervened. It was nothing short of a scandal.

"Three bob," remarked Mollie wearily.

"You'll *ex*cuse me," said a gentle voice, "but that machine's out of order." A melancholy individual wearing a moulting straw hat with a Gunner ribbon had joined our party.

"If it's out of order," I said savagely, "there ought to be a notice to that effect."

"There was one," replied the melancholy individual, "but some mischeevious young rascal has tore it orf. Would you be so good, Sir, as to go to the back of the machine and 'eave?"



A BROADCASTING PERIL.

Time—*Sunday Morning.*

Vicar. "This is terrible! Five minutes before the service and not a soul here!"

Verger. "No, Sir; but I understand there are some thousands waiting in their own homes to 'listen in.'"

Wonderingly I acquiesced. I went to the back and 'eaved. There came the sound of jingling coins as they cascaded into a receptacle. There also came the sound of an outraged "Oh!" from Mollie.

Gingerly I lowered the machine and hastened back.

Mollie pointed to the disappearing figure of the man who wore the Gunner ribbon.

"He's got them all—all your pennies and everyone else's," gasped Mollie. "In his hat."

"The mischeevious rascal!" I said thoughtfully.

History about to Repeat Itself.

"Mr. Winston Churchill has a half-finished book on the slips which he is under contract to complete by the end of 1922."—*Daily Paper.*
But must he complete them? In the interests of his country could he not break the contract?

THIS LIBERTY.

(*After Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON once more, by special request.*)

IT was a little thing that started it, her cognizance of it, as little things will. She had not known it, our Rosalie, how far it had gone, how immense the oncomingness of it, till this day, this day of finding her Wuggo, her own Wuggo, her last boy-child save one, her all but youngest, his fingers stickied over with gooseberry-jam, all stickiness.

"Don't touch" (she'd said), "don't touch the door-handle, Wuggo, with those horrid fingers of yours. I'll open it." And he—

"Oh cripes!"

Oh cripes!

Her Wuggo.

"Wuggo!" very dreadfully she had shrieked, "how dare you talk like that?" And he again and sulkily, and shoulders shrugged (her Wuggo, her all but lastborn child).

"Well, you never taught me no better, Mums."

Her Wuggo! *Cripes!*

And turning it over now, and thinking of it, and turning it over again and thinking of it again, she saw it all. Saw how never had she taught to those her children King's English; no, nor taught them anything, at schoolroom table nor at knee, since that first fateful day when on Harry when on her husband she had burst vociferating and waving book. "Best seller, Harry. See!"

Heard too again as though 'twere yesterday his reply, "Oh, pigs and pumps, old lady, pigs *and* pumps," and leaped from chair and danced about the room, and kicked at furniture and kissed her forehead and kissed her eyes and hair and she kissed his.

And now. Her seven children. But could an authoress teach? Have time to come to earth from tread of Inspiration's air and schoolmarm (inky pot-hooks) children so? She had not thought so. She had not thought it mattered. And Harry saying—

"They'll all talk slang. They'll swear. They'll hang their nominatives. They'll use the verb without the noun. They'll never find their way about." She'd said—

"Well, why don't you teach them then?"

And often when, in that calm reasonable way of his, and smoothing her hair, his voice had come between puffs of his pipe, from out of his special armchair had come—

"Remember, Rosalie, that I'm a man."

She'd answered (oh Rosalie, Rosalie):

"Yes, and remember, Harry, I'm a woman."

His life. Her life. Their lives. The children's lives. Their home.

Always for men, then, this home. Men wanted it, men made it, men married for it, thought to keep women tied to it, because of just this one accidental thing, theirs the bearing of children, men's not.

That's Rosalie thinking *then*. But now. Her seven children. Not one of them had she found time to teach to parse, to analyse, to talk King's English, no not one.

Her Wuggo. Cripes!

Look at her thinking then of all of them, and thinking back, and thinking hard. This shock had brought remembrance. Had Doggo too, her eldest, failed for this, because of this neglect been sent away from Tidborough and from Camford too for this, married because of this that barmaid with the gilded hair, taken because of this, her Doggo hers, to drink? Yes surely. A little syntax learnt, and would Doggo, slinking from bad to worse, have been court-martialled twice, and then, the War now over, burgled thus the office safe? No, surely No.

See her remembering now that day of Doggo's dreadful doom. Her Doggo at the Old Bailey now, and Harry's awful cry when told, sinking back in his arm-chair.

"My son a burglar! A burglar my son! My son! My son in quod! In quod my son, my son! In quod!"

How hard it had been to stop him.

Her Doggo doing time!

And Jujah, and Jiggo, those, ay those as well. How could she not also remember them, those too, those flaxen-haired, those twins, those girls, her tricksy twain, at dances all night long, and came never home to find their mother with hot cocoa waiting up. No, she's in her study reading proofs, correcting them, she's never here, she's signing contracts, writing autographs. They never see her, never tell her things. She never warns them, shows where perils lie.

Then comes that night when suddenly at the door two stretchers, and a gruff official voice to ears too stunned with terror to comprehend—

"The Tube, Mum. Moving staircase. Ay, both of them, poor young ladies. Left foot. They *would* get off with the left foot first. Pity they weren't taught more at home."

And went away.

Jujah and Jiggo dead.

And Bobo and Gaga. That came back as well. The motor-bus. Their satchels on their backs. But if she had taught them at home not to cross the road without looking to left of them and to right. Ah, Rosalie that "if." No Bobo, no Gaga, now.

Only Wuggo now, Wuggo and Jimjams, her last born. And Wuggo saying "Cripes." She plucked her fountain-pen from her bosom and hurled it on the floor.

A thud.

What's this, who's running to her now? The nurse, the lady nurse, so highly salaried, so full of up-to-date ideas ("She'll teach them so much better than I, Harry," hadn't she said; "I have my life, my work"?), the lady nurse, to say, to cry, to scream—

"Those banisters! Oh Heavens! The hall! His fingers sticky. Dead! Oh, madam, dead!"

Her Wuggo gone, he too.

She rose. She went straight in to Harry, he sitting in his armchair, as long ago had done when she, triumphant, waving book, had cried, "Best seller, Harry, see." Brick-red his hair that now was ashen grey, and "Pigs and pumps," he'd cried, "old lady, pigs

Elder Brother. "NOW ONE WORD BEFORE WE GO IN, BERT. IF A BATSMAN 'ITS A BOUNDARY SAY, 'WELL 'IT!' AN' DON'T GO AN' LET ME DAHN BY SHOUTIN', 'LUMME—WHAT A CLOUT!'"

Young East-Ender (seeing a lark for the first time). "SEE, MISTER, THERE'S A SPARRER UP THERE, AN' 'E CAN'T GIT UP, AN' 'E CAN'T GIT DAHN—AN' 'E AIN'T ARF 'OLLERIN'!"

and pumps." She told him simply "Wuggo's dead. I'll never write another book. I'm coming home."

"Home?" he queried.

"Yes, home to Jimjams and to you."

There was to have been some more of it, raw heartbreak stuff, but no, we're all in tears, we've suffered so, we can't go on like that, we'll end on brighter note. A glimpse, no more.

Here's Jimjams, last born, sole one left. And breakfast's done. The nurse? Discharged. Herself she unties bib and wipes the treacle from the young scamp's cheek, our Rosalie, herself with Harry (no more proof-correcting now), says, "Lessons, lessons, Jim-jams boy!"

And he, the elfsome sprite, shouts, "Lessons! Parsing! Syntax! Gwammar. Oh huwway! On Muvver's knee! On Muvver's knee!"

We'll leave them there. EVOE.

The Latest Irish Frightfulness.

"TIP-AND-PUN RAIDS.
Irregular Plot to Create Disturbance in Dublin."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Wanted Mother and Daughter. Age 25 and 15."—*Sunday Paper.*

It must be a relief to intending applicants to know that there will not be another Census till 1931.

THE KIND LITTLE HOUSE.

I KNEW you well, set round with golden thatches,
For ever to my mind
You had gazed down the road, as one who watches
For friends he cannot find;

Anxiously looking out for some belated
Dear child who'd lost his way;
I never thought it was for us you waited
Till almost yesterday.

The great wood-pecker's elfin laughter sounded
Faint on the valley edge;
I knew the downs beyond, austere and rounded,
Pushed to the sunset edge,

And that behind, like fantasies, the meadows
Mingled their green and gold,
And shards lay buried on the wooded shadows
Where men had lived of old.

No one but you was with me, I sat listening;
Down on the window-sill
A tiny feather fell, blue-black and glistening,
Everything else was still,

Until a memory, awaking lonely,
Beat like a frightened bird
Against the walls, so noiselessly that only,
By us the sound was heard.

And then you said, "It's you I am expecting."
As a dog understands
You looked down on me faithful and protecting
And stretched out kindly hands.

Another Sex Problem.

"The —— Challenge Cup for the best shorthorned went to Mr. ——'s roan bull calf, under twelve months' old, which had a milk yield as a heifer of 6,344 lbs. in 228 days."
Provincial Paper.

"The Earl of Balfour is a philosopher, a golfer, a statesman, a successful farmer, a golfer, a lawn-tennis player and a musician of some distinction; he performs with no small credit on the violin, the piano and the organ. He also plays golf."—*Daily Paper.*

That had already begun to dawn on us.

"Surrey have still to play Middlesex at Lord's, beginning on Saturday next, and Warkickshire at the Oval on August 30."
Evening Paper.

We like to see a county, even though right out of the running for the championship, finishing the season with a "kick" in it.

OUR HOLIDAY PUZZLE PICTURE.
WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

NAUSICAA SPEAKS.

THE man from the sea had the mien of an eagle,
A bold eye of blue had the man from the sea,
The man from the sea had a tongue to inveigle
A king and his council, and me, my dears, me;
And he stood mid our folk like a sword among rods,
And he walked like a stag on the hills of the gods.

The man from the sea could charm palace or tavern,
The man from the sea had the forehead of brass,
A laugh like the sea-wind a-shout in a cavern,
And love for a wine-skin and eke for a lass,
And guile of a serpent to plot and to plan,
But, to carry him through it, the might of a *man*.

The man from the sea he had feasted and fasted,
The man from the sea had both suffered and sung,
The years were his slaves which his manhood outlasted,
He ne'er could be old, he had never been young;
And the gleam of his smile through his bristle of beard
Was a thing to be loved—or a thing to be feared.

The man from the sea was a teller of stories
Of giants and pirates, of sailors made swine,
Of storm and enchantment, the trail and its glories,
White nymphs and soft islands in seas dark as wine;
And always I heard him, and always I knew,
Though he lied when he listed, that here he told true.

He stood at the council and spoke with my father,
As leader to leader, bold tongued, unafraid
(The members a-marvel his statecraft to gather,
His sooths upon strategy, triremes or trade);
Men liked him, though after he 'd dined with the Guards
'Twas thought he was just a bit lucky at cards.

But oh, when the moonlight fell softly and solemn
He 'd coax me aside lest my ladies should hear,
And, in the warm dusk of the porphyry column,
He 'd murmur the honey we maidens hold dear,
And whisper, "I love you, my beauty, my sweet,
Won't you help me (*there*'s why) with a ship of the Fleet?"

I listened at last; and Ulysses, the teller
Of stories, by morn was a cloud on the blue;
And, quitting the Court (and its half-empty cellar),
He took (or I thought so) my heart with him too;
But certainly gone were the pick of my pearls
And the daintiest darling of all of my girls.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"*Expositor's Bible (The)*, edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, cr. 8vo. *Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther*, by W. —— (*trifle loose*), 3s.; *Colossians and Philemon*, by A. —— (*trifle dull*), 3s. 6d."

We think the learned editor ought to know about this.

A propos of the stranding of the *Raleigh*:—

"Sympathy with those responsible for her safe navigation is all the more on account of their having, only a short time previous to her stranding, given an exhibition of fine navigation by taking their vessel up the Potomac River to the Navy Yard at Washington; a feat which called forth the admiration of United States naval officers, owing to the fact that her draught of water exceeded only by a few inches the average depth of water in the river."—*Morning Paper*.

This sounds more like "levitation" than navigation.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

Sister. "HULLO, KATHIE! CAN'T YOU FIND ANYTHING TO DO?"
Kathie. "I CAN'T FIND ANYONE TO PLAY 'HIDE THE THIMBLE' WITH ME, SO I'VE HIDDEN IT MYSELF, AND NOW I'M WAITING TILL I'VE FORGOTTEN WHERE I PUT IT."

HOW *NOT* TO SAY GOOD-BYE.

A HOLIDAY HINT FOR AUNTS.

EVERY year Henry, the Kid and I spend our holiday in Scotland. This is to give Henry an opportunity to tread on his native heath, and possibly to disprove the statement that a Scotsman never returns to his country after leaving it, unless it is to fetch down a younger brother.

Henry has not got a younger brother, but he has an aunt. This is not an airy statement from *French Without Tears*. It is a solid fact.

Now, we do not stay with Henry's aunt on our holiday; at times we forget even to visit her. But she always gets to know the date of our departure and presents herself at the station "to see us off."

You know the kind of thing. We are seated in a crowded carriage. There is a chill silence while we all regard each other with that suspicion, distrust and reserve which mark the Britisher when coming into contact with those of his fellow-creatures to whom he has not been formally introduced. Suddenly Henry's aunt presents her bovine face at the window. This is our annual dialogue:—

Aunt (*with the air of one who is making an original* bon mot). Well, you'll soon be off now.

Henry. Yes.

Aunt. But it's a pity the train is so crowded (*looking disparagingly at the other passengers*). I do hope you'll be comfortable. Shall I go and see if there's a better carriage lower down?

Henry (*nervously*). No, no.

Aunt (*looking at the Kid*). It's a pity, my dear, that you're such a bad traveller. But, of course, if you should be sick—— (*Movement of consternation among passengers and horrible embarrassment of the Kid.*)

Me (*hastily*). Oh, she's grown out of that now. (*General relief.*)

Aunt. Now you'll be sure to let me know that you've arrived safely. And (*skittishly*) tell me how London's looking.

Us. Yes, yes.

Aunt. There's such a lot of people coming. I hope they won't want to come and stand in here. (*Again looks round disparagingly.*) It's bad enough as it is. I hope you'll be all right.

Us (*hurriedly*). Yes, yes.

Aunt. Well, you'll soon be off now. You'll be sure to write, won't you? Shall I ask a porter what time you arrive in London?

Us (*emphatically*). No, no, thanks.

Aunt (*to the Kid*). I brought some peppermints for you, my dear. If you suck them slowly there's enough to last the whole journey. (*Signs of exasperation amongst the other passengers.*) Perhaps they'll ward off the sickness too, though I always say it's best *not* to check sickness. I'll get you a paper to read, my dear. (*Happy respite of a few minutes while she goes to a bookstall. She returns breathless.*)

Aunt (*panting*). I thought the train was moving off. Here you are, dear (*pant*). I got *Comic Chips*. I hope it isn't too advanced for you. Where are you at school?

The Kid (*very nervously*). In the Lower Fourth, Auntie.

Aunt. Well, well, that tells me nothing (*vaguely*). We used to go by the sums we did when I was a girl. (*Looks round with a smirk at other passengers, who receive her coldly.*) Well, you'll soon be off now. Perhaps I'd better

kiss you good-bye at once. (*Does so.*) And I do hope (*addressing me*) you won't get one of your bad headaches with travelling, my love. Insist on having the window down the whole way, no matter what other people——

Me (*hastily conscious of the growing unpopularity of our party among our fellow-passengers*). No, no, Aunt. I never get headaches now.

Aunt. Well, good-bye until next year. I only hope I shall be spared to see you off again.

Me (*with conviction*). I'm quite sure you will.

Aunt. But you never know. Every time I see you off I say, "Another milestone." (*Disagreeable-looking man in the corner rattles his paper irritably.*) Good-bye. Oh, did I tell you Cousin Jane might be coming South this year?

Us (*now quite limp and dejected*). Indeed?

Aunt. Of course she 'll look you up. Oh, now you really are going. He 's signalling. Shall I ask——

Us. No, no. (*The train begins to move.*)

Aunt (*trying to keep up with the train*). Good-bye. You 'll write me (*pant*). You 'll be sure (*pant*) and let me know that you 've arrived safely. Good-bye. You really are off now. Don't forget to——

* * * *

Mercifully we can hear no more of aunt—for another year.

Our Singular Weather.

"There were blue skies and hours of brilliant sun-sunshine."
Morning Paper.

"Surrey went on with their first innings under very bad conditions. There had been a slight drizzle and the light was appallingly wet."
Evening Paper.

"DANGER TO ST. PAUL'S.
Owing to the centre of gravity being upset, an undue strain has been thrown on some of the piers, without serious effects.
of the piers, with serious effects."
Evening Paper.

This deplorable dubiety will devastate the DEAN.

From a letter in support of "Summer time":—

"The farmers' objection to it is merely their dislike of anything new, as it would be quite as easy for their labourers to work 7 A.M. till 4 P.M. summer time as from 6 A.M. till 5 P.M. sun time."—*Local Paper.*

Almost easier.

THE NEW JOURNALISM.

MY DEAR ANGUS,—It is true that, in the good old purple-patch days of newspaper journalism, a Scotsman was quite justified in journeying to Fleet Street with a few coppers and a doubtful letter of introduction in his pocket. He knew quite well that in a few months he would become what we delighted to call "an intellectual force in the newspaper world." If I were you, however, I should not risk damaging that glorious tradition of your race. It is the tendency nowadays of most newspaper proprietors to discourage their staffs from staggering us with gross displays of intellectual force. They even discourage themselves. When they cannot hold back their intellects any longer they write expensive books or go into Parliament.

I am afraid, too, that you will find that being a mere commoner is something of a handicap in these democratic days. As you will see by a careful study of the newspapers (especially the Sunday ones) we rather like our journalists to be Earls or Lords or Baronets, though we are also partial, in times of anti-waste reform, to retired Admirals and Generals. Still, if you keep that intellect of yours well in check and make a point of trying to be really useful, you may succeed in grubbing along somehow.

Helpfulness is the key-note of the new journalism. The journalist of to-day is either a compound of *Mrs. Beeton*, *The Man from Cook's* and *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, or he is nothing. If you cannot tell us how to make love, how to play bridge, how to live on so-much-and-something a week, how to spend a cheap holiday, what to do in the garden, how to run poultry farms and so on, you must be satisfied with being a mere poet, novelist or dramatist. You must remember, moreover, always to be bright and chatty. We want facts (or what, for all we know to the contrary, are facts), but we like them buttered and breadcrumbed, with little sprigs of parsley stuck about them. You must get into the way of imparting your information in the form of sprightly little fiction sketches or breezy little dialogues. For example, you invent, say, a pretty housewife or a newly-married couple (charming people, of course, but apparently without any sense at all), and you present yourself in the guise of a wise old aunt or a practical girl-friend, and take tea with them or accompany them on shopping expeditions, while they fill in the gaps of your conversation with deferential remarks and cries of wonder and enthusiasm. Like the "Little Pets" column or "Uncle Frank's Corner," this calls for grip, imagination, an iron constitution and a fine sense of what really matters in snappy literature. But it is a noble and utilitarian occupation, and, if anything, less dangerous (for the writer) than the old-fashioned blood-and-thunder political journalism.

If you are lucky you many succeed in becoming a Society gossiper. That will be pleasant for you, since you will be enabled to move in the very highest circles and indulge in a luxurious style

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.
"IN POSSESSION."

Lady of the House. "THE MILK YOU LEFT THIS MORNING WAS SOUR, MR. JONES."
Aggrieved Dairyman. "THERE YOU ARE, MUM! IF THERE'S ANY COMPLAINT THE POOR MILKMAN SOON HEARS OF IT; BUT YOU NEVER TELL 'IM WHEN THE MILK *AIN'T* SOUR, DO YER?"

of living (on paper) with very little fatigue or expense. You will be credited with possessing an inexhaustible knowledge of what goes on in the aristocratic world. Your days (so your readers will gather) will be spent in strolling into fashionable restaurants and select clubs and attending every Society function of note; the reputations of our public men and women will be in your hands to make or to mar. "Saw Lord Oysterpot in Frasgano's the other day," you will write with languid insouciance. "His Lordship appeared to be in excellent spirits and was chatting gaily concerning his forthcoming expedition to the Saragougou whelk fields;" or, "When I met Lady Bubbleover at the Viscountess Swankerton's very *chic* little reception the other evening, I noticed that she was wearing one of those *recherché* necklaces of bunion pearls which, so a little bird tells me, are shortly to become *de rigueur* among the smartest of smart women." And so on, until feminine hearts in Brixton and Golder's Green throb at the very sight of your *nom-de-guerre*.

For, despite all your glory, you will still lurk modestly behind a pseudonym. You will at times appear slightly bored, but you will never be proud, not even when our great commercial magnates send you samples of toilet products, etc., in the hope that you will refer to them in your inimitably casual manner. Great people in the social and artistic world, beautiful actresses (or their slightly less lovely agents) will write you letters telling you all you want to know about themselves, and maybe a trifle more. And the joy of it all will be that, if you have a strong healthy imagination, a glance at the free passes, complimentary tickets and gilt-edged invitation cards adorning your mantelshelf will enable you to forget any trifling unpleasantness that may have arisen between yourself and your landlord, or the fact that you are badly in need of a new hat.

Your sincere PANTAGRUEL.

"Miss —— had an uncle who used to drivel miles a day at 96."—*Provincial Paper.*

Very likely; but why mention it?

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From "Answers to Correspondents":—

"The Chinese expression 'per men sem' means 'per month.'"—*North-Country Paper.*

"He once hit 11 fours off nine balls from Townsend."—*Irish Paper.*

It is inferred that this was after the luncheon interval, and that the scorer had had some.

"PERSONS WANTED.

"Asses, Tenors, for special concert work."
Liverpool Paper.

This will, we fear, confirm the belief, already prevalent among our musical conductors, that the higher the voice the lower the intelligence.

"THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—On Thursday afternoon an aged resident was taken suddenly ill in the Broadway and fell. A motor car, driven by a lady, saw the situation, and drawing up, after Mr. —— had been picked up and attended to, drove him home."—*Local Paper.*

The name of the maker of this intelligent and kindly machine ought surely to have been given.

THE TRENCHER AND THE PEN.

I HAVE been much interested by the statement of M. CLAUDE BERTON, the French commentator, that men of great literary genius are usually men of great appetite: "notable forks," as Dr. KITCHENER would say. The idea was new to me, although I remember reading somewhere that it was HANDEL'S custom, in order to be sure of getting something to eat, to order dinner for two. Still, HANDEL was not an author, and anyway one swallower does not make a fixed rule. M. BERTON cites certain of his own countrymen to prove his case: VICTOR HUGO, FLAUBERT, ZOLA and, above all, BALZAC, who, once at VERY'S in Paris, himself accounted for eight dozen oysters, twelve cutlets, a duckling and a brace of partridges; which was not bad for a psychological novelist. But I dare say that as many examples of spare-eating writers of genius could be mustered. THOMAS CARLYLE, for instance, who was no trencherman; while BYRON drank vinegar to keep himself thin. As to what SHAKSPEARE ate we know little, but he was certainly no teetotaler. WORDSWORTH'S heart nearly broke when HARTLEY COLERIDGE stole his leg of mutton; yet that does not necessarily prove anything but thrift, or even hunger. Still, it is a pleasant thought that the great writers were not averse from the joys of the table.

M. BERTON is on fairly safe ground so long as he is dealing with his gourmands, but he goes on to become rather fantastic when suggesting that there is a correspondence between the character of an author's work and his food. Thus what are called light writers eat light food; heavy authors, heavy food; and so on. I wonder. The finest performer at beef and beer that I ever sat opposite is a tragic poet. One of the most acceptable of our swashbuckling romancists eats chiefly salad. In the belief that M. BERTON has made his wish the father of his thought I have instituted some inquiries into the alimentary habits of English men of letters of the day. Their answers are appended:—

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: "I doubt if I should be able to write a word of my forthcoming little book of War secrets—or get any real money for it—if I had not fortified myself with Cabinet Pudding through several eventful years."

Sir J. M. BARRIE: "My own tastes are simple—a little oatmeal is all I require—but in these matters one is not always one's own master, and I have frequently found that when the waiter proffers the menu it is seized by M'Connachie, a creature of grosser tastes, who proceeds to order several courses and in due time to consume them. Sometimes he even orders more."

Dr. BRIDGES (the Poet Laureate): "I have become very careful to eat no food that would provoke me to poetry. SHELLEY, it is well known, devoured bacon and eggs with relish. So did ROSSETTI. I should not care nowadays to make so risky an experiment."

Mr. A. M. S. HUTCHINSON: "In cold weather I am very sparing, but after winter has gone I indulge with more freedom. My wine comes from the best cellars."

ANTHONY HOPE: "I wrote the *Dolly Dialogues* on jam puffs and meringues, but when at work on *The Prisoner of Zenda* I found that capons and burgundy were essential."

Mr. GALSWORTHY: "Since I took to problem plays I have found sausages a great support."

Mr. MASEFIELD: "You might suppose I was addicted to Indian corn."

Mr. THOMAS HARDY: "I find I do my best work nowadays on a sandwich in a cemetery."

Mr. BERNARD SHAW: "My eating habits are a matter of such renown that I am surprised to be asked. Lest, however, I should seem discourteous, let me affirm again that I am a strict vegetarian. As has been well said, my sole needs are a tomato and a typewriter. If I were to touch a mutton-chop I should be in danger of writing like [name suppressed]."

Mr. C. K. SHORTER: "I am convinced that there should be sympathy between food and work. During my labours on my recent edition of BOSWELL'S *Johnson* I drank enormous cups of tea, sometimes seventeen at a sitting. On the other hand, I carried through my huge BRONTË task on Yorkshire Pudding. Need more be said?"

Mr. CHESTERTON: "Of course there is a connection between food and literature, but it works by contrarieties rather than by similarities. Thus when I am about to tackle any subject that requires vigorous treatment I sip ice-cream. On the other hand, if it were a mystical poem I should (except, of course, on Fridays) fortify myself with red roast beef."

Dr. FRANK CRANE (the Tonic Talker): "I uplift my sixteen million readers a day entirely on iron, quinine and aerated waters."

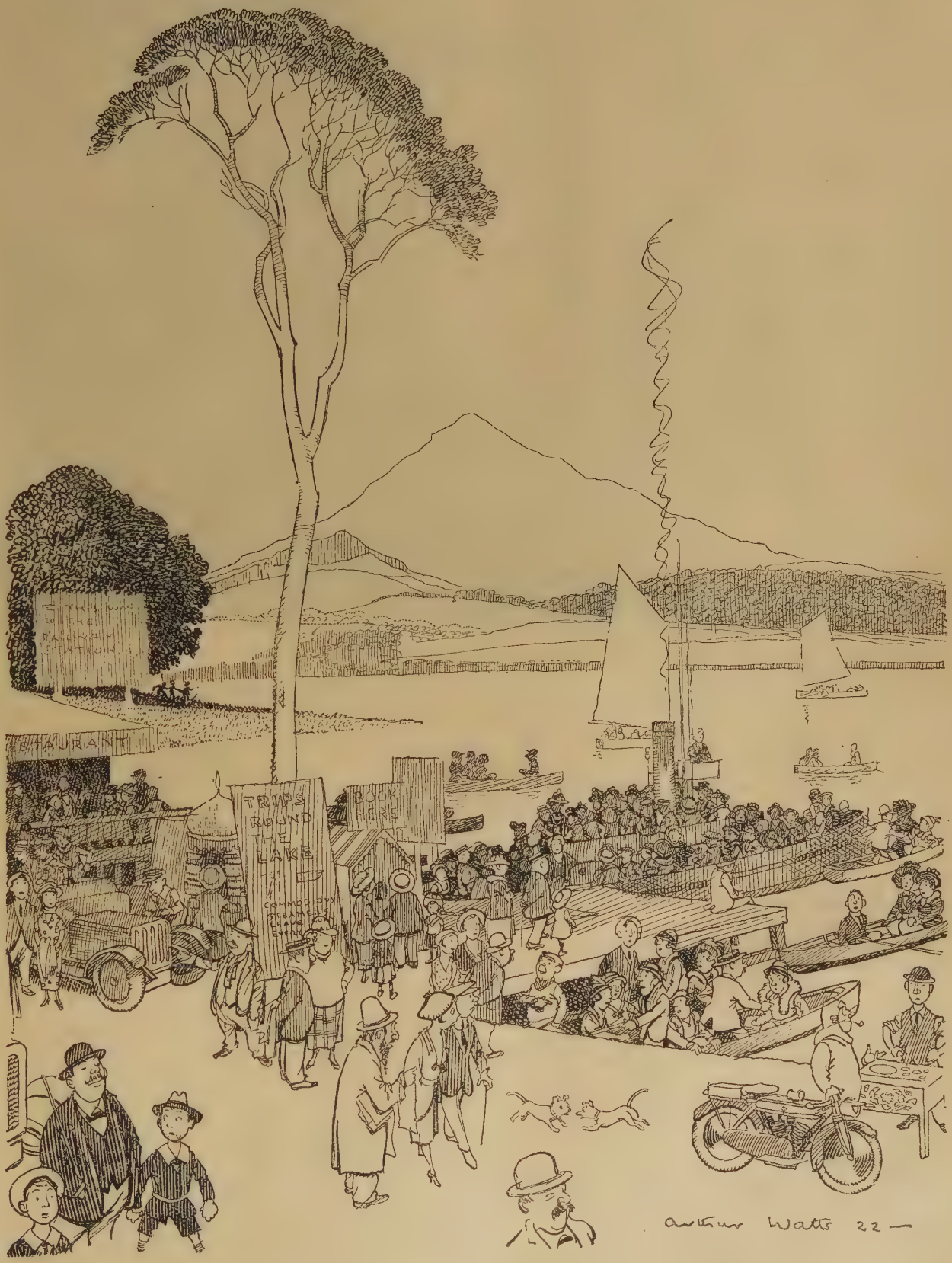
Dean INGE: "I have a strong inclination to grouse." E. V. L.

From Smith Minor's science paper:—

"CONDENSATION.—The change from a gas or vapour to a liquid. Example: When milk is boiled a vapour rises from it, and if this vapour be caught and cooled it condenses, forming condensed milk."

THE CALL OF NEW GUINEA.

THE announcement made by *The Westminster Gazette* that an expedition will shortly start for New Guinea "to explore for the first time the interior of the second largest island of the world" must be received with certain reserves. The "British Pacific Science Expedition," whose aims and composition are set forth in detail by our esteemed contemporary, is not the only Richmond in the field. Mr. Bamborough (*né* Bamberger), the famous violinist whose adventures in former years so often attracted the attention and admiration of Mr. Punch, writes to inform us that he also hopes shortly to start on a somewhat similar quest, to complete the exploration of the Isle of Mystery which was abruptly terminated by his incarceration at the hands of the head-hunting Papuans shortly before the War. His party includes three publicity agents, Professor Bumpovitch, the celebrated Bessarabian craniologist, two thanatophidian naturalists, and an expert in caudal pygmæology, to deal with the problems presented by the tribe of tail-wearing dwarfs alleged to inhabit the interior. But with a liberal-minded enterprise which cannot be too highly commended, Mr. Bamborough is anxious to supplement his scientific staff with a number of non-technical volunteers. Only men and women of high qualifications and dauntless courage are wanted, for the difficulties and dangers of the expedition are not to be minimised. "The natives," as Mr. Bamborough points out, "though remarkably susceptible to music, are the most treacherous and omnivorous people on the face of the earth. Progress in the jungle is so laborious that it can only be compared to wading through glue. The odour diffused by some of the gigantic fungi is unparalleled in the annals of mycology. Pythons, alligators, enormous porcupines, gongorillas, larranagas are other dangers which we shall have to face, to say nothing of the inveterate anthropophagy of the Papuans. None the less I am convinced that the opportunities thus afforded will prove an irresistible attraction to novelists in search of novel emotions and anxious to escape from the tyranny of a purblind and parochial introspection. But I do not want anyone with a family on this job. My volunteers must be single men or spinsters, preferably psycho-analysts, extreme exponents of *vers libre* or militant Montessorianism, whose loss, whether from the rigours of the climate or the appetite of the natives, could be endured with fortitude and equanimity by their countrymen."



HAUNTS OF ROMANCE: THE LONELY TARN.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

LINES ON A RECENT RESTORATION.

IN days before the coming of the "hutment,"
When no one knew what either *Jeff* or *Mutt* meant,
Thy Park, St. James, untroubled and serene,
Refreshed the neighbourhood with its living green.
Then came the War, and, sadly maimed and scarred,
The pleasance grew into a barrack yard.
Hideous, if useful, buildings and annexes
Were reared to house officials of both sexes,
And where the woodland warblers poured their lay
The clicking typist held untrammelled sway.
But now this tyranny is overpast,
The hutments—all save one—are gone at last;
Gone are the unsightly memories of War,
The lawns are carpeted with green once more.
The lake, which dwindled to a meagre space,
Expands its borders and renews its grace.
With joy the pious pelicans preen their plumes
As their shrunk pool its pristine form resumes,
And a loud chorus of ecstatic clucks
Proceeds from the exhilarated ducks.
No more do anxious crowds from dawn to dark
In search of passports permeate the Park;
No more the merry housebreaker at will
Exerts his fine disintegrating skill.
His work is done; the Park is now restored
In sylvan glades and lake and grassy sward.
Where flappers plied their secretarial tasks
The Cockney child now gambols, shouts and basks—
From infants tottering to their frequent fall
To sturdy boys who hurl the bouncing ball—
And Westminster, with grateful rapture thrilled,
Acknowledging a promise well fulfilled,
Pays homage to the resurrecting wand
Waved o'er its playground by Sir ALFRED MOND.

"The Hotel Jewel Trap."

". . . Hotel received a telephone-call from a man who said he was Mr. Balman of New York . . .

. . . and the hotel clerk ran up Mr. Boman's room . . .

. . . When we stepped out of the lift Mr. Botman was standing just inside. . . .

. . . Mr. Bolman turned on his heel in an instant."—*Evening Paper.*

Plainly the work of a gang.

"Nevertheless, a match *can* be broken off, and perhaps there has never been a better method than that adopted by Colonel Newcomb in dealing with the acute heart attack of his nephew, Arthur Pendennis."—*Weekly Paper.*

Except that employed by his brother-in-arms, *Major Pendennis*, in dealing with *Clive Newcome.*

"At the forenoon diet the noted divine took as his subject, 'For they had fished all day and caught nothing.' The collection amounted to £66.

At the evening service there was a very large congregation. The collection amounted to £6, making a total of £62."—*Scots Paper.*

Somebody seems to have caught something.

"The Cabinet may have its differences which most of them appear to agree, and that which most of them appear to agree and that is that Scotland is the best place wherein to find a refreshing change from the atmosphere of Downing Street."—*Glasgow Paper.*

What they particularly appreciate, we understand, is the Scots lucidity of thought and directness of expression.

THE CRUISE OF THE "CLIO."

II.

NOT often, I imagine, does a ship of such importance as the *Clio* come to anchor in the little harbour of Budhaven. On the picture-postcards, it is true, one sees monstrous vessels leaning against the quay: brigs, barques, schooners and I know not what; but then the camera can seldom tell the truth. Clearly the *Clio* is an unusual visitor, else why this vast crowd gathered to see her go?

Well may they marvel at her! True, she is only nine tons, but every ton is a gem. In the commodious cabin two men can lie down without overlapping. In the spacious foc's'le a man may crawl for many feet without bumping his head. True, she has no sliding gunter gaff-topsail; true, she has no mizzen bumpkin; but then she is built for the open sea and not for fashionable Solent yachting. Since we took her out of the hands of Old Joe of Needleport she has been thoroughly re-equipped. New halyards have been rove, hooks moused, spars stropped, ropes parcelled, wormed or simply spliced, regardless of expense. All the seaweed has been removed from the sails, and now a man may lean against the shrouds without the slightest fear of dislodging the mast. Nor have the creature comforts of the crew been neglected. In the cupboard a powerful Primus stove is blazing. Less than seven hours ago we rose from a veritable orgy of cocoa and sardines. And when I tell you that three men can pump the cabin floor practically dry in four or five hours, you will get some idea of the superb condition of the ship.

A wonder-ship indeed! How we got from Needleport to Budhaven at all is a marvel. Shall I ever forget that ghastly night? Up came our anchor as the sun went down, and off we sailed into a large white yawl, full of ladies in white ducks and golden hair. How our brave Captain cheered as I put the helm over and cannoned off Lord Bilberry's steam-yacht into the very mouth of the harbour! And so away into the open sea! Out came the charts, the compass and the claret, and, battening down the hatches, we laid our course for Portland Bill, twenty-five miles away, East by South—or South by East—or thereabouts.

Gad, what a night! All night the wind did not blow. All night we battled with the elements, drifting tirelessly against a racing tide. At midnight the moon went in and we lighted our starboard-light. At 2 A.M. the North Star was obscured by clouds, and we lighted the port-light. Watch by watch we parcelled out the hours of darkness, one man sleeping at the tiller and three men sleeping on the deck. John clung fearlessly to his fishing-line the whole night through. At three o'clock a huge mackerel was hauled on board, and jumped into the water again as if he had been stung. The sails flapped ominously. The compass-needle went round and round. The *Clio* tossed terribly upon the ruffled water. The lights of Needleport fell away ahead of us. And still the vessel drifted, her stern cleaving the water into two gigantic ripples. Phosphorus was reported on the starboard quarter. A cloud passed rapidly across the western sky. Were these the signs of a hurricane? Was this the calm before a storm? It was.

Dawn broke upon five haggard faces. I had slept only seven hours. Peter had had a bare six. John had caught no fish. All the claret was gone. Not a drop of port remained.

And now indeed the storm was approaching. Angry puffs of wind rattled the sails. We took one of them down. Still they rattled, and we shortened sail again. Great flecks of foam appeared on the sea. The mainsail filled, do what we would. The ship began to go forward. John's fishing-line strained and quivered. Willing hands hauled it in. His bait had been carried away.

The storm was on us. But courage! On the port beam lay the little harbour of Budhaven. We had travelled seventeen miles!

Local M.P. "WELL, MR. MACGREGOR, I HOPE YOU LIKED THE STORY I FINISHED UP MY SPEECH WITH?"

Mr. MacGregor. "AY, YON'S A BONNIE STORY. DOD, MAN, I MIND THE FIRST TIME I HEARD IT I NEAR KICKET THE BOTTOM OOT MA CRADLE."

The harbour was north. The wind was south. Should we run before it for shelter? We should. It was breakfast-time.

Since then we have had a stiff fight of it. For two days the wind has blown with undiminished force from the sou'-west, sometimes veering into the north-west, and sometimes backing into the south, south-east, east and north. For two days and two nights we have weathered this fearful storm in the Harbour Inn, keeping up our courage with wine and song, and recklessly venturing out each day to pump the *Clio* dry. In the morning we pump out the sea, and in the evening we pump out the rain. It is a hard life, the sea.

And now we are off again, off to Portland Bill, forty-two miles away. All the holiday population of Budhaven is standing on the quay above us, giving us advice. Who would have said that there were so many people in Budhaven who knew the best way to sail from Budhaven to Portland Bill? Nay, who would have said that in all Budhaven there were so many persons professionally qualified to give advice? The harbour of Budhaven is about ten yards by five. Beside it stand thirteen inns and a house or two. No ships enter the port except to die. Yet here on the quay are serried rows of nautical personages. There are—

(1) The Harbour-Master, a Beaver, of *course*.

(2) A Customs Official, for some reason not so.

(3) A Trinity Pilot.

(4) A Lloyd's Agent.

(5) A miscellaneous man in the uniform of a Naval Paymaster (R.N.V.R.).

(6) A miscellaneous man in a yachting cap. Not extravagantly sober.

(7) Bill, a longshoreman, who has the job of helping us out of harbour.

(8) Sam, a longshoreman, who hasn't.

The wind is blowing hard, and all these people find it necessary to shout their advice from their eminence above us. Each of them also objects very strongly to any other man giving us advice.

"Good-bye, Sir," bawls (1) cheerily. "You 'll make the Bill easy with this wind. Keep close in and you 'll be all right."

"You 'll have a rare job with this wind," yells (3) morosely. "But keep well out and you *may* get round."

"Take no notice of '*im*," says Bill in a confidential bellow. "You 'll be at Dover to-morrow morning."

"I like your style," shouts Sam savagely, "sendin' the gentlemen out a day like this. It 's *murder*, that 's what it is. Take my advice, Sir," he shrieks, "*and stay where you are.*"

As for (6), he waves his cap at us and sways precariously on the edge of the quay, burbling generously.

"I 'm sailorman meself," he burbles, "and I wouldn't go to sea to-day for no conshideration, I wouldn't. Wind 's rotten. Tide 's rotten. Boat 's rotten. Everything 's jolly rotten. You *may* think I 'm rotten too, gen'lemen," he adds with great clearness, "but I ain't. Assure you I ain't, gen'lemen. Ripe as two peas, gen'lemen, and sailorman meself. Hooray!"

And "with that," as they say, he sinks exhausted on to the quay.

Then (1), (2), (3), (4) and (5) begin a ferocious argument about us; and we cast off stealthily and slip away. The holiday-makers troop along the quay, madly photographing our back-view. Children fall in the water. Dogs jump on to the deck and are thrown ashore. The Harbour-Master waves his nautical hat. The Customs fellow waves his hat. The Trinity pilot waves his hat. The Lloyd's Agent waves his hat. Good fellows all, but we do not see them; we are mixed up with a large number of elaborately tangled ropes, heaving merrily across the Bar. But down the wind a hoarse cry catches us:—

"*Who 'd sell a farm and go to sea?*"

Who indeed?

A. P. H.

MY PREP. SCHOOL.

I HAVE decided to start a preparatory school, founded on the suggestions made by dissatisfied parents in their letters to the daily papers. I do not claim any originality for my enterprise, but I see what people want and I am going to give it to them. It will not be an exclusive school in the usual sense of the word. No boy, however backward or forward, will be refused admission if his parents can pay the fees, which must necessarily be rather heavy. We shall have a Latin motto, but that is to be our only traffic with the dead languages. I haven't yet decided between the rival merits of "*Mens senis in corpore juvenis*" and "*Ignorantia non blissum est;*" but that is a question which can wait. The staff will include a stock-broker, a wine-taster and a professional raconteur. Instead of the conventional gym-sergeant we will have a taxi-driver, and the boys will not only be taught to drive but encouraged to answer back.

Each pupil will be provided with his own pianola, typewriter and tape machine. It is my belief that history should be learnt, before it has a chance to get stale, straight from the tape. Our breakfast will be political and our *thés dansant*. I have already arranged for several of our leading statesmen to come down to discuss the topics of the day over the coffee-cups; and the latest American Sisters will be engaged to direct the boys' feet in the way they should go. A little of the old-fashioned kind of learning will be provided, but not by our regular teaching-staff; we shall "listen in" to the very best Oxford and Cambridge lecturers. Religious instruction must be extremely comparative, and a plébiscite, taken at the beginning of each term, will decide the prevailing type of orthodoxy.

I hope that Mr. BERNARD SHAW will consent to act as our official visitor, but we shall be content if *he* just "listens in" to us now and then and criticises us bitterly in the Press, for even an enterprise like mine requires advertisement. I feel confident that I could turn out little business men of the world at fourteen, but I doubt whether many public schools will take them. Possibly I may have to start a public school of my own on the same lines, but, of course, with a much more advanced curriculum.

NEXT-DOOR.

My lawn slopes smooth and velvety
  Down to the river's brim;
Along one side a flower-bed wide,
  Footprintless, weedless, trim;
There 's a willow-tree and a walnut-tree,
  A beech and several more;
"What a heavenly spot for idle hours!"
You said, and then you praised the flowers.
To me it 's a mocking soulless place,
  And I long for the one next-door.

Their lawn is scarred with double ruts
  Where baby's pram-wheels pass,
And John, aged two, delights to strew
  The gravel on the grass;
There 's a wheelless engine on the path
  And some paper that Bobby tore
From the nursery wall; and the flower-beds
Are trampled and strewn with stalkless heads—
But I 'd love to exchange my silent lawn
  For that garden of laughs next-door.

Job Lots.

"Nigger Brown Tailored Riding Breeches, lady's, new condition; also Angora Billygoat."
Australian Paper.

"FOR SALE.—Complete Bones of two full-grown elephants, one Lawn Mower 12 in., in good condition."—*Indian Paper.*

"Leopard skin rug, three door mats, twenty-six stair rods (various), and Foxe's Book of Martyrs."—*Auctioneer's Catalogue.*

"Then the patient should be put to bed and kept warm with ice-water bottles and blankets. Send for the doctor at once."
Canadian Paper.

If the preliminary treatment has been carried out he will certainly be needed.

TIPS FOR TYROS.

ALWAYS FIRE AT THE FIRST BIRD OF A PACK. BY SO DOING YOU ARE VERY LIABLE TO KILL SOME OF THE OTHERS, ESPECIALLY IF YOU FIRE BOTH BARRELS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To hostesses anxious to recapture or acquire the correct pre-war attitude towards their hospitable duties (an attitude so charmingly popularised in its day by Mrs. EARLE'S successive instalments of "Pot-Pourri") I can confidently recommend Lady JEKYLL'S *Kitchen Essays* (NELSON). These vivacious documents, a series of articles reprinted from *The Times*, not only breathe the true spirit of Edwardian solicitude towards what a rollicking mediæval poet called "belly-joys," but furnish a generous quota of English and Continental recipes for their concoction and serving. Seeing that most of us have taken to austerer ways, quite unregretfully, and that the half-bottle of claret Lady JEKYLL lavishes on one leg of mutton, and the yolks of five eggs she bestows on one rice pudding, are as unobtainable by most young housewives as the cook who will beat up a *Vienna Torte* "for an hour," I hasten to add that there are chapters on cottage entertaining and nursery fare (our authoress is a great hand at cakes) which will come in invaluably for the New Poor. And finally, though from the point of view of pure gastronomy Lady JEKYLL is rather resourceful than inspired, she is so excellent at occasional and emergency meals that there is no one I would sooner trust to send me up an invalid tray or pack me a luncheon-basket than a careful and conscientious follower of her admirable directions.

"GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM'S" Ireland—the Ireland of *Spanish Gold* and *General John Regan*—is known the world over. For years the British public used no other. Irishmen still maintain stoutly that such an Ireland once existed and profess to hope that it will exist again. Certainly it bears no relation to the Ireland that we know to-day. No man has better cause to realise this than Canon HANNAY himself. But the Sinn Fein movement did more than make Ireland a place unfit for George A. Birminghams to live in. It made their Ireland unsaleable as a literary commodity. Some day they may reconcile themselves to writing about the New Ireland that is daily waxing to beauty before our astonished eyes. In the meanwhile the author of *A Public Scandal* (HUTCHINSON) has lost his literary stride. Some of the short stories in the volume show a weakness which is not the less painful because we know the reason and sympathise with the author in his predicament. But Canon HANNAY has many another "best seller" in prospect once he makes up his mind to hoe a new literary furrow. In *A Public Scandal* he still hovers uneasily on the fringe of the old themes or turns to colourless account the colourless events of genteel exile. Only in the last sixty pages or so of the book, "Some Chapters from the Recollections of an Officer in the Irish Republican Army," does he let himself go. This is the new furrow—and the new Ireland—with a vengeance.

Mr. STACY AUMONIER strikes me as setting rather mechanically about the doom he weaves for his heroine in *Heartbeat* (HUTCHINSON)—Book I., Diastole; II., Systole; III., Diastole. In the first book we have one *Barbara*, the illegitimate daughter of a Chancellor of the Exchequer,

who seems to have been little embarrassed by his private indiscretion. He dies (of a surfeit of game-pie and an exhibition of temper) in the House—very well done, all this—and some rather unlikely lawyers tell her the secret of her birth. Her mother was *Kitty O'Bane*, the actress, whom the late Chancellor seems to have treated none too well, and *Barbara* in Book II. is launched on a stage career, having married, chiefly for convenience, a popular actor-manager comedian, *George Champneys*, vain, sensual, casual, sentimental, generous: a dexterous portrait. In Book III. she takes a lover, who is stabbed to death by her husband with a broken vase (personally I don't picture *George* seeing red enough to kill; but Mr. AUMONIER may claim to know him better than I do). Later she hands over her lover's child to a rich woman with child-hunger to bring up as a good man, and settles down as the mistress of a quite decent Midland manufacturer. A truly modernist heroine.

Lovers of children will revel in *Ourselves when Young* (PUTNAM). Mr. H. T. SHERINGHAM understands his *Guy*, *Penelope* and *Poggin*, and he writes of them with literary grace and, which is even better, with unfailing optimism. In too many studies of child-life one finds traces of condescension, a tendency to laugh at, rather than with, the children. Here we have an author who never condescends. There is a complete sympathy between him and his characters that can only come from an intimate love and knowledge of them. So his book is full of happiness. Do not let me, however, leave the impression that *Guy* and *Penelope* belong to the "little angel" type; they are far removed from that. But their acts of omission and commission are precisely those that really belong to early childhood; and thank goodness no child in this story is ever smart or sophisticated. "Primarily," Mr. SHERINGHAM writes, "childhood is not interested in toys, but in *things*, as an old shoe, a cardboard box, a cigarette case, and so on . . . The powers that are, on the other hand, are for the most part *blasé* about *things*, but fascinated by toys." I think that many of us will admit the truth of this, and agree with Mr. SHERINGHAM that toy-merchants exist for the benefit of grown-ups rather than children.

Mrs. ARIA, in putting together *My Sentimental Self* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), seems to have been actuated by the belief that to mention a number of living men and women is to ensure plenty of readers. It is not really very likely that merely seeing their names in print will greatly intrigue either the people whom she has mentioned in her long list of friends and acquaintances or the general public. I myself would willingly have sacrificed three-quarters of these many slight allusions to those whom she describes as "the most worthy and entertaining who inhabit the upper stratum of our ever dear Bohemia" for a detailed portrait of even one of the more interesting among them. Even her account of her long intimacy with a distinguished actor, deceased, and of their numerous holiday trips together, adds little to the mental picture of him that anyone ordinarily well-informed must already possess. Having said all this I should like to acknowledge the pleasantness of the few pages of autobiography which tell of her childhood and the home life of a clever Jewish family, her resolute, if material, cheerfulness, her generous appreciation of her friends and her kindly estimate of their physical attractions. Here is probably the key which has opened to her the way to something more than acquaintanceship with many interesting people.

Studious Lodger (to seaside landlady). "I THINK THE ANEMONES ON THE BEACH ARE WONDERFUL."

Landlady. "I HAVEN'T SEEN THOSE YET, SIR, BUT 'THE CALICO COMICS' AT THE PAVILION, I'M TOLD, ARE EXTRA GOOD."

The Outsider (CONSTABLE) boasts itself, on the cover, a story of Modern Paris, and the chief male figure in it is one *Mortimer Long*, a recently-demobilised American soldier. So that at all events we are as modern as 1919; and we open promisingly enough at the *Lapin Cuit*, which you can perhaps discover for yourself if you are sufficiently interested to follow the directions. I think, personally, I shall leave that rather dingy *café* alone, for the company does not altogether please me. *Mortimer* is the best of them, but even *Mortimer* is an unsatisfactory prig. He has decided to live in Paris because he imagines that there he can be free and unattached, with no neighbours to insist on his fulfilling their expectations by following a futile career. Paris insisted on nothing; did not care, in fact, whether he became a poet or a drunkard. Which is why, I suppose, Mr. MAURICE SAMUEL chose *The Outsider* for his title. But his hero, like many Americans, took his theories too seriously, whereby he broke the heart of the little toymaker, *Carmen*, who is one of the few pleasant characters in a clever but gloomy book. Before the final catastrophe Mr. SAMUEL takes *Mortimer* through the underworld of Paris, making him become a hawker of paintings, a newspaper-seller, a trafficker in opium, and finally a sort of general servant in a *taverne*. The author (whoever he may be) knows his Latin Quarter well and has given us an interesting gallery of Parisian types. But the American post-war invasion does not seem to have added to the amenities of modern Paris.

"WANTED.—Jobs full of Adventure. Advertiser not fond of crime."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

If only he had been at home, we should have suggested his taking the family to the seaside this August.

"The question seems to interest most people at the present moment is what Mr. Lloyd George is going to get for his book. There has been a crop of absurd calculations, but undoubtedly the book will establish a record of its kind. . . The work will run into a couple of volumes, each of a hundred thousand pages."—*Provincial Paper.*

Unless this is one of the "absurd calculations" the "record" is unquestionably assured.

CHARIVARIA.

WE sincerely hope that Dr. HAUTFIELD, the American rain-maker, who left New York for Naples recently, did not come to England by mistake.

***

It is just as well to realise that one winter does not make an English summer.

***

ENVER PASHA has telegraphed to his wife denying that he is dead. His past record, however, hardly entitles him to the fullest credence.

***

The International Sheepdog Trials take place next week at Criccieth. There will be much disappointment if circumstances should prevent their being judged by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, with his unrivalled experience in rounding up recalcitrant Coalitionists.

***

The King of SPAIN is reported to have appeared in a double-breasted dinner-jacket. In view of the unsettled conditions already prevailing throughout Europe we can only regard his action as inopportune.

***

Australia exports twenty-four million rabbit skins every year. Much to the annoyance of the rabbits, we fancy.

***

"Do we sleep too long?" has been a question discussed lately in *The Morning Post*. We are rather surprised that readers of our contemporary are able to sleep at all.

***

On the opening of the League Football season the Press has once more protested against the practice of players kissing a goal-scorer. It is noticed too that nobody ever kisses the referee.

***

According to a Society note, Lord——, who is seventy-six, considers that golf has added ten years to his life. It is sad to think that if he had kept away from the links he would now have been only sixty-six.

***

A motorist who was summoned for speeding said he was hurrying to catch a train to Manchester. It is felt that sympathy is wasted on a man who would hurry to do that sort of thing.

The Daily Mail tells of a mystery singer who in West-End restaurants breaks out into song in the middle of a meal. The latest theory is that the fellow is a dyspeptic crooning to his bismuth.

***

The weight of the Great Pyramid of Egypt is six million tons. This is what annoys the keen souvenir-hunter when in the East.

***

"The heavily-built motor-car is still the best," a contemporary points out. "Providing it is still," writes a battered pedestrian.

***

While looking in a milliner's shop the other day a resident of Bath was knocked down by a motor-car which swerved on to the pavement. Husbands are now telling their wives the dangers of looking in milliners' windows.

***

With reference to the angler who was bitten by a fish at a South-Coast resort, we are informed that the fish still tells its friends how this man broke away from him.

***

Writing in a contemporary an American essayist says he is never afraid to travel on a ship with a list. Especially a wine list, we imagine.

***

With reference to the failure of the attempt to fly round the world we understand that inventors are confident that eventually a helicopter will be produced capable of staying up for twenty-four hours while the earth revolves beneath it.

In the opinion of a Naturalist the spider is the most healthy of insects. Yet there are times when its life seems to be hanging by a thread.

***

A New York paper is informed that, having tired of politics, PADEREWSKI will return to the concert platform next winter. What a pity so few of our own politicians are musical!

***

A contemporary correspondent asks when fish bite best. The answer is, "Later on."

***

Soft-floored cells for "drunks," we read, are being fitted in several of the London police-stations. Intending inebriates therefore will be wise to ascertain the districts in which this comfort is provided.

***

German aviators are said to have discovered a method of endowing themselves with "bird face" by chemical treatment of the skin which renders it abnormally sensitive to the slightest variation of the wind. Certain British politicians are believed to contemplate adopting this expedient in the House of Commons.

***

According to a medical writer many complaints to which human beings are liable may be traced to parasites of the horse. The painful affection known as "thick ear," for instance, is frequently contracted on racecourses.

***

At Ramsgate a swarm of bees obliterated the initial "H" in a "Hot Fried Fish" sign. If they thought it wouldn't be missed they under-estimated the spread of culture in Thanet.

***

A contemporary has an article entitled "The Passing of the Public House." It is still difficult to do in some parts of the country, it seems.

***

The COUÉ method as applied to the nation: "Every day and in every way we get debter and debter."

***

Equipped with canoe-like shoes Mr. ERIC LUGG will shortly attempt to walk across the English Channel. It is remarkable what some men will do in order to get away from this country.

THE CLUB RE-OPENS.

SUBLIME CONFIDENCES.

I HAVE been trying to write like Dr. FRANK CRANE, D.D., who is appearing in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and has just published a book called *Human Confessions*. Dr. CRANE is syndicated for sixteen million readers, and, in *The Pall Mall Gazette* at any rate, writes entirely in italics. I have only managed to persuade the printers to put in italics here and there, which is very annoying, and probably means that I shall be read by fifteen million people at most. Never mind.

ON BREADTH OF VIEW.

Be broad. I am broad. I am probably the broadest man that there is.

That does not mean that I have no convictions, no creed, that I am a sumph.

Because I tell you that I find many faults in existing governments, existing laws, existing religions, that does not mean that I want to abolish these things. Everything has some good in it, and I am out to find the good.

And not only are institutions and governments good, but people. *Everybody is good. You are good. I am good.* We have our faults, no doubt, but there is no need to dwell on them. That is the way to make each other unhappy. What we want to do is to find out each other's goodness, so far as we can, and spread it out in the sun and sit on it for a while and bask there.

Let my soul lean contentedly on your soul's lap, and let your soul lean contentedly on the lap of mine.

The greatest sin in the world is exclusiveness. If you like you can call it pride. The greatest thinkers in the world have been agreed in condemning it. ST. PAUL hated it. So did SPINOZA, CONFUCIUS, EMERSON, HORACE GREELEY and KANT. *Pride is a-bug-a-boo.* "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

There are possibly a hundred and fifty thousand proud men in the whole of the Anglo-Saxon-speaking countries, and for every thoroughly proud man there are at least a thousand thoroughly humble ones. All these think the same things. Proud ones don't. *You can see what that means in circulation.*

Never state unpopular views, but find out what is best in the views of the big majority, and make it sound through a syren. *Keep clear of extremes*, that is what HORACE meant by *aurea mediocritas*, and what ARISTOTLE meant by the same thing in Greek, only you can't print Greek in italics.

Eliminate differences. Get the highest common factor of opinion, find the lowest common multiple of ideas. *Be broad.*

Once again, to men, women, children, churches, railway gauges, hat-brims, I say it, *Be broad.*

ACCURACY.

Accuracy is not everything. Indeed, it is very little. *Definiteness is not a virtue, it is a vice.*

More unhappiness has been caused by definiteness than tobacco; more pain introduced into the world by accuracy than by gin.

For the sake of correctness philosophers have denied the objectivity of matter. They have said that nothing exists but the mind. *They were liars.*

A mist exists just as much as a mountain. Life, Love, Literature, LONGFELLOW, all the big things that begin with L, are cloudy, indefinite, obscure.

ISAIAH wrote in Hebrew. How many people understand his prophecies? PYTHAGORAS sought the solution of all things in number. *But PYTHAGORAS is not read in the churches. ISAIAH is.*

All the great essential mysteries remain hopelessly mysterious. Don't try to understand them. Put obedience first. *Keep to the left.* Fear nothing but fear. Eat more mustard. Wait until the car stops. Don't spit. If you have a clean-cut accurate notion of where you are going, or what you mean to do, or what anything is about, you can be perfectly sure of one thing—that you were wrong.

Read, mark, learn, but don't theorise.

IN PRAISE OF THE PUMPKIN.

Of all objects of nature that which I love best is the pumpkin.

I do not say it is the most desirable object in the world, for others may think otherwise, and my popularity largely consists in not setting up my personal preference for a law.

But the pumpkin has the two prime elements of any satisfactory work of art, to wit, beauty and usefulness. *In its rind* is beauty. *In the edibility of its pulp* is *usefulness.*

Having travelled over much of this globe, having been syndicated for the most important part of it, I give my vote for that region as the most homelike and appealing place for a man to live which produces pumpkins of the largest size.

The pumpkin might be called the mother of the human race. It is not, but I say it might be.

ADAM, when he first came out of the Garden of Eden, laboured with his hands, produced fruit from the stony earth. SETH was undoubtedly a pumpkin eater. ST. PAUL would have enjoyed this fruit. *ABRAHAM LINCOLN did.*

NIETZSCHE, whose opinions I quote with considerable respect, produced nevertheless the odious gospel of the super-man, and would almost certainly have refused pumpkin-pie. *Where is the German Empire to-day?*

Boys, girls, all children are attracted by the pumpkin. It is doubtful whether any man with a pure mind has ever refused pumpkin-pie. Personally, I adore it.

The pumpkin is food for the body and food for the brains.

Pie like Mother make it. Pie.

EVOE.

TRAVELLERS' JOY.

WE know, my James, that none can feel,
Who urge the space-devouring wheel,
A tithe of our remembered joys
In country tramps when we were boys;
When in those careless fleeting vacs.
We'd soap our socks and sling our packs
And take the highway, toe and heel.

Boon April flashed a rainbow shower
On bluebell-copse or hawthorn-bower;
September smouldered out its fires
On harvest fields in sunburnt shires;
And still the jolly miles unrolled,
An easy thirty, fairly told,
'Twixt breakfast-pipe and closing-hour.

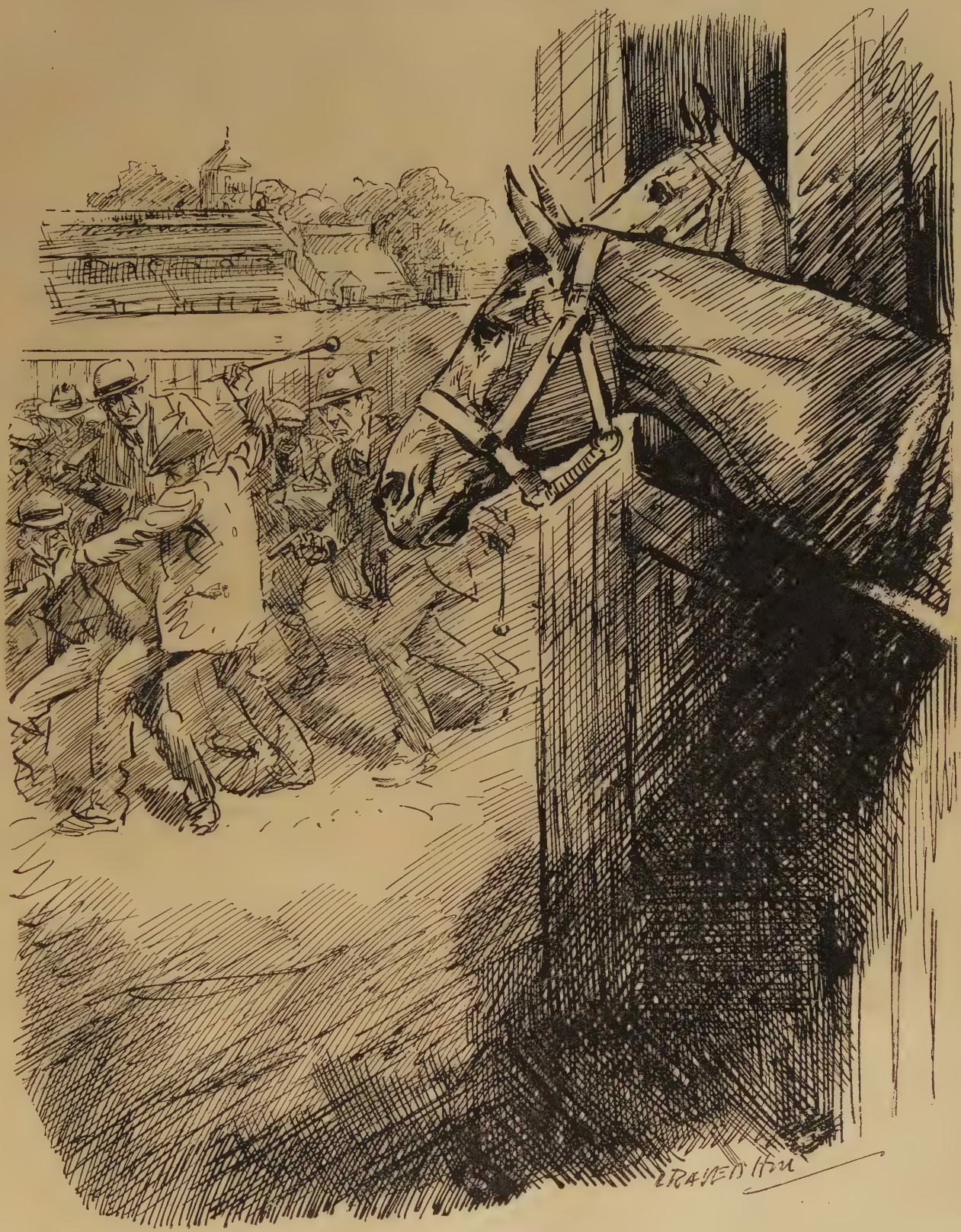
And if we argued lofty themes,
Or headered into purling streams,
Or lunched at Lions, Stars and Crowns
On market-days in little towns,
Or couched in hazel-shaws to hark
The nightingale enchant the dark,
All went as smooth and light as dreams.

Well, though that 's forty years gone by,
Once more we 'll beat it, you and I;
And if this petrol-buzzing mode
Hoots off old stagers from the road,
We 'll manage yet, by stile and lane,
To measure ten stout miles again
Of quiet earth and brooding sky.

Something we 'll miss that fired our veins?
Ah, well, let 's reckon what remains,
To call an easy, lean our backs
On sunny sides of faggot-stacks;
From Newland's Corner as of old
To see dear Surrey, fold on fold,
Sweep sunward, dim Elysian plains.

Or if from Caburn's height we choose
To mark sedately-winding Ouse,
By standing hill and sliding stream
We 'll swear that Time is just a dream;
And while familiar tales we tell
Our souls shall own an ancient spell,
The blest oblivion of a snooze.

Last, at a gorgeous sunset's close,
When all the world 's a mist of rose,
Look you, to crown the final stage,
Our best-remembered harbourage.
Lights glimmer from the friendly inn:
Come, Jimmy, once again to win
The valiant day, the rich repose!



THE BRUTE CREATION.

FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE TURF (*watching yet another free fight between rival racecourse gangs*). "I WONDER IF THIS SORT OF THING IS REALLY NECESSARY TO IMPROVE OUR BREED?"

The Tempter. "SWIM, LADY? LOR' BLESS YER—ALL YOU 'AVE TO DO IS TO WAVE YER ARMS AN' LEGS. THE GENTLEMAN COULD 'OLD YER UP."

THE NEW UNIT: A FANTASY.

"A PINT of bitter," I called, laying a coin on the bar counter.

"We don't sell it by the pint any longer, Sir," said the landlord, who wore a beautiful sunny smile. "By the plonk now, Sir. New unit of measure," he explained.

"How much is a plonk?" I asked suspiciously. "Can one drink it at a sitting?"

"It could be done, Sir. In fact I won't say that it hasn't been done before."

"A plonk 'll do," I muttered, for I was thirsty.

"That 'll be eightpence, Sir. Thank you. Your change. You see," he went on pleasantly, "the Government has stepped in to do away with profiteering. They noticed that a lot of dishonest brewers and landlords were swindling the public, and, being determined to put a stop to it, they introduced the new unit.

"No doubt you 've noticed, Sir, how the quality of beer used to vary in different houses. In some places it was good and in some places it was like water. And whatever it was like you had to pay the same price for a pint. Well, the plonk 's put a stop to all that. The plonk is a unit based on the specific gravity of the beer. If you buy a plonk you know what you're getting in specific gravity; and you know as well as I do, Sir, that it 's the specific gravity that you want. Your plonk, Sir."

He handed me a glass containing an inch-and-a-half or so of liquid.

"Here," I asked, "is this the same beer that you used to sell at fivepence a pint?"

"The very same, Sir. Splendid stuff. Full of specific gravity, Sir. We always have been proud of our beer, Sir."

"Then why the dickens——" I began.

He leaned over and touched me kindly on the shoulder.

"I thought you 'd ask that, Sir. Everybody does. But you 'll get used to it, Sir. And in time, believe me, you 'll recognize and appreciate the advantage secured for you under the changed system."

Then I awoke and at once turned off the gas at the meter.

WASTED HEROISM.

KNOWING full well the hopes of all the team on
Myself were centred and myself alone,
Boldly I sallied forth to face the demon
Bowler who 'd laid my predecessors prone;
Like one who seldom finds out what a blob 's like,
Whose autograph the small boy comes to beg,
I tried a glance intended to be HOBBS-like
And got it on the leg.

'Twas simple heroism made me quell a
Desire that rose in me to rage and shriek,
I cannot boast an adamant patella,
I do not own a tibia of teak.
E'en through the pad the pain was agonising,
But yet no tremor passed across my face,
Instead I grinned, efficiently disguising
My wish to rub the place.

Grinned, and, as one grown infinitely keener
To expedite our meagre score's advance,
I hastened with a nonchalant demeanour
To re-assume my customary stance.
All in a flash I did it, quick as winking,
Moved by a raucous shout of "How was That?"
Yet failed to bluff the umpire into thinking
I 'd stopped it with the bat.

FAME.

Charles McAndrew, the eminent poet, opened the last of twenty letters. It was from Bobbie, his best friend and the best polo player, camel-trot dancer and woman-killer on record. Thus ran the letter:—

"DEAR CHARLIE,—Will you come and dine on Thursday to meet Hesta Mills, the novelist? She has expressed (she has really) a desire to meet you. You are getting on, Old Lad. Come at eight, don't be late: that's good, isn't it? Yours, BOBBIE."

McAndrew frowned. It was the nastiest knock he had sustained for many a long day, and all the nastier for being unconscious. Hesta Mills—Hesta Mills who made four thousand pounds a year out of slush and stodge; Hesta Mills, the cheap-and-nasty popular pecunious pot-boiler, had "expressed a desire," and Bobbie, in asking him to meet her, had thought to do him honour! It was too much. Hastily McAndrew seized a pen and viciously stabbing the inoffensive note-paper wrote as follows:—

"DEAR BOBBIE,—Sorry, I'm engaged. I've read Miss Mills!
Yours, CHARLIE."

In a fury of mortification he sealed the letter and posted it. Then, with that sense of relief about which philosophers are silent—the relief felt by the criminal after he has committed his crime—he strolled down Bond Street.

But the incident rankled. It gnawed at his vitals. It turned to poison in his mind. In a desperate search for distraction he turned into the emporium of Messrs. Despare Bros. and bought several things that he did not want.

As the girl was tying up his parcel he gazed at his own reflection in the glass and summed up his position in the literary world. This was a favourite preoccupation of his. He decided, not altogether inaccurately, that he was both eminent and distinguished. He knew that his work, though unknown to many, was admired by the few. A famous critic had recently called him "our greatest Georgian" in a Sunday paper, and the reference had sold out a complete edition of his *Venetian Vignettes*. The thought cheered him.

"May we send these for you?" politely inquired the girl behind the counter.

McAndrew gave his name audibly, distinctly.

The girl's eyes brightened; for a moment she became nothing if not human.

"Are you Mr. *Charles* McAndrew, the poet?" she ejaculated, blushing. "Did you write—

'But what are Truth and Beauty in God's sight?
Sufficient for the day, the day's delight'?"

McAndrew, beaming with pleasure, admitted the charge. A stranger, a mere shop-girl, had recognised his name and quoted his lines. This was fame indeed! He left the shop a happy man.

* * * * *

"Minnie," asked Fanny Binns, Minnie's fellow-assistant, when McAndrew had gone, "was you quoting poetry stuff to that customer? You didn't know him, did you?"

"Never seen him before in my life," admitted Minnie candidly, "but his name and those lines, whatever they mean, are put at the top of Chapter VI. of *Betty's Refusal*—you know, just where Betty says she can never marry Jack Deveraux unless he tells her *all*. Fanny, don't you adore Hesta Mills's books?"

Hotel Acquaintance. "D' YOU KNOW OXFORD AT ALL?"
Wealthy Parvenu. "OXFORD! I WAS THERE ONE AFTERNOON WITH MY WIFE, BUT IT WAS EARLY-CLOSING DAY—SO THERE WAS NOTHING TO SEE."

THE CRUISE OF THE "CLIO."

III.

WHO but a madman would voluntarily commit himself in a small boat to the frightful Channel of Old England, so fair and blue upon the small-scale atlases, so thick with pitfalls, snares and perils on the large-scale charts? You who have but looked upon it from the pier at Bournemouth, you know not what enormities that smiling mask conceals — shoals, sandbanks, spits, shallows, rocks, reefs and endless promontories. Really, one marvels that any ship can navigate this hideous strait at all. And when one has dipped into the literature which navigators carry about with them, one marvels that any ship should have the face to try. In these little books the chief character is a person called "The Mariner," who is rather like the Reasonable Man of the law-books, only that no legal writer has ever been able to conceal his proper contempt for the Reasonable Man, while the nautical author betrays a certain fatherly interest in the fortunes of the Mariner. But he has no hope. One receives the impression that the Mariner is nothing less than a foolhardy ass, and the author knows it.

"*The Mariner would do well to avoid this place. Small boats have been known to founder here,*" he says quietly.

He does not put it any higher than that. He knows very well that as soon as he reads this some lunatic mariner (probably a literary man) will leap into a small boat and go straight there. Indeed it was as we approached the place in question that one of the editors we had on board took it upon himself to read aloud this cheerful passage.

Never go to sea with an editor. For the sailors who made the vocabulary of the intolerable sea were masters in the use of words, and editors are so easily carried away by that sort of thing.

And the perils of the Channel especially have such attractive names. There are *The Manacles*. The Mariner should not approach *The Manacles* at high water or low water, or at half-flood, or full moon, or at any other time. Then there are *The Shambles*. No small boat can live in *The Shambles*; but do you suppose our editor cares? He longs instantly to go and have a look at them.

Almost the next horror is *The Shingles*. And after them you have *The Brambles*. And in between I note the *Beerpan Rocks*. The Mariner will be well advised not to pile up his boat on the *Beerpan Rocks* at low-water springs. He must not cannon into *The Shingles* on a Friday. And as for *The Brambles*, most boats sink at the mere mention of their name.

As for *The Prickles*, and *The Jumbles*, and *The Rumbles* . . .!

But surely all of them are as nothing to Portland Race. Portland Bill, that senseless promontory, the home of sheep and fishermen and Borstal boys, is in itself an obstacle enough to break the spirit of any ordinary mariner. But off the end of it the sea goes mad. There is no other word for it. You and I imagine that the tide is a simple intelligible thing. First it goes one way and then it goes another. But this is not the case—not at least off Portland Bill. For there, from what I remember of our Captain's explanations, it seems that about four different tides meet end-on with a great crash. The result, on the calmest day, is a wide area of lunatic water, heaving, spouting, sucking, snorting, an area of foaming waves and horrid whirlpools, visible—and audible—for miles around. It roars. It roars horribly.

This is the Race. And between the Race and the Bill, I gather, in favourable circumstances the Mariner may for about two hours find a smooth passage of three hundred yards five hours after high-water, Dover, once in every ten years. Even if he hits this happy combination, as like as not the wind will fail, and then he will be swept into the Race or on to the rocks at about ten knots. So the Mariner will be well advised to steer twenty miles out to sea and give the whole caboodle the very widest berth.

Naturally, however, dare-devils that we are, we approached this passage, while our editor read select extracts about the Mariner:—

"In 1823 a barque foundered with all hands in these waters," he read cheerily.

"The Mariner will do well not to attempt this passage in a small sailing-craft," he continued.

"The Mariner is an imbecile who comes anywhere near this filthy place," shouted the Captain happily, steering straight for it.

Well, they might be editors, but I would show them that I too feared nothing. I whistled a tune.

After all, the sun was shining, the sea was smoothish, and this was a holiday-trip; and there, not half-a-mile away, were the smiling crags of Portland Bill, whereon I fancied I could see a few Borstal boys busy at their simple tasks. I whistled.

"Don't whistle, *please*," groaned the Captain. "It always brings a storm."

I had forgotten this ancient superstition. Whistle in a flat calm and you bring the wind; but whistle on a windy day and you bring disaster.

All very well, but this is contrary to my character and training. I was a Boy Scout, and brought up to whistle in adversity. In fact, when I am really frightened, I find it impossible to stop whistling.

Just then we observed ahead of us a large number of high waves breaking confusedly in all directions and hissing in a very sinister manner.

"Is this the smooth passage?" asked Peter innocently.

"This is the Race," replied our Captain encouragingly. "It's in the wrong place to-day. I question if there *is* a smooth passage."

I whistled bravely.

That did it. In a moment we were across the uncanny margin of calm water, and two steep waves rose up and stealthily slapped the *Clio* on both cheeks. The *Clio* shuddered and buried her nose in the water, also the blankets which we had thoughtfully put out to dry. The dinghy danced about astern of us a long way up in the sky. Then the dinghy came down and the *Clio* went up. This happened several times. What, after all, is nine tons? I felt that I could easily have picked up the whole boat and flung it over Portland Bill.

But "Courage!" I cried, and whistled a sea-chanty.

"*Don't whistle!*" roared the Captain. "Sing, dance, fiddle or shout—but don't *whistle!*"

Then I sang. Oh, sweetly sang I—

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep!"

All hands joined in, and that, of course, saved us. Five such voices at such a song was more than the Race could stand. In an instant we were out of it, and bowling smoothly along the Bill beyond, waving cheerfully to the Borstal boys, while the Race roared impotently astern of us.

Ah, happy boys upon the heights, little you realise the blessings of your peninsular home. You who may whistle with impunity, you who stand upon a solid rock, be glad that you are confined to Portland, and not exposed to dangerous holidays upon the appalling sea!

A. P. H.

The Order of Precedence.

"Furnished Rooms, two or three wanted for one to four months, from about mid-September for small dog and married couple."
Provincial Paper.

"The Port Elizabeth Museum is now the possessor of the only full-grown male guerilla in South Africa."—*South African Paper.*

We are looking forward to the time when the Dublin Museum will be able to make a similar boast as regards Ireland.

TIPS FOR TYROS.

IF WHEN A PAYING GUEST YOU ARE TOLD YOU HAVE SHOT THE LOCAL M.F.H.'s DOG, IT IS NOT ADVISABLE TO SAY YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A FOX.

CREWE.

How oft since childhood have I wished I knew
What lay behind the mystery of Crewe!
It was a name on every cryptic mouth
Of those who talked of journeys North or South,
And long before I knew what travelling meant
Crewe was a word of magical content.
"We change at Crewe!" said grown-ups, yet they came
Back from adventure looking just the same;
And when at length to travelling years I grew,
Time but intensified the thrill of Crewe.
It stood for haste, for waking in the night;
For lamps and noise, for terror and delight;
For urgent porters breaking up a dream;
For shrieking whistle and for shuddering steam;
For monstrous engines thundering and ablaze;
For criss-cross metals in a shining maze;
For trains illumined sliding out and in,
And high-piled barrows charging through the din;
For guards magnificent as man may be;
For bolted buns and gulps of scalding tea.
Crewe stood for trains in splendour, pomp and glow—
Trains—and aught else? Ah, how I longed to know!
Above this vast and clamour-echoing roof
Did old familiar stars look down, aloof?
If from this hurly one adventured out
And, startled by strange stillness, stared about,
What would one see? Was there a town of Crewe
Nowise concerned about my passing through?
Did folk alight and live at Crewe? How strange
To settle down where others came to change!
As I grew up I swore that I would try
To solve Crewe's brooding mystery by-and-bye;
Its secret—some day—I resolved to know,
And, boldly letting some connection go,
Forth from the station vowed to seek a way
(If such there were) and find what further lay.
I've never done it. As the years go past,
Conviction calms my questioning at last.
My childhood's maddest guesses must be true—
Only the engines know the way to Crewe.
Crewe is a fantasy of travellers' brains,
Born of the night, of *Bradshaw*, and of trains.

W. K. H.

Our Poetical Reporters.

"The tolling of the bell about mid-day intimated to the community that Mr. ——, a popular young gentleman, who managed the spirit shop at the corner of —— Street, had crossed the Bar, to use the words of Tennyson."—*West Indian Paper.*

"WANTED.—Situation as Horseman: off-hand farm preferred; no family; wife, poultry; an old round man."—*Provincial Paper.*

Mr. Punch, having a natural sympathy with old round men, trusts that the farm will not treat him too off-handedly.

"Chauffeur-Pianist; ten years' experience as driver-mechanic, five years pianist, pictures, variety, &c.; good references."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

This Admirable Crichton is not for us. We should always be afraid of his getting mixed up between the accelerator and the soft pedal.

Anxious Father. "COME INTO THE SHADE, 'ORACE AN' PORLINE. YOU'LL BE GETTIN' THE SUNSTROKE."
Mother. "DO LEAVE 'EM ALONE, 'ENERY. SUPPOSE THEY DO, IT'S ALL PART OF THE HOLIDAY."

RABBITS AND HARES.

(*An old song.*)

My tykes o' the entry,
Since Fortune affords
The partridge for gentry,
The pheasant for lords,
While kings an' their cousins
Goes foreign for bears,
'Tis rabbits for us 'uns,
'Tis rabbits an' hares!

Rabbits an' hares
All unawares,
Rabbits for us 'uns, lads,
Rabbits an' hares!

We sees the stars twinkle,
We sees the moon shine,
We hears the chimes tinkle
The half after nine
(Like pigeons the church her
Sweet chimes throws so good),
We chirrups the lurcher
An' goes to Long Wood.

We picks up a rabbit,
'Twill ne'er be a-missed,
We hears the dog grab it
An' kill with a twist;
He picks up another,
We tells him, "*e-loo,*"
He snaps up its brother,
We pouches that too.

When I was a-reaping
Near famed Wantage Town
A girt hare come leaping,
So sleek an' so brown;
An' me being gifted,
Like DAVID, to sling,
A pebble I lifted
An' dropped her at spring.

O fie on Tom keeper,
A sinful man he,
A parlous poor sleeper,
"Bad conscience," says we
That plays him up pretty,
That home along fares
A-humming a ditty
Of rabbits an' hares!

Rabbits an' hares
All unawares,
Rabbits for us 'uns, lad,
Rabbits an' hares!

Warning to Unsocial Climbers.

Notice in a Swiss hotel:—

"It is defended to circulate in the corridors in boots of ascension before seven hours of the morning. *Les chiens le même.*"

"I saw Mrs. —— at Dinard the other day wearing a most original frock of coffee-coloured organdie which had a quaint design done in batique work round the hem and sleeves of nigger brown monkeys."—*Daily Paper.*

Barrel-organdie, of course.

"The late harvest in Holderness has had a strange sequel—it has caused the postponement of the opening of the football season in the district."—*Agricultural Paper.*

What are the Government going to do about it?

RESCUE DAY BY DAY.

August 26th.—Governor COX, who has come to London for no other purpose than to clear up the German muddle, has breakfast with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at 10, Downing Street. Governor COX says that all that the French and English have to do is send for Mr. HOOVER. The Man, he holds, Who Fed Europe can also free her. According to this plan, Mr. HOOVER will first visit Germany and see what she ought to pay, and will then visit France and pass on the glad tidings. France will be delighted to accept his figures and thus the difficulty will be settled.

August 26th.—Governor COX, in an interview, says that the PREMIER'S home life is singularly unostentatious. The dishes were of earthenware and not gold; the food was simple but good. After they had finished the PREMIER lit a pipe just like any other man.

August 27th.—President HARDING cables that he has no intention of sending Mr. HOOVER to Europe.

August 28th.—Colonel Cottage, the illustrious American statesman-behind-the-scenes, breakfasts with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at 10, Downing Street, and discusses an omelette and Germany. Colonel Cottage puts forward the suggestion that Germany should be leased to America for a period of years at a rental that would amply satisfy the

present demands of France, England and Belgium, and that America should make out of the country what she could. Probably she would lose by it, but no matter: she would enjoy that. At the end of the period Germany would, or would not, revert to the Germans.

August 28th.—In an interview Colonel Cottage remarks that the PREMIER did not seem to be so enthusiastic in his reception of the idea as could be wished. He was, however, a perfect host and, although inclined to be lukewarm himself, was careful that the coffee was not.

August 29th.—Governor BOX, an American publicist now visiting this side, breakfasts with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at 10, Downing Street, and discusses eggs and bacon and Germany. Governor Box puts forward his great hair-cutting scheme. All Germans, he holds, have far too long hair—men, women and children—and his plan is that America should send over barbers to cut it and convert it into cash. Salvation, affirms Governor Box, lies in these crops.

August 29th.—Governor Box, in an interview, says that he was entranced by the PREMIER'S old-world courtesy. As he entered the breakfast-room his host greeted him and motioned him to a chair. No one could pass the mustard with greater charm.

August 30th.—President HARDING cables that he does not see his way at this juncture to release so many barbers for Europe.

August 31st.—Mr. Vandergould, the American banker, who has been touring Europe, breakfasts with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at 10, Downing Street, and discusses fried sole and Germany. Mr. Vandergould, between mouthfuls, sees nothing but disaster for the world unless his counsels prevail.

August 31st.—In an interview Mr. Vandergould says that he had a good breakfast with the PREMIER, but found him curiously lacking in the higher financial imagination.

September 2nd.—Senator Bouncer, the Demosthenes of the Middle West, breakfasts with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at 10, Downing Street, and discusses cold ham and Germany. Senator Bouncer's scheme for solving the Reparations problem is for America to send SOUSA to Germany to organise the whole nation into German bands. These would tour the world and make such enormous sums of money, either as rewards for their efforts or as an incitement to move on, that the Allies could soon be paid.

September 2nd.—Senator Bouncer, in an interview, says that the PREMIER'S study at 10, Downing Street, is noticeably destitute of writing materials. Having heard so much of the forthcoming book he naturally looked about for signs of authorship, but saw none.

September 3rd.—President HARDING cables that at the moment SOUSA cannot be spared.

September 4th (red-letter day).—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has no American for breakfast for the first time in weeks.

Perhaps, being free, he will now invite Sir JOHN BRADBURY and congratulate him on his success? E. V. L.

Policeman. "IS THERE ANYWHERE YOU'D LIKE TO BE TAKEN, SIR?"
Casualty. "YES. DRIVE ME TO THE OFFICE OF *THE DAILY BOOM*. THEY MIGHT PAY CASH ON DELIVERY."

"Blackberry Sunday is September 12."
Daily Paper.

Nevertheless, we shall take our basket out two days before.

"SERIOUS DAUGHTER

9 years old, who speaks French and German, would like to find a good position in England in a family as Lady's or childrenmaid."
Advt. in Swiss Paper.

Poor little thing, so young and yet so serious.

"'I was sitting waiting for the 10.30 train to Exeter,' she said, 'when a well-dressed man came and sat down next to me. As the train had come through on to the seat he got up and walked away. A few moments later I missed my hand-bag.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

Considering the alarming conduct of the train all the parties concerned seem to have behaved with remarkable coolness.

RIVAL PROPHETS.

I SEE John 'Enery every morning. John 'Enery is employed by the Rural District Council putting shingle into holes in the road and then putting it back again after the motor lorry has passed. The particular road is the long, long trail a-winding between my picturesque bijou residence and the railway-station. And as I invariably wrench myself from my adhesive bed too late to catch the 9.23 and too early for the 10.1, I generally have ample time for a chat with him.

John 'Enery is a dull-eyed, fate-stricken, egg-bound-looking middle-aged man; but he is also a weather-prophet—one of those retrospective, rhyming-couplet weather-prophets. You know the sort of thing:—

"A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight,"

and—

"Oak before ash,
Expect a splash;
Ash before oak,
Get a soak,"

and so on. Well, at first, I admit, John 'Enery intrigued me with his wise saws and modern instances. But after a month or so of it I became conscious of a certain sense of repletion, followed by a quick-growing irritation, culminating in definite exasperation. However complete a *non sequitur* the dawn was to the promise of the sunset, John 'Enery knew the rhyming wherefore; he was never at fault, never taken by surprise; he had an ill-scanned versified reason for each erratic freak of the weather. Ultimately he maddened me. I determined to stop him. I determined to beat him at his own prophetic game.

"Good morning," I greeted him one neutral-looking day when, weatherly speaking, anything might happen and probably would.

"When wind 's i' south and moon 's on wane,
'Twill sure be fine or sure be rain."

John 'Enery's lack-lustre eyes achieved a new brightness under their thatched eaves.

"Ay," he said slowly; "ay, that 's true. I 'aven't 'eard that bit since I weer a lad so high. But it 's true as death."

The next morning was brilliant: so was I.

"Ah, John 'Enery," I cried cheerily on my way to the station, "I expected this. You know, of course, what they say in Lancashire when a cock crows at seven o'clock at night? I heard one last night—a Buff Orpington."

John 'Enery let the shingle dribble from his spade.

"I dunno as I knows about Lancashire," he admitted grudgingly, "but in this part of the country——"

"It 's this," I interrupted him:—

"When t' rooster craws at seven o' neet
Next day wull be a champion treat."

John 'Enery scratched his head, spat thoughtfully, then scratched again.

"Ay," he mumbled. "Ay, I dessay 'tis so."

In this manner I gradually gained the ascendancy over John 'Enery. I shall not say that it was not a strain upon me—the rhymes were extraordinarily difficult (the prophecies would have left him unmoved if rhymeless), but he had to be stopped at all costs. Besides, these strange portents invented by me made a new man of John 'Enery. His eyes flashed, he began to look as though he were, if not exactly master of his fate, at least an assistant usher, and was nearing the moment when he would once and for all break the egg-bonds that bound him. He watched eagerly for my coming with the day's prophetic jingle. In common pity I could not disappoint him, though I confess that in time my muse began to falter and stumble. Eventually I offered him such inferior stuff as:—

"When Tuesday falls on the twenty-third
Growls of thunder will be heard,"

and—

"When heather 's hid in morning mist
It 's always bad to sprain one's wrist,"

but John 'Enery swallowed them like beer; he even wiped his lips with satisfaction after them; his simple credulity was almost pathetic. And this gave me an idea. I would do John 'Enery a bit of good. Trading on his powers of prophecy-absorption, I would free him from his domestic fetters. It was notorious in the village that he could not call his soul his own; his wife was his better $\frac{7}{8}$—she had even been known to touch $\frac{15}{16}$, and, on one occasion (during a feminist boom), $\frac{31}{32}$. Of course, if she ever reached par, John 'Enery would cease to exist. I wanted to re-establish him in the domestic market; I wanted him to be quoted at, at least, $\frac{1}{2}$. I wanted the domestic market reports to say, "There was a strong demand for John 'Enerys," or, "John 'Enerys were firm," or, "John 'Enerys showed renewed strength." In a word I wanted to stabilise the John 'Enery exchange. Therefore at the first hint of Autumn I greeted him thus:—

"When Summer's o'er and Autumn's come
Man *must* be master in his home;
For if he be not master then,
He ne'er will have the chance again."

I left him deeply impressed, mouthing my doggerel. For the succeeding ten days I did not see him; a morose understudy was in his place. But on the eleventh John 'Enery was back at his shingle. When he saw me coming he put down his spade, took off his greenish bowler and faced the watery sun and me. I admit I received a shock. Down his left cheek zig-zagged a scarcely healed scar, about his left eye there was discoloration of a rich plum tint, and upon his left temple there upreared a mound of the shape and size of a duck's egg.

"Ah, Juj-Juj-John 'Enery," I stammered. "Gug-glad to see you again. You—you know what they say in the—the Hebrides when——?"

John 'Enery made a gesture at once dignified and hopeless. More in sorrow than in anger he spoke:—

"Let wind blow east, blow west, blow north, blow south,
I 'll trouble you, Mister, to shut your mouth."

THE RIGHT SORT.

WE have hustled that litter in Heatherlie Whin;
Two crouch in the bracken, two dodge in the corn,
But the fifth one, as swift as the shadow of sin,
Was away when he heard the first note of the horn.

He skimmed the broad meadow in front of us all
With his brush in the air and his mask to the moor,
Looking back with a grin from the top of the wall
Ere he dropped to the heather, cool, safe and secure.

His brothers and sisters will fall by the way,
They 'll be harried and headed and chopped in a ride;
But this one will live for a galloping day
And lead us and pound us and scatter us wide.

Let him travel! A good one. We 'll meet him again
When the fields in the dusk of December are dressed;
We shall need all our courage to follow him then,
When he steals o'er the open, a fox of the best.

W. H. O.

Mother. "TRAIN 'S JUST GOIN' AND I'VE GOT EVERYTHINK BUT ALF. WHERE'S ALF?"
Father. "OH, LUMME! *WAS* THERE A ALF?"

THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

I COULD feel the Author's eyes on my face, and almost before I had read the last words he spoke eagerly:—

"Finished it? Well, what do you think of it? I want you to tell me your genuine opinion."

"I——" I began.

"I don't mind criticism," he told me. "In fact I rather welcome it. It's stimulating to hear other people's views."

"Well——"

"That ending 's a bit unexpected, of course, but effective. I do feel that it 's effective. After all, one *wants* an unexpected ending."

"Yes. I must say——"

"I've done better things, I know, but on the whole I'm not dissatisfied with it. It rings true, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes. And——"

"Of course you may say she wouldn't have made the mistake of letting him think she didn't mean to come when she did. But I think she might have. It just makes the situation, and I feel it 's legitimate."

"Yes. But——"

"People often tell me that what they like best about my stories is the way the characters seem to come alive. And, of course, if you can make them do that, it 's half the battle. I must say I never have much difficulty in that respect."

"No, certainly. One thing I noticed——"

"You remember, near the beginning, where she first meets him at those other people's house? I rather like that scene myself. But what I was going to ask you was, Do you think what she says then is quite consistent with what she says to him on the last page but one? I think myself it is."

"Well——"

"It 's only a small point, of course. The general balance is the main thing. Construction counts for such a lot. And I do think my construction 's my strong point."

"Yes. There 's just one thing——"

"You mean about his mother? I wondered whether that would worry you. But he never actually says she was still away, and the bit of conversation that follows implies that she 'd been expected back. I think the ordinarily intelligent reader will see that all right."

"I was going to have suggested——"

The Author looked at his watch.

"I must fly," he said, taking the manuscript from me and folding it carefully. "I 'm very glad to have had your criticism of it. You 're not an encouraging beggar; but then you never were. I think on the whole I shall send it just as it is. But all the same it 's very useful to hear how it strikes other people."

"PRETTY POLL.—To freshen your skirt, brush and shake it, then sponge it with hot ammonia water. Iron under a damp cloth, on the right side of the material. Pluck out the hairs between your eyebrows with a pair of tweezers."—*Weekly Paper.*

If still not fresh enough we suggest tearing the hair.

HOLIDAY GOLF.

Secretary (who has found visitor a match). "WELL, HOW DID YOU GET ON WITH JOHNSON? CHARMING FELLOW, ISN'T HE?"
Visitor. "POSSIBLY. I DID NOT CONVERSE WITH HIM."

MY LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST.

I 've a little home in Clare, but I 'm not residing there;
  There are reasons why I much prefer to be
What (I 'm told) has been the ruin of an island green and fair
  An (unrepentant) landlord absentee.

For the Free State have the hall and the dining-room, but all
  Up the stairs we are Republic to the slates;
While a Soviet is seated in the kitchen undefeated
  And there 's guns at all the windows and the gates.

And, not to mention these, there are Belfast refugees
  (Though their *provenance* is doubtful) in the yard,
While O'Rourke of Ballybay is removing all the hay,
  For a small consideration to the guard.

There used to be some cattle—in the tumult of the battle
  They have somehow got "confused" with Dan Magee's;
There were poultry—but it 's probable the commissariat 'll
  Have absorbed the great majority of these.

The General upstairs has a barricade of chairs
  Surmounted by the yellow, white and green;
But green and white and yellow are the colours of the fellow
  Down below—a brigadier at seventeen!

There 's an ambush on the path, ammunition in the bath;
  Every bell is trained to operate a mine;
While entanglements galore are extended on the floor,
  And the trenches (on the tennis court) are fine.

The road is blocked with stones down as far as Pat Malone's;
  There are two or three divisions on the farm;
The air is full of bullets and excruciating groans
  From the wounded (Captain Rooney—in the arm).

If you 're running down to Clare (you 've a chance of getting there,
  If you 're running down, that is, upon your feet),
You might call and see the ruins, if you 've any time to spare,
  And probably they 'll give you a receipt.

Our All-Powerful Managers.

"Trini, the most beautiful girl in the world, by kind permission of C. B. Cochran."—*Advt. in Morning Paper.*

But had TRINI's father and mother no share?

"For some unaccountable reason the customary annual meeting of the old-established —— football team has not been called. Some unfathomable mystery seems to surround the embers of last season's ashes, and the necessary breath revivifying the flames of enthusiasm has not been breathed."—*Provincial Paper.*

We infer that they are waiting for somebody to raise the wind.

THE ASIA MINOR DUET.

JOHN. "WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT——"
DAVE. "BUT BY TINO IF WE DO——"
JOHN. "WE'VE GOT VERY FEW SHIPS, NO MEN TO SPARE, ABSOLUTELY NO MONEY ——AND OUR OWN TROUBLES TOO."

MORE MAXIMS FOR MINXES.

HOW TO ATTRACT ATTENTION: LOUDLY ANNOUNCE A LOST BATHING-SHOE.

NEXT SUMMER.

I AM adamant. I am sorry. I know as well as you do how objectionable people can be who go in for adamancy; but I can't help it. This time I am adamant.

It isn't that I am mean, nor is it that I am not passionately fond of the children. Rather is it that I am afraid of becoming mean (through bankruptcy) and of losing my affection for the children by associating with them during their off-season, when they lose their form in an orgy of dissipation for which they were never cut out and which is very bad for them. That's all. I can't afford it, I don't like it and I am not going to have it any more.

"My dear," I am going to say, "as I find it quite impossible to get away until the middle of September, wouldn't it be a good scheme for you to take the children down for a few weeks to father's, or to your father's, or to both fathers' in turn? Then you and I can have a jolly little holiday together later on." (When the cost of living at Sandsbourne is fifty per cent. lower, the population seventy-five per cent. less, the weather one hundred per cent. pleasanter, especially for golf, and when everyone else is grousing at having to wait eleven months for his next holiday.)

That's what I am going to say—not the part in brackets, but the part finishing "jolly little holiday together later on."

If my suggestion is turned down, as I suspect it will be, I am going to say, "Very well, my dear, you take the children away for the last three weeks of their holiday and I'll join you for a fortnight when they have gone back to school."

But let it be understood drastic changes will have to be made.

To the children I shall say:—

"Now, $\begin{matrix}\text{Jack, my lad,}\\\text{Jill, my darling,}\end{matrix}$ you're getting a big $\begin{matrix}\text{boy}\\\text{girl}\end{matrix}$ and I think it is time I started you on a holiday allowance. I am going to give you $\frac{10/-}{7/6}$ a week, all of your very own, and you can spend it just exactly as you like—on charabanc trips, donkey rides, buns, ices, cinemas, picture-postcards, sailing-boats, anything. But mind you don't spend it all by Tuesday, as then you would lose all the fun of spending it the rest of the week."

The children will be delighted with this, and it will save me about a hundred pounds.

Then the house. I shall get a house some little distance from the sea. This will make the sea much more of a treat than when it is lying about just outside the front door; it will also be quieter than living on a crowded promenade—and cheaper.

I shall think of lots more things before next summer, but you see the broad principle of the plan. It is time we fathers pulled ourselves together for the sake of the children. After all, their welfare should be our first consideration.

"Wanted, Small Flat for pony 11 hands."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

No wonder the housing difficulty remains acute.

A BALLOON STORY.

A WEEK ago I bought Timothy a balloon.

By itself that fact would hardly be worth recording. On countless other occasions I have bought balloons for Timothy, and invariably within twenty-four hours they have gone the way of all balloons. A sudden hug, a thrilling bang, an awe-struck hush, *et puis, bon soir!*

But, strange to tell, at the end of seven days this balloon was still extant. A trifle wizened, it is true, as balloons will go in time be they never so tightly bound at the nozzle, but still a balloon, that only needed the addition of a little more wind to be just as fine a chap as when I bought him.

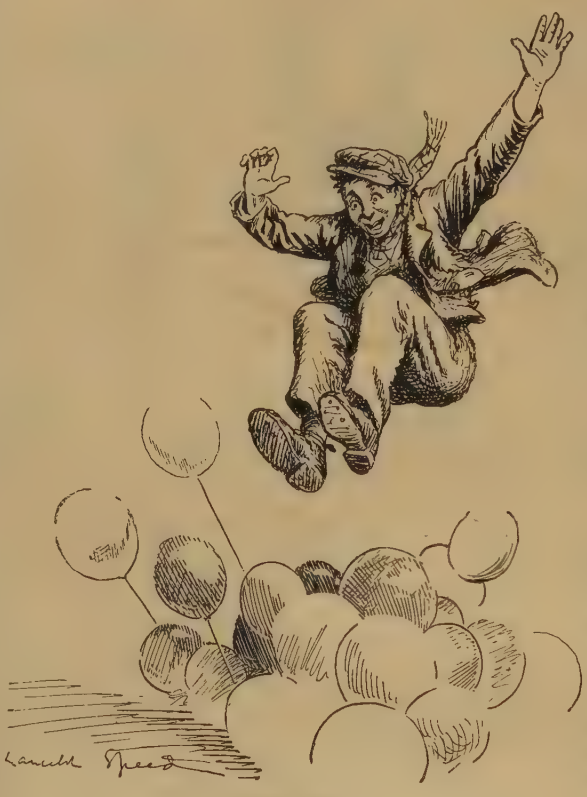
Bill the Bounder, we called him, and I well remember the occasion of his purchase. I had passed that afternoon in the Strand many a clamorous hawker's tray laden with balloons—but all deflated. A deflated balloon makes no appeal to me. True, when you buy it and give it its rightful shape you know whose wind is in it and need have no qualms about replenishing it when, if ever, the time comes; but such are not the considerations that fix the true balloon-buying impulse. I passed those hawkers by. But further on I came upon a sight that never fails to move me.

At the corner of a street leading down to the romantic caves of the Adelphi I saw a rosy fellow bearing an enormous cluster of balloons of many colours, and all blown gloriously out. There were pink balloons and blue balloons and green balloons and yellow and white and mauve balloons, and right in the middle of the bunch I spied one solitary balloon of the brightest red that ever was on land or sea. That last was the balloon for me—I mean for Timothy. Like the post-office customer who pondered on a sheet of stamps, I pointed to the midmost balloon and firmly said, "I'll take *that* one." He was a good-humoured vendor; by dint of a series of acrobatic contortions he managed to detach my choice without damage to the rest, and I bore it safely home.

Now you know and I know that the one moment in the life of a balloon for which we all live is its last—that nothing becomes it so well as its dying, especially if deliberately or semi-deliberately achieved. But that is not a safe doctrine to instil into the minds of the young, who are apt to argue with excess of logic from balloons to more expensive articles. I therefore subdued my own natural feelings and impressed on Timothy the virtue of keeping this balloon intact.

So the days went by and still it retained its full-blown pride. At times I caught Timothy gazing wistfully at it, as a farmer might gaze in mid-December upon a peculiarly well-nourished turkey; but the twitching fingers were kept nobly under control, and all over the house Bill the Bounder bounded blissfully and securely.

Last night, when I went to visit Timothy in his cot, I noticed that the balloon was getting run down. So I carefully untied its string, emptied it of the remainder of its vendor's wind and filled it with fine strong gusts of my own. When it was restored to its proper fulness of form I skilfully tied it up again and moored it to the cot-rail. A gleam came into Timothy's eyes as they fastened upon it, and beneath the blankets I could discern the movement of agitated fingers. So when he clamoured, as usual, for a story I gave way with more than usual alacrity.



"SO HERE GOES!"

This was the story I told him:—

"THE BALLOON-SELLER WHO WENT ON THE BUST.

"There was once—sorry—once upon a time there was a balloon-seller—a chap who sells balloons, of course—no, not in a balloon-shop, but in the street. Oh, because he was brought up to be a balloon-seller, as his father and grandfather had been before him; these things run in families, you know. Yes, and I expect his mother and his grandmother and his great-grandmother had been balloon-sellers too. What? No, they had all died long before the story opens, so he was an orphan boy, if you insist on it; but we're not going to get sentimental over that.

"Well, he was a specially good balloon-seller because he kept his balloons so nice and full of wind—of blow. He had more blow in him than anyone had ever had before; might have been a running champion if he hadn't been a balloon-seller.

"Now when he was christened—Joe, his name was, Joe Bangers—a Mischievous Fairy who hadn't been invited to the show turned up and gave him the gift of twitching fingers—what you're doing now under the covers. But a Respectable Fairy who was there, and hadn't yet spoken, said she would give him the power of resisting—er, overcoming, rising superior to—well, she said she'd make his fingers keep good till he was twenty-one; after that he must look after them himself. So, although he was terribly tempted now and again to bust a balloon or two, just to hear that heavenly pop that always thrills—I mean, that only wicked people enjoy, he managed to keep his twitching fingers in order and never busted a single balloon.

"On the morning of his twenty-first birthday he went out into the street as usual with his bundle of balloons, all full of his manly blow, when he suddenly felt his fingers twitch as they had never twitched before; and he started to think how lovely it would be to bust just one balloon. Then, before he really knew what he was doing, he had untied one balloon from the bunch, thrown it up into the air, and as it came down clapped his hands hard; and he laughed aloud as he heard the *ex*quisite pop it made. Then he did a second and a third, and each time he laughed more loudly.

"By this time a crowd had collected round him. 'He's mad,' said one. 'Mad?' replied Joe Bangers; 'no, I've been mad all these years to remain a humble balloon-seller when my rich uncle, who's a captain in the Pirate Chasers, has been begging me to go to sea with him and win fame and fortune on the Spanish main, yeo-ho! So here

Small Girl (to youthful cricketer who has been told off to play with her). "I SAY, HOW DO YOU SCORE IN THIS GAME?"
Youthful Cricketer. "SAME AS IN 'BEAVER,' I BELIEVE."

goes!' And what do you think he did? He set all the balloons in a high heap on the ground, went about twenty yards away, took a run, gave a huge jump, landed full in the middle of the bunch, and you never heard——"

But this was too much for Timothy. At that precise moment Bill the Bounder, stirred by a breeze from the window, sailed gently over the cot. Quick as lightning the twitching hands came from beneath the blankets, met in an acclaiming clap, and what had but a second before been a shining balloon, full of beans and blow, was now but a moist and draggled remnant of skin and string.

Suzanne, who had been eavesdropping while the story was in progress, told me afterwards that she had never heard a more deliberate incitement to crime. But even a father has his feelings, and surely a week is long enough for any balloon to live. Besides, no criminal could possibly wear in his sleep the smile of holy content I saw on Timothy's face as I tiptoed noiselessly from the room.

"WANTED.—General Servant, private house, comfortable situation. Reverence required."
Local Paper.

In these democratic days is not the advertiser expecting rather too much?

SNAIL SONG.

THE garden snails are strong and fleet,
They climb like anything;
They always thrive on what they eat;
I sometimes hear them sing
A simple ditty of their own
(Though all my friends deny it)
At eventime when birds have flown
And skies are clear and quiet.

The garden snails are bronzed and fat
With lovely twisty shells;
Their food is preferably that
Described by H. G. WELLS;
Food of the gods with early peas
(You townsfolk cannot buy it)
And lily buds and picotees,
A most nutritious diet.

The Sussex thrushes knew their job,
They gave the creatures fits;
You should have seen them lug and lob
And smash a snail to bits.
The Wiltshire bird is kind and tame
And so the snails defy it,
And, though the law is just the same,
He never will apply it.

The snails, the brown athletic snails,
We gather them in pans and pails.

"A Coffee Officer is required for the Uganda Government Service."—*Daily Paper.*
This might suit the Chocolate Soldier.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

Uncle George is nearly eighty and very rich. He is also a most venerable-looking man, with a long white beard of which he is very proud. Betty, our only daughter, is just five and very poor. So we naturally thought it expedient that she and Uncle George should meet. Also that Betty should be so charming that the old man would be enchanted by her.

"We must prepare the child well," I said to my wife. So we explained to Betty that her dear uncle was coming and she must be very nice and polite to him. And in course of time she seemed to understand, and her fond parents were ready to believe her an even more intelligent child than they had imagined.

The great day came. Uncle George was in an exceptionally good temper, so that it was with fairly light hearts that we took him up to the nursery after lunch to see his little niece.

Betty glanced up apprehensively as we entered. But as soon as she saw her uncle, a look of happiness and content settled upon her countenance.

"Beaver," she said, quite simply.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The close season for Beaver has begun.

THE SAD STORY OF A LOST MEMORY.

I HAD not noticed the man sitting beside me on the bus until he addressed me.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said, "but is my face familiar to you by any chance?"

I turned and studied his lineaments for a second or two. His features were not altogether prepossessing, and it was with some relief that I was able to assure him that he was an entire stranger to me.

He did not seem at all surprised.

"It was just a chance," he said. "You see, Sir, I am under the disadvantage of not knowing who I am."

I murmured my sympathy.

"I have just returned from a voyage," he continued, "during the course of which I had the misfortune to lose my memory. I understand from information received that I was seated one fine day on the yard-arm, in a favourite position of mine, when suddenly and without warning the ship gave a lurch and I was hurled from my somewhat insecure perch to the deck forty feet below.

"I fell on to my head, but suffered little inconvenience save, as I have said, a complete loss of memory.

"I was, however, unconscious for some three days, and during this period my pockets were thoroughly rifled, all my possessions on the ship stolen and all trace of my identity removed. Even the name of my tailor was cut out from the suit I was wearing.

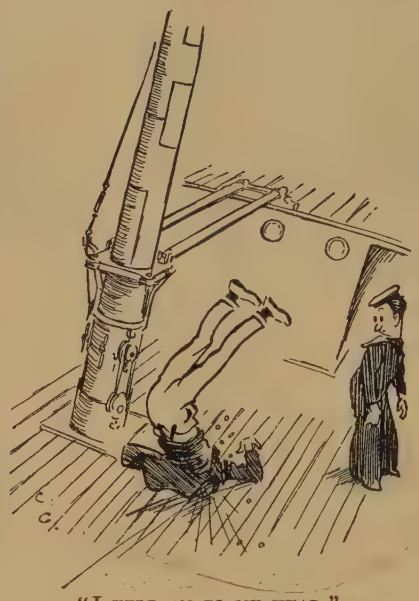
"I reported the occurrence to the captain of the boat, who made a thorough investigation, which did not, however, lead to the discovery of the thief.

"The purser informed me that my name was Jones, but I was unable to glean any further particulars about myself. I had, it appeared, kept strictly to myself on the boat and was personally unknown to any of my fellow-passengers.

"Everyone agreed that there was only one possible remedy, namely, that I should receive another violent blow on the head, which would, as all the authorities say, restore my memory to its former state.

"The idea was taken up enthusiastically, and I will gladly admit that all the ship's crew and also the passengers did what they could for me in this respect.

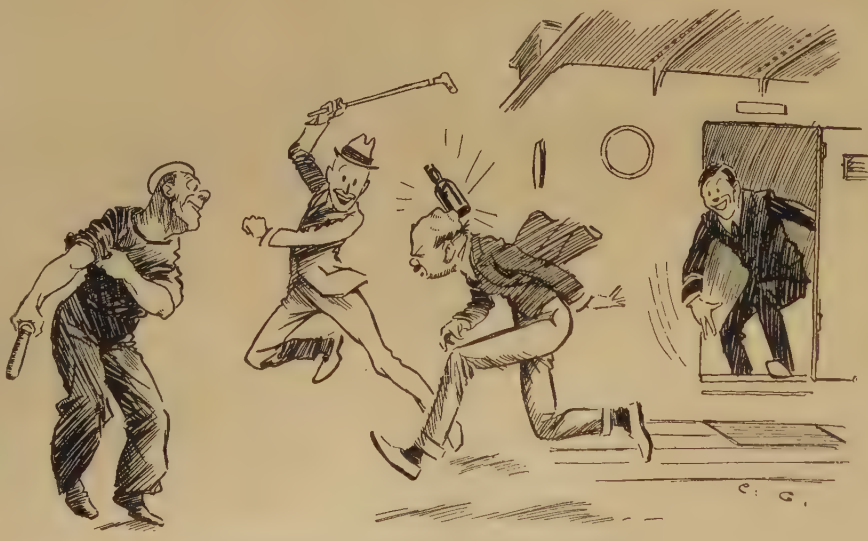
"It became quite customary for everyone who met me to hit me playfully over the head with anything that



"I FELL ON TO MY HEAD."

was handy—a marline-spike, a gunwale or some other little weapon.

"At deck-cricket, too, I was always placed in the most exposed position possible, and batsmen kindly made a point of driving the ball at my head with all the force they could command.



"THE IDEA WAS TAKEN UP ENTHUSIASTICALLY."

"With all these helps I received a great many blows on the head, but, whether it was that none of them touched the exact spot or whether they were none of them quite hard enough, I cannot say; at any rate my memory stubbornly refused to return."

Mr. Jones paused in his recital.

I raised my walking-stick, a stoutish ash.

"This is but a poor weapon, I'm afraid," I said, "still any little service I can render——"

"No, no," said Mr. Jones hurriedly, "the time for that is past.

"The ship's doctor, who had himself been only too kind in hitting me over the head with a bottle or a chair whenever possible, had at last to issue a general warning that my head would stand no more blows. Indeed I had myself realised for some time that these well-meant attentions were increasingly embarrassing and painful.

"There was universal disappointment at the doctor's decision, especially on the part of my cabin-steward, who had developed great accuracy in hurling my own boots at my head.

"The voyage therefore came to an end without my identity having been established; and thus, alas, it still remains!

"I am now endeavouring to gather funds to enable me to prosecute inquiries at the port from which the boat sailed, and should you, kind Sir . . ."

LITERARY LISPINGS.

(*By a Student of Best-Sellers.*)

THE need of re-christening standard works as a means of promoting their circulation has, we understand, been so generally recognised that Messrs. Margery and Cremer are shortly about to issue a series of masterpieces under titles more attuned to the spirit of the age. The task of renaming these works has been entrusted to a small committee of eminent modern authors, and the taste and felicity with which they have accomplished their labours may be gathered from their handling of *Vanity Fair*, which has been transformed into *Sharp Practice: Or, the Bounding of Becky;* of SHAKSPEARE'S *Othello*, which re-emerges as *The Moor's Mistake; Or, a Tragedy of Miscegenation;* and *The Mill on the Floss*, which takes on a new lustre as *Tullivers' Travels.*

The symposium on Middle-aged Happiness in the columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette* having conclusively estab-

"WHY IS IT THEY VARY SO MUCH IN PRICE? WHY, YESTERDAY I ONLY PAID SIXPENCE A POUND."
"IT'S LIKA DIS, MARM. IT ALLA-DEPENDA IF DER IS A GLUTTON ON DER MARKET."

lished the fact that it is to be attained by singing in one's bath, Messrs. Tapp and Geyser are engaged on the issue of a series of hygienic vocal compositions suitable for the performance of (1) those who can and (2) those who cannot sing. The series will include works by Professor BANTOCK, Messrs. BLISS, BAX and HOLST, and suitable words have been written by the Marquess of BATH, Mr. DAMPIER WHETHAM and Lord LEVERHULME.

The vehement protests against the savagery of reviewers recently voiced by Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR have not been without their repercussion on this side of the Atlantic. At a meeting of authors held last week at the Albert Hall, a policy of reprisals was distinctly foreshadowed, and it is an open secret that Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, Mr. J. C. SQUIRE, Mr. MIDDLETON MURRY, Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT and the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* have all been obliged to apply for police protection.

Miss WILLA CATHER, recently pronounced by a public vote of American *littérateurs* to be America's greatest woman-novelist, has recently finished a novel about a young Hamlet of the Prairies, though curiously enough his name is not Hamlet, but Claude Wheeler. This engaging camouflage, we have good reason to believe, is not a monopoly of Transatlantic writers. Messrs. Odder and Odder announce an interesting series of romances on somewhat similar lines. The first, which virtually amounts to the life-history of a Messalina of Manchester, has for heroine an amazing young woman endowed with the somewhat unprepossessing patronymic of Joanna Jubb. Further interest is lent to the recital by the fact that the story is almost entirely autobiographical, although the authoress with remarkable modesty has preferred to remain anonymous.

Though Lord ROSEBERY has obstinately refused to write his Reminiscences, some consolation may be derived from the rumour, which amounts almost to an open secret, that Mr. THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, Mrs. ASQUITH'S publisher, has succeeded in persuading her son, Mr. ANTHONY ASQUITH, the brother of Princess ANTOINE BIBESCO, to write a Life of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, the proceeds of which will be entirely devoted to the founding and support of an institute for mental defectives in North Wales.

"Wanted, two first-class Smiths."
Provincial Paper.

But they probably spell it "Smythe."

"Mr. Winston Churchill, who has just returned from Deauville, confessed that prices were inordinately high, and accommodation proportionately restricted, and felt that native enterprise in this direction might be encouraged in England with success."—*Daily Paper.*

If reports from some of our South-Coast resorts are to be trusted, native enterprise in these matters requires no stimulus.

"Francs also showed substantial appreciation at one time, but after touching 57.45 they were run up to 5800—5810."—*Evening Paper.*

At this rate we may be able to afford a week-end at Deauville.

"GOLF COURSE FOR SALE.

The Convener stated that they had offered the course and the farm for £3,000, but the Golf Club were not inclined to pay so much, as they did not require the farm. They had offered £1,750 for the course, and the Committee had got an offer for the farm of something like £1,000.

If they were to sell the farm at £100, they would require £2,000 from the golf people to bring the amount up to £30, the sum originally agreed upon."—*Scots Paper.*

It looks to us as if the Convener ought to have his handicap increased.

BY THE BANDSTAND AT OMNIUM-GATHERUM-ON-SEA.

BAND of the Second Anyshires performing a comic piece descriptive of a wedding, scraps of MENDELSSOHN'S famous march, joy-bells, etc. Pleased excitement of multitude of sitters and standers round bandstand, culminating in rapture when three of the band appear as a parson, a bridegroom and a bride (in regulation white frock and veil), each carrying his own instrument. Parson, by means of brass-wind, asks time-honoured questions; bridegroom, by similar means, answers with lugubrious musical groans; and bride, by means of wood-wind, in a timid little phrase. Uproarious laughter and applause, tumultuous joy of children, who jump and dance, excitement of numerous dogs, which take the opportunity of settling their various differences all round the bandstand.

Husband (*on twopenny seat to Wife on ditto*). Funny, him saying "I will" on the trombone and her on the flute. Reminds me of our old beano ten years ago. Remember saying "I will," old girl?

Wife. Silly! Of course I do.

Husband. Right-o! I've thought sometimes you'd forgotten you ever said it.

Wife. I like that! I've been *sure* sometimes that you'd forgotten *you* ever said it.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Peckham. What's that they're playing now, Willie?

Willie Peckham. I dunno, Mum. Sounds's if they were trying to play that French tune, "The Marsy Lays," and couldn't get on with it.

Stranger (*in trilby and eye-glasses*). It's the "1812 Overture," my boy, descriptive of the great retreat from Moscow.

Mrs. Peckham (*in a whisper*). What's he say, Willie?

Willie. I dunno, Mum; something about it being a great treat. *I* don't think it is.

Mrs. Peckham. Nor more do I, child.

* * * * * * *

Musical medley in progress. Two cultured youths from Ocean View Boarding Establishment ("*Young, mus. soc., Eng. meat, min. sea*") *listening superciliously.*

First Cultured Youth (*as* RACHMANINOFF'S *Prelude merges into* "*Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road*"). Poor old SEBASTIAN BACH! "Butchered to make a Roman holiday"—what?

Second Cultured Youth. Only what you'd expect in a place like this.

* * * * * * *

Percy. That's a ripping one-step.

Gladys. Isn't it! They played it on the *Royal Monarch* coming down, and some of us one-stepped all over the deck, and the silly old boat gave a jump and threw us on to some silly old sea-sickers put out to dry and we all fell in a heap on the deck. It *was* a ripping old rag. My partner *could* one-step. Bit of just-so, he was.

Percy (*stiffly*). P'raps you'd rather it was him than me here now.

Gladys. Perss! The *idea!*

* * * * * * *

Superior Young Woman (*nodding her head to one of the numbers from the Peer Gynt Suite, to Friend*). Sweet thing, the "Casse Noisette!" But fancy hearing it *here!*

Friend. Pearls before swine, my dear. What do such people as these care for the good composers?

Small Shabby Woman (*standing near*). Some of us care too much for 'em to mistake GRIEG for TSCHAIKOVSKY!

* * * * * * *

Son and Daughter of Israel who have stood through the programme.

Son of Israel. The man with the money-bokth ith coming, Miriam. Let 'th be moving.

Daughter of Israel. Yeth, letth.

EMANCIPATION DAY.

ANOTHER LAY OF GOLF.

THE morning round was over when I met
An aged member in the smoking-room;
Rage smouldered in his eye, his jaw was set
And he demanded in a voice of doom
A drink of which *I* should have been ashamed;
Empurpled was his face, his hair untamed,
And, sitting down beside me, he exclaimed—
"The Day, young Sir, the Day! It is not yet."

"What day is this," I said, "of which you speak,
Whereof the thought so agitates your breast?"
And he: "When nevermore by spoon or cleek,
Brassie or niblick man shall be possesst,
But shall acquire the commonsense to doff
Conceit, and prate no more of being 'off'
Or luckless, but admit 'I cannot golf;
I thought I could, but that was only cheek.'

"Is it not sad," said he, and took a go
Of Thirty-under-proof—"is it not sad
To count how many of the men you know
This golf has rendered absolutely mad,
Or driven to sin's insatiable jaws,
To lies and bickerings and self-applause
And suicidal spleen—and all because
They would not frankly own that they were bad?

"Jenkins is twelve and thinks he should be nine,
Jones is fourteen and thinks he should be less,
And so they rage and whimper and repine
And weary others with their wretchedness;
Whereas, if Jenkins claimed another six
And Jones could be prevailed upon to fix
Himself at twenty, then two lunatics
Might yet recover sanity again.

"Yet these—and you—and I are of one blood,
Brothers in self-inflicted misery,
For so were golfers fashioned since the Flood
And—till the Day dawns—so will ever be;
Till the Day dawns (which let not Fate deny)
When he who cannot play no more will try,
But will admit him *ex hypothesi*
A rabbit and a duffer and a dud.

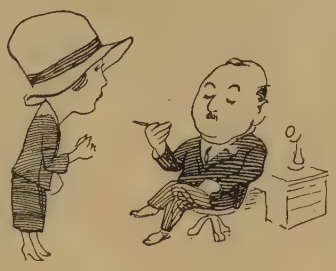
"Emancipation, liberty, relief!
When tens and twenty-fours together sing—
'To blazes with perfection! Life is brief;
Why aggravate the soul with stance or swing?
Away with HAGEN and with HUTCHISON
And all who really know how it is done;
We only play the beastly game for fun
And never care a damn for anything.'

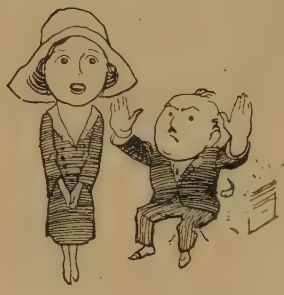
"That Day long-handicaps shall cease to grope
After their Jack-o'-Lanterns, and enjoy
The good game and its drolleries, the scope
For muscular *finesse*, the mind's employ;
But ah, it comes not yet." And saying thus
He passed and left me thinking, "That old cuss
Was right. I will evict this incubus."
But shall I go and do it? Not a hope!

H. B.

A certain Damſel did appear unto a Producer ſaying: "I would fain go on the Stage if you would employ me."

"Recite me," quoth the Producer, "That I may ſee what thou canſt do." . . .
And ſhe did recite him thus:





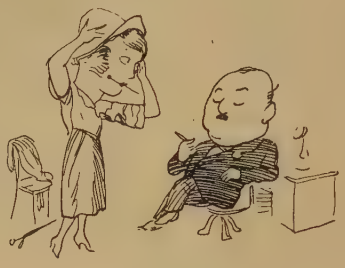
"Under the ſpreading cheſtnut tree
The village ſmithy—"

"Stop, ſtop!" cried the Producer.

"Thou haſt a Voice," ſaid he. "But thou haſt much to learn of Expreſſion. Go to an Academy; there Learn; then come to me again."

So the Damſel went to an Academy; learnt much; and finally did return to the Producer.

"Recite me," quoth the Producer, "That I may ſee what thou canſt do."
And ſhe did recite him thus:



"Under the ſpreading cheſtnut tree
The village ſmithy

STANDS!

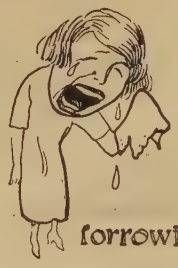
The ſmith a MIGHTY man is he,

With LARGE and SINEWY HANDS

. . . . . .

Toiling,

rejoicing,



ſorrowing,

Onward through life he goes;

. . . . . .

Something attempted—

ſomething done—

Has earned a night's repoſe.

"Excellent!" ſaid the Producer. "Now ſhalt thou have a Shop!"
And he gave her an engagement —— on the Movies.

A. [illegible]

THE VALUE OF EXPRESSION.

MORE ABOUT THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

WE are accustomed to speak nowadays of the Power of the Press. Not that I do myself to any extent; but the Press itself often speaks of it, and not indeed without some cause. There is that case of Tittelton, for instance.

Tittelton bought *The Daily Terror* from the old woman at the corner, and hastened into the Tube, as was his wont. Standing in the train with one hand clinging to a strap, he dexterously adjusted *The Daily Terror* with the other and, swaying gently, beguiled the journey with pictures of smiling young ladies on the shore and frowning cricketers who had just been bowled or stumped. Then with a quick turn of the wrist he exposed the inner page. There were two photographs on the inner page, one of Hammer Smith, the prospective welter-weight champion, the other of James Prout, wanted in connection with the big jewel robbery in Portman Square. The train drew into the station and Tittelton hurried to the moving stairway.

All the way up the stairway and along the street to the office he was thinking of James Prout, and how difficult he would find it to evade recognition by some one out of the million readers of *The Daily Terror*. Then, in the excitement of "Yours to hand covering as advised" and "Same is receiving our best attention," the matter passed from his mind.

He lunched, as was his habit, at the luncheon-counter of "The Blue Swan." He had left his *Daily Terror* at the office, so he was free to look about him, and in doing so his eye lit upon a young man at the far end of the counter. The young man was in earnest conversation with a florid individual in a check suit, but every now and then he raised his head, and each time Tittelton had the same slight shock of recognition. Why did he know that man? Where had he seen him?

Then suddenly, just as his nose was buried in his tankard, it came to him in a flash, and he choked violently. No wonder. For he had recognised the young man as James Prout.

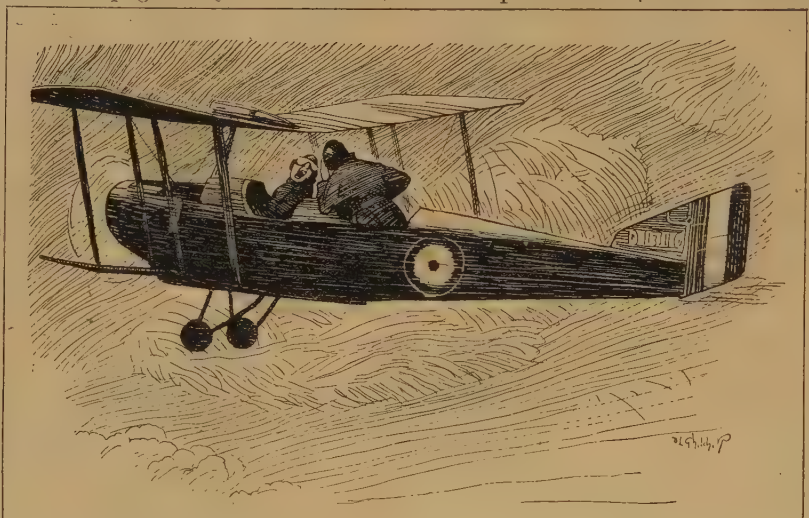
Tittelton did not cry out nor swoon nor give any sign of his inward excitement. He merely stepped smartly to the door and looked up and down the street, hoping to see a policeman. For there was, I think I omitted to say, a considerable reward offered for information leading to the arrest of James Prout, or at least to the recovery of the jewellery.

Luck was on Tittelton's side; a policeman stood not ten yards away. Tittelton went up to him.

"There's a man in there whom I recognise from the picture in *The Daily Terror* as James Prout, who stole the jewellery in Portman Square," said Tittelton.

The policeman eyed him a little coldly—the police are rather a suspicious body of men.

"I expect you've made a mistake; he wouldn't be there," said the policeman.



First Airman (*on sky-writing stunt*). "WE'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN AGAIN, OLD THING."

Second Airman. "WHAT'S UP? LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND?"

First Airman. "NO; I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO SPELL THE STUFF WE'RE BOOSTING."

"I couldn't be wrong. He has a very uncommon face," said Tittelton.

"Got the paper there?"

"No; but I know it's the man."

The policeman considered for a moment or two.

"You'd better go and tell him someone outside wants to speak to him, and we'll see."

Tittelton went in with trembling knees. The man might be armed with a revolver. Even without a revolver he looked as if he could hurt anyone a good deal.

But Tittelton thought of the reward and delivered the message.

"Who is it?" was the answer.

"I don't know his name. He wouldn't come in."

The man got up and followed Tittelton out on to the pavement.

"Where is he?" he asked sharply.

Tittelton steered him to where the policeman was lurking inconspicuously in a doorway.

It was an uncomfortable moment. Then the policeman spoke.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" he said. "This gentleman's under the impression that you're someone that's wanted."

The man stared at the policeman and then, with marked hostility, at Tittelton.

"Well, you knew where you could find me, didn't you?" he said. "I'm Hammer Smith."

"I thought I knew yer face," said the policeman. "Of course you are." Then to Tittelton: "Now, what about it?"

Tittelton stood there for ten seconds, petrified. Then he said in a small voice, "My mistake. My mistake entirely. The portraits were alongside each other. I can't think how . . ."

"Your mistake! I should think it was your mistake. You'd better explain to Hammer," said the policeman, and moved away.

Of what followed I will say nothing, merely reminding you that Hammer was the prospective welter-weight champion.

Truly the Power of the Press is a terrible thing.

Virtue at a Discount.

"2 valuable African grey parrots for sale, 1 cost £20 2 years ago, but uses swear words, price £20; the other is a good talker, and does not use bad words, price £12."

Weekly Paper.

"Miss Lena —— and Master Tommy —— have returned from a most enjoyable two weeks' trip to ——, where Master Tom was operated on for tonsilitis."—*Canadian Paper.*

Well, everyone to his taste.

From an article on Mr. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS:—

"Had he been selected for England last summer, it would have occurred to few . . . to criticise the choice on the score of his age."

Daily Paper.

We were under the impression that Mr. DOUGLAS played a fairly prominent part in some of last year's Test Matches—as Captain!

"Tennyson pointed to the pavilion. Newman, as he walked away, kicked the tea interval."—*Provincial Paper.*

We confess that in this matter our sympathies are entirely with NEWMAN.

Doting Granny (whose train does not go for an hour yet). "WOULD LITTLE ERNEST LIKE TO TAKE HIS OWN TICKET?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Glimpses of the Moon (APPLETON) revisited together by *Nick Lansing* and *Susy Branch*, after a long interval of singularly unilluminated philandering apart, are the rare vestiges of love and confidence which diversified their ill-starred wedding-tour. This, as described with all Mrs. EDITH WHARTON'S delightful virtuosity, was intended by the two young Americans concerned to be quite an incidental affair, improvised on the strict understanding that both the tour and the tie it implied were to be broken off when the cheques secured as wedding-presents, or the villas lent as honeymoon resorts, should come to an end; or when, in the consecrated phrase of *Micawber*, patron saint of wedded opportunists, "something should turn up" in the matrimonial line of which the benevolent divorce-laws of their country would allow either to take advantage. There were five "villas," if you include—as *Susy* did—the Chicago flat; and the cheques were good for at least a year. But the couple parted long before their material resources gave out; and *Susy* just shaved marrying her English friend, *Lord Altringham*; while *Nick* almost succumbed to the stately courtship of his admirably-drawn fellow-countrywoman, *Coral Hicks*. How they evaded this double destiny is Mrs. WHARTON'S secret; and if you appreciate (and who does not?) the sympathetic irony in which she cloaks such communications, you will get her to tell it you herself.

During the summer of 1921 an Oxford University Expedition visited the Spitzbergen Archipelago, and I rejoice to say that Mr. SETON GORDON accompanied it as photographer. In *Amid Snowy Wastes* (CASSELL) he does not attempt to describe the achievements of the Expedition, but he does give us a charming narrative of his own personal observations and experiences. To bird-lovers this book will be especially valuable; but it will also be attractive to those of us who like to read of places far removed from the beaten track. Mr. SETON GORDON writes enthusiastically of Spitzbergen; its air is like champagne; thunder is almost unknown there; you can live and thrive with very little sleep. It sounds perfectly delightful, and I have no doubt that it is, but I cannot help suspecting that Mr. GORDON had to encounter as much mist and fog as was convenient; and as the summer is short I do not think Spitzbergen is in any danger of an invasion of tourists. But all the same it is a pleasing picture that he has given us, and his photographs are so excellent that it would be an impertinence to praise them.

I opened *Ralph Carey* (HUTCHINSON) with no prejudices in its favour. I didn't like the publisher's advance review, nor did the face of *Ralph*, as interpreted by the artist of the book-jacket, fascinate me. However I soon began to sit up and take notice. *Ralph*, indeed, the unloved son, the mystic, the romantic, never quite emerged from the shadows; his brother *Billy*, the favoured and shallow, took shape more clearly, being easier. But *Elizabeth*, who loved our *Ralph* and so firmly and sensibly refused to let him escape from the knowledge of the fact, was, I thought, a perfect darling. No, not a *perfect* darling. On the contrary, which was just where Lady MILES showed her discretion; so too the *Mrs. Field* who captured *Ralph* and seduced him

by working on his pity was, though unpleasant and unsatisfactory and unscrupulous, not without her good and her pathetic side. The whole book shows the author to be able to observe closely, to handle a pen with skill and to have a keen sensitiveness to beauty, which she perhaps transfers too generously to *Ralph*, to *Elizabeth*, to her friend *Phyllis* and (I believe) to *Phyllis's* dressmaker. Nor does the author fail to live up to one of her own apothegms, "Vision without humour is bereft of half its loveliness and of half its truth."

COLUMBUS may have discovered America, but it has been left to a succession of British explorers to discover the forty-eight States of the Union. Dr. WALTER R. HADWEN, the very latest of these pioneers, having toured the Western Hemisphere from Boston to San Francisco while lecturing apparently in the cause of anti-vivisection, has come back full of impressions. It would, one feels, have shown more originality on his part to have refrained from putting them into book form, but, since he has a genial way of writing, perhaps his friends were justified in over-persuading him. In *First Impressions of America* (HUTCHINSON), all who are interested in this kind of geographical research may learn with more or less amazement that New York is a very large city with many tall buildings, that a surprising lot of water goes over Niagara, and that the Mormons have a temple at Salt Lake City. Earnest inquirers may further make some acquaintance with American history, to the extent, at any rate, of hearing that the War of Independence was solely due to the tyranny of the English monarch—a distinctly "first impression" this—or that once upon a time a sad dispute arose between the Northern and the Southern States. Finally it may be ascertained that American men are hospitable and inquisitive, American ladies capable and not too readily abashed. No one will gather from this record, it might be added, that there are any slum quarters over there, or Labour problems, or elections unduly contested. First impressions that include nothing less pleasant than garden cities and automobiles all round are certainly too good to be dissipated by second thoughts. Perhaps that is why all the explorers come home again.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Raleigh's Valet. "SIR WALTER MUST 'AVE BIN DRINKIN' 'EAVY YESTERDAY. BIN ROLLIN' IN THE MUD, 'E 'AS."

Mr. JACK CRAWFORD'S *I Walked in Arden* (HEINEMANN) is an enthusiastic and almost unmitigated idyll of Anglo-American love-making and money-making, a type of book which owes, I think, its present exorbitant popularity to our natural revulsion from the exalted bluff of war-time best-sellers. Its hero is a young chemist, *Ted Jevons*, who is born in New York, brought up in Hampstead, educated at an American University, returns to England and has just time to foster a CHARLES LAMB-like passion for London before being sent back to take over the research-work of an American factory on one of the Great Lakes. The contact of his youthful English fastidiousness with the men, methods and *menus* of Deep Harbor is described with humour and discernment; and it is not until *Ted* meets *Helen Claybourne* that the book becomes, for better or worse, undeviatingly true to type. An old drug-taking chemist adds the needful touch of melodrama by plotting *Ted's* murder; but obviously nothing can stop that conquering hero from sailing for England with *Helen*. The subsequent unhappy ending is, to my mind, a mistake. Mr. CRAWFORD'S pathos is at present less sensitive than his humour, and he has not perceived that, while it is quite in the romantic tradition to kill off your heroine with tuberculosis, there is nothing more fatal to the glamour of a death-bed than a too precise use of medical terminology.

In *Wild Nature and Country Life* (FISHER UNWIN) the author, who prefers to remain "A WOODMAN" and an Englishman, apologises, quite unnecessarily, for (*a*) being born in America; (*b*) publishing. Many true naturalists are Americans (despite a prejudice against some American natural historians), and his little faggot of papers, ranging from fox-hunting to the flail, needs no bush. The author is, I gather, a professional forester; I don't mean a Highland stalker (wha ever hearrd tell o' trees in a forest?), but of good Midland stock, Anakim, who for generations have followed the land, living by it and on it, and of whom their son seems worthy. I've read these pleasant papers with interest; there is attraction in their simplicity, real love of Nature and hot hatred of cruelty and destruction. A caviller might carp at the recurrence of names like "Lady of the Woods" for a silver birch (which is the prettier?) and "Grey Drummer" for a rabbit; but I'm no caviller. Two things, however, give thought. We are told that foxes suppress their scent at will. That the scent of a sinking fox weakens with the strength of the animal is, we know, the case, but this is not by will of the fox, surely? And does an otter often jump into the water like a dog? I have never seen otters enter or leave water but with the smoothness of oil. I like my "WOODMAN," and he is as fond of water-voles as I am myself, so when next I buy a near home Nature book for a young person it shall be his. There is a sympathetic foreword by Mr. H. J. MASSINGHAM, in which, however, he couples the author with *Actæon* (a "Peeping Tom" of a fellow), and, as "A WOODMAN" admits that he is no classical scholar, this seems rather too bad of Mr. MASSINGHAM, doesn't it?

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"I don't think Sheridan actually stated how old Mrs. Malaprop in 'The Rivals' was supposed to be; but, judging by her bouncing son, Tony Lumpkin, one imagines a lady of at least forty-five."
Local Paper.

This insinuation would have sent *Mrs. Malaprop*, we feel sure, into a fit of what she called "the hydrostatics."

CHARIVARIA.

THE collection of German marks as a hobby is another form of Zero worship.

***

At the next Olympic Games it is estimated that, if he enters, KING CONSTANTINE will carry off all the sprinting handicaps.

***

With reference to the newspaper headline, "What the Turks Miss," we may be pardoned for saying that whatever it is, it isn't war.

***

We note that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL have been to a cinema show together. This reminds us that one of Mr. CHURCHILL's ambitions is believed to be some day to play polo against the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

***

With reference to the presentation of a fragment of Mount Everest to the POPE, who is much interested in mountaineering, it is not generally known that he uses a chunk of one of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's perorations as a paper-weight.

***

The PRIME MINISTER has refused to receive a deputation of mayors on the question of beginning the new battleships. The supplementary question therefore arises, "What is the use of a mayor?"

***

According to a gossip-writer an officer who has been promoted to the command of a Guards battalion saw a good deal of fighting in the War. His experience supports the allegation that the Peace was preceded by some skirmishing.

***

The poetry of BURNS is said to have a remarkable vogue in China. This is only to be expected in a country where the New Year's celebrations last a fortnight.

***

A pair of West African clock-birds (so called from their note), which are said to be related to the cuckoos, have been presented to the Zoo. An effort is to be made to synchronize them with Greenwich.

***

It is stated that in the Danish system of registration of dairy produce the history of every egg is known, so that it is possible to trace a doubtful one to the farm where it was laid. This is a great improvement on the British method of employing bloodhounds and archæologists.

***

Last week showers of small toads fell in the vicinity of Chalons-sur-Saône. Local weather-prophets declare that they had been thinking it looked uncommonly like toads.

***

The Russian Surgical Congress takes place in Petrograd at the end of this month. It is expected that TROTSKY will give a demonstration of the art of carving a bourgeois.

***

The "Camel-Walk," the newest dance, is supposed to be an imitation of a camel crossing the desert. In some quarters it is feared that this entails going an abnormally long time without a drink.

***

A water-spout in the Tyrrhenian Sea is reported by *Le Petit Parisien* to have drawn two fishing vessels up into the skies until they disappeared. We understand the matter has been reported to the Horse Marines for action.

***

"The Welshman," says *Men's Wear*, "goes to London as a boy and fills the majority of the jobs commanding a thousand a year or more." But not if the Scotsman sees him coming.

There is now posted at the main entrance to the Guildhall a notice that it is forbidden, among other things, to take the eggs of the honey-buzzard and the corncrake. It is very thoughtful of the City Fathers to put up such a reminder in a conspicuous place, as it is in just such little matters as these that a busy man, hurrying to and from the City, his mind full of other things, is apt to break the law without realising that he is doing so.

***

A railway porter at Waterloo is reputed to have made eight or nine pounds a day in tips. On the other hand, some of them make quite a lot.

***

A news agency report states that a seven-weeks-old duckling had been drowned in a bucket of water. But for this announcement we should have been quite ignorant of the whole thing.

***

"Everybody should lie on the right side" is the advice of a medical man. The only exception, we gather, is the politician who can do it on both sides.

***

According to a news message from America, Mr. VOLSTEAD is starting a campaign to stop divorces. As Mr. VOLSTEAD was largely responsible for the introduction of Prohibition, we fear there is a danger of his developing into something of a kill-joy.

***

A Ramsgate boy is reported to have raided a fishing vessel, stolen money from a tea-room, made off with a vicious horse which he offered to sell for threepence and nearly burned down a church. It is thought that there are possibilities in this little fellow.

***

"Free Liberalism in Wales," writes a correspondent of *The Daily News*, "is greatly in need of a leader." It sounds a capital opening for a young fellow with nice eyes and a pleasant voice.

***

A Russian is said to have invented a nine-stringed violin, thus converting a musical intrument into a weapon.

***

Owing to the fact that he was getting married that day, ANTONY PENTOLE, of New York, was unable to attend the unveiling of a monument commemorating his death in action during the War. These are the irritating trifles that wear a man out in time.

Keen Philatelist. "PLEASE WILL YOU TELL ME IF THIS 1898 FIVE-CENT PARAGUAY IS GENUINE? THE WATERMARK LOOKS A BIT FISHY TO ME."

STILL SUBLIMER CONFIDENCES.

(*An attempt to fit Dr. FRANK CRANE'S idealistic outbursts to some of the more immediate problems of the day.*)

REPARATIONS.

What is the origin of mercy? How did the human race ever come by the sentiment that there is a certain subtle pleasure in being kind? I have a lurking suspicion that the philosopher who shall solve this riddle for us will be setting his forefinger upon *the electric button of truth.* He will be switching on the arc-light of revelation.

Oh, but there's a fine sweet dawn wind in doing a generous deed!

The poet SWINBURNE wrote:—

"And to give thanks is sweet, and to forgive."

SHAKSPEARE said:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth, as the gentle dew from heaven,
Upon the place beneath."

SPINOZA—unfortunately the book-marker has dropped out of the SPINOZA, but I am certain SPINOZA said something equally apt.

Whatever mind lurks behind the Universe must be a forgiving mind. Fate is loving. *Money is the root of all evil. All debts are bad debts.*

A great Greek poet spoke of interest as "the barren breed of metal."

People say that money talks. Too often it talks punk.

Show me a man who is cynical, vain, conceited, and I will show you a man who is owed ten dollars. Show me a man with a hang-dog, hobo expression, and I will show you the man who has borrowed them.

What is true of individuals is true of peoples. I will not go so far as to say that every debt between nations ought to be cancelled at once. That would be to come down out of the pink fluff of generalities on to the brass tacks of everyday life. But I do say that kind hearts are more than gilt-edged bonds, and *'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round.*

I do say, with BROWNING:—

"My own hope is the sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched."

And with FRANCIS BACON:—

"It is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness."

And with SPINOZA (I have found the place again):—

"*Minds are not conquered by arms, but by love and generosity.*"

And with ABRAHAM LINCOLN:—

Have Charity.

And with Ybw, the Matabele metaphysical poet:—

Wuzulala Lalu. (*Be kind.*)

INDUSTRIAL DISCONTENT.

Sadness is not altogether an evil. *Our souls are disciplined by pain.*

If we were created to be happy merely, we should miss much of the purport of existence. But we were not.

We were put here to become great, and we become great not by seeking always for pleasure, but by accepting, as part of life's battle, sorrow and pain.

"*Nil desperandum*" (Never despair) wrote the greatest of Latin poets, and there is a Chinese proverb which says:—"You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair."

Don't grouch. Remember J. W. RILEY'S lines:—

"It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It 's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice:
When God sorts out the weather an' sends rain
W'y, rain 's my choice."

And consider what HEYWOOD said:—"Content is a kingdom, and I wear that crown." *We cannot kill Capitalism, for it is a natural aristocracy* and imposes itself upon every form of state. *Those who write advocating Communism write mush.* But we can destroy sectarianism, provincialism, caste, class-hate, chewing-gum, whiskers and spats.

Concentrate on essentials. Our life is incomplete without both joy and sorrow.

Toil on and look upwards. Some day, somehow, we shall work out some feasible plan for justly distributing profits and achieve the true brotherhood of man.

Meanwhile let us repeat to ourselves with ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON:—

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

INTERNATIONAL DEBATES.

The longer I live in the world and the more I see of it, and the more often I write articles for it, the more firmly do I become convinced that all institutions are evil.

Nobody likes a committee. Nobody has a respectful admiration for a trust.

When a group of people feel it necessary to do anything, they meet, they sit on chairs, smoke cigars, elect officers, make speeches, postpone resolutions and go home to bed. *Politics are a mumbo jumbo. Parties are a fetish. Only personality counts.*

The six greatest men in the world were probably ADAM, CONFUCIUS, HORACE BUSHNELL, OG, GOG and KANT. None of them bothered about institutions.

All governments are bad. But where institutions are feeble, men can be great. Souls bridge oceans and go out to souls. More good may be done by one heart speaking daily to sixteen million other hearts than by all the parliaments and secret chambers in history.

This is the day of the prophet and the preacher, not of the tape-tied bureaucrat and the ground-grubbing ward-boss.

"Three-storey men," said OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, "idealise, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight."

"By the soul only," sang WORDSWORTH, "the nations shall be great and free."

Listen to sermons. Scrap pow-wows. Scrape the sky. EVOE.

A SMOKER'S MATCH.

If you were Larranaga
And I were Henry Clay,
With double glow and single,
Delight our smoke would mingle;
I 'd envy then no Aga,
No Sultan, Sheik or Dey—
If you were Larranaga
And I were Henry Clay.

If you were Latakia
And I were dark Perique,
I should not now be dodging
About to find a lodging;
Than someone's pipe, could we a
More cosy hospice seek—
If you were Latakia
And I were dark Perique?

If you were stem of amber
And I were meerschaum bowl,
Across the silver junction
I should, without compunction,
Precipitately clamber
To join my second soul—
If you were stem of amber
And I were meerschaum bowl.

If you were thick molasses
And I a cabbage leaf,
Then we should be a fixture
In someone's smoking mixture,
And narcotise the masses—
I therefore show no grief
That you are not molasses,
Nor I a cabbage leaf.

More Glimpses of the Obvious.

"After reaching Rugby the engine was detached, and on being run into a siding the front driving-wheel fell from its axle. It is believed that the wheel was defective."
Sunday Paper.

"Life in Southern Ireland at the present time is not without its thrills."—*Irish Paper.*

Our Courtly Reporters.

"There is no truth in the statement that Viscount Lascelles, K.G., D.S.O., was kicked by a horse at York Races yesterday. It was a splash of mud, not the horse's hoof, which struck Lord Lascelles in the chest. Lord Lascelles appeared to view the incident after the fashion of the fearless Master of Hounds he is known to be—he took the mud between his thumb and finger and threw it to the ground."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

NINE YEARS AFTER.

Kemalist. "WHAT DID SIR EDWARD GREY SAY IN 1913? 'THE TURK MUST CONSOLIDATE HIMSELF IN ASIA MINOR.' WELL, I'M DOING IT."

Young Dreadnought. "DADDY, YOU SAID YOU 'D TAKE ME DOWN TO SEE THE ENGINE."

THE USES OF A GODMOTHER.

Phœbe is my god-daughter, and looks as if she escaped from Elf-land by accident, four years ago. I met her last week for the first time and was naturally nervous as to first impressions, but the path being paved with chocolates I was well received.

Phœbe had just supped, as a clearly-defined high-water mark of milk demonstrated, and the penalty was being enforced.

"Wipe your mouth, darling," said her mother, who is under the impression that she does not spoil her daughter; and then suddenly I felt the soft touch of Phœbe's lips on my cheek and again on my neck.

I won't deny that I was flattered.

"Phœbe," said a patient voice, "I told you to wipe your mouth."

"I have," said Phœbe. "I wiped it on somebody."

"A stranded whale, of the bottle-nosed species, 12 ft. long, was captured by fishermen at Kinghorn, on the Fifeshire coast."
Provincial Paper.

Probably escaped from American waters.

From "Answers to Correspondents":—

"M. M.—You can obtain the perpetual fruiting Lloyd George Raspberry from any fruit tree nursery."—*Provincial Paper.*

Our gardener (a Die-Hard) prefers to call it a "continuous bloomer."

THE CHOCOLATE BUS.

(*A Chocolate Bus, which has nothing whatever to do with the London General Omnibus Company, is now running in London.*)

COME listen, all you children who delight in cakes and sweets,
To the legend of the Chocolate Bus that haunts the London streets!
I think some Fairy Godmother who 's fond of all of us
Must have come to brighten London with the really Chocolate Bus.

And when her notion catches on, as London grows less drab,
We soon will have the Toffee Tram and Bull's-eye Taxi-cab;
The Jujube Tube will follow, and the Nougat Motor-car,
When people see how popular the Chocolate Buses are.

I haven't chanced to see one yet, and don't know where it goes—
I expect it sometimes travels to Kay's Palace in the Snows,
The Witch'es House of Gingerbread must lie amongst its routes,
And the great Estates of Carabas, controlled by Puss-in-Boots.

The ordinary buses take your Mother into "Town,"
And your Father to the "City" where he gets that worried frown,
But the City and the Town are not a bit of use to *us*
Who want to ride to Fairyland inside a Chocolate Bus!

MORE SPORTING THEORY.

THE theory of golf continues to engage the attention of writing people to an extent far beyond its deserts. The theory of other games is neglected. There is, for example, the game, in many ways similar to golf, which is played by three men when the street is under repair. The object is to hit a nail, a large nail, a very large nail indeed, on the head with heavy iron clubs.

I confess that I know very little about the game. I do not even know how the points are scored, whether one man plays the better ball of the other two, or scores simply for his own hand. But it is plain that the theory of the game has been neglected because the players have no friends on the Press, and that is a neglect I may at least endeavour to correct.

At the outset one may note with approval that this game is free from the effeminacy, the fastidiousness about clothes that is beginning to characterise golf. The players do not appear in jasmine jumpers or in rainbow neckties. For them the game is the thing. With the simple directness of unpretentious people they lay aside their coats and waistcoats and are ready to begin.

As in golf, the main stroke is a swing. One hesitates to be dogmatic since one has never played the game oneself, but it may at least be suggested that the swing should be a full swing. A player with the limit handicap would no doubt be in less danger of bringing the club down on his toes if he lifted the head of it about a dozen inches and dropped it gently on the head of the nail, but this short swing is completely destitute of style and might conceivably lead to "barracking" among the spectators, who are usually very numerous.

The club should be taken back quite boldly with both hands, and the eyes fixed on the nail. Any inclination to look up to see if the corner shop is open yet should be firmly resisted until the stroke is completed. The player should stand firmly on the bottom or lower sides of his feet—with his boots on, of course. The boots are not really necessary to the stroke, but they may provide a useful protection in the event of the tee shot being sliced. The grip is important. If the player is facing north the fingers of the left hand should go round the shaft of the club from west to east, and the fingers of the right hand from east to west. The best people let the thumb of each hand go round the shaft the opposite way from the fingers so as to balance the grip. Members of the Colney Hatch club have experimented with all the fingers and thumbs of both hands wrapped round the shaft the same way, but the results have not been impressive. Fancy grips should be avoided. Attempts to let the first and third fingers go round the shaft one way and the second and fourth fingers some other way, like Virginia-creepers, have seldom been satisfactory.

When the club is well under control it should be brought down in the direction of the nail. There is more chance of hitting the nail if the club head is brought down somewhere in its neighbourhood.

Each player should hit the nail in turn, or endeavour to do so. To hit out of one's turn is not considered playing the game, and may lead to unpleasantness.

There is material for several large fat volumes in the theory of the game, but these preliminary observations may serve at least as an introduction to the subject.

Wife. "DON'T BOTHER TO HOLD THE UMBRELLA OVER ME, DEAR. I'M QUITE WET ENOUGH AS IT IS."

A Frugal Swain.

"The bridegroom's gift to the bridesmaid was a gold bracelet, and to the little train-bearers old safety-pins."—*Local Paper.*

"The *bona fides* of some of our girls who go about in white shoes and tennis frocks, and carry rackets have (*sic*) been challenged. It is said that they don't play and only adopt this style for show. The charge needs investigation, and perhaps at the same time a Select Committee might establish whether baggy breeches, sports coat, generous cap, and sling of clubs are necessarily the outward visible signs of he who plays at golf."—*Daily Paper.*

It might also consider the style "of he" who labours at journalism.

THE GARDEN PARTY.

(*A letter from Miss Patricia Fitzsmith, who is in Ireland, to her mother in England.*)

Ballyboggin, Thursday.

DEAR MUMMY,—I don't know if you 'll ever get this, but even if you don't you mustn't worry. The trains aren't going to Dublin. The engine-driver, who is a darling, always says to comfort us, "Well now, with the help of God we might let her out to-morrow." But when to-morrow comes he only takes her a little run up and down the line for exercise.

But I may send this letter by the local confectioner. He goes to Dublin this week and we don't ask why, because we all think he 's in the Republican Secret Service, but it 's best not to know. Anyhow he always offers to post letters.

Then, again, Aunt Kate was depending on him to get her a quiet day for the garden party. She 's been wanting to give a tennis party for a long time, but it didn't seem safe. However, we all agree that Ballyboggin isn't a bit like the rest of Ireland. They 've never had a murder here, and we don't believe the Ballyboggin people would hurt anyone; it 's the other horrible people who try to stir them up. Left alone they 're quite happy standing round the public-house, talking and spitting.

So Aunt Kate went to Murphy, the confectioner, and said in her nice, kind, impressive way, "Mr. Murphy, I want to give a garden party next Wednesday, and I *do* hope the weather will be fine, and that nothing will interfere with things. I shall want some cakes from you."

Murphy looked at the sky and said, "Please God, Mrs. Fitzroy, the day will be fine, but the wind 's a trifle humoursome."

Aunt Kate looked at him and said, "I hope nothing will occur to upset anyone that day, Mr. Murphy. Some ladies are very nervous of firing. I hope the roads will be clear."

Murphy looked at the sky again and said, "I 'm sure no one would want to inconvenience yourself or the Doctor, Mrs. Fitzroy. Howanever there 's some black strangers won't stop at anything. It 's thim causes the trouble."

Aunt Kate looked at him again and said, "I 'm sure I can leave myself in your hands, Mr. Murphy."

Murphy said, "You can so, Mrs. Fitzroy." So we really hoped for the best, especially as the day was the only fine one of the week.

Drilling was going on just as usual. You know the lovely bit of strand below the village. It 's just the place for drill. So the Free State recruits and the Republicans use it turn about. The same sergeant, old Sergeant Quigley, drills them both. He says he 's quite impartial and he hopes they 'll all do him credit, but that he prefers the British Army himself.

Everyone arrived early in the afternoon. The Leslies had nearly upset their motor in a trench and the two Kennys had been lifting their bicycles over trees and had got very warm. Mrs. Kenny had driven round about in the ass cart. She said her nerves had gone to pieces with the things she heard of other places. But we all agreed that Ballyboggin is quite different and that Uncle Dan and Aunt Kate couldn't be annoyed by anyone.

We began to play tennis very happily, and had reached five all and deuce in the next game when there came a most awful fusillade quite near us. The Kennys, who know what real fighting is, took cover promptly in the herbaceous border. They shouted to us to lie flat at once. So Jack Leslie fell down on a rather damp piece of turf. I wanted to lie down, but I couldn't find a nice place for it, the rose bed looked too thorny and I couldn't bear to spoil the antirrhinums. Eileen Leslie wouldn't lie down. She kept running about saying, "What fun! do let 's go and watch."

All the elders made for the house and I followed them. The noise was getting louder and louder. Some one had a machine-gun and the rifles never stopped. Old Mooney, the gardener, came out of the potting-shed to listen. He shook his head very solemnly.

"Thim lads should mind themselves," he said, "they 'll be getting hurt if they 're not careful." He went on to say that he didn't know what the world was coming to and that no one showed consideration for the gentry. "They've a right to go further off from the house," he added, and he wanted to go and tell them so, but I reminded him that far more civilians are shot than combatants, so he went back to the shed.

I went into the drawing-room and found Eileen Leslie in the bay-window that looks down the sea road.

"Oh! do come here, Patsy," she called, "I've never seen a battle before, and it 's so exciting. They're shooting across the road. I don't know which is which quite, but it 's awfully interesting. No one is hurt yet, I 'm glad to say."

Then Aunt Kate appeared. She was very majestic and indignant. She said that people in windows always got shot and that we 'd probably both have lost legs or eyes or lives by the evening if we didn't move. She had ordered tea at once in the morning-room, though Murphy's cakes would stick in her throat, she declared. We found some of the elders sitting on the study floor playing bridge, and the Kennys had forsaken cover and were giving a lecture about gunnery to a mixed crowd of caddies and golfers who had taken shelter in the yard. The only person who was missing was Jimmy Leslie. They said he 'd gone for a priest and to fetch Uncle Dan for the wounded. Jimmy always was noble.

After tea we went back to the tennis-court and there was no more excitement until Jimmy arrived in the motor with Uncle Dan and Father Ryan. Jimmy was terribly scratched and bruised with a fall from his bicycle, but he only wanted to look for the wounded. So we all went out and searched the surrounding fields. We found heaps of spent cartridges but no casualties, until Uncle Dan gave a shout of horror and dismay. We all rushed to him and found him bending over the corpse of our dear old drake, Owen Roe. He always was a daring bird, and I suppose he would go to see the battle. He was shot through the head, poor Owen Roe! We brought him back and gave him a military funeral, as we 'd no heart to eat him.

So that was the end of the bloodless battle of Ballyboggin. But of course Ballyboggin is the only decent village in Ireland, as Uncle Dan says.

However Aunt Kate will probably always blame Murphy.

Yours, PATRICIA.

THE ELFIN PAINTER.

WHEN Summer suns grow fainter
And chilled birds cease to sing,
Unseen the Elfin Painter
Ascends his scaffolding,
And, poised upon his ladder
Against our elm-tree old,
Mixes his pots of madder
And yellow and pale gold.

On walls of green, grown duller
Through August's dust and rain,
He lays a coat of colour
To match the ripened grain.
Rich bronze and red he mixes
To paint the woodland rooms,
Where fairies walk, and pixies,
And elfin brides and grooms.

When fields lie gold for gleaning
And apple-boughs allure,
At Nature's wide house-cleaning
Here 's one toils swift and sure,
Whose crimsons, browns and yellows
Make bright each woodland wall,
And—*hark, ye painter fellows!*—
Who makes no charge at all.

W. H. O.

THE PAINS OF MODESTY.

THE START: ALL SQUARE.

ONE UP.

TWO UP.

FIVE UP.

DORMY NINE.

TEN UP AND EIGHT.

THE CONGRATULATIONS.

THE CUP.

BIRNAM WOOD.

ON my desk there lies a bag containing twenty-four acorns, nice shiny acorns, and when you shake the bag they rattle together pleasantly—like that.

They are waiting to be planted, and this afternoon I shall plant them for the fourth and positively the last time. For these acorns have been planted before. Three times they have started on a promising career as a stately avenue of oak-trees, and three times they have been exhumed again. Three times the family forest has had to tear up its roots and move to another place, and so you will understand why, when Angela and I speak of Birnam Wood, we mean the little bag containing twenty-four acorns which lies on my desk, and which rattles so pleasantly when you shake it—like that.

There were thirty acorns in the bag when Angela and I first went in for afforestation, but the exigencies of the service have claimed six of them. It is sometimes a difficult matter to find an acorn again when once it has been well and truly buried.

It all started a couple of months ago, because Angela insisted from the very beginning that an ancestral home—even if only semi-detached—which is not surrounded by the family timber is ridiculous. Now some people inherit family timber; some people buy it ready-made; but comparatively few people grow it for themselves. This is our distinction, and when I first took Angela up to see the rapidly rising walls of the little house in the Garden Village which was to be our first ancestral home, I took the little bag with its thirty acorns in my pocket. The walls were only three feet high at the time, but oak-trees grow slowly and there was really little, if any, time to be lost. And so, while Angela tried to estimate the size of the rooms with a view to carpets, or measured the piled-up window frames with a view to curtains, I planted the avenue of oak-trees. They were a little crowded between the gate and the front-door, but then, if you take them in time, oak-trees are very like radishes, they can always be thinned out.

I gave a lot of time and attention to the planting of the avenue, and Angela gave a lot of time and imagination to her estimates for carpets and curtains, so that with one thing and another we put off going to see the house-agent to settle the thing finally until after our ancestral home had been sold to some one else.

But it was obviously impossible to leave the avenue where it was. The people who had bought the house might not be fond of oak-trees, and nothing is so upsetting as waking up some morning and finding an avenue of oak-trees in your garden if you don't care for them. Besides, although it might be their house it was our avenue. And so, surreptitiously, furtively, when dusk was falling, I recovered the acorns and put them back in their little bag. But there were only twenty-eight of them now; two had become lost to us for ever. They will be a couple of sturdy trees one of these days, but I expect our rights in them will have lapsed by then.

The negotiations for the purchase of "Honeysuckle Cottage" were practically completed when I again planted the avenue. There was more room at "Honeysuckle Cottage," and the twenty-eight oak-trees, fourteen on either side of the path, were really a noble sight. We often used to go in the evenings and stand hand-in-hand and look at them and listen to the wind rustling their leaves. Angela even wanted to sling a hammock between two of the finest of them, but I felt that this would be taking too great a liberty with property which, after all, wasn't really ours yet, and I dissuaded her.

But we didn't buy "Honeysuckle Cottage." The negotiations broke down over a mere detail, the price.

So once more Birnam Wood, or as much as we could find of it, returned to its bag. I thought the little fellows looked a bit pitiful as one by one they came up into the light of day, and I remarked upon it to Angela.

"We really must find a permanent home for them soon," I said.

"And for ourselves too," said Angela.

I had an inspiration. "Why not build one?" I said.

If you build your ancestral home for yourself all you need is a field, and fields are easier to find than houses—there are more of them. Besides houses are all different, and you feel that you ought to see them all before deciding; but, as Dr. JOHNSON once pointed out, all fields are pretty much alike.

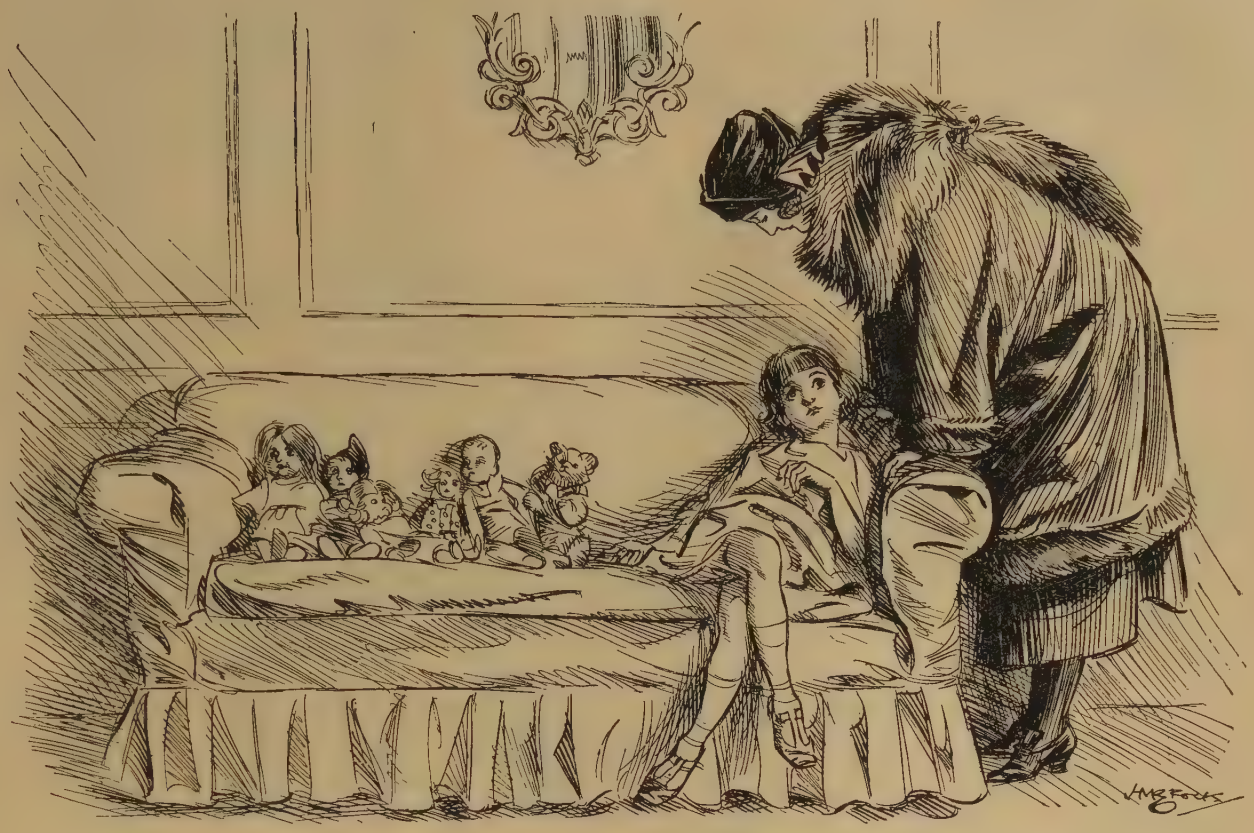
And what a chance for Birnam Wood! What a noble avenue we could make of it with a whole virgin field to go at, and no house. The thought fascinated us; indeed it did more, it decided us.

We found on the outskirts of our little town a field which might have been made for us, for at regular intervals round the edges grew a dozen or more oak-trees. True, they were better grown than Birnam Wood, but we thought that if we planted our oak-trees at once and watered them pretty often they might catch the others up. So we lost no time, and soon our twenty-six noble oak-trees were marching bravely, two-by-two, across the field from the gateway to the site of our as yet undesigned ancestral home.

"Won't it be beautiful!" said Angela ecstatically, clasping her hands . . .

As a matter of fact it won't. Of course we ought to have made inquiries about the field before planting the avenue, but we were so anxious to give

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.
MR. MASEFIELD PREPARES HIS MORNING BATH.



Little Girl (regretfully). "I'M AFRAID I'M GETTING A LITTLE *PASSÉE* FOR THESE DOLLS."

it a decent start. I consider that we were really less to blame than the Corporation. There was no reason that I could see why they should have bought just that particular field for an extension of the cemetery.

When Birnam Wood came up for the third time things were beginning to look serious. As I pointed out to Angela, no decent wood can stand this sort of thing indefinitely.

And then, two days later, the improbable happened; we found the perfect house. What was more, there was ample room in the garden for all the oak-trees remaining to us. And, incredible as it may sound, the house was for sale, and we were in time to buy it.

But, with my pen already in my hand and my cheque-book open before me, I thought of the homeless wanderings of Birnam Wood and I paused.

"Angela," I said, "I will buy this house on one condition."

"What's that?" she asked anxiously.

"That we call it Dunsinane."

Angela's brows met in a puzzled frown.

"Why Dunsinane?" she said.

"Because," I replied, "while there is ample evidence that Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane, there is none that it ever left it."

So this afternoon I plant the avenue for the last time. Whatever happens to us, Birnam Wood is a fixture anyway.

"PROMOTION.

Payr. Lt. S. —— at own request, on expiration of foreign service leave."
Scots Paper.

This will confirm the belief, current in Naval circles, that "Pay" is the spoiled darling of the Service.

A CONUNDRUM.

WHAT is this?——

It is a common object of the London streets. In fact, London would not be London without it.

It is most visible and active in August and December.

You hardly ever see it in the country.

You never see it at night.

It was once so tiny as to be helpless. It is now helpful or nothing.

Although once so tiny it would never be bigger than it is now.

It is outside size.

It would be terrible doubled.

Although never larger than a hot-water bottle it can stop a motor-bus.

It ought to be whiter than snow, but as the day wears on it isn't.

It is never so white as on occasions of State—such as Lord Mayor's Day, Royal weddings, Arrivals of Foreign Rulers.

Few sights are more welcome to timid persons.

None are more unwelcome to the impatient. Indeed it can reduce the impatient to frenzy.

It is at its best in the open air.

He would be both a bold and foolish man who dared to resist it.

No one shakes it till the evening.

Unlike the barometer, its rise is more irritating than its fall.

It is an impressive sight even to taxi-drivers.

It causes us to lose trains and be late for meals and appointments.

It has probably saved more lives than were lost in the War.

None the less it is the constant cause of rage and profanity.

It is, very possibly, futile in the home.

There is no appeal against it.

The Parisians could do with a few like it.

When not working it is the most ordinary affair.

It has certain superficial resemblances to yours.

(*Continued on page 264, column 2.*)

Sportsman (who has induced a friend to come out cubbing). "WELL, OLD CHAP, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? FEELING A BIT LIKE MAZEPPA?"

Friend (between bumps). "WISH I WAS—HE WAS TIED ON."

THE DIE-HARDS.

WE are the Die-Hards. Not the political kind, but that sterner sort that bathe before breakfast *all the year round.* I say "We" are the Die-Hards and I say—and write—it with pride, for I have just joined that splendid body of men. It is only when I come to that phrase "all the year round" that I begin to think solemnly, even shudderingly, of that fair May morning when I pledged myself to uphold the proud title of "Die-Hard." I thought of it, that typically summer morning last week, when a clammy something like cold gravy splashed upon the bedroom window and I lay snug beneath the eider-down listening to the local fog signals. I am beginning to wonder what I shall think about it in November—and on Christmas morning, when we still uphold our title of Die-Hard, uncheered by cups of Beefo (free) or the stimulating presence of the Press photographer, for Molesey Weir enjoys none of the Serpentine's publicity. However, one morning at a time. The summer weather that was ours by right in July may be ours in actuality, perchance, when winter comes.

The Die-Hards, as a whole, present the appearance rather of a fierce religious sect; say, one of the sterner outgrowths of Mohammedanism. Every Die-Hard brings with him a mat. He usually brings in addition a dog, but the mat is indispensable. The mat is to undress upon. Remember that dread phrase "all the year round," and you will understand the necessity for the mat. You may emerge from the water to find your mat covered with dust, soaked with rain, sleet or snow (according to season), subsiding gently into the mud or serving as a blotting pad for the dripping dog of some brother Die-Hard; but a mat is indispensable by reason of its moral value. It helps us to realise that we *are* Die-Hards, self-respecting City men, and not, as ribald lie-abeds might claim, perhaps, a gathering of mud-larks.

There is no limit to the thrilling things you may do when in the water, but you must be out of it by eight o'clock. The Thames Conservancy says so, and it sometimes takes a matutinal stroll to see that it *is* so. It has never been disappointed in its high estimation of our sense of discipline—no, not even yesterday morning.

The Colonel was the first to descry the quasi-maritime uniform of the Conservancy looming through the mist, and it was the Colonel who first realised that Sonny, a sprightly lad of sixty-two, was still in the water. The Colonel showed himself still the great man he was at Mons. With a gesture of the right eyelid he caused the red-capped head of Sonny, making shorewards, to disappear mysteriously. With an equally subtle movement of his left foot he amalgamated Sonny's pile of clothing with his own. Now, according to all the rules of the game, what should have happened was just this: The Conservancy should have said "Good Morning," passed on, and Sonny would have emerged, a chastened and, for the future, more punctual man. A little out of breath, perhaps, from long immersion, but happy in that he had not "let us down."

But see what actually occurred. The Conservancy (oh, the horror of it!) stopped to talk. When, after thirty seconds of conversation, Sonny's head reappeared for the third time, his face was of an identical hue with his scarlet water-polo cap. I think we were all half afraid to look at the purple visage

which presently emerged to stare aghast at the unhappy Colonel, now dragged into a lengthy discourse upon dace by the leisurely representative of Law. It was clearly a question of Sonny's breath and the Colonel's nerve holding out together. We were all sorry for Sonny, but sorrier for the Colonel when Conservancy presently touched upon the subject of "eel-bucks."

We sighted Sonny (like some sort of buoy, scarlet as to the top-half, black as to the lower) once more during that conversation. Seeing that the Colonel was our natural spokesman we waited for his lead as to the next development. We just gazed drearily at the spot where Sonny last was seen—much farther out and near the weir-man's barge. Time passed—but there must obviously be a limit to the Colonel's drying—the rest of us were already fully clothed. With shaking hands the unhappy warrior smuggled on his friend's (his late friend's?) socks. In a kind of dream we watched him by a species of legerdemain attire himself in two vests, a waistcoat, two shirts and a sweater much too small for him. Between following the law's chit-chat and watching for bubbles the Colonel was far too shaken to discriminate, he simply forged his way through the pile of garments, taking everything as it came. It was not until the miserable man was confronted with Sonny's nether garments, and was obviously wondering if he might venture to festoon himself with them as with a species of cummerbund, that the Law slowly retired. . . .

"Just strolled along to see the lock-keeper about those eel-traps—not to look after *you* gentlemen, of course . . . ha, ha, ha!"

* * * * *

We are all of us, I fear, too apt at times to be callous to the sufferings of others. When Sonny appeared immediately upon the Law's retirement, gleefully full of the cunning which had prompted him to make his way under water to the weir-man's barge, dive beneath, come up the other side, and climb on board for an early cup of cocoa with the venerable weir-keeper—when, I say, he explained all this to what was left of the Colonel, one of us at least must confess to being *almost* disappointed.

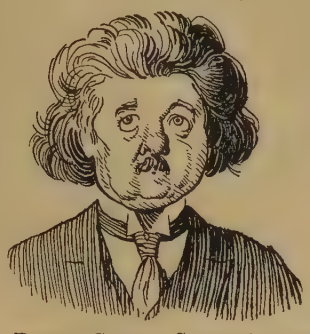
I did so want to see what the Colonel would have done with Sonny's boots.

"E. Barton, of the Glendale C.C., Forest Gate, against Forest Gate Y.M.C.A., took six wickets with each ball of an over. The Y.M.C.A. side totalled 6, and the last man in made 5 of them."—*Cologne Post.*

At Forest Gate, we gather, they play thirty-seven a side.

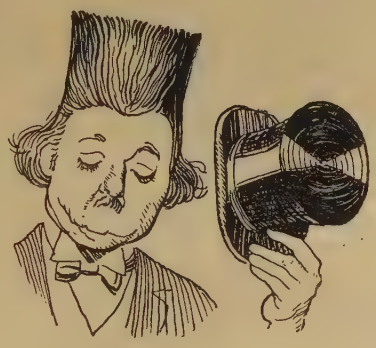
WOMAN GENERALLY ARRANGES HER COIFFURE—

TO SUIT HER HAT—



BUT IN SIGNOR CRINITO'S CASE—

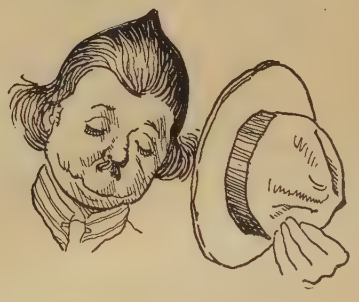
EACH—



HAT—

AUTOMATICALLY—

ADJUSTS—



HIS COIFFURE.

An Evergreen.

"Miss Venne, known as 'the actress of 1,000 parts,' was 7 years old last May."
Evening Paper.

"SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY'S ASCENT OF SNOWDON.
Aged six years, Ronald ——, who is staying at Bangor, ascended and descended London last week."—*Manchester Paper.*

We are ashamed to say we never noticed him.

Marriage à la Turque.

"The bride was charmingly attired in an ivory striped radiant, with an overdress of lace and sequins, and carried a sheaf of harem lilies."—*Welsh Paper.*

From "Situations Required":—
"Parlourmaid (head), equal to butler."
Daily Paper.

But how can she tell until she meets him?

Small Boy (*who has been told he must drink the bride's health*). "EUGH! BRIDE'S HEALTH *IS* NASTY. MAY I HAVE SOME GINGER-BEER?"

AUTUMN NIGHTS.

POETS have hymned the nights of June that fair and faery are,
Nights when the sunlight lingers late, banishing moon and star;
When the lily and rose are scarce asleep ere the new day's clarions ring;
When the dark is short and the day is long and the shining sun is king.

But one who has wandered over the world by East and South and West,
He knows the worth of a friendly face and he finds old friends the best;
And so when the roses of June are done right welcome he extends
To the darkling nights of the autumn tide that fill the sky with friends.

For men are many and prone to change and the trusted men betray,
And the sunniest day is a thankless thing with the faces of friends away;
And he who has wandered over the world fearful of men must grow,
And gives his heart to the stars above and a darkened earth below.

For whether a tramp on the hills of Home where the heather oceans heave,
Or bucketing South by the Bitter Lakes at the end of a vanished leave,
Let men be bountiful or deny, let daylight dazzle or dim,
Vega and Rigel and Regulus will keep their tryst with him.

Whether it 's green seas west of Galle or the wet woods of Tavoy,
Whether the crests of the Nilgiris or the beaches of Minikoi,
Whether the dawn be merry or sad, the day bring profit or loss,
There will not fail when the dark comes down the Centaur and the Cross.

Wherefore do wandering men rejoice in the nights of a northern June,
But—bearing in mind that Junes are short and that winter followeth soon,
That faces are many and friends are few and the life men live is lone—
Are well content with the darkling nights that bring back into their own
The old companions set in the sky, remembered friends and known.

H. B.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The British National Opera Company is, first and foremost, a co-operative concern. Sphinx-like, it arose out of the ashes of the Beecham Opera Company."—*Provincial Paper.*

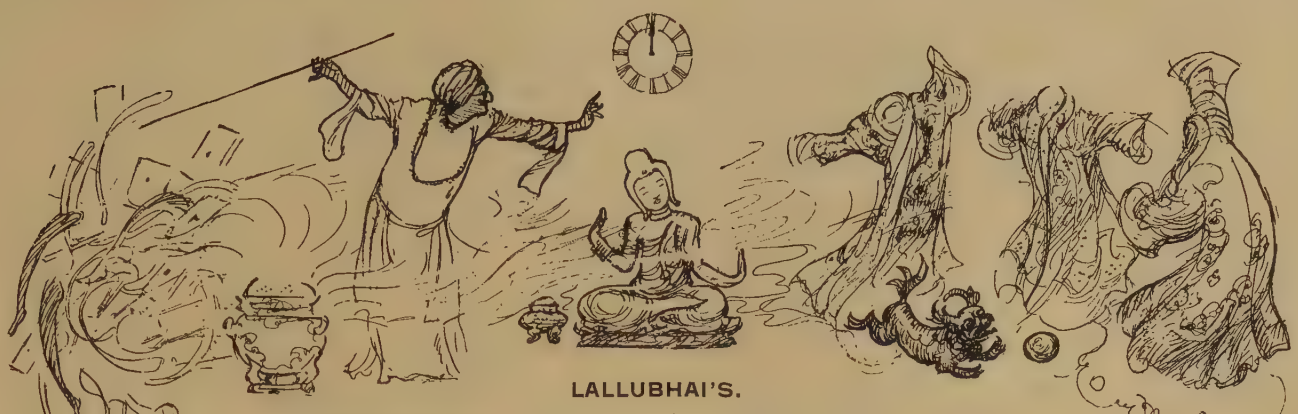
"The system which is 10,000 light years away consists of two enormous suns revolving around one another at a distance of about 55,000,000 miles at speeds of 128 and 154 miles per second respectfully."—*Local Paper.*

55,000,000 miles is indeed a respectful distance.

At the recent examination of a Forest college in India one of the students, answering a question about bridle paths, wrote, "The bridal path is often steep and difficult," and the examiner, a much-married man, gave the lad full marks.

'PLANE TALES FROM THE HILLS.

First Indian Airman (*after a forced descent*). "WELL, AT ANY RATE WE HAVE THE CONSOLATION OF KNOWING THAT THEY'RE NOT ECONOMISING ON CIVIL FLYING AT HOME."



LALLUBHAI'S.

Mr. Lallubhai stands and smiles
On the steps of his fairy store,
Luring you in to those silken piles,
To the glitter of gems galore.
And you 'll walk, maybe, down the splendid aisles
In the glare of the morning light—
But the time to visit Lallubhai's
Is the middle of the night.

For it 's then that the manager takes his rod
And taps on a Canton urn,
And the big bronze Buddhas begin to nod
And the joss-sticks start to burn,
While djinns and boggarts and all things odd
Oscillate weird and white—
That 's what happens at Lallubhai's
In the middle of the night.

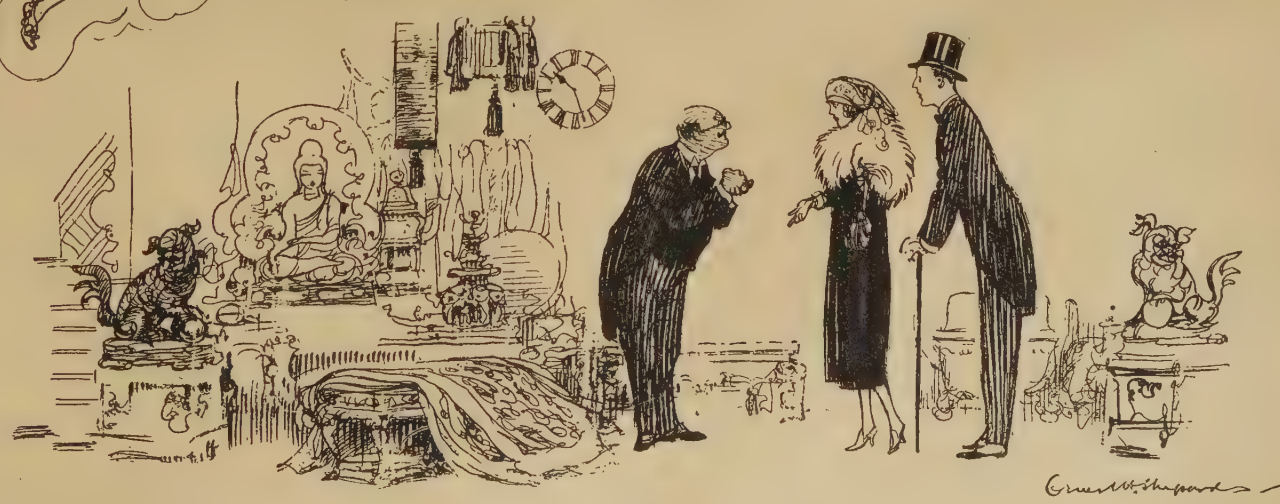
Then Mr. Lallubhai starts to play
On a Persian flageolet,
And the Chinese trousers wriggle and sway
And the pale kimonos fret,
Till, quit of the pegs where they hang by day,
They join in the merry rite—
That 's what happens at Lallubhai's
In the middle of the night.

There are Japanese boxes in neat little rows,
Boxes that burst in half
At the passionate pressure of magical hose
Suddenly filled with calf;
And out jump the plump little legs pell-mell,
Dancing for sheer delight—
That 's what happens at Lallubhai's
In the middle of the night.

For supper all that a spook may wish,
That an oufe can need, is theirs,
A cocoanut head and a tortoiseshell dish,
And imitation pears;
Ivory plantains and flexible fish
To whet the appetite—
That 's the banquet at Lallubhai's
In the middle of the night.

And if a customer pass that way,
He is met by a beaming host,
Who shows him his treasures and bids him say
Just what he fancies most;
But should that customer wish to pay,
'Twould be a most grievous slight—
For everything's free at Lallubhai's
In the middle of the night.

So if it 's a rug that you wish to own,
Or a carved Tibetan chair,
A Burma tusk or a precious stone,
Or a cloak that the Arabs wear,
Don't go to that store of a morn and groan
That money is far too tight—
But come along down to Lallubhai's
In the middle of the night. J. M. S.



THE CRUISE OF THE "CLIO."

IV.

"*KEEP close to the coast, and have courage,*" said the French Admiral in the twelfth and last paragraph of his Sailing Instructions to the West African convoy. And that has been our working motto. It is indeed a wise and pleasant thing to have the land, however rocky, within reasonable swimming distance. And on a stormy night the Mariner does well to keep the lights of Bournemouth in sight, reminding him that after all there are worse places than the sea.

But not many. And looking through the Log of this tremendous voyage on the high seas, I see that the really great moments were those we spent upon the land, recuperating. What goodly and joyful places are the Saloon Bars of the Harbour Inns at ——, ——, ——, ——, and ——! Do not misunderstand me. There are yachtsmen, I know, who are content to dine and sleep upon their yacht in carefully selected havens, joining it by train at the next port; but we are not of those. All our sailing has been done by sea. I merely remark—How goodly and joyful it is to arrive at the places mentioned on the South Coast!

And this is odd, when you consider how thick upon that coast is the generation of evil men. Few, indeed, are the inn-keepers like Mr. Treasure of the "Greyhound" at ——, a man of such benignity and tact that it was as much as we could do to make him present us with a bill. Food, wine, and dry clothes were heaped upon us, and, if he could in any way contrive it, *gratis*. All other hotel-keepers have invariably made us pay for everything we had—the low skunks.

Then there was the simple, unspoiled community of ——. Late one night, sailing like an angel in the cloudy moonlight, the *Clio* came swiftly into a place called Dead Man's Cove, a place of steep beaches and high forbidding cliffs, a small edition of Gibraltar, but without the harbour. It stands wide open to the south-west, and if the wind blows from that quarter, a huge sea comes out of the Atlantic, and, snatching up the Mariner's ridiculous boat, batters it to fragments on the toughest kind of rock.

"In 1823," says the little book cheerily, "in a westerly gale, three transports were smashed to pieces in Dead Man's Cove, with great loss of life."

But to-night the wind was easterly, and we were very wet. The *Clio* headed gaily for the dusky shore. Peter and I stood in the bows, gingerly preparing the intolerable anchor.

Out of the darkness came a gruff but helpful voice:—

"Boat ahoy! You can't anchor there."

"Can't I!" said Peter, and let the vile thing go.

After that, as is the custom of the sea, we rapidly rowed ashore. Suddenly out of nowhere appeared some thirty shadowy figures. Ah! the rough good-hearted fishermen, how they ran down the beach to meet us, and with glad cries hauled the dinghy up the precipitous beach, with many a "Ha!" and "Ho!" and also "Up she comes!"

"Cheerily, my lads!" I cried, bending my body with a will, but taking care not to strain myself.

Yes, they were glad to see us, those fisher-folk. We loaded them with thanks. They would not accept them. What *did* they want? we wondered. Ah!

It was years, one gathered, since any Mariner had been fool enough to anchor in that place, and all their minds were full of that occasion. One veteran, with the splendid *camaraderie* of the sea, proceeded to predict every kind of misfortune for the *Clio*. The others crowded behind him, muttering grimly in the moonlight, like the Chorus of a Greek play; and every now and then the word "Redwing" came to our ears, and always with the hint of doom.

"This be a terrible bad place to lie," said the veteran proudly.

"Ay, 'tes a wicked place," said another, with gusto. "Happen the wind goes westerly, she 'll be on they rocks in no time."

"Ay," boomed the Chorus gleefully, "she will so."

"What weight anchor have you?" asked the Chorus-Leader.

"About a ton," said I, having had some dealings with the thing.

"That won't hold her, nor two tons neither," was the sorrowful reply. "Terrible bad holding that be. Now if that was my boat d' you know what I 'd do?"

"No," said the Captain politely.

"I'll tell you what I'd do if that was my boat. I'd put three or four young fishermen aboard, so 's they 'd be handy if the wind went west. D' ye see that moon?" he added with sudden intensity, gripping the Captain's shoulder.

"I see it," said the Captain. The moon looked perfectly normal.

"Westerly wind, for sure," said the wise old liar.

"Ay, 'tis a westerly moon," boomed the chorus.

"Well, I'll risk it," said the Captain; "the fact is, I wouldn't ask any of you to spend a night in that boat. She 's not fit for human consumption. You 'd get your feet wet. She leaks."

"Is that so?" said one hopefully. "Maybe she 'd want pumping out during the night?"

"Happen she 'd sink before morning," said another.

"I wouldn't like to see her sink where she 's lying now," said the leader. "'Tis a wicked place for a boat to sink. Terrible deep watter that be. Fifty fathom, or more."

"Sixty," corrected another.

"More like seventy," said a fifth. "D 'ye mind the *Redwing*?"

"Ay, the *Redwing*," said every man darkly.

"Well, I 'll risk it," said the Captain again. "Where 's the nearest hotel?"

FROM THE GUN-ROOM.

Midshipman. "I SAY, I 'VE HAD AN ABSURD LETTER FROM MY TAILOR. HE INSISTS ON MY PAYING THE BILL. HOW WOULD YOU TACKLE HIM?"

Second Midshipman. "YOU MIGHT BEGIN, 'SIR, YOURS RECEIVED. REFERRING TO THE HAT THROUGH WHICH YOU WERE TALKING . . . .'"

ZOOLOGICAL.

Uncle. "NOW, DEAR, HAD ALL YOU WANT?" *Niece.* "I THINK I'D LIKE ANOTHER MERINGUE-OUTANG."

In the pale light an expression of infinite reproach was visible on all those weather-beaten faces. It was almost more than we could bear. But we bore it. We went away to bed.

Next morning when we leapt from our beds about noon, the wind was still safely north-east, and the *Clio* still rolled bonnily in the August rain. Circumstances prevented us from sailing that day. All day it rained, and we chafed in the billiard-room, sighing for the open sea. And all day the thirty fishermen leaned gloomily against "The Crab and Mackerel," staring the lonely *Clio* out of countenance. When we returned from pumping her out, willing hands did *not* haul the dinghy up the beach. But one of the honest fellows observed:—

"I wouldn't leave that boat with no one in 'er to-night, I wouldn't, not if she was mine. Wind's going westerly."

"Not to-night," I said, knowingly. "Do you see that cloud?"

"Ay."

"That 's a sure sign," I said. "Besides, it 's Monday."

The man looked at me with a new respect, as one sailor looks at another.

Next morning, sure enough, the wind was south-west, light but freshening. The *Clio* had already dragged her anchor and was appreciably nearer the rocks. Just before going on board to get up sail we happened to enter the inn—to replenish our water-jars. All the fishermen were there, all discussing the *Clio*, but now, it seemed, with a new hopefulness. A bright fire burned in the grate, and, after all, there is nothing like the cheerful fires of August.

"Good-day, Captain," cried the veteran. "What be you hurryin' away for? Bide along here another night and go away with the marnin' tide, Captain."

"Ay, 'tis a fine little harbour, so it is," said another. "You 've no need to sail to-day, Captain."

"Wind's getting up," said we. "She's dragged a long way already."

"Not she—she 's never moved an inch," they cried. "Wind 's droppin', Captain. Don't you leave us, Captain."

Loyal fellows—they had learned to love us. We gave them beer. But as we parted I said to one of them:—

"Do you mind telling me about the *Redwing*?"

"Ah!" he answered, with a friendly wink. "Why, Sir, she ran on they rocks las' September and kep' us all in firewood ever since. We be terrible short now. We thought maybe you'd help us out like." And he looked with melancholy at the dying fire.

"Well, you 'll never burn *our* boat," I told him. "She 's much too wet."

"You never know," he said kindly. "Good-bye, Sir—and come again."

A. P. H.

"The Paradox of the Prince of Wales . . . His cap is velvet, turned up with ermine and having a tassel of golf on the crown."
Scots Paper.

Very appropriate for the Captain-elect of the Royal and Ancient.

"A ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of indigestion being completed in about eighty-five minutes."
Weekly Paper.

Every schoolboy knows this.

THE WISHING PIPE.

I HAVE an aunt who has fallen into the bad habit of remembering my birthday. I say bad habit because she is one of those people who always *remember* that they have remembered one's birthday, and who if, as so often happens in the case of my aunt, they have marked the occasion by the presentation of a knitted neck-tie of particularly ghastly hue, expect to see it worn day in and day out, regardless of fashion or congruity of back-ground, until the cycle of the months brings round another birthday and with it another tie if anything more revolting than the first.

Yesterday rounded off one more of my allotted three score and ten years, though I did not realise the fact until just before lunch, when one of Mr. KELLAWAY'S assistants brought a small parcel addressed to me in my Aunt Agatha's spidery hand, and containing an offering "to dear Mark, on his forty-third birthday, from Aunt Aggie."

I opened it with a feeling of dull foreboding. With what fresh sartorial atrocity was I to be compelled to decorate my person? Hideous memories of last year's woollen waistcoat surged up in my mind as I cut the string.

But Aunt Agatha's imagination had taken her farther afield this time; it was a pipe, and a handsome pipe at that, straight-grained, with an aristocratic silver band round its waist, and a patent arrangement at the bottom of the bowl for ensnaring the nicotine. On the side of the stem was carved the trade-mark "MAGICK."

"Good old Aunt Aggie!" I thought as I turned it over; "I wanted a new one badly. I will christen it after lunch."

Now I do not know whether this fact has any bearing on the rest of my story, but I set it down here and the reader must judge: we had treacle duff for lunch; treacle duff and XXXXX Ale; moreover there is in my study an extremely comfortable arm-chair.

There is something luxurious and extravagant about the ease with which tobacco is slipped into the bowl of a brand-new pipe; no knocking out of hardened dottle is needed, no dentistry with a rusty penknife; just a gentle downward pressure of the thumb, the application of a match, a soft inward breath, and a delicious blue haze rolls up before the eyes. No, this is not an advertisement.

I cannot say how long I had been sitting enjoying the use of my aunt's gift before I felt a cold draught blowing down the nape of my neck, and looking round saw that the study door was wide open. Rising, with a feeling of annoyance, to shut it, I was startled to see a man seated in the arm-chair opposite to mine.

He had the appearance of extreme old age, his beard and hair were of unusual length, and he was dressed in a long flowing robe of some grey material.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," I said rather irritably, "I didn't see you come in. But I wish to goodness you 'd shut the door after you."

"There now," exclaimed the stranger, getting up and closing the door, "that 's one of 'em gone! You've only got two wishes left now. It really was very careless of you, and you could so easily have shut it yourself too. Still, I suppose you couldn't be expected to know."

"Upon my word, Sir——" I burst out; but my visitor held up a deprecating hand.

"Now for Heaven's sake don't be hasty," he said, "or you'll ruin all your chances. Allow me to explain." He motioned me to my chair, and I sat down. "I am the Genie of the Pipe." He said this slowly and impressively, and looked at me as though he expected me to fall down and worship him. But I was angry and not in the least impressed.

"If you 've come about the drains," I said, "you'll have to see my wife, but she's not in at present. Call again to-morrow morning."

"You mistake my meaning," said the old man; "I am the Genie of the Pipe—the pipe you are smoking. Whoever smokes it may have three wishes granted, and three only. You have already exhausted one. You have two left."

"Then I wish you would stop talking arrant rubbish and explain who you are and what you are doing in my study."

"I am the Genie of the Pipe," chanted the stranger in a dreary monotone, "and I stay on now merely to grant you your third and only remaining wish. Think well before you use this power." And he rose to go.

"Hold on a moment," I said, jumping up, "don't go yet; I think I get the idea. I suppose I can wish for anything, material or abstract?"

"Your wish, no matter what, shall be granted. But be careful."

"I see. Then supposing I wish that I may never die?"

"You will live for ever."

"What if I were to commit suicide?"

"You would fail."

"How very uncomfortable! Wait a bit, though; give me time." I thought for a moment, and the brilliant idea came to me.

"I've got it!" I cried. "I wish—I must get this right—I wish that all my wishes from now until the end of my life may be gratified. There—I think that's done you."

But the old man had vanished and my pipe had gone out.

My wife says I must have fallen asleep in my chair; she says I always do after lunch. I wonder. But I am keeping Aunt Agatha's pipe until my brother-in-law comes to stay with us. Then I shall tell him the story and get him to try it.

Meanwhile I have done nothing to test the efficacy of my third wish. Here goes:—

I wish all this had never happened. That ought to give the old gentleman something to think about!

THE ONLY POSSIBLE PROFESSION.

[A daily paper kindly points out, as a consolation to ugly people, that "the endeavour to look one's best exerts a reaction upon the mental outlook and breeds self-confidence and assurance."]

BELIEVE me, it wasn't original sin
Nor born inclination to wallow
In ways that are wicked that made me begin
The shady career that I follow;
Nor was it the case, as has happened to some,
That the end of my humble resources
And imminent poverty bade me succumb
To the glamour of criminal courses.

Though early in life I regretfully found
The features that I 'd been allotted
Had none of the charms that in others abound
(They are painfully purple and spotted),
I was honest enough till the view was expressed
That assurance would be my possession
If always I strove to appear at my best,
And that 's why I chose my profession.

Fair Honesty's path I determined to quit,
Reluctantly heaving a full sigh;
I purchased a jemmy, I borrowed a bit,
I saved up enough for a bull's-eye.
And now as I face my nefarious task
I am thrilled with a lively elation,
For I feel at my best when I put on a mask
In order to ply my vocation.

"WHAT I CAN'T—

STICK—

AT ANY PRICE—

ARE THESE—

ROTTEN—

CHEAP—

TRASHY—

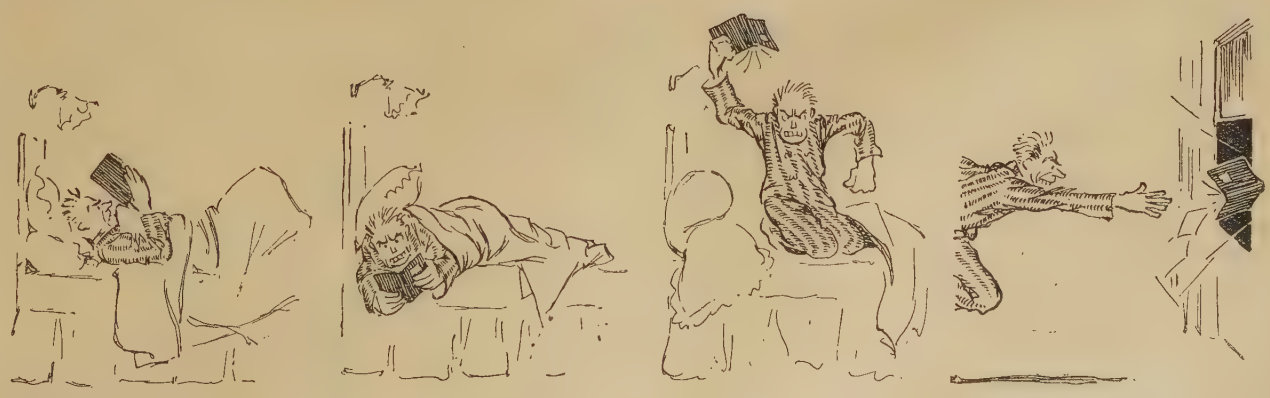
BADLY-WRITTEN—

SENSATIONAL—

NOVELS—

THAT YOU CAN'T—

STOP—



READING—

UNTIL YOU'VE—

FINISHED—

THE HORRIBLE THINGS."

AT THE PLAY.

"EAST OF SUEZ" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

SUCH enormous pains did Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM and his producer, Mr. BASIL DEAN, at His Majesty's, take to produce in us the right frame of mind for his new Pekingese play, *East of Suez*, that one has a feeling that the least one could have done in self-preparation was to have dined off bird's-nest soup and a puppy-dog.

The curtain rose on a most elaborate and well-contrived street scene in Peking, in which real Chinese supers, with others of native breed, jostled and wrangled and traded very convincingly, the while Mr. Chang Tim's orchestra obliged with "Bapanyümoy-Jên" and that diverting popular trifle "See-Bee." A bustling scene, broadly in comic vein. I didn't know what I now know, how impudently irrelevant it was to the tragic theme which followed. Of that, however, Mr. EUGENE GOOSSENS' nicely calculated cacophonies were designed, perhaps, to give us the hint.

East of Suez, we are instructed, there are fewer commandments. But there is one that simply cannot be broken with impunity—"Thou shalt not wed a Eurasian." And this is precisely what the infatuated *Henry* proposed. . . . His perfectly irresistible little widow—a half-caste, true, my dear *George*, but such a perfect darling—is just about to call to be introduced. *George* is gloomy about it; recalls that when he was ten years younger he had desperately wanted to marry a Eurasian girl but had had the good sense to remember his career and cut away before it was too late; urges *Henry* towards the same wise course. But *Henry* is a simple, loyal and pig-headed soul. . . . The door opens. Of course *Henry's* little widow is *George's* old love, *Daisy!*

Daisy is no widow. She had, in fact, after *George's* prudent desertion been sold, a poor innocent of seventeen, by her deplorable mother, to the elderly *Lee Tai Cheng*, whom she has now left. Her marriage with *Henry* will enable her to begin life over again and run straight. Indeed, she has not been happy! *George* will give her a chance and not tell *Henry* the facts? He will.

Thus is *George* tied; and *Henry* duly married for *Daisy's* convenience. It is *George* she wants and means to have, and in the background you have that imperturbably sinister and persistent person, *Lee Tai Cheng*, who is just as determined to get back his *Daisy*.

I will not spoil your pleasure by telling you how precisely and deftly Mr. MAUGHAM dresses and cooks this strong meat.

Some more quite irrelevant pageantry—a wedding procession and a religious exercise in a Buddhist temple—suggests that he, perhaps, intends an experiment in a new art of spectacular melodrama based upon screen practice.

There can be no question of the enthusiasm of the reception. I prophesy a long run. Miss MEGGIE ALBANESI very cleverly suggests the underlying savagery, the dreadful streak of commonness, the unscrupulous tears and lies, the hungry sensuality of the half-caste, *Daisy*. She missed, I think, the gentle tenderness which alone could have bound such men as *George* and *Henry* so completely. Miss MARIE AULT'S study of a Chinese woman was most warmly appreciated. Mr. C. V. FRANCE seemed a most plausible *Lee Tai Cheng*. *Henry* and *George* were honestly played by Mr. MALCOLM KEEN and Mr. BASIL RATHBONE, and Mr. HENRY KENDALL was resourceful as a pleasantly silly ass. T.

THE PRISONER AND THE INADEQUATE ROPE.

Daisy . . . . . Miss MEGGIE ALBANESI.
The Amah (a Chink) . . . . . Miss MARIE AULT.

"THE RETURN" (GLOBE).

I suppose you might label *The Return* as sentimental farce, a most difficult mixture to compound, and swallow. The scene is laid in Paris.

Prelude. Jacques expected home from the War by *Colette* his wife. He will be changed. She has had the loveliest letters from him. No longer will he be obsessed by his comfortable slippers (thinks she) and his hateful "papers." He returns. He is pretty much the same.

Act I. He continues the same. *Colette*, confirmed sentimentalist, creates wild scenes, picks quarrels, demands divorce for incompatibility.

Act II. Jacques feigns agreement. But he must choose his successor, one who will be able to look after her; so collects several of the least attractive Parisian beavers. *Colette*, however, prefers to choose for herself, *Marcel*, a young Naval officer who has been sending flowers for six months.

Act III. Jacques's card has been sent to *Marcel*. The two meeting accidentally, the rules of the duel are relaxed to admit of a short conference. *Colette* implores them for her sake not to kill each other, to discuss her calmly. They, with difficulty, promise. Accidentally it transpires that it was *Marcel's* regiment that relieved *Jacques* on the Yser (*Marcel* then serving with the Marines); it was *Marcel* who had afterwards knocked out that infernal machine-gun.

The *terrain* is rapidly reconstructed; a book here, a vase there, *Colette's* photograph, the cigarette box. Their voices rise with the excitement of reminiscence. The relief map is swept to the floor with a crash. A terror-stricken *Colette* bursts in—to find they have forgotten her entirely! A quite admirable little scene, very deftly played by Mr. GEORGE TULLY (*Jacques*) and Mr. JACK HOBBS (*Marcel*). It was the real beginning and end of the play. The rest was diffuse, uncertain; would not march.

It is a tribute, then, to the authors, MM. ROBERT DE FLERS and FRANÇOIS DE CROISSET, and the translator and adapter, Mr. ARTHUR WIMPERIS, that we were not really bored. There were many amusing lines and diverting situations. The piece will gain immensely by the natural speeding up that will come of mere repetition and I hope of deliberate accelerando as well.

Miss MARIE LÖHR, who had to make her bows from a stage converted by zealous admirers into a greenhouse, seemed to play with a somewhat surer touch, a more varied method, than her work formerly showed.

Mr. TULLY, accomplished comedian, was adequate in the solemn, and admirable in the gayer, passages. Mr. JACK HOBBS played the Naval *Romeo* with

"I DIDN'T ARF LET YORE SWANKY SISTER 'AVE IT! I MIDE A NUGLY FICE AT 'ER, AND I KNOW SHE SEEN IT."
"YUS, SHE SEEN IT FAST ENOUGH—BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW YER 'AD TER MIKE IT."

considerable subtlety and charm. Mr. DION BOUCICAULT was diverting in the part of a hopeless lover, poet, and traveller—a part that his skill saved from failure but couldn't quite make a success. Of course Miss LOTTIE VENNE made the most ordinary of her lines of humorous import and served her authors more than well. T.

Commercial Candour.

"—— HOTEL.—Charming Suites and otherwise."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"It is surely not often that a town finds all its police in goal!"—*North-Country Paper.*

It 's a good match-winning notion all the same.

"Unemployed men at Poole burst into the board-room of the guardians to-day. They knocked down the doorkeeper and broke up the meeting, and were only persuaded to leave after much airgument."—*Evening Paper.*

Probably hot "airgument."

From a report of the Presidential Address to the British Association:—

"In the insect the type of mind is not rational, but instructive."—*Daily Paper.*

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

A SONG OF MULLION.

My ball is in a bunch of fern,
A jolly place to be;
An angry man is close astern,
He waves his club at we.
Well, let him wave—the sky is blue;
Go on, old ball, we are but two,
We *may* be down in three,
Or nine—or ten—or twenty-five—
It matters not; to be alive
Is good enough for me.

How like the happy sheep we pass
At random through the green,
For ever in the longest grass,
But never in between.
There is a madness in the air;
There is a damsel over there;
Her ball is in the brook.
Ah, what a shot! A dream, a dream!
You think it finished in the stream?
Well, well, we 'll go and look.

Who *is* this hot and hasty man
That shouteth "Fore!" and "Fore!"
We move as quickly as we can—
Can anyone do more?
Cheer up, sweet Sir, enjoy the view—
I 'd take a seat if I were you
And light your pipe again.

In quiet thought possess your soul,
For John is down a rabbit-hole
And I am down a drain.

The ocean is a lovely sight,
A brig is in the bay.
Was that a slice? You may be right—
But, goodness, what a day!
Young men and maidens dot the down,
And they are beautiful and brown
And just as mad as me.
Sing, men and maids, for I have done
The awful Tenth in twenty-one,
And John was twenty-three!

Now will I take my newest ball
And build a mighty tee,
And waggle once, or not at all,
And bang it out to sea,
And hire a boat and bring it back
And give it one terrific whack
And hole it out in three,
Or nine—or ten—or twenty-five—
It matters not; to be alive
At Mullion in the summer-time,
At Mullion in the silly time,
Is good enough for me. A. P. H.

"Bath City Council will on Tuesday next consider a proposal that they should be properly robed."—*Sunday Paper.*

Not in Bath Robes, we trust.

NOBLE NOMENCLATURE.

(*By our Sociological Correspondent.*)

THE reorganisation and regeneration of the Peerage, as the result of recent discussions and impending inquiries, may now be regarded as approximating to a certainty. Simultaneously actuarial tables, based on the records of recent creations and the great increase of claims for the revival of dormant peerages, make it clear that the further multiplication of titles may be confidently expected. In these circumstances, and in view of the steady decline of the landed interest, the need of replacing the old and outworn territorial basis of nomenclature by a more appropriate system becomes a matter of national importance.

It is generally admitted that the retention of the surnames worn by persons in their unennobled condition is undesirable on the score of euphony. To speak frankly, such titles as Earl Briggs, Viscount Jaggers or Lord Wigglesworth will not do at all. They jar on the sensitive ears of a generation attuned to the rich and sonorous harmonies of modern music. Alike in the interests of sound and sense a new mode of nomenclature is clearly indicated, based (1) on the record of the recipient, and (2) on phonetic picturesqueness.

Success and its rewards are so largely due to the commercializing of applied science that one naturally turns first of all to engineering, mechanics and new methods of propulsion to furnish suitable illustrations of the new method; and here the field is practically inexhaustible. We must therefore content ourselves with a few chosen specimens. To begin with the motor-industry, what better title could be imagined for the architect of his own fortunes than, say, Lord Self-Starter? Or what happier augury for the smooth passage to fame could be found than that furnished by the style of Lord Lubricator or the Marquis of Mobiloil? The annals of aviation, again, are fraught with equally felicitous possibilities. At present the letter Z is sadly overlooked in *Burke* and *Debrett*. The only entry is that of the Barony of Zouche. This under-representation might be happily remedied by the creation of the Barony of Zoom, a splendid example of the "mighty monosyllable." Helicopter, again, is "a name to resound for ages," if borne by a viscount or an earl. And an ennobled aeroplane manufacturer, especially if he were a Welshman, might combine local patriotism with a due regard for recent aeronautical enterprise by assuming the title of Glyder-Fach.

The services of enterprising and scientific provision-merchants have met with some scant recognition, but the suggestion, made many years ago, for the elevation of a beneficent jam manufacturer to the peerage, under the title of Lord Preserve Us, is still unfulfilled, while the Earldom of Canning and the Barony of Boteler simply clamour for revival.

In the realm of Medicine we have at present only one peer, Lord DAWSON OF PENN. I earnestly hope that when further creations are made we may find the list enriched and enlarged by Lords Parry-Gorwick, Emulsion, Lotion and Tabb-Lloyd.

Turning to the more purely picturesque titles demanded by the spirit of the age, it is above all desirable that they should be the vehicles of conveying optimism and exhilaration to a weary and war-worn world. Already I see several candidates admirably adapted to bear the titles of Marqu's Gusto, Earl Uplift of the Heights, Viscount Vim, and Barons Beau Geste and Pep-Cheerio.

WAY OUT.

A MOST welcome letter from Eagle's Claw City this morning at least assures me that Barbara, my favourite niece, is still alive.

When I first heard that that gently-nurtured girl was to exile herself to some of the most distant wilds of Canada—to the far North-West, in fact—I was grievously distressed. If her father, my brother Tom, had read, as I have, what life is like way out in the great silence of those illimitable spaces, he would never have allowed her to go, even to marry Charles.

As a student of the literature of that great North-West, I warned them that Barbara was not fitted for its rough life. But they laughed in a manner which to my mind displayed an exceedingly crass ignorance considering the wealth of inexpensive writings on this subject available at the present day.

As any enlightened person must know, way out in the boundless tracts of the far North-West one finds oneself in the forest primeval, where the coyote and the chipmunk foregather, and the wolf-pack makes night hideous. I say emphatically that Barbara is not fitted for that environment. Her slender hands have never reached up to take a rifle from the rack; she could not draw a bead on anyone; I doubt if she would know which side of a man's chest to push the blue steel barrel of a revolver against in an emergency.

With her frail physique, how could she press on—especially on snow-shoes—through the bitter blizzard, keeping a wary look-out for the grizzlies besetting the trail? The idea's absurd. Could she be expected to know how to harness the dog-team to the sledge? Would her tender feelings permit her to lash the snarling leaders with her long whip, urging them on across the hundreds of miles of virgin snow to the nearest chemist's? If not her love for dumb animals, then her want of precision would make it impossible.

Think of that poor child alone in the lone forest, whose lone pines make it like some vast cathedral with a very imperfect heating system. Think of her eating strips of reindeer meat, trapping rabbits for breakfast and wearing frost-bite on her ears and moccasins on her pretty feet. Think of her trying to make her high-school French intelligible to Jacques the half-breed when he pulls in at sundown, and struggling to withstand the brutal cunning of Red Mike when, under the influence of rye-whisky, he breaks into the homestead at eleven o'clock in the morning and demands a cup of cocoa. And imagine that cultured child, whom I have known since she was *so* high, bringing herself at last to say "By heck!" and "Betcher life!" and to write to the store of the nearest township for a catalog.

A sweet letter she has sent me, and between the lines I read her kindly desire to reassure me and relieve my anxiety. She refers to Charles's prosperity in his "real estate" business—a euphemism, I suppose, for the vocation of lumberman or whatever his employment may be. She writes of their smart little "two-seater," and I do not deny that this may be a correct description of some types of sledge; and she says what a comfort the central heating is in their home—though personally I have never read of any of those stoves with their ugly pipes pushing through the shack roof that has been other than vile both in smell and appearance. But she goes even further than such kindly fibbing, and writes fluently of the most modern of electrically-worked labour-saving appliances in the home, of smart shops and luxurious cinemas. Told with so kindly a purpose, one cannot very deeply deplore such palpable untruths, and I am much too fond of her to upbraid her.

In replying to her I must give her the impression that I am greatly relieved by her description of life in Eagle's Claw City. Actually, however, I cannot shake off my anxiety. If her fragile canoe were caught in the rapids, or she became lost in the forest and were compelled by hunger to eat her moccasins, I think my heart would well-nigh break.

American (in his effort to ask for a singe in a perfect French accent). "SINGE."
Coiffeur (who is rather sensitive about his personal appearance). "COMMENT???"
American. "JE DIS SINGE."
Coiffeur. "VA-T-EN, DAIRTY PEEG!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. SARAH GRAND has acquired so great a reputation as the protagonist of women that it is refreshing to find her taking up the cudgels on behalf of what CHARLOTTE BRONTË called (in a letter to her school-mistress, it is true) "the coarser sex." In five out of the eight short stories which make up *Variety* (HEINEMANN), four heroes and one male villain (of a quite unabashed and engaging roguery) engross all MRS. GRAND'S benevolence. Her remaining three studies consist of a couple of essays in "the occult," and embarrassingly sentimental war-time reminiscences of a hospital commandant. "One of the Olden Time," a portrait of an ancient gardener of the chivalrous name of *Mallory*, struck me as the best thing in the book; and his confidence in *Culpepper's Herbal*—from which he extracted cures for "low fever, religion, disappointment in love, or boils"—was to my mind every whit as well-founded as the economic sense which prompted him to answer his mistress's praise of present-day wages with the wary distinction, "There's money an' there's money's worth." "The Turning of the Worm"—the revolt of a ruthlessly bullied son, brother and wooer from his allegiance to mother, sister and ladylove; "Vanity and Vexation"—the release of a mild English squire from an oppressive American marriage; and "The Saving Grace"—a heroic little episode of the Boer War—complete a wholly kind-hearted and unassuming series.

If any serious criticism can be directed at so excellent a piece of literary craftsmanship as *The Dark House* (CASSELL) it is that the author has gone about her task too conscientiously. In her anxiety to develop *Robert Stonehouse* from the child to the man with proper consistency, Miss I. A. R. WYLIE has come near to making him a very dull fellow. The human animal fortunately is both inconsistent and inconsequent, and that is why the masters of fiction have always been satisfied to depict their characters as the creatures of circumstance rather than the logical products of psychological cause and effect. One feels, however, that the development of *Robert Stonehouse*, who, in his fear of becoming a tragic failure like his father, struggles to imprison all the natural emotions in a straight-waistcoat of callous efficiency, is too undeviating to be true, and that the results are based upon calculation rather than upon observation. Against the charm of the tender and elusive *Frances Wilmot* a real *Stonehouse* could not have so long opposed his purely artificial shell. Because Miss WYLIE is content to sketch her and does not try to explain her, the girl holds our interest far better than the man. But it is *Gyp Labelle* who makes us put down *The Dark House* with a feeling of real respect for its author. The author's attempt to define her place in the psychological scheme of things is as convincing as it is novel. A faint suggestion of unreality prevents us from really taking to *Robert Stonehouse*; but *Gyp Labelle*, like the understanding *Francey* and the pleasure-hungry *Cosgrave*, really lives. *The Dark House* is a novel that counts. If the workmanship that has gone to the creation of *Robert Stonehouse* equalled in result the inspiration that called forth *Mr. Ricardo*, the pathetic shadow, *Christine*, and above all the indomitable *Gyp*, it would be a masterpiece.

In *Huntingtower* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. JOHN BUCHAN has collected round and about a tract of Scottish sea-coast, where apparently the King's writ does not run, a collection of very dark villains in quest of Russian Crown jewels, a princess shut in a high tower, a spring poet, a Glasgow provision merchant, a troop of Boy Scouts, a Russian prince with an Australian accent and experience; and of all this he has made a really judicious mixture. *Dickson McCunn*, the grocer with a strangled passion for romance, short in the wind but stout of heart, is a diverting figure; but the chief and most original hero is red-headed *Dougal*, leader of the Gorbal Diehards, a troop of Boy Scouts on holiday out of a Glasgow slum. How *Dougal*, born strategist and leader of men, outwitted the enemy at the siege of Huntingtower House I leave you to find out. Having done so you will, I take it, hand this exciting and stimulating record to the nearest Boy Scout for keeps. It will be a heady drink for him and he may get into trouble; but it is worth risking. I found Mr. BUCHAN'S princess a little thin, her prince a rather shadowy convention, and the Bolshevist criminals vague and unconvincing bogeys. But *McCunn* and *Dougal* are of first-rate quality. I should like *McCunn* to know, by the way, that his lavender-lub, pavender-pub were, besides many other variations of IZAAK WALTON'S chavender, most ingeniously used in these pages by Mr. ST. LEGER nearly thirty years ago.

To lead a little troop of Punjabi soldiers in chase of a gang of Afghan desperadoes through three hundred miles of unexplored Pamirs, finally running them to earth in a Chinese town most of us have never heard of, was an exploit that should for choice have had a KIPLING for chronicler, though Captain BLACKER of the famous "Guides," being equal to its amazing performance, may well have thought himself qualified for the lighter task of writing it all down. One follows the event in his narrative breathlessly, but it must be admitted that not infrequently one is off the trail on a false scent, as indeed was the writer, so that it becomes necessary to cast back to pick it up again. This is in the first part of *On Secret Patrol in High Asia* (MURRAY), where the yarn itself is so good that really the manner of its spinning matters very little. The author's rather numerous obscurities and recurrent prejudices become more serious in the later chapters, where he is dealing with the rare old muddle flourishing in that bit of the back of beyond where Russia, Afghanistan and Persia meet—meet without making a good fit. Here, it would seem, Kurds and Uzbegs, Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, and all sorts of other peoples with intriguing names—with fascinating lady spies and unattractive Jew "commissars," yak-riding bandits and Chinese Bong-Bongs—have been playing lone hands these last few years, amid precipice and desert, in a way to make the wildest "West" envious. Exactly what Captain BLACKER has been doing in all this is none too clear, but he certainly conveys an impression of the muddle. My advice as to this book is that the first hundred-and-twenty pages or so are much too good to miss, but please yourself as to the rest.

Constable. "I WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY MAY BE USED IN EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?"

Prisoner. "I DID IT."

Constable. "PERHAPS YOU WON'T MIND IF I WRITE 'I *DONE* IT.' THAT IS THE USUAL EXPRESSION."

Although it was impossible for Mr. GILBERT L. JESSOP to give us as much excitement in *A Cricketer's Log* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) as we have derived from his bat, I could wish that he had not been quite so modest about his own achievements. But if his personal modesty has prevented me from gloating over a record of his wonderful scoring feats, it has, and I must admit it, given a rare and refreshing charm to his reminiscences. Those were heroic days when Gloucestershire, under the command of "The Champion," and subsequently of "The Croucher," put into the field such a superb team of fielders that it was a glorious pleasure to watch them. Mr. JESSOP naturally does full justice to them, and in his tribute of praise he speaks warmly of the work done in the field by F. H. B. CHAMPAIN. Of "W. G." he says, "It is as the champion we knew him—and the champion he will remain for all time. Kindly 'Old Man,' for ever will ring in my ears your appreciative shout, 'Well cot—well cot.'" To many of us "W. G." for many years was not only "The Champion," but almost cricket itself, and this affectionate appreciation from one who played under him so often and knew him so well will bring a glow to our hearts. Not by any primrose path did Mr. JESSOP win his way to fame as a cricketer—he was a master at Alvechurch Grammar School before he was sixteen—but not for a moment was he discouraged. He confesses that our cricket is at present under a cloud, but goes on to remind us that there are as many fine fish in the sea as ever came out of it. That, at any rate, is the right spirit in which to attack the future, but for my own part I think we may use a lot of bait before we catch such a quartette as "W. G.," RANJI, TOM RICHARDSON and Mr. JESSOP.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE GAS-CONSUMER.

I'M familiar with the plantigrade and with the pachyderm,
And the method of extracting oil denominated "sperm;"
I acknowledge the existence of the pathogenic germ,
And the leasing to MACKENZIE of the Channel Isle of Herm,
And the need of reconstruction in the government of Perm;
But I cannot grasp the logic of the experts who affirm
That in future gas-consumption must be measured by the
"therm."

(*Continued from page 249.*)

The answer is a point-duty policeman's hand. E. V. L.

CHARIVARIA.

A SWALLOW ringed in Berkshire last year, we read, has been recovered in Jansenville, Cape Province. We presume this is the identical swallow that did not make our English summer.

***

Watchers for indications of a General Election attach special significance to the fact that some of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S constituents have presented him with a praying-mat.

***

It is reported that a play by TROTSKY is to be produced in Moscow shortly. We have all along suspected his real motive in seeking despotic power.

***

The virtual leader of the Irish rebels on the run is said to be known as "Flying CHILDERS."

***

Professor WEGENER'S theory is that, owing to the instability of the earth's surface, all lands are moving westward, some faster than others. This has been especially noticeable lately in the case of Greece.

***

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S golf handicap has been reduced. In view of Geneva it is thought that he will regard this as tantamount to a vote of confidence.

***

A plébiscite taken at a London girls' school gave a vote in favour of women playing football. This, of course, would provide a restful change after the Autumn Sales.

***

The Academy of Science has received a communication saying that the EINSTEIN theory is wrong. The news has been received quietly and no popular demonstrations are expected.

***

A wireless company proposes to broadcast speeches from the House of Commons. Every advance made by science seems to bring some drawback in its train.

***

It is stated that the malarial mosquito, which is very troublesome just now, is more attracted by dark colours, especially dark blue. This accounts for its greater prevalence at Oxford than at Cambridge.

***

Speaking in Court last week Mr. Justice DARLING said he was not bothered by anything. It is said that it is this spirit of devil-may-care on the part of our judges which so often jars on the sensitive criminal in the dock.

***

The Tynemouth Life Brigade has been limited to two rockets a year for training purposes. There is some talk of the Board of Trade making an announcement limiting the number of shipwrecks off Tynemouth to the same number.

***

A sovereign placed on a public path in Swansea as a test was ignored by nearly two hundred passers-by. We understand the gentlemen concerned have been invited to repeat the experiment in Scotland.

***

A contemporary reports a revival in the hardware trade. It is said that large orders for railway sandwiches have already been booked.

***

The Westminster Gazette warns its readers against the wholesale extraction of teeth. The kill-joy!

***

According to *The New York Times* DEMPSEY is in a hurry to visit England. We can only affirm that we haven't said a word.

***

Mr. JACK KEARNS points out that before DEMPSEY meets CARPENTIER he will tackle BECKETT as a sort of warmer-up. Our thoughts will be with BECKETT.

***

A Bromley butcher has been charged and knocked down by a runaway sheep. It is hoped that he has now come to the conclusion that meat charges can sometimes be too heavy.

***

Glasgow Corporation has commissioned a film illustrating the various civic activities. It is hoped that this will include a slow-motion picture of a citizen parting with a bawbee.

***

A leading Harley Street specialist has been saying that breakfast ought to be abolished altogether. For our part we prefer breakfast to Harley Street.

***

A contemporary remarks that the Walk-on-the-left movement is now dead. Many of those who took part in it, however, are convalescent.

***

"Forty years ago a boy pushed his handkerchief into a cavity of a Primitive Methodist Chapel," says a Halifax newspaper, "and that boy to-day is a member of the Town Council." That ought to be a lesson to him, we fancy.

***

We learn from a contemporary that the raftered roof of the hall of the Middle Temple has been undergoing expert scouting for worm-holes in consequence of a grub having fallen into a woman-student's soup. And yet there are short-sighted people who would exclude women from the practice of the Law.

***

The average woman has a vocabulary of only eight hundred words, we are informed. This may be quite true, but there are times when she seems to know all the others as well.

***

"Is Human Courage Increasing?" asks a headline. We can only say that we heard of a man who paid a taxi-driver the bare legal fare; but it is only fair to say he was a lion-tamer by profession.

***

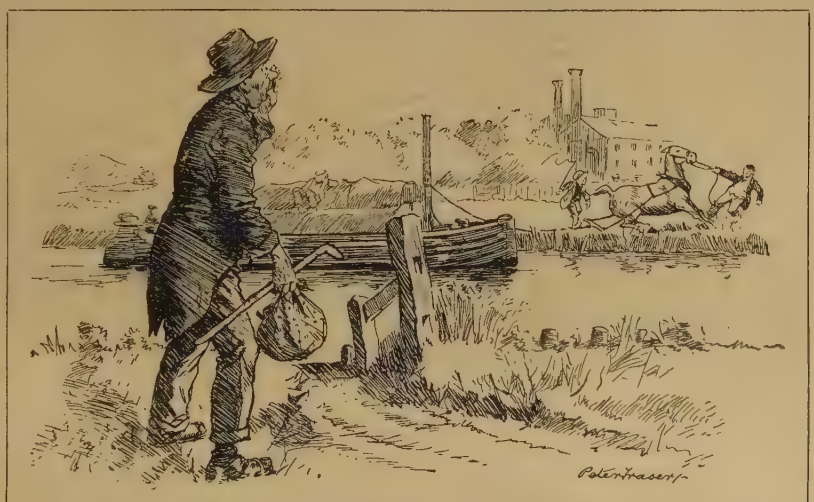
A motor-car travelling at thirty miles an hour is estimated to cover nine feet in one-fifth of a second. It must be a great consolation to the pedestrian when being knocked down to know that a fifth of a second soon whizzes by.

***

A new kind of dog that looks like a lion has been evolved in Rhodesia. Canine experts are still not without hope of evolving a new kind of dog that looks like a dog.

***

A North of England cinema attendant has been summoned for stealing eight-and-sixpence from a journalist. It is not known what a newspaper-man could have been doing with all that money.



"I WANT A BLOKE TO WORK 'IS PASSAGE?" "YUS."
"WOT'S THE WORK?" "LEADIN' THE PERISHIN' 'ORSE."

ALBERT AND I.

ALL my life I had longed to be a puzzle-page editor of a popular monthly magazine. And I had good hopes, because I had a friend who was everything the life-long friend of a puzzle-page editor ought to be. But, alas! the fates were against it, as the following poignant passage from the story of my life will show.

As boys we had always been inseparable, Albert and I. From the age of eight or nine we had fished and cricketed and stolen apples together, and fallen off our earliest bicycles side by side. Even then he showed traces of genius. As we rested, panting, after a race, or scrambled home late after a blackberrying excursion, he would ask me:—

"Do you know the story of the three wells?" and I would be caught; or "Have you heard the tale of the empty bottle?" and I would be caught again.

We went to the same school, and, though we missed the pleasurable rivalry of being class-mates, for Albert was far more mathematical than I, our friendship did not falter. I shall never forget the time—it was a winter evening during prep.—when Albert passed me a ribbon of paper and showed me how it could be folded into a perfect pentagon, with every part lying within the boundaries of the figure. Nor that other time, a summer evening after cricket was over, when we wandered arm-in-arm round the playing-field, already exhaling the sweet scents that come with dew-fall, and Albert, pointing to the magnificent elm-trees which stood irregularly grouped here and there over the vast expanse of turf, observed:—

"How would it be possible, Bertrand, to put up six straight fences across this field so that every one of the trees should be in a separate enclosure?"

"Wouldn't we, Albert," I remember asking a little stupidly—"wouldn't we be jolly well swiped if we did it at all?"

"You owl," he answered kindly, pulling a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket and showing me with the utmost kindness how it could be done.

At college, though he rowed for the University four and I was only second string in the bumble puppy eleven, no new acquaintance came between us. I can see him now as he burst brown and panting from the river into my rooms, and, lighting a large bull-dog pipe as he dropped into my best arm-chair, exclaimed:—

"The nine digits, Bertrand, may be arranged in a square in many ways, so that the numbers formed in the first row and second row will sum to the third row."

"Nonsense, old man!" I gasped excitedly; "you don't really mean it, do you?"

"Fact," he answered me with a portentous nod. "I will give you an example now," and, pushing a poker into the fire until it was red-hot, he scrawled rapidly upon the wall-paper near the mantel-piece:—

1	8	7
3	6	2
5	4	9

"How funny!" I cried. "It looks just like the hymns in church."

"Don't be flippant, Bertrand," he replied, a shadow crossing his brow. "Now I want you to form eight such squares, so that the common difference between the eight totals is throughout the same. I proposed the question to myself while we were overhauling the Barnabas crew half-an-hour ago, and, just as we bumped, the solution came. I was surprised to find how easy it was. Can you discover it?"

"It will need a little preliminary thought," I said, taking up the poker. But tired as I was with a hard afternoon's bumble puppy, I had answered his question before it was time for us to take up our caps and gowns and go into the hall.

Sometimes, however, I would not be so ready with my answer, and have to spend the whole evening puzzling it out. Those perhaps would be the happier times, for I would meet him cheerily at breakfast and, slapping him on his broad back, triumphantly announce:—

"I have it, Albert. The number of posts must have been 7,849, the wire-netting 1,001 yards, and the pigs 153. Thus, tied with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of rope, they would require an enclosure twenty-five times as large, but tied with only one yard an enclosure $13\frac{1}{2}$ times as great would suffice."

"Splendid, old boy!" he would reply.

Not long after we went down from Oxbridge Albert came into some money and acquired the lease of a large estate at Wattinghampton. True as ever to our old friendship, he asked me down to stay for the ptarmigan shooting, and the first words he said to me as he greeted me at the station showed me that the bright buoyant spirit was the same that I had always known. I had asked him how much of the lease had already expired, and expected a direct answer.

"Two-thirds of the time past is equal to four-fifths of the time to come," he shouted as he let the Ford-Joyce rip along the lanes whose leafage showed already the first tinge of autumnal brown. Was there perhaps a presage in those turning leaves, that chillier sky? I think there must have been. I had not been staying there many days when he took me out to dinner with him at the house of the Muggleshaws, of Wope. A large landowner, Muggleshaw had a lovely daughter, Niobe. It did not take me many minutes to see that Albert was attracted to her and that she, on her part, took an interest in him. My suspicions were confirmed when we wandered after dinner into the fragrant garden under the star-lit sky. The two had moved a little apart from the rest and were standing together near a rectangular flower-bed, from which breathed the odour of stocks, mignonette, sweet williams and other old-fashioned flowers. Their heads were very close together, and I felt certain that Albert was holding her hand. I was but a few yards from them, and, seeing them so wrapped up in each other's company, was about to turn back. But I could not help overhearing Albert whisper in his deep intense way:—

"Listen, Niobe. If you had made that bed 2 feet 5 inches broader and 3 feet 7 inches longer, it would have been $64\frac{3}{5}$ square feet larger. But if it had been 3 feet 4 inches broader and 2 feet 8 inches longer, it would have been $68\frac{1}{7}$ square feet larger than it was before. What then is its length and breadth?"

Her answer was too low for me to catch, but I knew then, as I hurled my half-smoked cigar at a hollyhock, one of the bitterest things that a man can know.

Henceforth I was to share my friend's heart with another.

I relinquished my ambition immediately and became a mining engineer.

EVOE.

Perils of the Deep.

"A successful operation for appendicitis was performed on the Cunard liner *Tyrrhenia* in Cork Harbour on Thursday."—*Morning Paper.*

She must now avoid exposing herself to the damp.

"MODERN HORATIOS.

TWO MEN 'HOLD' A SHAKY SUSPENSION BRIDGE."

Headlines from a Daily Paper.

Then out spake brave Horatio,
The captain of the gate:
"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than story-books can state;
Briton or Dane or Roman,
I care not which we be,
Now who will stand on my right hand
And hold the bridge with me?"

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THE ENVOY OF AMITY.

M. CLEMENCEAU. "I WANT YOU TWO BIRDS TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER BETTER."

[M. CLEMENCEAU is about to cross the Atlantic with the purpose of strengthening the ties between America and France.]

Nurse. "LOOK HERE—IF THERE'S ANY MORE QUARRELLING I SHALL TAKE YOU ALL STRAIGHT OFF TO LISTEN TO THE BAND FOR THE REST OF THE MORNING."

THE BAY.

THE Bay of Biscay lies off the West coast of France. Unfortunately it doesn't lie still.

It is generally while passengers are at lunch that the officer on the bridge whispers to the man at the wheel, "Now then, my lad, hard a starboard," and with a turn of the wheel the Channel is left behind, and soon there are those on board who give expression to the pious hope that it is left behind never to be seen again.

Whether the vessel takes the inner passage or the outer, many rocks are to be seen on entering the Bay—beautiful rocks, nice and firm and steady, unyielding to the swell of the Atlantic. Festooning the rails of the ship are passengers who hope against hope that the vessel may haply steady herself against one of these. Quite a little rock would do. But, alas, their prayers are seldom granted.

Once in the Bay there is no getting out until the coast of Portugal is sighted, if it ever is sighted. The passenger is virtually held a prisoner in the ship. This is a short-sighted policy on the part of the Steamship Companies. Every passenger has paid in advance for full accommodation to Rio de Janeiro or Melbourne, or wherever he is going. Think of the pounds of profit the Company would make on everyone who elected to leave the ship in the Bay if he were permitted to go. Yet particular care is taken that no one shall have liberty in this matter. Talk about the freedom of the seas! There is no such thing in the Bay.

Nature has done her best to distract the introspective thoughts of the voyager. There are beautiful sunsets in the Bay. The playful porpoise sports in the path of the liner, but that only makes many a South African millionaire vainly wish he were a porpoise. Now and again a shark may be seen. Intelligent fellow, he knows what people are thinking, and he is ready enough to act as usher into that oblivion from which no traveller returns. But the Company cheats him of the companionship he seeks.

The Bay may be termed the Alps of the Ocean. The maps give no hint of this, and make this region seem as level as the Dead Sea itself. The maps lie; and to study large maps is a foolish mistake, for these show the Bay to be even larger than the small ones do. The average height of its liquid mountains is 49·73 feet—not very much in comparison with the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau, but far more frequent. Once among the Alps of the Ocean, the traveller climbs more mountains in ten minutes than a member of the Alpine Club climbs in a month. What makes it worse is, that in the same brief space of time he also descends as many.

If what has been said of a certain vessel is really true, that there she lay till next day in the Bay of Biscay O, then her master was running a very foolish risk and doubtless breaking the conditions of her insurance policy. The Bay of Biscay is no place to lie in. And let us add for the benefit of those who brag that they came through without missing a meal, it is no place to lie about.

A FALLEN STAR.

'TWAS scarcely Autumn yet awhile,
Yet, as I stepped the homeward mile,
The spindles' warm autumnal style
In hedgerows kindled,
And leaf and berry manifold,
Scarlet and crimson, chrome and gold,
Caught colour from the crisping cold
As daylight dwindled.

Home sailed the rooks with distant cries.
I saw a farmstead's smoke arise
(Like incense of a sacrifice)
On skies of dapple,
And a tall woman on the hill
Wished me Good-night, as wanderers will,
A strapping, fine, well-favoured Jill
Who munched an apple,

With teeth as white and zest as keen
As though her years were but fifteen,
Instead of—well, she might have been
What age you fancy;
Yet she 'd the movement, she 'd the air;
Coarsened, o'er-blown, the rose was there,
And, challenging the crows'-feet, were
Strange eyes of pansy.

"Good-night," she said, "young man," anew;
I paused politely, as was due;
You 'll like to be "Young man" when you
Are forty-seven.
Deep was her voice, like bells afar
("*Mummer*," thinks I, "you 've been or are");
"Shepherd," she sweetly cooed, "a Star
Has fallen from heaven—

"A Star that once from Cyprian seas
(That sparkling blue, that sunlit breeze!)
Reigned, girdled queen of shepherd's pleas,
On hills o' Summer,
Who now upon the pike must pad,
And age a bit, still likes a lad
To talk to, though he says she 's mad,
Some broke-down mummer.

"For how grew star, or goddess, old?
Why, bless his innocence untold!
When Love took second place to gold
Came a grey hair of it;
I never was the one to be
The understudy, so, you see,
I took me to mortality
In piqued despair of it,

"And learnt to like a coin myself,
Folk must ha' something on the shelf
When there themselves, and I 'm no elf
To share with finches
The dew-fall or this hedgerow clutch
Of blackberries—no, not by much;
Mortal am I, and sip of such
That suits my inches.

"But still I love the apples, though,
And where the full boughs bend a-glow
I stop and beg one as I go
For an old story
Of how a golden pippin's grace
Of old, on Ida's kindly chase,
Gave Loveliness the pride o' place
From Power and Glory."

And "Thanks," says I, "'tis clear enough,
They 've taught you more than common stuff,
To hold me listening to such duff
While tea gets cooler;
Now I 'm for home, yet at your shrine
Permit this votive gift of mine,
KING GEORGE'S head, in silver fine,
A fellow-ruler?"

But, as I went a-down the hill
Where sleepy finches twittered still,
Some sacred fowls, her sparrows shrill,
Raised sudden rally;
Yet on the turquoise of the West,
Afar, in gentle silver dressed,
Winked Venus' self, crowned and at rest,
As usually.

TIPS FOR TYROS.

ON THE WAY UP TO THE MOOR A READY SHOT WILL SOMETIMES FIND AN OPPORTUNITY OF LAYING A FOUNDATION TO THE BAG.

Making the best of it.

"For anyone wishing a really recuperative country holiday, Maloja is an ideal place. The golf-links are now in excellent condition and the boating and sailing on the lake and the tennis-courts afford plenty of occupation."
Morning Paper.

"A lady of position, hard hit, with a quantity of antique furniture, valuable pictures, china, glass."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

That 's the worst of these bad-tempered cooks.

"At the police court Patrick Reilly, carter, was fined 40s. or 20 days' imprisonment for using obsequious language."—*Scots Paper.*

Happily a rare crime amongst men of his race.

THE MANIA OF DEVELOPMENT.

I HAVE been looking into the future and I don't like it at all. It distresses me. I see mankind reduced to a common level, life stripped of chance. Fate dethroned. Insurance reigning supreme. Personally I enjoy the funny little gamble of life, and, though I can submit to the knowledge that my life policies will make a wealthy corpse of my impecunious mortal frame, and that it will pay me every time to have my house completely destroyed by fire, this is as far as I care to go. When I am run over by a motor-bus or pitched through a plate-glass window, I like to say "Damn" in the manner of my forefathers; but I can see that I have not the popular view of the subject. I can see—well, here is an instance of what I see, taken at random from the typical family life of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Spottifer, of "The Chestnuts," Rosendale Avenue, Tickleton, S.E. 37:—

"Good-bye, dear," waved Mr. Spottifer, as he rushed off to catch the 8.49 for the City.

Mr. Spottifer was late. He always was late, but it didn't matter in the ordinary way. This morning, however, someone had put a banana-skin on the exact spot where he was accustomed to jump from the curb for his final sprint up the slope to the railway-station. The result was that Mr. Spottifer fell down. To be more accurate he looped the loop. So did his top-hat and his despatch-case and his umbrella. It was a thoroughly nasty crash and it jarred every part of Mr. Spottifer's anatomy pretty severely; but not a word escaped his lips as he lay contentedly in the gutter waiting for them to come and clear him away. He was in pain; but what was pain to Mr. Spottifer? Had he not left six newspapers on his breakfast-table? Six free insurance newspapers, daily supplied by little Mr. Hopkins, the stationer round the corner.

"Oh, Alfred!" exclaimed his wife affectionately as the ambulance brought him to the door of "The Chestnuts." "How wonderful you are! That's seventy-two pounds a week, darling; and it looks like being for quite a long time."

"Ten weeks at least," murmured Alfred, beaming happily through his tears. "The doctor said so."

"You darling!" she cried, gazing at him with pride and admiration.

"And then," he said later, when he was all comfortably spread out in bed, "don't forget there's six new morning-coats, six top-hats, six umbrellas, six refunds on my season-ticket, and—I say, Agatha, what are we going to do with six free hospital nurses?"

"That's all right," she replied; "we only have to charge what they would cost; we don't have to have them."

"Oh."

"Now," she said, "I must go and do my shopping. And I'll call in and tell little Mr. Hopkins. He will be simply delighted. Oh, Alfred, how lucky we are!"

(Little Mr. Hopkins will receive five pounds' reward from six newspapers, in recognition of his services in introducing so valuable a client.)

"Agatha, my dear," said Alfred when she returned with Mr. Hopkins' kind message of congratulation and gratitude, "what's happened to your diamond and ruby and emerald and platinum brooch?"

She clutched wildly at her throat.

"Gone!" she exclaimed.

"You were wearing it when you went out."

"I know, I know. It has dropped off. It is lost, Alfred. Just fancy that! That's another six hundred."

"But can we claim for it on each paper?"

"Of course," she replied. "They say so distinctly. Otherwise, you see, people would only take in one paper."

"Oh, yes, of course," he said, and together they wept tears of unrestrained delight.

"Another thing," said Agatha, drying her eyes on the quilt, "you know *The Daily Tail* has started including Free Education for the children of people who become registered readers by the 1st of April. Well, while I am writing to the Editor about your accident I may as well tell him what school Bobbie is to go to. Where do you think, Alfred?"

"Better ask Bobbie," said Alfred.

Bobbie came tumbling in from his preparatory school and settled the question at once.

"Eton and Harrow," was his quick reply.

"All right, dear," said his mother, "I'll tell the Editor to-night."

There was a tap on the door.

It was Nanny.

"If you please, Mum," she said, "baby's swallowed the thermometer, and I can't make out from the papers whether we get a new baby or a new thermometer, or both."

"Six it will be, whichever it is," Mr. Spottifer corrected.

* * * * *

And how is all this done, you ask? I am afraid the answer is too easy. Let me show you, for instance, the figures of *The Daily Tail*:—

Circulation twenty millions.

Number of pages sixty-four, arranged as follows: Four pages of news; fifty-eight pages of advertisements.

Two pages of photographs of registered readers who are drawing twelve pounds a week for contracting smoker's-throat, tennis-elbow or whatever complaints have just been added to the list of Amazing New Benefits.

Charge for advertising on front page, £10,000.

Total revenue per week from advertisements £3,200,000 (I am not sure about the noughts, but in figures like that one nought more or less makes no perceptible difference). Editorial expenses negligible, as no one ever opens the paper except to find the address to write to about his claim.

And so on. It is easy, you see, to understand.

For my part I shall stand out of it. I shall read the six-page *Daily Reason* and continue my gamble with life.

No, not even the inclusion of writer's cramp will get me into it.

NERO REDIVIVUS.

NERO, when on the very verge of death,
Self-pity mingling with his latest breath,
Complained (my rendering is a trifle free),
"What a consummate artist dies in me!"
But NERO, dead long since and turned to dust,
Usurps the privileges of the just.
Though nearly nineteen hundred years have flown,
The Imperial Fiddler comes into his own,
And finds his lurid memory kept green
In this the latest triumph of the screen,
Recalling from oblivion's dim domain
The havoc and the splendour of his reign.

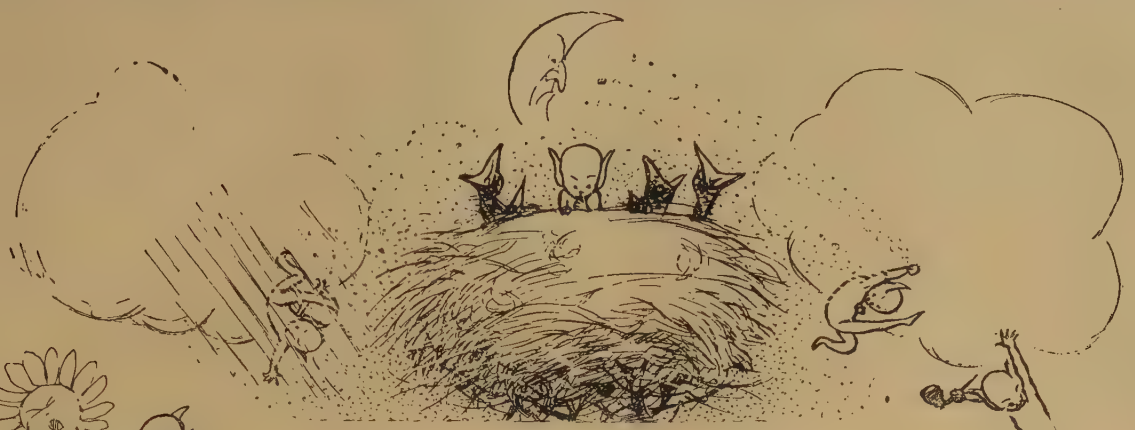
MARCUS AURELIUS, of the "Meditations,"
Affords no scope for filming operations;
AUGUSTUS, TRAJAN, ANTONINUS PIUS,
No genuine thrill or "sob-stuff" can supply us,
And if JUSTINIAN on the screen be shown
He'll owe the honour to his spouse alone.
But NERO lives for ever on the reel—
A martyr to his self-expressive zeal—
That bookless boys may cheer and flappers squeal.

Darby and Joan.

"First Prize, £5 5s.—Mr. and Mrs. Price, Forest Gate, are both 61 years of age and have been happily married for 60 years."
Under Photograph in Sunday Paper.

Thus proving that, as *King Hildebrand* observed in *Princess Ida*:—

"A bride's a bride
Though the knot were tied
At the early age of one."



THE THIEVING GOBLIN.

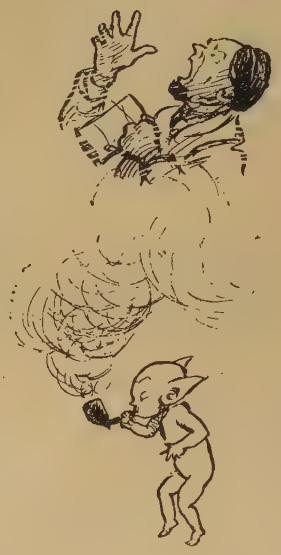
We will dance him on a dainty bed of nettles,
We will rock him on a bonny bough of thorn,
We will put him for a rest
In a cuckoo's borrowed nest,
And the little birds shall push him out at morn.

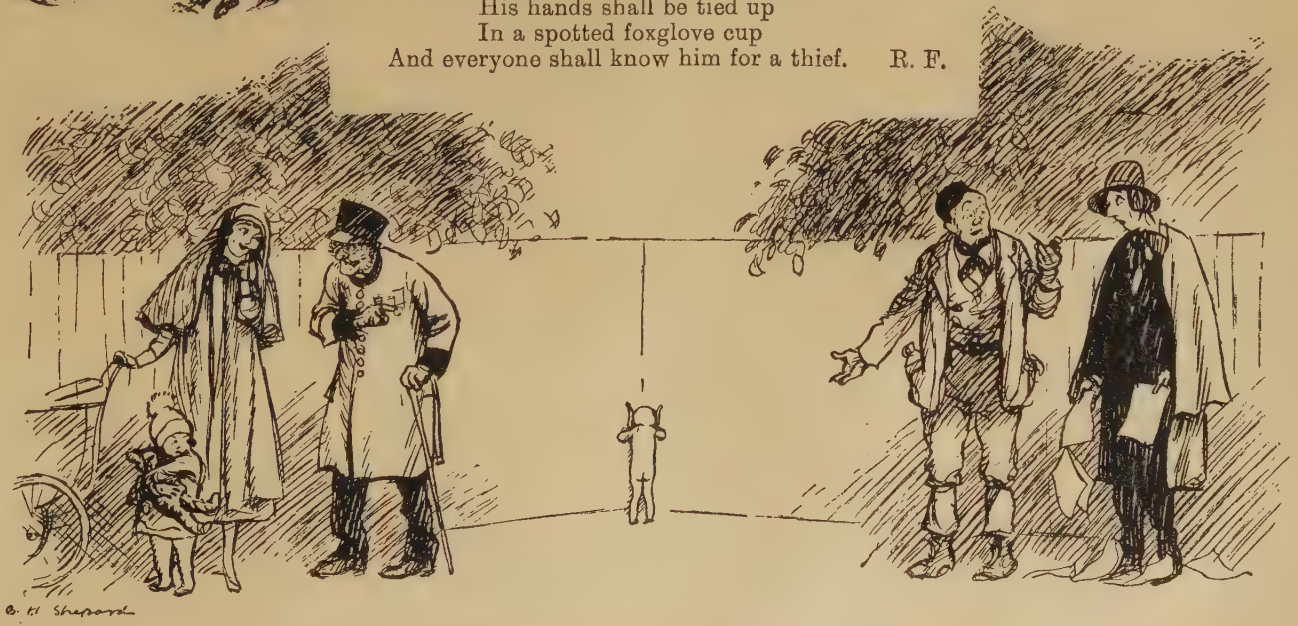
He stole away a dewdrop from a daisy,
He stole a little breeze from off a down,
He 's been even known to take
The moonlight from a lake
And to snatch away a sunbeam from a town.

We will hang his Sunday bonnet on a cloud-peak,
And when he goes a-climbing up the sky
We will wash him down again
With a chilly shower of rain
And leave him on a holly-bush to dry.

He stole a poet's rhyme while he lay sleeping,
He stole a maiden's dimple as she smiled,
He stole a poor man's smoke,
He stole an old man's joke,
He stole away a plaything from a child.

We will roll him in a dirty, dusty cobweb,
We will toss him on a prickly thistle-leaf,
His hands shall be tied up
In a spotted foxglove cup
And everyone shall know him for a thief. R. F.





LE MOT (FAR FROM) *JUSTE.*

"LET us," we murmured, "go a-mountaineering!"
And, banning craven fears which bade us stop,
We vowed to emulate those souls unfearing
Who trot up Alps and yodel at the top.
Knowing the garb best suited to the jobs on
Which we were bent, according to our oath,
We straightway purchased pedal wear with knobs on,
Nails of a gruesome growth.

The modesty for which we are notorious
Chose our first mountain, but it chose amiss.
Baedeker called it easy but laborious,
But ere the top we called it worse than this.
Natheless returning worn and almost undone,
We fondly thought the damosels would dote
On James, the chamois-footed lad from London,
And Guy, the ungiddy goat.

For 'tis on such occasions that men need a
Brief praise to make their feat seem worth their while;
Yet when we met you in the salon, Frida,
And saw the greeting of your wonted smile,
You did not speak about our brave ascension,
But in that broken English which you talk
Hoped simply (doubtless with a kind intention)
We 'd had "a pleasant walk."

GOOD BY STEALTH.

A DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

["The acceptance without payment of golf balls, clubs or golf merchandise will render a player ineligible to compete in the Amateur Championship." Note to the R. & A.'s latest definition of an Amateur."]

IT was the evening before the final of the Amateur Championship, and Putter Green, the favourite, was sitting in the palatial lounge of the "Bunker Hotel" complacently receiving the congratulations of his friends on the brilliant play that had that day brought him safely through the semi-final. Tremendous emotions were seething in his mind. But behind all the love of fame and acclamation lay something deeper and infinitely more serious, and, in a sudden access of confidence induced by the "Bunker's" excellent cellar, he decided to give his closely-guarded secret to the world.

"Boys," he said to the little group of admirers beside him, "to-morrow will be the greatest day of my life. It is a strange tale I have to tell, but the hearing will make the contest the more exciting.

"Listen. When I was younger I looked on golf as a game designed by foolish old men for foolish old men and gave all my time to the infinitely more intellectual pursuit of dominoes. Notwithstanding my wonderful success at this game, my father, a rabid golfer, grew annoyed at my antipathy to his favourite pastime and endeavoured by every means in his power to make me play it. My persistent refusal to do so was eventually the cause of a violent quarrel between us, and we parted to meet no more. At his death, some years later, I hastily tore myself away from the World's Domino Congress at Lisbon and hastened home for the reading of the will. You can judge of my surprise and consternation when I heard these words: 'All my estate I leave to my son Putter, on the condition that within three years from this date he wins the Amateur Golf Championship. In the event of his failing to do so the money will go to the funds of the Caddies' Almshouses.' As the old man had left over a million in War Stock it was a bit of a blow for me to find that, unless I took up a sport I detested and in three years became so proficient at it that I could beat the best the country could produce, all the property would go to an institute whose very existence I heartily deprecated. However, I took up the task, and now, two years and eleven months after, you see the result. Not only the Amateur Championship but also a fortune depends on to-morrow's game."

The next morning, as Putter Green sat at breakfast reading the host of telegrams wishing him success, the waiter brought him a small cardboard box tied with a blue ribbon and bearing the inscription "For luck." On opening the box he found a new "Dodo" ball of the type he generally used, wrapped in a piece of scented notepaper, on which was written in a lady's hand, "Use this to-day. It will bring you luck. A WELL-WISHER."

Touched by the thought of some unknown fair one's interest in him, Putter Green resolved to do as she wished.

* * * * * * *

At the first tee a huge crowd had gathered and it was amidst a storm of clapping that he teed the ball. He stepped back, swung amidst a deathly silence, and sent it far down the fairway.

When the applause the drive evoked had died away, a small insignificant man stepped out from the crowd and went up to the referee.

"That man is no longer eligible to play in this competition," he said. "The ball he has just played I sent him this morning, and by accepting it he has forfeited his amateur status according to the ruling of the R. & A."

As the referee declared his opponent Amateur Champion, Putter, in the first stages of homicidal apoplexy, was gently borne away, while the stranger, who in his official capacity was the Chairman of the Committee that managed the Caddies' Almshouses, hurried off to break the good news to his colleagues.

IN PRAISE OF BOGS.

THOSE who will may sing a song in praise of sunny fountains,
Rockeries and rose-trees, pergolas and lawns;
But I will sing of moorlands in shadow of the mountains
Where fluttering plumes of cotton-grass salute the summer dawns.

Asphodel and orchises their gold and purple lifting
From myrtle yielding fragrance underneath the tread,
Black rushy bog-pools with amber lights shifting,
And one lone curlew calling overhead.

Ragged Robin merrily his tattered pink swaying
Beside yellow irises, stately and serene;
Cunning little sundews their midge-traps laying,
A stonechat clinking in the bracken unseen.

Green of the sphagnum lighting up the umber,
Purple of the bell-heather, pink of the ling,
Days of mist and sunshine where Time seems to slumber—
These the things I long for, these the joys I sing.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Called from peaceful pursuits just as Sir Walter Raleigh was called from his game of bowls to meet the Spanish Armada."
Canadian Paper.

"Dusty archers bring the black news [of Edward I.'s death] . . . . A priest seizes the opportunity to chant the magnificent song of Shakespeare, which by the way had not then been written:—

'The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.'"

English Paper.

Mr. Punch's General Knowledge Paper:—

(1) What proof is there that BACON wrote SHIRLEY?

(2) Give the approximate date of the discovery of tobacco by Sir FRANCIS DRAKE.

Rising Young Novelist. "I'M AFRAID I MUST RUN AWAY NOW. I'VE MY NEW NOVEL TO THINK OUT."
Admiring Visitor. "OH, DO LET'S COME AND WATCH YOU!"

JUSTICE TO UNCLES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As no appeal to your sense of chivalry and fair play has ever been in vain, I hope you will find room for a brief protest against the dead-set which has been made of late against uncles. It has all grown out of some *obiter dicta* of the facetious Dr. KIMMINS, in the course of an address at the British Association on children as humourists and critics. If we are to believe this eminent educationist, the enlightened and self-expressive children of to-day seldom laugh at their mothers, but generally at their uncles. Dr. KIMMINS's commentators in the Press have taken up the uncle-hunt with great zeal, and have been prodigal in their explanations why he is regarded as an object of ridicule. According to one of them the reason is that the word "uncle" is in itself comic or grotesque and inevitably promotes derision. I fail to follow this reason, though I admit that, when combined with a grotesque name, it may have this result, *e.g.* Uncle KIMMINS. I admit also that the association of "uncle" with the calling of the pawnbroker is unfortunate. But with the solitary exception of the legendary villains of the tragedy of *The Babes in the Wood*, uncles in fact and fiction, in history and domestic life, have far more frequently inspired affection than aversion. Was not the example of his uncle Hector held up to the infant son of the pious Æneas? Again, that patient investigator, Professor Hiram P. Stote, of the University of Tipperusalem, who has carefully counted all the mentions of "uncle" in the literature of the last three hundred-and-fifty years, states that in seventy-five per cent. of these references the epithet attached is either honorific or endearing, "good" or "dear" predominating. The munificence of bachelor uncles is notorious, and the statistics of "tipping" at schools reveal the significant fact that uncles are far more liberal in their donations than any other relative.

Nepotism within bounds is not a vice but a virtue: it is only the excess of the quality that merits reprobation. And what, I should like to know, would the world do without the salutary home-truths administered by Dutch uncles?

Has not America adopted an uncle as the impersonation of her national spirit? To America, again, we owe the immortal lines of ARTEMUS WARD, emphasizing the fact that uncles are not only kind to their nephews and nieces but to one another:—

> "Uncle Simon, he
> Clum up a tree,
> To see what he could see;
> When uncle Jim
> Clum up after him,
> And sot down aside of he."

No, Mr. Punch, even to-day uncles are not objects of ridicule or contempt—witness the bestowal of the title "Uncle Billy" on the valiant Mr. JUBB by his grateful fellow-passengers on the *Hammonia*. At the risk of seeming egotistic I may be allowed to say that, though undistinguished and undecorated, there is one unofficial title which is my choicest and most precious possession—the honorary rank of "uncle" conferred on me by a dozen or more of delightful young people belonging to different families, none of them relatives or connections, but endeared by mutual affection and goodwill.

I am, Mr. Punch,
Yours most faithfully.
HONORARY UNCLE.

WHITE MAGIC.

THERE is nothing like the *feuilleton* synopsis for bringing you straight to the point. Its use might very well be extended. Aunt Charlotte, for instance, might have summed up the preamble to a favourite tale of hers as follows:—

Alfred, a worthy young man, in love with *Cecily*, a beautiful girl, recently engaged to *Desmond*, a handsome nincompoop.

Aunt Charlotte is obviously speaking from the pro-Alfred point of view (being Alfred's aunt), but these are practically the facts.

It seems almost a pity not to do justice to her scathing description of the garden-party at which Cecily saw the brainless Desmond (playing tennis) for the first time, and thought him the image of CARPENTIER. He was singing when she saw him next—like CHALIAPINE. Then she danced with him . . . Well, he couldn't, of course, keep on playing parlour tricks all the time, but he could easily keep on looking like CARPENTIER. Aunt Charlotte, in a just moment, admitted that. The infatuated Cecily never noticed what a bore he was. She was all eyes. Poor Alfred only looked like—like Alfred, and though Cecily and he always got on splendidly together, she kept on looking at Desmond, and eventually became engaged to him.

"Poor Alfred," said Aunt Charlotte, "dragged me out with him in a dreadful frame of mind to buy his wedding present for them. Of course I told him to leave it to me, but he seemed bent on tormenting himself. He tormented the shop assistants too, poor things. Nothing would do for him. They showed him the most charming original things—cruets, fish slices, sugar sifters, biscuit barrels—everything that the heart could desire: and he was quite rude. I can't ever go back to those shops again.

"I must confess I hurried him past the chemists, for fear he would suddenly go in and buy spirits of salts. I never enjoyed shopping less. At last I said I could go no further; and then it was that he went to the other extreme and said that anything would do, and he took me into this awful little place."

Here Aunt Charlotte would hitch her chair closer and lower her voice.

"We'd passed all the good shops by now, you know, and this was just a little second-hand place, full of curios and rusty medals and greenish idols and old false teeth and a Chinese junk and amulets. You know! Mostly Oriental. I didn't like it, but I was too tired to object when Alfred said he'd give them a curio and be done with it.

"The old man inside looked just like a necromancer, and I am sure there were stuffed alligators and a mummy on the top shelf; but it was very dark. It was like a shop in a nightmare. I grew more nervous every minute, especially as poor Alfred kept picking out the most unpleasant-looking daggers, and rings with what looked like curses on them, and declaring that he would send one of them to Desmond with his worst wishes for his future unhappiness—in quite a horrid, sinister way. It wasn't at all nice, and very unlike Alfred. My blood ran cold, though of course I'm not superstitious.

"Dear me, what a relief it was when I found that nice old Georgian silver coffee-pot on the back shelf—the dearest old comfortable, fat thing! It didn't seem to belong to that uncanny place at all. You know; it suggested toast and pots of honey and shining old mahogany and sprigged china and bowls of roses. I made Alfred buy it and send it to Cecily. Then I felt better.

* * * * *

"But," she went on mysteriously, "can anyone foresee the consequences of his actions? Really it's enough to keep one from doing anything at all, even with the best intentions. No one could have been more surprised than I was when we heard that the marriage was off. I remember saying, quite innocently, to Alfred, that if he *had* sent them some unlucky idol or horrid little amulet, I should have felt most uneasy at the way matters had turned out. I should have said there were more things in heaven and earth, Horatio. I really should.

"Well, a good bit later, when I was on a visit to Cecily—she was a sad flirt, that girl, but she makes dear Alfred such a good wife—she told me what had really happened. A hasty engagement, you know, and no time to think what Desmond would be like when he wasn't playing tennis or dancing or singing. She *was* discontented, but didn't know why. And then suddenly came the last straw which showed how the wind blew, if I may put it like that. You'd never guess what it was.

"In a flash she saw herself making conversation with Desmond across the table for the next ninety-nine years (she exaggerates); and he was the sort, she said, to be grumpy at breakfast and read dull bits out of the newspaper. It's quite likely that if we had sent her a stuffed alligator it would have had no influence whatever over her feelings, whereas this charming, domestic, really *nice*—— Yes, you have guessed it.

"The silly girl said she hadn't looked at Desmond for two minutes over the top of that old coffee-pot before (practically) all was over between them. And I had meant so well!"

At this point Alfred's Aunt Charlotte would assume a decent mask of contrition to hide her satisfaction at so clear a case of virtue rewarded.

OUR POETICAL ADVERTISERS.

NOTHING can be more pleasant, as we go to or from the daily task, than to see on hoardings, shop-windows or pages of journals and periodicals, the Poetical Advertisements now so happily in favour. Famous quotations unexpectedly confront us, applied with such nicety and delicacy as to seem to appear with all their original vigour, leaving us charmed and refreshed. Here are three types.

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

What inspired BROWNING to write these never-to-be-forgotten lines? What caused this buoyant optimism? Few can say. Yet, might it not well have been that he had used

PROTOPLASMIC SOAP?
ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.
Obtainable everywhere.
Get this Soap and with it that Spring-like feeling.
(When requiring Shaving Soap ask for "BEAVERSBANE.")

All *Weekly Detractor* readers should possess that sterling quality born of foresight, **Confidence in the Future.**

We wish each to be able to exclaim in adversity or prosperity, sickness or health:—

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid."

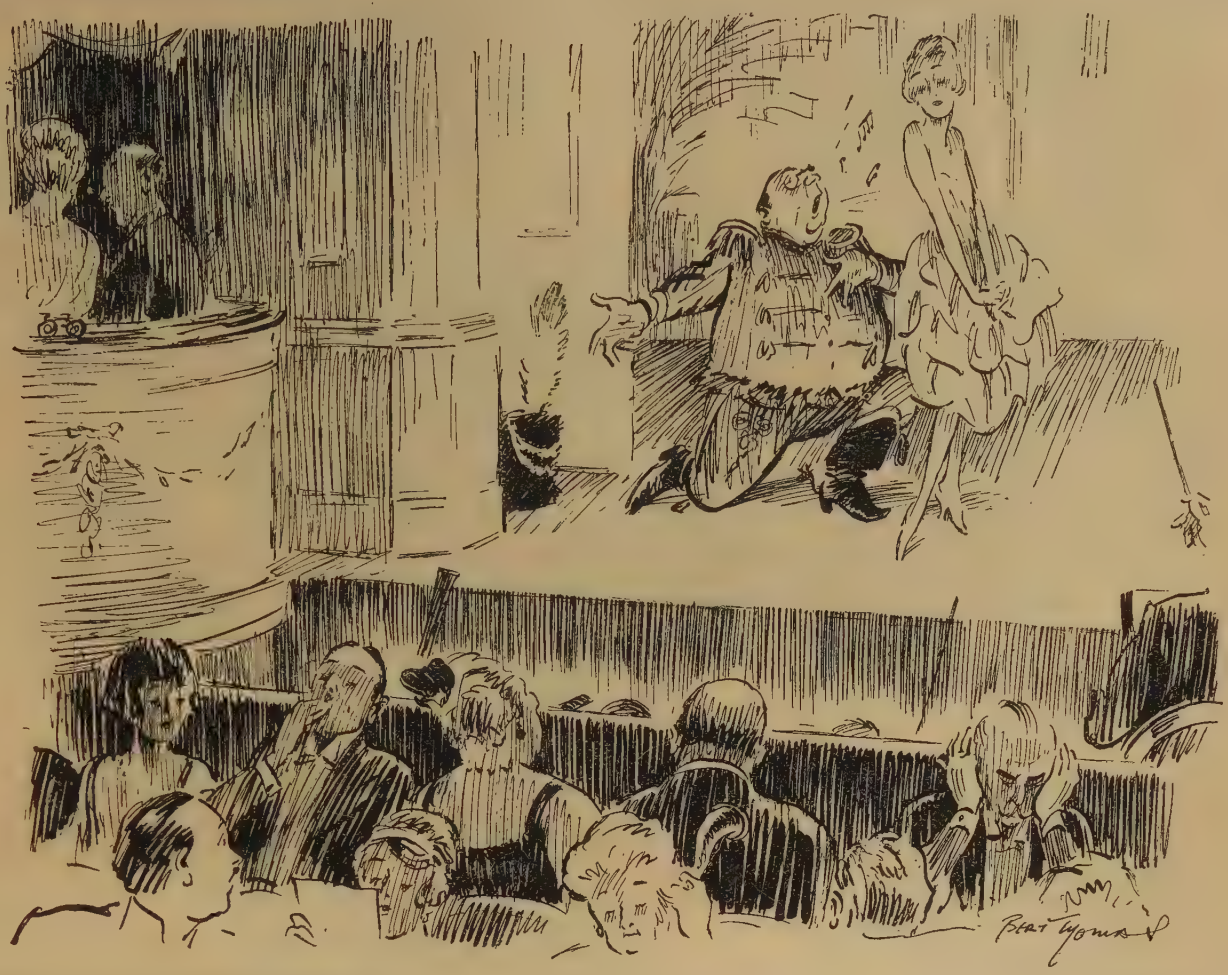
Can YOU say this?

If not, delay no longer, but fill in the Coupon on page 3.

Compare what we offer.

"The World is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers. . . ."

Bedevilled with Bureaucrats, plagued with Politicians, stupefied with soaring prices and alarmed at alliterations, I ask in all innocence *Where is one to turn in the turmoil of present-day conditions for peace and harmony of mind?* As for harmony of sound, it has ceased to exist. We are between a saxophonic Scylla and a cacophonic Charybdis.



MANAGERS ARE MORE CONCERNED TO-DAY ABOUT THE VOICE THAN THE APPEARANCE OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY HERO. SO WHY NOT REVOLVING SEATS FOR THE HYPER-SENSITIVE IN THE AUDIENCE?

This is a lament, not an apology, so I must get what comfort a mere optimist deserves when I say I can supply the undermentioned garments at the following startlingly philanthropic prices :—

Bath Robes . . from 14 guineas.
Undervests . . „ 3½ „
Pyjama Suitings „ 9 „

BADLIE BROTHERS.

Our Candid Contemporaries.

"It goes without saying that this paper is as virulent as ever, and is eagerly looked for both at home and abroad by those associated with the Hillfoots."—*Provincial Paper.*

"—— Wesleyan Church. Preachers :—11 A.M. Rev. J. P. Veall ; 6.30 P.M. Rev. T. E. Ham."—*Provincial Paper.*

Both, we believe, noted for their piety.

From "Ulster's Stand for Union," by Mr. RONALD MCNEILL, M.P. :—

"Among the many distinguished people who assembled in the Ulster capital for the occasion, there was one notable absentee."

Who will now venture to deny the author's right to speak for Ireland?

WORK A PLEASURE.

AFTER remarking that a lump of coal contains electrical particles which, if they could be liberated and controlled, would yield sufficient power to do the work of the world, a writer in *The Daily Chronicle* asks : "Will man soon have under his control a force which will perform for him the entire work of the world?"

Speaking personally, we sincerely hope that he may. For we don't know how many years he has had to do that work himself, and, as far as one can see, the task is of a kind for which he is not really suited. It not only overtaxes his energies but is entirely opposed to his temperament. It is true that we can speak only from personal experience; we would not presume to dogmatise on the point, yet something tells us we are right.

Our own view is that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it would in every way be preferable to let a lump of coal do what has to be done. The scientists have our heartiest good wishes in the investigations they are making in this direction, and we hope they will not be too long in arriving at complete success.

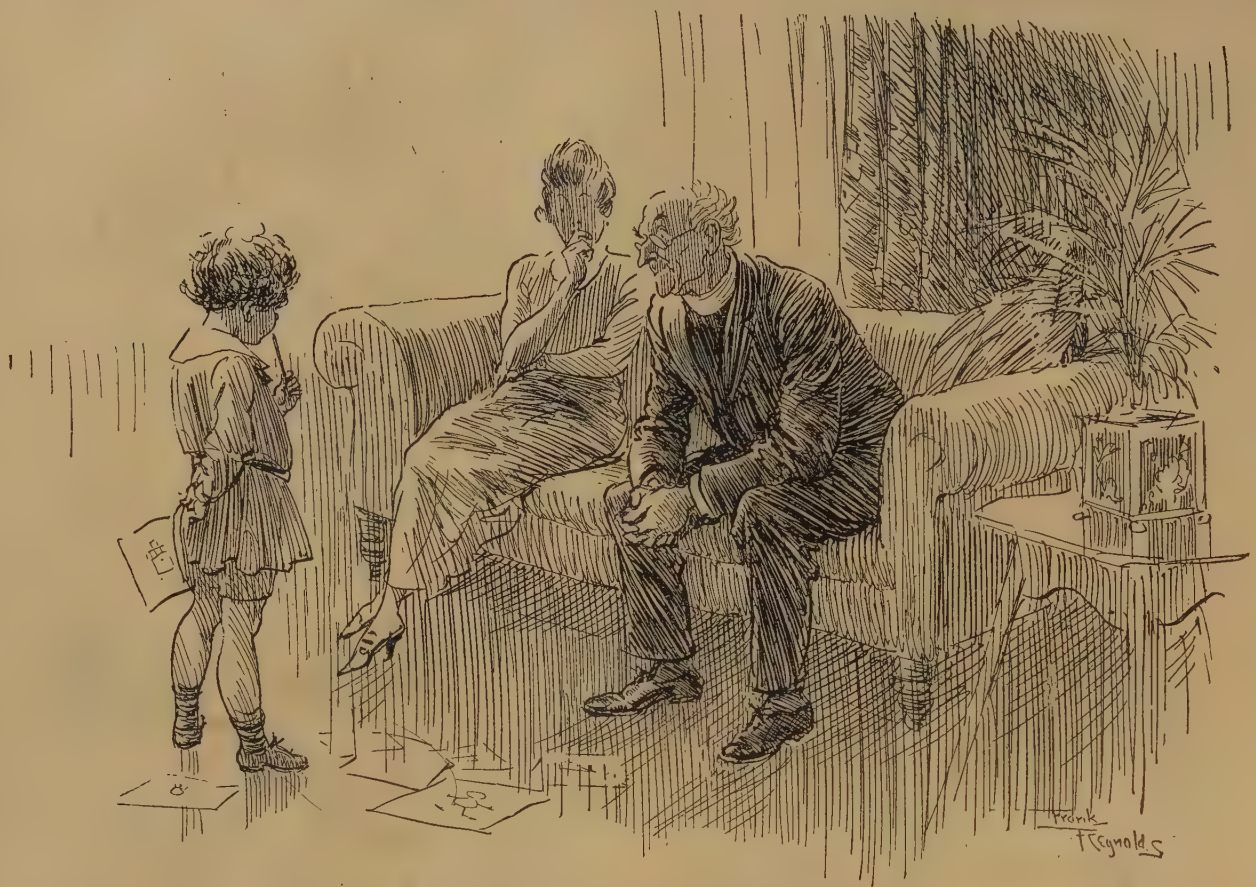
That will be a glad day when, if the lawn wants cutting and rolling, we need only toss a lump of coal on to it and go on with our book, or when the dog ought to be bathed we have only to shut him in the coal-cellar for half-an-hour. Business will become a pleasure when *en route* to the golf links we can look in at the office, dip a piece of coal in the ink and leave it to get on with those mysteries of simple arithmetic which at present absorb so much of our valuable time.

Cannibalism in South America.

"The food sale held annually under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society will take place on Saturday. Fatables of all kids will be gratefully accepted by the organizing Committee."—*Argentine Paper.*

"M. C. wanted for dancing academy; ex-constable preferred."—*Scots Paper.*

The first time we have seen the Force associated with "the light fantastic toe."



Visitor. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, CAN YOU DRAW?" *Small Boy.* "YES."
Visitor. "AND WHAT CAN YOU DRAW? PIGS, HOUSES, PUSSY-CATS, HORSES—EH?"
Small Boy. "I DON'T FINK I CAN DRAW A HORSE, BUT DADDY CAN. HE DREW ROYAL LANCER IN THE OFFICE SWEEP."

THE LIMERICK MAIL.

THE mail 's gone away for Thralee
An', begorrah, she may have got through,
For her rale destination was hid at the station
An' divil a passenger knew;
An' she shtole out of sight in the dead of the night
An' niver a whistle blew.

An' Mike put some grease on the wheels,
The way they 'd go aisy within,
An' Murphy, be rights, should have put out the lights,
But he hasn't the brain of a hin;
An', faix, 'tis all wan, for the oil is near gone
An' they haven't a dhrop in the tin.

She 's probably well on her way,
For she sailed like a bird through Adare;
But we 're wondhering how 'll the bridge at Listowel
Be able the burden to bear;
'Twas blown out of sight on Sathurday night
An' 'twill hardly be yit in repair.

Ould Doyle 's not the dhriver to care
For Republicans near Ballingrane—
Young lads out for sport, be the common report,
With intintion to hould up a thrain;
He 's the divil to shtop whin he 's taken a dhrop,
An' they 'll pepper the ingin in vain.

Wid signals an' telegraphs broke
An' only the wan line of rail,
The manager says he 's a little unaisy
In case they attempt from Rathkale
A thrain to despatch—but she 'll meet with her match
If she faces the Limerick Mail.

"Men of fashion, and others ambitious of emulation, are inquiring what is to be the correct year this winter."—*Evening Paper.*

"1922," we hasten to reply; or, as an after-thought, "1923."

"Recent observers of the conditions of life on the High Andes at an elevation of over fourteen thousand feet, found that the low oxygen pressure which interfered with their bodily functions also made their arithemetic inexact."—*Daily Paper.*

The same phenomenon has been noticed in Swiss waiters.

AN AMERICAN DEFEAT.

[Dr. SCHMIDT of Copenhagen, addressing the Zoological section of the British Association at Hull, stated that adult American congers have ten fewer joints in the backbone than the European variety.]

GIGANTIC daughter of the wondrous West,
Your prowess in athletics is confessed
Beyond all cavil, when we come to grips
And keeping on losing cups and championships.
Yet, when the outlook seems most drear and dull,
Sweet consolation comes to us from Hull,
Where SCHMIDT, that great and scientific Dane,
Proclaims the Old World's unassailed domain;
Though TOLLEY fails, though TILDEN scores more points,
Your congers' backbones have ten fewer joints.

THE WATCH ON THE BOSPHORUS.

TURKEY (*fortissimo*). "SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!"

BRITAIN AND FRANCE (*together*). "YES, WE SEE ALL RIGHT; BUT DON'T YOU LET YOUR HEAD GET TOO BIG FOR YOUR FEZ, YOUNG FELLOW."

IN THE PRESENT DAY THERE IS NO INDICATION OF A PERSON'S INCOME,

BUT IF THE SUMPTUARY LAWS WERE REVIVED EVERYONE WOULD HAVE TO DRESS STRICTLY ACCORDING TO THEIR MEANS.

THE ROAD.

(In which a journalist surveys the prospect of getting no holiday.)

NEATH skies that are always sunny,
By seas that are always blue,
In meadows whose milk and honey
Enhances the mountain view;
By cities renowned in story
And valleys enshrined in song,
You see them, the young, the hoary,
A holiday-making throng.

They are laughing on lakes and rivers,
They brown on the mountain paths,
And elderly men with livers
Are sitting in sulphur baths.
They are hoisting sails in the offing
Or roaming the woods in pairs;
They are riding and bathing and golfing
And eating like hungry bears.

A babel of happy voices
Goes up from each Grand Hotel,
But the heart of the man whose choice is
Some green and sequestered dell
Or an inn by a road once Roman
Is light as the wandering breeze,
And he envies the lot of no man
As he munches his bread-and-cheese.

Ah, me! 'Tis of him I 'm dreaming
As I write in my office chair,
While the patriot Gael is screaming
And pulling his neighbour's hair.
And the Firbolgh, freed of his shackles,
With murder and loot makes glad,
And the Thompson machine-gun
crackles
As home in the dawn I pad.

For the Dail hasn't done debating,
And the Treaty is still in soak,
And the statesmen are still orating
That ought to be shovelling coke.
With bandar-log yelp and chatter
They babble of Ireland Free,
And all of them think they matter,
But they do not matter to me.

For green among garths and granges,
Or white on the vine-clad hill,
Ever the brave road ranges
Whitherso'er it will,
Through gorges aquake with thunder
And many a woodland ride,
By bridges that streams run under
And inns by the water-side.

Scholars and saints and sages,
Workers of good and ill,
Tramped the Road through the ages,
Ghosts of them walk there still;
Marching to fields forgotten
Sang as he rode the knight—
Gad! it is simply rotten
To have to sit here and write.

Oh, Bolsheviks, cease your blather;
Cease patriot guns to pop,
And let a poor scriveller gather
Some socks and a shirt and hop,
While the bloom is still on the heather
And busy the harvest wain,
And there 's still some good in the
weather,
And take to the road again.

Down through the sunlit valley
And up to the sky-line's edge,
By hazel and oak and sally
And mountain and moor and sedge,
With a pipe and the stuff to fill it,
Stout boots and a well-thumbed book,
And a few miles farther a billet
With a plain but superior cook.

And the sons of the Gael may battle
From Meath to the County Clare,
Egged on by the priceless prattle
Of bards with excessive hair;
The Bolshie may prove unruly
And the rebel rise like yeast,
But it won't annoy yours truly
For a good three weeks at least.

ALGOL.

"Long week-end holidays abroad are more and more becoming popular among business men.

The practice is especially advantageous to the single-headed business man."—*Daily Paper.*

It has its advantages for the two-faced as well.

"Small Furnished House required for the winter by quiet, elderly, married couple; clean and very careful tenants; no children or other destructive or dirty animals."

Advt. in Local Paper.

There should be a rush to accommodate such a charming old pair.

"The British Columbia institutions compared favourably in the number of cures and in other respects with similar institutions in the Dominion. The total cost is $600,000 per pear at present."—*Canadian Paper.*

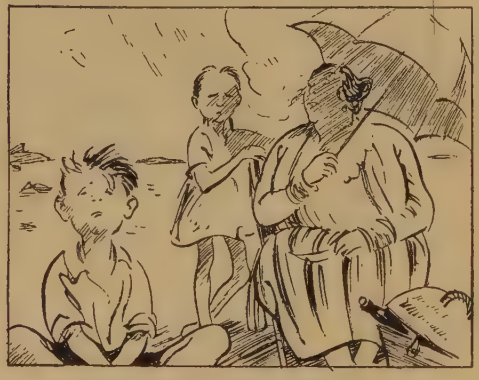
The old adage tells us that "fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night," but there must evidently be some period of the day when it is equivalent to radium.

A PROUD PARENT'S HOLIDAY SNAPSHOTS.

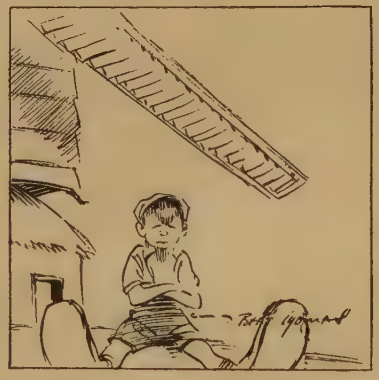
PANORAMA OF THE HERRING FLEET PUTTING OUT TO SEA.

THE *AQUITANIA* FROM THE DECK OF THE *SEAFOAM*.

THE CASTLE RUINS.



BREAKERS ON THE ROCKY COAST.



THE SWEEP OF THE DOWNS.

THE CRUISE OF THE "CLIO."

V.

ABOUT 9.0 A.M. we made the port of Ryde. For six hours of darkness we had battled with a raging wind. We had struggled past *The Shambles*. We could have thrown a stone on to *The Shingles*. We tossed biscuits on to *The Brambles*. We had travelled fifty-five miles. We were wet through. Sleepless and unshaven, we approached the Isle of Wight as men who have been through a great naval engagement, conscious of our worth. Surely the whole town would leap from their beds to shout a welcome to the storm-tossed Mariners!

But we had forgotten. It was Ryde Week.

Scrubby and bedraggled, the *Clio* crept to her anchorage among the pure white yachts of princes, peers and titled grocers, with the sensations, I imagine, of a black sheep entering for the first time a flock of white ones. It was a stirring spectacle. The White-Winged Doves of the Solent, as the picture-papers call them, had not yet spread their wings. Their owners were still trying to snatch a wink of sleep ashore. But the morning toilet had begun. On every snowy deck two or three able-bodied valets in blue jerseys were already at work, busy at the immemorial duties of the sea. To every man a tin of brass-polish, to every man a duster or two. How they rubbed, the sturdy fellows! Here a little, there a little—rub, rub, rub! Here, one felt, the spirit of NELSON, of DRAKE and FROBISHER, breathed again. And what looks of proper scorn they flung upon the *Clio*! Many of the Doves were already gay with signal-flags, and one felt that each was making the same terrific signal: "NO BOATS ALLOWED HERE EXCEPT IN EVENING DRESS."

Naturally we were too ashamed to stay on board. Better to breakfast ashore than face the due contempt of all those able-bodied housemaids. We went ashore.

At the pier an aged Beaver shooed us away. I knew it would happen. We had forgotten to polish up the dinghy.

"You can't bring that there boat in 'ere," he shouted malignantly. "She 'll be in the way of they motor-boats."

"Good," we said, and tied her up at both ends.

In the hall of the —— Hotel we met some real sailors about to breakfast, magnificent men in white ducks and yachting-caps, and wearing that freshly-boiled-lobster complexion which only the very wealthiest sailors attain. Slinking under their lee we interviewed the head-waiter. The head-waiter had an eloquent eye.

We said in an off-hand manner, "We have been sailing all night. We have weathered a quite exceptional storm. *The Shambles*, *The Shingles*, *The Brambles*—all these obstacles sought to destroy us. We baffled them. We are tired. Can we have some bacon and eggs?"

Did the eye of the head-waiter reply, "Gentlemen, thank Heaven you are safe. You are now in the holy haven of the amateur sailor. You have done well. You are welcome"? It did not.

It said, "Go forth out of this, you odious penniless creatures, lest the mere sight of your disgusting grey-flannel trousers contaminates the breakfast of a single lobster-face."

But, thank Heaven, this is a free country. After a good deal of palaver we were served with breakfast in the coffee-room—behind a screen.

Lounging afterwards in the lounge, which seemed to be rolling, pitching and heaving generally in a very curious way, we were searchingly examined by an exceptionally fine lobster, evidently the King Lobster of the entire herd. A telescope was under his arm. A little compass dangled on his watch-chain. M.Y. *Bogus* was printed largely on his yachting-cap. I saw at once that he was a man of the very highest birth. After a little the manageress appeared and joined in the scrutiny. We felt as the earwig feels when someone suddenly removes his brick.

"Will I lend the gintleman my

field-glasses?" said Peter loudly, breaking into the best Irish. "Sure he can't make us out, is it centipedes we are or what."

"Faith, and why wouldn't he use the fine telescope he has on him?" said I.

"It could be that it doesn't open at all," said Peter, trying not to giggle. "For I've seen prettier telescopes in the big toy shops that do be in Dublin and Killarney and Innisfree itself."

"It might," said I, drying up lamentably.

"It's a quare hard thing, so it is," says Peter, with a fierce expression, "for three poor paytriots to be looked at that way in the early mornin' before the dew is off the bog, and they destroyed travellin' on the great sea. Will I show him the little gun I have in me pocket, the craythur?"

"You will not then," said I, "for it's scarce he's made himself."

Indeed, by this time the King Lobster had fled. The manageress had bolted into her office, no doubt to telephone the police. Quickly, but with dignity, we evacuated the —— Hotel and rowed out to the *Clio*.

Getting under way, we passed under the stern of a large white motor yacht —curiously enough the M. Y. *Bogus*. Pure White Dove! Her silver cigar-box shone in the sun. Her deck-chairs stood in trim rows, ready for sea. From her stern there issued the jolly sea-smell of petrol and boiled cabbage. We bade the goodly ship and all that goodly company of grocers an austere farewell.

"Farewell," we cried. "Sea-hogs! Snobs! Lobsters, and the sons of lobsters, farewell! Curséd be they who go down to the sea in motor-yachts, and cling like shell-fish to the Isle of Wight! For these are they who have made the noble sport of yachting to stink in the nostrils as the sport of lobsters. Farewell! we pass to a purer sea, where there are neither motors, nor the fumes of motors, nor fat white men with nursery telescopes. Farewell, and follow not!"

It is doubtful if the crew of the *Bogus* understood sufficient of this address to report to their Captain, but they gave the cigar-box another rub and waved their dusters at us in a friendly way.

That evening we stood on the mainland in the garden of Mr. Splick, who makes a "specialty" of Lobster Teas. Mr. Splick has two enormous sea-water tanks, peopled only by thousands of live lobsters. We watched them for a long time, some clinging motionless to the side, some crawling round and round their spurious sea, but all slowly fattening for the hour of death—a hideous spectacle.

The sun went down and darkness fell upon the lobsters. John made an eloquent gesture towards the more westerly pond.

"Cowes," he said briefly.

"Ryde," said I, from the bank of the other one.

* * * * *

Next evening our Captain had left us, and at about 4 P.M. we were bowling merrily down Southampton Water. The sun was shining, and by clever manœuvring we had extracted two hoots from that giant liner the *Neurasthenia*, costing the company I don't know what. We were very gay.

At about 4.10 I steered the *Clio* at a brisk pace on to the Hamble Spit.

"Scandalise the mains'l," said I, knowing exactly what to do.

"Right," said Peter, and he did it.

At 9.30 P.M. we were still scandalising the mainsail on the Hamble Spit when out of the gloom a thick voice hailed us: "Can we give you a tow off?"

"You can," we said gratefully. And tow us off they did.

But, alas, the voice was the voice of the King Lobster, and we anchored that night under the stern of the good ship *Bogus*.

It is a hard life, the sea. A. P. H.

THE DIE-HARD.

The Slump in Education.

From a report of a meeting of the British Association:—

"I imagine they came in a very simple nature, somethink like the green mould that grows on the walls."

"For the first time for 25 years an Oxford mother, Mrs. ——, has given birth to triplets."
Morning Paper.

Once you get the knack, however, you never really lose it.

"If the Council were going to take away the sands, thousands of families who came to Weymouth would remain away and go elsewhere."—*Provincial Paper.*

We are still working at this.

A GREAT RUN—THE NIGHTMARE OF A FOOTBALLER.

A GREAT RUN—THE NIGHTMARE OF A FOOTBALLER.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—"BODY AND SOUL" (REGENT).

A SERIOUS enough title seemingly, but in fact merely one of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S larks out of the grand Babylon-Bursley pigeon-hole—a simple and pleasant enough jest, treated with rather a careless hand: diffuse when compression would have been acceptable, as in the preparation; compressed when expansion might have been entertaining, as in the working out.

Lady Mab Infold, Society's most advertised and photographed beauty, is passionately interested, for the moment, in transference of personality and other pseudo-psychic hocus-pocus, the stock-in-trade of *Procopo*, a handsome charlatan. She also happens to need a new typewriter.

Blanche Nixon, an ex-schoolmistress from Warrington, who comes to the Futurist suite in the Grand Babylon to sell it, being a sport with an eye to the main chance, falls in with *Lady Mab's* suggestion that they shall exchange souls (*Mab milady* having made the unlikely discovery that she is no good and that her caste is "finished), affects to be hypnotised by *Procopo*, and plays the game to the extreme point of giving away twenty-five thousand pounds of *Lady Mab's* money to the Bursley Health Institute when she lays the foundation stone of that promising venture, and of annexing *Lady Mab's* not very ardent lover. After which there is nothing for the ruined and humiliated beauty to do but go and lecture in America—"They all do it; that apparently is why it was discovered."

The most attractive and finished piece of playing was that of Miss DORA GREGORY as the Mayoress of Bursley, solidly entrenched in her aspidistra-haunted drawing-room. Miss NAN MARRIOTT WATSON'S *Blanche* was a clever, varied and spirited piece of work, which will improve with time, for the root of the matter is in her. Miss VIOLA TREE, handicapped by her need of the prompter, scarcely did herself justice, but showed us enough of the possibilities of the genuinely comic creation, *Lady Mab*, to encourage us. Mr. CHARLES GROVES' mayor, Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY'S charlatan, and Mr. MARTIN WALKER'S solid lover were all good pieces of work.

There was an odd air about this inauguration of "The Regent" in the wilds of St. Pancras; the natives crowding outside to estimate the significance of the strange irruption of evening dress; the vast acreage of stalls, pit-stalls and circles of the converted music-hall; the audience, quite unlike the orthodox first-night crowd, of distinguished Bohemians (of the palish kind still extant), and *Beggar's Opera* enthusiasts, with, I should judge by certain oddly timed and inspired spasms of applause, a good sprinkling of local worthies; the author beaming from his box from behind a corona; the clouds of tobacco-smoke issuing from the lips of both sexes (with honours about easy, I should say). *Denry*, "The Card," would have enjoyed the scene. Had he foreseen it he might have built his *Regent* at St. Pancras instead of Piccadilly.

T.

II.—"SECRETS" (COMEDY).

Ought one to feel ashamed to confess that one found the sentiment and

THE MARRIAGE WILL NOT TAKE PLACE.

Lady Mab of the very high hand.
MISS VIOLA TREE.

Aaron Draper of the Five Towns.
MR. MARTIN WALKER.

the handling of *Secrets* by Mr. RUDOLF BESIER and Miss MAY EDGINTON distinctly moving? I don't think so. Of course it is quite possible to argue in cold blood that *John Carlton's* wife would not be likely to have, besides the robuster qualities of physical courage, high principle and a very wide-eyed tolerance, the gentler qualities also of unfailing sweetness and subservience. Not likely, but, I think, possible, and Miss FAY COMPTON'S very intelligent playing made it even plausible. And that surely is enough.

Secrets is a retrospective panorama of the *Milestones* type. *Mary Carlton*, a dear little old lady of seventy-five, whose husband, *Sir John*, is, at the crisis of his grave illness, put into an armchair by the kindly doctor to get a little sleep. . . . We then pass back into time and become the spectators of her gentle career. We see *Mary Marlowe*, a slip of a girl of eighteen, dressing for her first serious party: very modest and demure, and saying, "Yes, papa," when that portentous Victorian upbraids her for her scandalous conduct in falling in love with his penniless clerk, but eloping through the window of her locked bedroom with the said clerk that very night. . . Next she is *Mrs. John Carlton*, and a mother, in a Wyoming shack, firing off revolvers with the best and killing her man too. . . Then again in a Porchester Terrace mansion, the placid middle-aged (forty-one, to be precise, but this is 1888) wife of the wealthy and successful and masterful *Sir John Carlton*, who is shortly to be made a peer; more than holding her own with immense dignity in an encounter with her husband's slightly ridiculous mistress (ridiculous as a result of her calm strategy) and showing herself to *John*, and *John* to himself, with a few exquisitely simple poignant words and gestures. . . And then yet again a still very tired little old lady, just waking to hear that all is well with the sick man—and that he wants her.

Yes, a very attractive, well-planned and well-written piece.

The verdict of the house was instantaneous, spontaneous, unanimous, vociferous. Miss FAY COMPTON deserved her outstanding personal triumph. A "fat" part, of course, but by no means left to play itself; intelligently studied, carefully balanced and played not only with feeling, which is perhaps not so rare, but repose, which is.

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE played with intelligence a part alien to his temperament, and succeeded best, I think, in his picture of the middle-aged, square-jawed, successful, domineering and just not vulgar knight.

Miss LOUISE HAMPTON'S portrait of a Victorian maiden aunt was quite admirable, and Mr. HUBERT HARKER and Miss MARGARET SCUDAMORE, though designed to provide a little of the comic relief element, did not outrageously exaggerate the queer brace of mid-Victorian parents (*Mary's*). Miss HELEN HAYE'S naughty *Mrs. Eustace Mainwaring* was a little obvious, but perhaps women who were naughty looked it more obviously in those days than they do now. At any rate that, I imagine, was the idea. Mr. TOM REYNOLDS and Mr. HENRY VIBART gave us sound portraits of two very differing types of physicians—the rough peripatetic pioneer and the established Harley Street man.

The production, by Mr. NORMAN PAGE, was excellent throughout, and I have seldom, if ever, seen such a convincing

Wealthy Shipowner. "YOU'VE TAKEN THE CHAMPAGNE FROM THE WRONG BIN, JENKINS. THIS IS THE STUFF WE USE FOR CHRISTENING SHIPS."

use of firearms on the stage as in the fight at the shack, though I think the garrison's casualties—one bullet in *Mary's* arm—were rather too light for the odds against them. T.

AT THE RECEIPT OF CUSTOM.

A SPOT there is where four ways meet
(Or, with the footpath, five),
And at the corner of the street,
Whenever I arrive,
I see a woman with a stool—
She sits upon it as a rule.

A broom is leaning near her hand
(It does not matter which),
Whereby the world may understand
The crossing is her pitch;
The broom and she together sit—
I never see her using it.

The roadways all are duly tarred,
Immaculately kept,
The sidewalks paven white and hard—
They never need be swept;
For nothing less than NOAH'S Flood
Could churn their surface into mud.

Her hands upon her lap she folds,
Impassive in her calm,
Till, as I pass, she sometimes holds
A mutely pleading palm,
In which I always place with care
What copper coins I have to spare.

No work she does throughout the day,
For there is need of none;
She merely sits and lets me pay
For what has not been done.
O dame, I liken unto you
The Board of Inland Revenue.

But you are kinder; you do not
On papers buff and white
Propound me riddles I have got
To answer you aright;
Then, when I put the answers down,
For every pound I pay a crown.

You do not ask, you only wait
And lift a pleading eye;
Nor do I risk an awful fate
If I should pass you by;
For even if you plead in vain
You never threaten to distrain.

'Tis true, for anything I give
You yield me no return;
Perhaps you fancy that you live
On what your labours earn—
It is the same pretence outworn
Repeated by Sir ROBERT HORNE.

Then take my last remaining cent,
O harmless, useless dame!
Our great and noble Government
Does very much the same;
Only its agents, I confess,
Exact far more for doing less.

"A snake about two feet long was killed while crawling along the butter in Walworth Road, S.E.—*Daily Paper.*

That's the worst of this grass-fed butter.

Extract from letter of Matron of Women's Hospital in India to Matron of Men's Hospital, adjoining:—

"I have to complain that I found coming up our stairs, three of your male staff, that have to be washed by hand twice a day."

We suppose this is an example of the Matron's *esprit d'escalier.*

"If there is one thing the Japanese woman cordially dislikes it is white hair.

At garden parties, any large assemblage of women, or even the theatre, nothing will meet the eye but black-as-ink coiffeurs, neatly arranged."—*Daily Paper.*

These Ethiopian hairdressers, tidily piled up in stacks, are one of the sights of Japan.

THE FISHES' REVENGE.

FISH are commonly believed to be dumb. None the less a mass meeting of them has just been convened to listen to an address on the present unhappy state of the Brighton Aquarium, delivered by one of the two dolphins—now both very venerable figures—who provided the town with its escutcheon.

The meeting was held just off the end of the Brighton Palace Pier, a large number of fish of various kinds being assembled. A note of the proceedings was taken by a particularly well-read mullet, to whom I am indebted for this report.

The aged dolphin, who was received with the utmost cordiality that fishes can express, began by craving the indulgence of the company for any excess of emotion that he might display; but, standing to Brighton as he did in the tutelary relation, he could not but be distressed by the town's degeneracy. Indeed, had he dreamed that a time could come when Brighton would repudiate its Aquarium as the home of fish, neither he nor his brother, who, he regretted to say, was not well enough to be present, although his heart was with them—(Loud applause)—would ever have taken the town under their fins. (Renewed applause.)

But fish, he continued, had fallen upon evil days, not only in Brighton but all over the country. In other lands fish were not merely eaten, they were admired. He was not in a position—no fish was—to describe at first hand the famous aquaria of the world—an aquarium was a bourne from which no traveller ever returned—(Groans)—but he himself had traversed many oceans, and, by listening in the neighbourhood of submarines and of fishing-boats, had heard much about them. He had even in his, comparatively speaking, hot youth, swum as far as Honolulu, where there was an aquarium of surpassing loveliness. Most other countries indeed respected and esteemed fish; but in England no one cared anything for them except as food; the whole nation was grossly piscivorous and insensitive to beauty. (Groans.) Not even at the Zoo was there yet an aquarium, after all these years, although large numbers of hideous, commonplace and inferior creatures, with legs and hair and no power of living under water, were kept and petted there. ("Shame!") As for London, what was once the Westminster Aquarium and a popular resort was now the head-quarters of a branch of Nonconformity. (Sensation.) And not even Baptists. (Renewed sensation.)

But, the speaker continued, the latest indignity which he and his brethren had to suffer was the attitude of the Brighton Town Council, once their friends. The Brighton Aquarium was a place—(Loud laughter.)—No, he did not mean that. He could be witty if he liked: as witty as most fish; but at the moment he was in deadly earnest. (Cheers.) The Brighton Aquarium was an institution erected to the glory of what respectable journalists, having said fish often enough, were in the habit of calling the finny race. For years it was their temple. (Cheers.) For years human beings went to Brighton for almost no other purpose than to see what wonderful creatures lived under the sea—how swift they were, how brilliant, how intelligent, how—and this was not an unneeded lesson—silent. (Applause.) The Brighton Aquarium was then a magnet that drew all England. But to-day? Ah, to-day! (Groans.) To-day, when fish no longer inhabited its tanks, it was a by-word; it was a failure in every other direction; it was despised by its owners. So abject was its condition that recently efforts had actually been made by a hardened and determined ichthyophobe named CLAYTON to convert it into a garage for char-à-bancs. (Groans.) Think of the enormity of the change: the home of the octopus to become the home of the motor-bus! ("Shame!")

But even that, the speaker went on, was now not certain, and the poor Aquarium, its high mission as an instructor and enlightener done, was now a *casus belli*, a bone of contention. It had the whole town by the ears. Was not this monstrous—that a building carefully designed to broadcast the news of how marvellous and exquisite were the denizens of the deep—(Loud applause)—should now be nothing but a scrap-heap over which the inhabitants of the Queen of Watering Places exchanged blows! (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Before he closed his address, the speaker added, he would like to know if anyone present had any suggestion to make.

At this point the headmaster of the local school of mackerel rose. Much, he said, as he disliked the idea of being kept in captivity, he disliked even more the thought that Brighton should be so destitute of all those refinements which the spectacle of fish swimming or basking in tanks might afford; and therefore he, for one, was prepared to spend the rest of his life in educative duress. (Cheers.) He understood, however, with pain, that under no circumstances whatever would Brighton ever again countenance live fish. This being so, he thought that their best way of punishing the town would be to see that it had no dead fish either. (Wild excitement.) What then they had to do was to refrain from being caught by Brighton fishermen any more. (Loud cheers.) Let them give the borough a wide berth. Let them see that Brightonians had a hard row—(Laughter.) No, he was not being funny, any more than their revered friend the dolphin was. This was no time for fun. Let them see that Brightonians had a hard r-o-w to hoe. (Great enthusiasm.) He had already instructed his scholars on the subject, and he now called on everyone present, out of sympathy with their illustrious Chairman, if for no other reason, to absent themselves from local waters. (Renewed applause.)

On this motion being put to the meeting it was carried *nem. con.* So Brighton had better look out!

E. V. L.

THE EXCUSATIVE.

HE took the honour off the tee,
And topped as badly as could be;
He said, "My fingers always slip
On this abominable grip."

His second, from a perfect lie,
Went preternaturally high;
He grumbled that the ground was soft,
Maintaining that it made him loft.

He pulled his third, an easy pitch;
It fell precisely in a ditch;
The simplest shots, he said, were barred
On ground so hideously hard.

I gathered that he could not play
On any sort of soil but clay;
I also came to understand
That nothing suited him like sand.

Apparently a Silver King
Annoyed him more than anything;
But what annoyed him most of all
Was any other kind of ball.

He said he never used to hook
Until he bought some expert's book,
And that his tendency to slice
Arose from taking its advice.

And when I won by ten and eight,
He flatly called me fortunate;
Complaining that the luck *he* had
Would drive a dozen DUNCANS mad.

I left him talking like a pro.
To someone he appeared to know,
And saying in particular
How plausible some players are.

From a pamphlet on the Caves of Savonnières:—

"These caves hane heen knone and visited for a long time; they were visited in 1547 by Bernard Palissy and in 1644 by gohn Evelyn, the celetrated English wutes."

Wutes that?

Author (at private film exhibition). "THAT'S QUITE AN ORIGINAL PLOT. WHEN ARE YOU SHOWING ME THE FILM OF MY BOOK?"
Film Magnate. "YOU'VE JUST SEEN IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

"*Bim*" *Redgold* was a great artist. That is to say, he was a youth who scorned delights and lived laborious days designing dresses made of such materials as pink beads—"boxes and boxes of pink beads . . . each one costing fourpence." I must add, however in fairness to Miss CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE, who displays considerable tenderness for her latest hero, that "*Bim*" would have been by no means a bad fellow if he had not taken himself, and the pink beads, and the shoddy New Rich society in which the pink beads were to shine, with such religious seriousness. The particular frock which absorbed the "boxes and boxes" was wheedled out of him by *Zuriel Whistler*, the fair-haired adventuress from Margate, who had been lent for a few brief weeks the flat of a mutual friend—known for its incessant harbouring of strange birds of passage as *The Cuckoo's Nest* (NISBET)—and meant to make the most of it. "The most of it" included for *Zuriel* a marriage with *Nicholas Timothy*, diplomatist, only son and heir of "Timothy's Tiny Tea-Tables, Ltd."; and, as "*Bim*" loved *Zuriel*, and "*Bim's*" partner, *Ann Charlton*, loved "*Bim*," and *Nicholas* was quite prepared to love *Zuriel* if suitably gowned for diplomacy, the significance of the pink beads becomes at once apparent. What became of them you can find out for yourself, if you fancy a flimsy problem far more competently treated than it deserves.

Though Captain R. S. GWATKIN-WILLIAMS while on active service within the Arctic circle never achieved his desire of personal contact with any enemy more ferocious than the Northern mosquito, his volume of War memories, *Under the Black Ensign* (HUTCHINSON), details a prodigious amount of hard work done under trying circumstances. The title of his book refers disrespectfully to the dingy hue of those banners, nominally white, displayed by the innumerable grimy trawlers, tugs and other minor craft that helped, in the far North as elsewhere, to harry the U-boats and to convoy cargoes of war material to where they would be most annoying to the enemy. One such cargo—of motor-cars—the Russians, in their zeal to get on with the War, dumped overboard to form the foundations for a pier, greatly to the writer's annoyance; but, on the whole, a wonderful mass of munitions was safely poured into the Northern ports and was the means of keeping Russia alive and brisk in the War a good deal longer than some people now remember. Not that the writer has anything very cheerful to say about Muscovite collaboration in the Arctic, even in the early days. For instance he once photographed their sentries asleep beside the guns whose instant readiness for action was the boast of their commanders; while all the Russian naval exploits here related are of the comic opera order. The author is an old literary hand and his work, though never carrying much of the full-blooded thrill of battle, is always intriguingly written.

From Florence comes a little book—little in length but spacious otherwise—called *In a Grain of Sand* (COLLINS), by YOÏ MARAINI, whose previous work was written under the name of YOÏ PAWLOWSKA. Many are the pages that have been devoted to Italians in general and Tuscans in particular, but I remember nothing more penetrating, more sympathetic, than these. Some of the sketches are almost too poignant. The author needs as slight a plot as TCHEKOV, but her heart is more pitiful than his. In a kind of odd way I am reminded more of that other foreigner resident in Florence, and passionate lover of all things

Italian, who was also a woman, LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE, known wherever English was read as OUIDA; for, though OUIDA had none of Signora MARAINI's essential understanding, her reticence or her economy of method, she shared her sympathy for the poor and suffering. OUIDA, however, could never have given us either the delicious morsel called "Mick at Four," or such a profound parable as "Incipit Vita Nova." Signor MARAINI has enriched the book by some beautiful sensitive drawings. I wish he had depicted *Mick*.

Mr. ERNEST RAYMOND has bestowed on *Rossenal* (CASSELL) such a generous measure of youthful imagination and experience that it seems a thought ungrateful to point out that these two excellent qualities need welding at white-heat and cooling at leisure if they are to result in a homogeneous novel. *Rossenal* (the surname is given to the small boy, *David*, for lack of a legitimate patronymic) is brought up in a dull London house rented by his first mysterious guardian, *Sir Gordon Hay*, for his second mysterious guardian, *Mrs. Macassa*; and his amusements—fantastically treated in a spirit of extravaganza—consist of pilgrimages to the Army and Navy Stores with *Sir Gordon*, and visits to the flat of his reputed mother, *Madame Chartreuse*. His Westminster school-days take a realistic turn; *Mr. Aitch*, his inspired and inspiring form-master, wearing a very "documented" air indeed. *Sir Gordon's* death and *Mrs. Macassa's* embezzlement of *David's* legacy bring about that young man's installation as a clerk in his old Mecca, the Stores. But he is rescued by *Mr. Aitch* and given the post of Junior Tutor in a smart Eastbourne Preparatory School, where so far from having no surname at all, most of the boys have two and a hyphen. The epic glories of his subsequent career came a little incongruously on top of the broad educational humours of "Glendammery"; but I must say I found *Rossenal* very good company to the end.

Old Lady (*after admiring the baby*). "I REALLY MUST KISS THE DARLING."
Elder Sister. "NO, YOU MUSTN'T—IT 'S PRIVATE."

Mr. ROBERT LYND devotes some eighty pages of *The Sporting Life* (GRANT RICHARDS) to the Test Matches of last summer, and as he does not write from the point of view of the expert cricketer I feel grateful to him. He has no theories to expound about two-eyed stances or what not, but is content to tell us what happened in those disastrous games. Cricketers, it is true, may occasionally resent his phraseology. I doubt if F. E. WOOLLEY, for instance, will be pleased to hear that he loves to "snick" the ball; but the flaws in these reports are hard to find, and good entertainment can be derived both from what Mr. LYND has to say and from the style in which he says it. Among these papers on sport he includes some admirable little essays on less serious subjects. He calls them "Other Trifles"; but if this can be taken to mean that he thinks sport a trifle I fear that he will find few people to share his opinion. Mr. LYND must live in a world of his own if he does not know that we are as grave as undertakers about sport, and if he could contrive to banish this cloud of gloom I, for one, should bless him. And, for the present, his "Other Trifles," with the exception of "Old Clothes," can be prescribed for anyone who is suffering from depression.

Miss DOROTHY CANFIELD'S latest novel to be published in England, *The Bent Twig* (CONSTABLE), is the noblest and most captivating piece of American fiction I have encountered for many a long day. It has at least one quality of a masterpiece—the embodiment of a rare and lofty idealism in the most precise and significant terms of time and place. Its delightful heroine, *Sylvia* ("an Athenian in Sparta," as she is called by a commiserating *mondaine* who tries to invest her with a less Lacedæmonian outlook) is brought up on plain living and high thinking in a middle-sized Vermont town, to whose pretentious but unfashionable university her eccentric father is Professor of Economics. *Sylvia*, abetted by the best families of La Chance, is early in revolt against the transcendentalism of her home. "If Father gets off that old Emerson, 'What will you have?' quoth God. 'Take it and pay for it,' again to-night in his speech (she says to her small sister, *Judith*), I 'm going to get right up and scream." Yet in every catastrophe of her life — her childish championship of Creole school-fellows, her girlish shrinking from a dissolute suitor, her renunciation of a Pateresque man of letters, and her acquiescence in a millionaire *fiancé's* abandonment of his wealth — the hackneyed paternal adage forces *Sylvia's* hand. The last two episodes have a Parisian background; but even that owes its notable charm to Miss CANFIELD'S unswerving fidelity to her American horizon.

Mr. OPPENHEIM, in *The Great Prince Shan* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), prophesies that by 1934 the Income Tax will have vanished. But in case this prospect may prove too deliriously exhilarating, let me hasten to add that in other respects we shall be in a very bad way. Lulled to sleep by our commercial prosperity and by our belief in the League of Nations we shall be hopelessly at the mercy of strong and ambitious countries. In short Mr. OPPENHEIM places us in a terrible bunker, and then deftly and dramatically proceeds to rescue us from it. But I do not think that he is quite in tip-top form. *Prince Shan*, who holds the East (and incidentally the West) in the hollow of his hand, arrives too tardily upon the scene, and when he does arrive the rapidity with which he succumbs to the charms of *Lady Maggie Trent* is as surprising as it is convenient for the development of the tale. These, however, are small blemishes, and I should not have troubled to mention them did I not think that Mr. OPPENHEIM is at his best a *Prince Shan* among story-tellers.

"VICTORIA, Aug. 25.—As the months go by daylight saving has been found to be not an unmixed blessing. So the members of the Public Utilities Committee think. . . . Members objected to parents for breakfast in the dark mornings of September."—*Vancouver Sun*.

Some people are so squeamish.

CHARIVARIA.

THE work of repairing the cracks in the walls of No. 10, Downing Street, is now almost completed. It is said that the PRIME MINISTER has decided not to have the writing on the walls renovated for the present.

***

Sir HARRY LAUDER, who is on his way to America, has a bet of ninepence with Sir THOMAS LIPTON that he will reach the United States first. It is thought that Sir THOMAS LIPTON arranged this in order to keep the famous comedian's mind off the trouble in the Near East.

***

It is time that somebody suggested to the Turks that they ought to save a few atrocities for a rainy day.

***

According to a trade journal there will be at least seven thousand more motors on the road before the end of the year. Meanwhile, it is said, Madame Tussaud's are making frantic efforts to complete their model of a pedestrian.

***

"I hope nothing will stand in the way of Mr. DEMPSEY when he visits England," says Mr. JACK KEARNS, of New York. If it is any comfort to him we can give him our assurance that it won't be us.

***

It is proposed to make gramophone records of speeches made by present-day statesmen for the benefit of coming generations. It is just as well that posterity should know what we have had to put up with.

***

The New York Evening Mail suggests that, as we are not paying our debt, America should send some of her lecturers to England. Don't do that. We'll pay.

***

It is said that when COLUMBUS first sighted dry land he was doubtful about it. America to-day has good reason to think that COLUMBUS was right.

***

The motto of the British Undertakers' Association is "Onward." It is the use of appropriate slogans like this that does so much to ensure a nice steady flow of customers.

***

The Chinese PRESIDENT has conferred the Order of the Excellent Crop on Mr. HERBERT D. SUMMER, of Peking. This is, of course, a much more dignified Order than that of the war-time Sergeant-Major, who used to tap them on the shoulder to the tune of "Hair-cut, you."

***

According to *The Daily Telegraph* the hedge-berries indicate that we are in for a hard winter. But surely we have already had it this summer.

***

We hear that the ferocious-looking wild beast reported to be at large by a London milkman on holiday in the country proved, on investigation, to be a cow.

***

A Hampstead gentleman with hirsute trimmings claims that he was "Beavered" eighty-three times in one day between Piccadilly and Oxford Circus. This figure, we understand, will be adopted as bogey for that course.

***

Rioters in Bulgaria have attacked several former Ministers and cut off their beards. It is a great pity these Balkan peoples can't even play "Beaver" without getting rough.

***

Lord LEVERHULME has informed the Press that he rises at four-thirty every morning and does gymnastic exercises. This consoles us a little for not being Lord LEVERHULME.

***

The inventor of a money-taking machine has just sold his idea for sixteen thousand pounds. Scotsmen, however, will continue to do this job by hand.

***

KING BORIS of Bulgaria is anxious to marry a young, pretty and very rich bride. He seems to have got the right idea that almost any man could learn to love a girl like that.

***

Mr. ALEC WAUGH advocates that boys should leave school two years earlier than they do at present. It has been found that their studies seriously interfere with their novel-writing.

***

"I first saw Capri in 1913," writes Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE. We trust the date will be duly noted for commemorative purposes.

***

Passengers on a train from Birmingham to Leicester have been startled by a snake emerging from under the seat. Naturalists, of course, are well aware that snakes are in the habit of concealing themselves like that when travelling without a ticket.

***

It is announced that the second World's Poultry Congress will be held in Spain in 1924. In our opinion there are too many of these attempts to supersede the League of Nations.

***

We note that nearly every member of the party which accompanied STANISLAUS INDRIKSANOV, the "Russian Giant," in his attempt to swim the Channel was sea-sick. He must have created a tremendous wash.

***

Since last year, we read, the Lady Golf Champion of Kent has had her hair bobbed. Another famous golfer who adopts this style is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

***

We hear that an enterprising cinematographer in the Near East has made a "retarded-action" picture which will enable the movements of the Greek army in retreat to be followed by the human eye.

***

A shark recently caught near Sunderland had a blue skin. It is thought that it had been in the water too long.

***

"Nationalisation," says Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE at the Trades Union Congress, "will never be dropped till it is an accomplished fact." That will be the time to drop it.

Tourist. "IS THIS A QUIET PLACE?"
Fisherman. "WELL, IT WERE, SIR, UNTIL FOLKS BEGAN COMING HERE TO BE QUIET."

THE HILLS AND WELLS OF WALES.

WHEN pressmen on the PREMIER wreak
The rage and spite that in them lurk
(As now, because he thought the Greek
A better Christian than the Turk),
His practice is, I understand,
To go and lap those native fountains
Of solace which, a noble brand,
Emerge from Wales's well-known mountains.

What inspirations thence arise
I too have felt in my small way,
Who on those hills have fixed my eyes
Lately from Harlech o'er the bay;
Had I from birth but breathed the clime
That braces Criccieth and Pwllheli,
I might, it seemed, have grown in time
To be a little KEATS (or SHELLEY?).

Nor less inspired my youth had been
Could I have done the three-weeks' course,
Swilling the Cambrian Hippocrene,
Llandrindod's sulphuretted source;
I would have drunk that whiffy juice
Like Helicon, and not because it
Is said (by doctors) to reduce
Excess of adipose deposit.

Ah, James, the thought (not soon to die)
Lifts in my throat a poignant lump
Of how, this autumn, you and I
Exhausted that Pierian pump;
O may its virtues—and the hills
Where we two drove from many a breezy tee—
Cure me of all my ghostly ills,
And you of your pronounced obesity! O. S.

THE COMPLETE CONVERSATIONALIST.

TRAVELLING to Cambridge from the North by the G.N.R. route one changes at Hitchin, and from this point the journey begins to assume features of peculiar interest. Almost invariably you will find yourself sharing a compartment with one or more persons revisiting Cambridge after a considerable lapse of years. You may recognise them in a moment; their eyes reflect the joyful anticipation of those about to renew acquaintance with scenes of happy youthful endeavour; they look out eagerly for old familiar landmarks and exhibit a childlike pleasure when they recognise one. As the train nears its destination their excitement increases; they crane their necks out of the carriage window, impatient to catch a first glimpse of the high turrets of King's Chapel, and, on seeing them, they utter little cries of pleasure and lean back in their seats smiling contentedly. Years have magically fled from their countenances.

But long before this they will have opened a conversation, either with you or with one another; from the moment of leaving Hitchin it is clear that they badly want to talk to someone. They will regard you tentatively, trying to make up their minds whether you too are an old Cantab. and will understand their feelings. Finally they speak. "Are you going to Cambridge?" they inquire, and when you say "Yes," they reply, "So am I." Then, "Haven't been up for fifteen years;" or, "Never seen the place since I went down in '98." Thus started, the talk becomes eager, animated. Magically, as I said, the years flee away.

In my mind the journey from Hitchin to Cambridge has been intimately associated with conversations of this kind. Henceforward, however, it will not be so; in future, if I chance to travel that way, I shall be able to think of nothing but the gentleman with the big cuffs.

I had noticed him on the platform at Hitchin. He might have been almost any age from forty upwards. He was wearing exceedingly large cuffs and a very high stiff collar; in his hand he carried a little black portmanteau. Again, he might have been almost anything from a lawyer's clerk to a Professor of Comparative Anatomy. For some reason he compelled my attention from the first.

We entered an empty compartment together. He betrayed none of the outward signs that I have described, and I experienced a sense of disappointment because the journey threatened to be deprived of what to me was its especial attraction. I was the more agreeably surprised, therefore, when quite suddenly he leaned forward and asked very courteously, "Are *you* going to Cambridge?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Ah," he said, "so am I."

He paused, and I waited with some curiosity for his next remark. It might begin, "It is nearly twenty-five years since——" Or, "I have never been there before——" Somehow I felt that it might be almost anything, even to, "Is there not some sort of an educational establishment there?"

At last it came. Bending forward with a large palm placed on each knee and gazing earnestly into my eyes he remarked, in a tone at once solemn, benign and irrevocably final, "We are *both* going." Then he sat back and stared straight before him in silence.

I was so astonished that my capacity for further surprise became as it were paralysed. If the stranger had proceeded to draw a little stiletto from his waistcoat pocket and said, "Now I am going to stick this into you," I should have remained absolutely unmoved; the thing would have seemed a commonplace. If he had suddenly stood on his head and rested his feet in the luggage-rack I should merely have jumped up with a muttered apology and moved my suit-case out of his way. Actually he did none of these things; he continued to maintain a placid silence until the train steamed into Cambridge station.

* * * * * * *

After much rather confused thought about this incident I have at last clearly realised that it was my privilege to take part in a perfect, an ideal conversation. Consider it in this light. The gentleman in the large cuffs and I were fellow-travellers; this was the common bond that for the moment united us. He elicited from me the sole fact that could be of pertinent interest to himself, namely my destination; he had similar information of himself to impart to me; then, taking these two facts, he fitted them logically and succinctly together, deducing a third, the only certain undeniable conclusion arising out of our common circumstances. Having done this he ceased; he was too great an artist to mar such a perfect artistic achievement.

When at length the train came to a standstill I opened the carriage-door for him, and he bowed gravely and courteously as he passed out. I half expected him to say, "I told you so," but he said nothing. The last I saw of him he was gazing with intense earnestness at a perfectly empty notice-board.

"Not one of the lecturers will receive payment. Apart from the consciousness that they have tried to do something worth doing, none will gain anything but hard labour, aching heads and weary feet, chilblains, colds, and attacks of influenza as a result of their lecture engagements. Upon this very fact all concerned are to be congratulated."—*Weekly Paper.*

We should like to have the lecturers' opinion about that.

AN AMERICAN FAIRYLAND.

(*See the recent Correspondence in the Press about Fairy Photographs.*)

The alleged Photograph which is here reproduced has been shown to Sir ROBERT HORNE on the eve of his visit to America to discuss the British Debt. While admitting his keen appreciation of its beauty, he reluctantly expressed the conviction that it was a fake.

"HAVING NO SPADE, PARTNER?"

NEVER AGAIN;

OR, PEOPLE I DON'T PLAY GOLF WITH TWICE.

STRICTLY speaking, of course, there are very few people I do play golf with twice. I don't often get a second chance. Nevertheless one has one's pride, and there are still golfers whom I regard with contempt.

There is, for one, the Hare-and-Tortoise-Combination man, and Jenkins is the best specimen I have seen.

You know him, of course. He has not long taken up the game, and has just reached the stage of earnest pessimism, but not the stage when one loses faith in the universe. He still takes 12 strokes for the first hole and 69 for the first 7, but he counts them as carefully as he did when he began.

Nay, more carefully. For he has now a standard. Once, it seems, he went round the whole course in 182, and he still clings to the fantastic notion that one day he may beat that score. By a happy chance he has a complete record of that round, hole by hole, and every round he plays now is just a red-hot struggle against that personal Bogey of his own. This contributes largely to the charm of playing with him.

The only time I played with him I took good care to breakfast early and get away before the crowd. We started about half-past eight in the morning, and for the first seven holes we had the course to ourselves. Jenkins halted on every green and got out his spectacles, pencil and a bundle of old cards, and did mathematics. It was a warm morning, so I was quite content. I like a quiet walk round the links.

At the seventh I holed my approach for 8—a pretty shot. Jenkins was on the green, but he had played 11 and was a long way off. He got out his cards and began adding.

"Sixty-six," he said at last with suppressed excitement. "If I get down in 2 I shall be one better than yesterday for the 7 holes." And one could see the man bracing his muscles as he took out his putter.

Just then there came a huge bellow out of the distance and, looking round, I saw two large gaunt men leaning on tremendous brassies in attitudes of impatient fury.

"Come on," I said to Jenkins; "it's *my* hole, anyway."

"No, no," he said, almost piteously; "I *must* put this down."

And put it down he did—in four carefully played putts.

"Seventy," he said sadly, as I hustled him off the green. "That's bad. I did those holes in 67 once."

"We'd better let these fellows go through," I said nervously; "they're scratch men." Whenever I see a high man in baggy breeches behind me my instinct is to lie down at once and let him fire over my body, rather than delay him for the fraction of a second. But Jenkins would not have it. I had not reckoned with the Hare portion of his complex personality. He regards golf as a kind of race, and can't bear to let anybody go past him. He feels that he is losing caste.

So we went on. Somehow or other we scrambled through the eighth hole, which is a short one; but while Jenkins was working out his averages on the green there were no fewer than three couples of long gaunt men leaning on their irons on the tee and shaking their fists at us in a discouraging way.

The ninth was a long hole, and Jenkins still refused to surrender our lead. I saw that we should have to run for it. Jove, how we ran! Back and forth we trotted across the fairway, in and out of bunkers, over walls and into ditches, just giving our balls a feverish dig in the stern and galloping after them again.

It was no good. I never had the stamina for hockey. The long gaunt men marched down upon us with the easy gait of tigers; and at last I putted my ball down a rabbit-hole and, crying wildly, "I 've lost my ball!" lay down exhausted.

"Play another," cried the eager Jenkins.

"I haven't got another," I lied, down-and-out.

A long time I lay there, watching against the sky an endless procession of tigers trooping past triumphant. Jenkins fretted at my side, losing caste in handfuls, and working out his chances of doing the hole in under 16.

At last, when there was not a man to be seen behind us, I consented to proceed. At the tenth I was 10 up and 8 to play, and it was one o'clock.

"Well, I had all the luck," I said cheerfully. "What about some lunch?"

"One hundred and two," said Jenkins as one in a dream; "that means that I 've only to do a few eights and nines to beat my record. Think I can do it?"

Well, I have always a certain sneaking respect for religious mania, and lunch at the club-house is an expensive meal. We went on.

We still had the course to ourselves and Jenkins took his time. The further we went the longer he addressed his ball, so long that the club sheep came and grazed in front of him while he did it. First he would make six or seven determined passes in the direction of the hole, as if to warn the sheep that he meant business. Then he placed his club firmly behind the ball, and left it there for a long time, thinking. Then he made four or five little threatening movements at it and raised his club above his head, looking very fierce. One felt that he was about to strike the ball. Then he noticed the sheep. When he had shooed them away he started again. About half-past three we sighted the eighteenth green. "One hundred and eighty-seven," said Jenkins sadly as we staggered off it. "A close thing."

"Bad luck," said I. "But cheer up. If you 'd only taken six strokes less you'd have beaten your record."

"That 's true," said Jenkins, brightening. "Do you think I ought to get a spoon?" he went on anxiously.

"What you want is one of those automatic adding-machines," I said.

We had a painful tea. A. P. H.

WIRELESS NOTE.

PORTRAIT OF MY LANDLADY "LISTENING-IN."

The Advance of the Kemalists.

"Turkish Delight.—Young person wanted at Sydenham for cutting up by hand."
Suburban Paper.

"Asking for it like that gives the impression that you have had too much foreign cookery, too many rickshaws."—*Evening Paper.*

"Another rickshaw, boy, with plenty of gin in it!" How well we know that cry.

"The Bailwyd river, Blaenau Festiniog, overflowed on to the Festiniog railway yesterday morning. A train stuck fast in two feet of debris, while the water entered the coaches full of children going to school. After some trouble the river reversed and managed to get back to Tan-y-bwlch."—*Welsh Paper.*

It wass ferry unusual, yess, inteet.

Footnotes to History.

From a schoolboy's essay:—

"After the Diet of Worms, Luther exclaimed, 'Thank God! I can take no other course.'"

"On Saturday the family dined at home, and then went to a private dance at a friend's house. They returned home about half-past eleven and were quite hoppy."—*Daily Paper.*

We see nothing unnatural in this.

"WANTED.—A Servant—to cook and dress children.

CASHMERE TAILORS.—Ram Jee is willing to make up Capes, Jackets, &c., for Ladies out of their own skins.

SIMLA DAIRY.—Superior Butter 1 Re. per lb. Nobody can touch it."—*Simla News.*

Queer place, the East.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(*By our Fleet Street Flâneur.*)

APPARENTLY the belief that seaside landladies resemble Harley Street doctors in the way they graduate their prices in accordance with the social status of their clients is a fallacy.

I have in mind the recent experience of Semolina, Marchioness of Dunstable, and her daughter, Lady Lavender Browne-Holland, who have just returned to their Bloomsbury maisonette after a recuperative fortnight at Whelkscliffe. In selecting this bracing and reputedly inexpensive resort they had decided that their rank was calculated to militate against an economical holiday, and so, after a consultation, they arranged to borrow the identities of their confidential house-parlourmaid and her mother, and rooms were engaged for them in the names of Mrs. and Miss Blogg, of Peckham.

Both ladies being accomplished performers in amateur theatricals, they had no difficulty in sustaining the parts until a day or two before the end of their visit, when there arrived to lodge at a neighbouring house a family from Peckham who were intimately acquainted with the real Mrs. Blogg, and embarrassing explanations were necessary.

It was perhaps a little mortifying, after all their pains, to be assured by the landlady that, if she had only known, she would have quoted greatly reduced terms to them as members of the nobility, if only for the sake of the advertisement. As Lady Dunstable so truly says, it is terribly difficult for the New Poor to know what to do for the best.

* * * *

Following the example of the management of certain Welsh Eisteddfods an effort has been made to depart from the narrowly national character of the Highland Games. The occasion chosen for the experiment was the Dumdour Gathering, and its success was assured by the participation of some of Scotland's "livest" visitors.

An admirable contrast to that inevitable exhibition of sheer brawn, the tossing of the caber, was witnessed in the egg-and-spoon race, demanding both speed and finesse, and Glentulzie House, which is, of course, rented by Mr. Crackling, of Chicago, was triumphantly represented in this event by a real flier in the person of Prince Vitaminsky; while the three-legged race was won by the Inverparritch Hydro pair, the young Maharajah of Tingalore and Captain "Sandy" MacSquish, of Dundee, who had created such an impression at practice in the grounds that they started hot favourites.

Connoisseurs of advanced dancing found in the fox-trotting competition a relief from the usual reels. Here Sir Lazarus Schnorrer's palatial steam-yacht, *Jazzybelle*, with her cargo of brightness transported from Chevauxville, supplied an easily victorious pair in the owner's daughter, Rowena, and her accustomed partner, the ubiquitous "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation.

Not the least imposing feature of the meeting was the march-past of guests, headed by their respective hosts and hotel proprietors, in which the skirling of the Gaelic pipes mingled with the blare of the Anglo-saxophone.

* * * *

Few, if any, plays can have been produced in such remarkable circumstances as *Oh, Boy!* with which the Odonto Theatre reopens to-morrow night.

Hardly more than a week has elapsed since Wal Saykid, the dramatist, sitting in his New York study, received Clarence Buskyn's cabled appeal for something to fill the void occasioned by the impending withdrawal of *Aha!* Wal's action was typical of the man. Although he had nothing suitable in stock or in hand, within twenty minutes he had 'phoned together a company, with Maisie Molars as "star," and engaged passages on the *Corybantic*, which was on the point of sailing. Going on board without an idea in his head, he went straight to his cabin with his stenographer and began to dictate. The Statue of Liberty had barely sunk below the horizon before the first scene was completed. His next move was to summon the company for rehearsal, and, as they kept pace with the progress of the "book," scene by scene, during the voyage, the author also being in constant wireless communication with scenic artists and costumiers all the way across, the result was that *Oh, Boy!*—the action of which, by the way, takes place partly in Alaska and partly in Honolulu—reached London practically ready for presentation to the public.

A good deal is heard about the decline of the vocal drama, but if the movies are to keep up with this kind of work they will have to move indeed.

* * * *

The Victorian tradition that London is necessarily dead from August to May is one that dies hard, and as the Clubs recover from their annual upheaval I see increasing signs of returning animation.

Looking in, the other night, at that youngest but not least popular of them, the Riparian, I recognised several quite well-known people, and many others were pointed out to me by that infallible presiding genius, Giuseppe, who has, of course, already made the fortunes of Nero's, The Consuls, and The Hyperion.

From Giuseppe I gathered that so busy a winter is anticipated that it is more than doubtful if the accommodation afforded by the present premises will prove adequate. In fact he confided to me that the management has actually cast covetous eyes upon the new County Hall across the river, with which the L.C.C. is notoriously dissatisfied.

On my reminding him that the drawback is that the acoustics are alleged to be so faulty that nobody can hear anybody else speak, his comment was an indescribably expressive Italian shrug. And I got the same reply to my question, "But what about the band?"

A LIFT BY THE WAY.

WHEN the road it is rough and the sun it is strong,
And the miles of the country seem long and more long,
And your spirits they flag in the heat of the day,
Oh, a wonderful thing is a lift by the way!

It may be a milk-float aglitter with cans,
It may be a tinker with kettles and pans,
A farmer's smart gig or a rattling old shay—
It won't come amiss for a lift by the way.

It may be a baker's cart fragrant with bread,
Or a farm-cart whence odours less pleasing are shed,
A lorry with sacks or a waggon of hay—
They all come alike for a lift by the way.

The motors flash by with their noise and their smell
Assailing your eyes and your nostrils as well,
So modern their haste is, no leisure have they
For old-fashioned things like a lift by the way.

But long may there linger in England's green lanes
The jingling old shandries and creaking old wains,
And long may they lend in the heat of the day
To weary foot-farers a lift by the way!

C. F. S.

"Miss Helen Wainwight swam a mile in Women's Tennis Championship by defeating Miss Helen Wills, the 16-year-old Californian girl, by 6—3, 6—1."—*Provincial Paper.*

But for the fact that Miss WILLS got in front to a straight one the match would undoubtedly have been halved.

THE SYMPATHETIC TAX-COLLECTOR.

ACCORDING TO AN ARTICLE RECENTLY PUBLISHED, COLLECTING INCOME-TAX FROM DEFAULTERS IS A MOST DISTASTEFUL AND UNPLEASANT DUTY. ONLY THE MOST TACTFUL, PATIENT AND TENDER-HEARTED OF MEN ARE ENTRUSTED WITH THIS DELICATE BRANCH OF THE SERVICE.

VAN TROMP.

A REVIEW OF HIS WORKS.

OF all the books about gardening and flowers I like Van Tromp's best. It is true that they are only paper-covered and have an ulterior motive. But then you must remember that he sends them to me free. In fact I don't even have to thank him by letter for them, and that is perhaps why I am doing it here. Van Tromp does a mail order business in bulbs, and, though I get my bulbs from the local florist, Van Tromp's literature keeps coming to me just the same.

What I like about him as an author is his tenderness, his anxiety to appeal to all that is best in me. His enthusiasm too. There may be wars and rumours of wars; the tax-collector may stand at the gate; but Van Tromp remains persistently cheerful, uniformly desirous of bringing a simple, a quiet happiness into my home. He is rather like Dr. FRANK CRANE.

When other business men write to me they lay siege to my selfish or, what is even worse, my merely snobbish side. They tell me that all men of aristocratic distinction smoke Vallombroso cigars. They picture me rolling a reliable port round my tongue in an ecstasy of sensuous ease. Van Tromp is not like that. He strikes a deeper note.

"With all the sorrows and all those many disappointments in the world, the good old earth," he says, "still continues to bring many good and lovely things. How beautiful Trees there are, and Perennials, Flowers and Blossoms. . . . They were already beloved by our dearests whose voices we hear no more, and their flowers bring to us lovely thoughts of former days, happy days and happy faces, which Time the Great Destroyer has taken from us. Yes, let us beautify our gardens with those Hardy Perennials which also will remain our friends as long as we live."

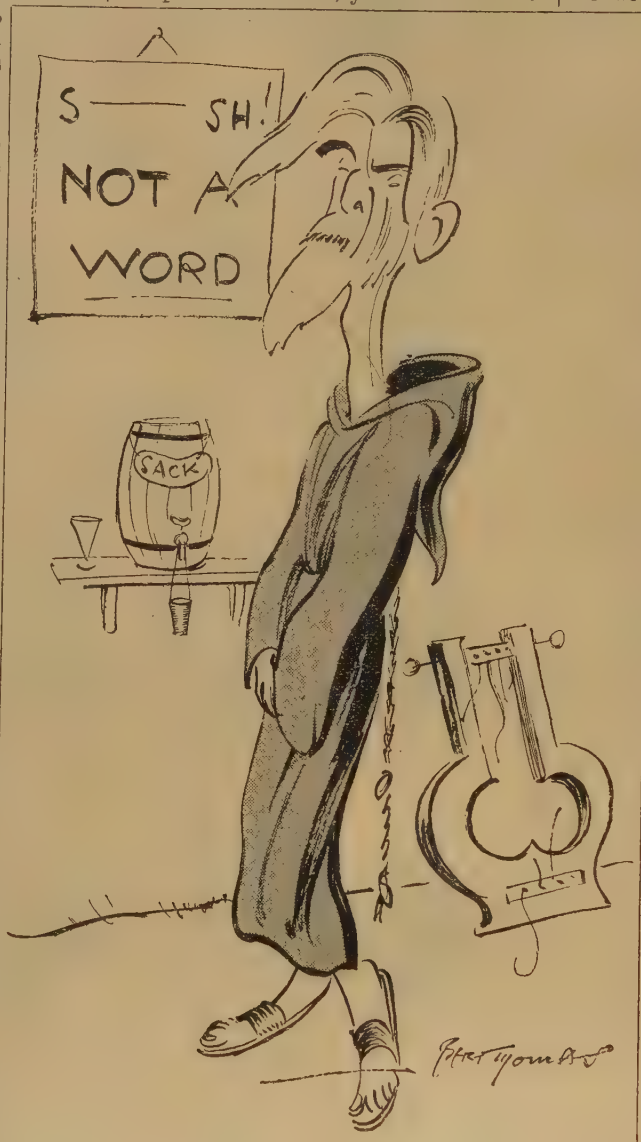
You mustn't think, of course, that because he talks like this Van Tromp entirely neglects the commercial aspect of a flower-garden. He doesn't, for a little further on we find him saying:—

"Please note that these bottom figures are on terms f.o.b. Rotterdam."

But sympathy, the desire to communicate his own happiness to others—these are the keynotes of all his work. He would like to see us, as we see him in the photographs that illustrate his booklet, knee-deep in fields of flowers.

"And when one stands surrounded by thousands and thousands of acres of flowering Hyacinthes and Daffodils and Tulips in full bloom, your heart is filled with a longing to bow your knees to God's wonderful nature. Yes, every real lover of flowers should at least once in a lifetime make a journey to Holland, like the believing Mahometan at least once makes a pilgrimage to Mecca."

The worst of the believing Mahometan is that he doesn't confine his pilgrimages to Mecca, but goes and burns up all the Symrna raisins that we wanted for our Christmas puddings. However we need not trouble about that just now.



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
THE TRAPPIST LAUREATE,
OUR MUTE INGLORIOUS ROBERT.

"Hyacinths," Van Tromp continues, very nobly as I think, "are beyond doubt the Queen of pring." And there is another fine, though more practical passage later on, when, speaking of the Dutch-Roman variety, he observes:—

"These blubs are extremely suitable for forcing and are confidently recommended for pans or dishes."

The Narcissus family inspires Van Tromp no less than the Hyacinthe.

"The airy grace and refined beauty of the Daffodils has no superior and few equals among spring flowering bulbous plants. With the exception of the Polyanthus varieties all are as ardy as rocks, grow, increase and flower year after year. . . .".

"Daffodils," he remarks in another place, and how rightly, "are very beautiful for corners in the garden to grow on clumps. Beautiful looks a wood in spring if some parties are planted with Daffodils."

Van Tromp and WORDSWORTH should most certainly have met.

And tulips! Of tulips Van Tromp, as you might naturally expect, can scarcely say enough. His voice seems to quiver as he speaks.

"They come so soon into bloom after the winter snows and frosts that they appear like a benediction of nature and a presage of beauty and fruitfulness for the coming season. . . . We would be greatly obliged if you would have the kindness to give us a trial order, and no doubt you will see that our tulips are the best in existence. . . . We offer these lovely named betting tulips in the undermentioned colours. The prices are very moderately and care taken that the bulbs flower on the same time."

I like the idea of betting tulips. One could have a lot of fun, I think, marking the places where the bulbs are to come up, and then bringing all one's friends and relations to the course and having half-crowns on "White-tinged rose" or "Yellow-bordered scarlet," to win by a short bud.

There is another engaging thing about Van Tromp. He never forgets the domestic note. He lets you into his family, as he hopes to be taken into yours.

"Even my wife as shown on the photograph," he tells us, "comes to the

[An expert tells us that there will be no recognised dance-steps this winter and that dancers will use their "individual and personal interpretations."

Infuriated Lady. "YOU'VE BEEN KICKING ME AND TREADING ON ME ALL THE WAY ROUND. ONE WOULD THINK YOU'D NEVER DANCED BEFORE."

Partner. "I *SAY!* IT'S ONE OF THE BEST INDIVIDUAL AND PERSONAL INTERPRETATIONS OF A CAVE-MAN THAT I'VE EVER DONE."

fields daily to gather white tulips wherewith to adorn our homestead."

And again:—

"If you are as wealthy as myself in possessing a couple of such dear little kiddies, then bring them up in a better manner than we have been brought up and give them a quantity of Bulbs to plant in their little corner. . . . Can we not tempt you to indulge in one of these merry-making parcels?"

Yet I think Dutch boys and girls must be slightly different from English.

"If you wish," says Van Tromp on another page, "to build up the love for flowers in the hearts of your children, which you ought to do, do not hesitate, but give them twelve of these hyacinths, six common five-inch pots, a lot of soil or fibre, and your children will beautify your rooms at Christmas."

It is never necessary in my experience to give dear little English kiddies a lot of soil or fibre. They seem to acquire it for themselves. The trouble is to remove it.

Alas! I have no space to quote more of Van Tromp, unless it be to end with his little rhapsody on lupins, "the blue and the white and the rosy lupins producing streams of large blossoms, that grows so fast and cover the earth with their beautiful leaves so quickly, that even the most persistent weeds between them must die away."

"He is a happy possessor," cries Van Tromp, "who is blessed with a large bed of these lupins, which require no manure. . . . Could I not tempt you to take one hundred of these Summer Queens?"

My purpose in writing all this is to make it clear to Van Tromp that if I have resisted up till now his Summer, nay even his pring, Queens, I have succumbed long ago to his literary style.

Possibly some day, when I have more time to spare for blubs . . . EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

"THEY ARE ALL QUALITY GOODS, AND THEY WON'T LAST LONG."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

A small boy's definition of a border:—"What goes round the outside of the inside to keep the inside inside." Kemalists and others will please note.

"ALLIED CRISIS.

'The ESntente remains,' said one of the high officials. 'It simply means, if you like, that there is just a slight scratch on its surface.'"—*Evening Paper.*

Yes, we notice that.

Headline in *The National Review*:—

"SOME PARASITES OF THE BEAVER."

We know them. They have been sending us jokes for months.

"Public opinion must necessarily be acutely divided over the faith-healing mission which has opened with so much eclair in Capetown."
South African Paper.

Although the promoters appear to have done their best to make it popular.

"SIC TRANSIT.

The Bombay Scottish of which Bombay was once so proud is as dead as a coffin nail. It is surely a fearful blot on the escutcheon of Scotia that in Bombay a company of stalwart Highland ladies cannot be raised who with swinging kilt, skean dhu and Balmoral bonnet are not 'ready, aye ready.'"—*Indian Paper.*

Bearing in mind the keen patriotism of Highland ladies, from FLORA MACDONALD downwards, we can only infer that nobody asked them.

DESOLATION.

A STOCK REPERTOIRE PLAY.

[It is a wet day in the slack season, and you hope that an afternoon at the theatre will revive your drooping spirits.]

Dramatis Personæ.

Doctor Hjalmar Haakonsen (a man of intellect).
Hedwig (his wife).
Erling (a young man).
Sven (an old servant).

ACT I.

SCENE—*An isolated house in Norway. (Sometimes the scene is laid in Russia, and then, of course, the names are Russian to match).* Hjalmar, *bearded, dressed in black, writing.* Hedwig, *his wife, in a blue print frock, arranging flowers.*

Hedwig (expressing by gesture—facial, manual and pectoral—the following silent soliloquy). I do think he might look at my roses. I pricked my fingers getting them to make this horrible room look brighter. Lovely roses, I am sorry to have brought you into my prison! Ugh! Look at his back. There he sits writing, writing, while my beautiful gay soul dies for lack of joy and affection. Affection, did I say? It's too late for that now. Consideration is all that I ask. (*Aloud*) Hjalmar! (*No answer.*) Hjalmar! look at my roses. (*No answer.*)

Soft male voice from wings. I will look at your roses.

[*Enter young man clean-shaven, in tweeds.*

Hedwig. Erling!

Erling. Hedwig!

Hjalmar (to himself). There's nothing new under the sun. How true! (*You agree with him*). The re-birth of civilization. (*Looks at his watch.*) Hedwig, bring me my—— (*Turns round.*) Ah! Erling, I want you.

[*Exit* Hedwig *to fetch tea. (The situation is clear. The lover of* Hjalmar's *wife is also* Hjalmar's *secretary. There ensues a lengthy monologue from* Hjalmar *on the subject of loyalty. The reference is to* MARCUS BRUTUS, *but* Erling *looks uncomfortable.) Enter* Hedwig *with tea.*

Hedwig. The river is rising again. Sven says it will be like the year of the floods when Stina Bransen was drowned. (*Erling winces.*)

Hjalmar. The year you left us, Erling. (*The clock ticks loudly for some seconds. You fear the prompter has lost his book.*)

Erling (at last). Doctor, you never believed what they said about me then, did you?

Hjalmar (helping himself to cake). Never, my dear Erling, never. You couldn't prevent the poor girl's hopeless attachment. I always believed it to be an accident.

Hedwig. Accidents like that do not happen at midnight, Hjalmar. (*The situation is here intended to become cloudy. What does this unpleasantness on the part of* Hedwig *mean? Does she love or hate* Erling? *Or is she merely jealous of* Stina?)

Hjalmar. Dear, dear, how unkind, Hedwig! Why can't you two be friends? (*Looks at his watch again.*) Half-past five already? Come with me, Erling; I'm going for my usual walk to the cross-roads and back before six. And you, Hedwig?

Hedwig. I have plenty to do in the house.

[*Exeunt* Hjalmar *and* Erling. Hedwig *peers through the window. (You can see that it is* Erling *and not* Hjalmar *who has looked round at the turn of the path.)*

"I'LL TEACH YOU TO PINCH MY THINGS! EITHER YOU COMES OUT AN' TAKES MY COSTOOM ORF OR I GOES IN WIV YOUR TROUSIS ON."

Enter old Sven *with some firelogs.*

Sven. Ay, ay, the river is rising.

Hedwig. I wish it would rise for good and drown us all. (*By this time some of the audience would eagerly assist in the execution of her wish, if it were possible.*)

Sven. Child, child, what has come over you? (Hedwig *opens her heart at some length and reveals, quite unnecessarily, the tedium of her existence.*)

Sven (after twenty minutes, on a note of finality). And the river is rising again.

Hedwig. Stina Bransen!

(CURTAIN.)

ACT II.

SCENE—*The same, a week later,* Hjalmar *and* Hedwig *at different writing-tables.*

Hjalmar. Well, you were always quarrelling. I sent him away to please you. He was very useful to me.

Hedwig. It was very good of you, Hjalmar. I shall find it easier now.

Hjalmar. So you mustn't mind my asking you to do a few little things for me, things he used to do.

Hedwig (sighs). I don't mind, Hjalmar. (*A swishing is heard, off.*)

[*Enter* Sven. *He goes to the barometer and taps it.*

Sven. The glass is falling, but the river rises. It is raining. (*The swishing is explained.*)

Hedwig. Hjalmar! (*No answer*). Hjalmar, will you write a chapter on Isolation?

Hjalmar. The kinetic energy of the dolichocephalic monad . . . . What did you say? Isolation?

Hedwig. Desolation, if you like.

Hjalmar. Curious, curious——

Hedwig. No, that's just it! (*She flings her writing on the floor.*) There's nothing curious about it. It's all so crude and plain and flat. (*Someone says "Hear! hear!"* Hedwig *bursts into tears.* Hjalmar *takes off his horn-rimmed glasses, polishes a pair of steel-cased ones and gazes, stupefied, at the unusual sight of his wife thus moved.*

Other events of minor importance carry the scene on for another half-hour, but the curtain might just as well have fallen here.)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT III.

SCENE—*The same. Two years have elapsed.* Hjalmar *is lying back in*

"DO YOU REMEMBER MARRYIN' ME TO ALBERT BINKS, BACHELOR, OF THIS PARISH, SIR?"
"YES, I—RATHER THINK I DO—ER—MRS.—ER—BINKS."
"WELL, WOT ARE WE GOIN' TO DO ABOUT IT? 'E'S ESCAPED."

an easy-chair, with half-closed eyes. Hedwig *is seated at a table, a MS. open before her.*

Hedwig (*reading wearily*). The fundamental issue is briefly——

Hjalmar. Comma——

Hedwig. Briefly comma this semi-colon.

Hjalmar (*jumps up and crosses stage*). What? Semi-colon? Ridiculous? Colon, child, COLON? (*This sort of thing continues a little longer than is necessary to carry the effect of utter boredom across the footlights. As it is the Third Act, however, you may expect the usual little excitement. You are not to be disappointed.*)

Hjalmar *looks at his watch and goes out for his half-hour walk before bedtime. Enter* Sven *with the bed-room candles.* (*You notice that there are two.*)

Sven. The river is rising again, just as it did two years back, and just as it did the year——

Hedwig. Good-night, Sven.

Sven. They say——

Hedwig. Good-night, Sven.

Sven. Ah, but you would like to know what they say——

[Hedwig *buries her face in her roses and does not answer. Exit* Sven. Erling *appears at the window.*

Erling. Hedwig!

Hedwig. Erling!

Erling. Have you forgiven me?

Hedwig. Since you have come back.

Erling. Then may I come in?

Hedwig. Yes.

[*He comes in.* Hedwig *evidently expects to be embraced, but* Erling *stands still with folded arms.*

Hedwig. Why have you come back?

Erling. Hedwig, I want you to love Hilda.

Hedwig. Who is Hilda?

Erling. My wife. (Hedwig *laughs hysterically. So does someone in the audience*). [*Enter* Hjalmar.

Hjalmar. Erling!

Erling. Doctor! (*They shake hands.*) I have come back to the old farm. I am going to write; and if you want any help in research work I——

Hjalmar. I have missed you, Erling.

Erling. I think Hedwig will endure me now, perhaps.

[Hedwig *laughs shrilly. Exit.*

Erling. I am going to settle down. I am married, you know, and I am going to buy the farm.

Hjalmar. Well, well. Fancy that! You married! Have a glass of wine? I'm glad you have come back. I always imagined Hedwig felt a little uncomfortable about your going away.

Erling. Oh! that's all right now. I think I got on her nerves.

[Hjalmar *pours out some coloured water. They clink glasses. Enter* Sven, *trembling.*

Sven. There's the ghost of Stina Bransen floating on the river. She's caught in the rushes. You can see her face in the moonlight.

[Sven *goes out.* Erling *runs after him.*

Hjalmar. Stina Bransen! Sven is drunk. It is a case of hallucination combined with unilateral hysteria. (*Twelve o'clock strikes. It is irregular for that kind of accident to happen at midnight*). [*Re-enter* Erling.

Erling. Hedwig! It's Hedwig! And it is I who have killed her! I killed Stina! Stina and Hedwig!

Hjalmar. What do you mean?

Erling. I killed them both.

Hjalmar. You! [Erling *nods.*

[Hjalmar *deliberately takes a revolver from his bureau and shoots* Erling, *then himself. They fall; so does the curtain. You emerge with a joyful reaction into the fresh London rain, thanking Heaven after all that at least you are not a Scandinavian* (*or Russian, as the case may be*) *in a stock repertoire play.*

A Great Joy-Ride.

From a notice on a local garage:—

"'THE EDGE OF BEYOND.'

A car for the above will leave here at 7.30."

OUR ANCIENT ARISTOCRACY.

Lady (to friend). "SHE SPENDS THOUSANDS ON CLOTHES, AND YET SHE'S NOT ONE OF THE NEW RICH. THEY MADE THEIR MONEY *BEFORE THE WAR.*"

THE LOST CITY.

If ye wint to the southward from Bandon and asteward from ould Skibbereen
Ye'd be apt to converge at a city as grand as ye iver have seen;
But, alas! in the racent confusions it has been intirely forgot,
An' mebbe 'twas called "Clonakilty" (God help us!)—an' mebbe 'twas not.

Begob, 'twas an illigant city, an', if all the rumours are thrue,
What with Dublin in flames (more's the pity) an' Cork but a ruin or two,
There was talking of Aldherman BRADY an' Lord Mayor O'NEILL coming down
To saize Clonakilty (God help it!) an' make it the capital town.

Its name was a cause for contintion when lasht I had word wid the Mayor
(He was down wid a sow an' some bonhams in March at Rosscarbery Fair),
For shtrife had occurred on the Council; opinions, he towld me, was hot;
So mebbe 'tis called Clonakilty (as iver)—an' mebbe 'tis not.

An' some was for namin' it Childers; an' others was ayqually shtrong
For Ballyvalera, an' naythor the wan nor the other was wrong;
For badges of Saxon dominion no longer in Erin shall stand;
We'll call it no more Clonakilty (God help us!) at England's command.

But what does it matther? 'Tis gone now; at laste we've no proof that it's there;
There isn't a worrd on the paypers an' nobody knows at the fair;
Are ye fled like a ghosht, are ye scatthered like (savin' your prisince!) manure?
What ails ye, O swate Clonakilty (God help us!)? There's throuble for shure.

The B.A. Again.

"An invitation to the Association to hold its meeting in Toronto in 1924 was accepted, and Professors J. C. Gield and J. C. M'Lennon, of the University of Toronto, ttttaaaoooeeeeeotaoin shrdlu emfwdylp upu outlined the arrangement."—*Daily Paper.*

This, of course, was after lunch.

"A PIG POLICE FORCE.

To control the traffic and assist generally in the preservation of order the Borough Police Force was augmented by about 350 officers and men from the West Riding Constabulary and some thirty detectives, experienced in race-course work, from all parts of the country."
Provincial Paper.

Mr. Punch is all for these "pig police."

According to the papers, the Russian Government has restored the right of private ownership up to a maximum of ten thousand roubles. Should any capitalist however succeed in saving eighteenpence, the State apparently maintains the right of seizure.

A NON-PARTY STATEMENT.

JOHN BULL (*to the Premier*). "I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT STUFF. NOBODY WANTS WAR—LEAST OF ALL ON BEHALF OF GREEK IMPERIALISM; BUT IF YOU ARE RESOLVED TO DEFEND THE FREEDOM OF THE STRAITS AND THE SANCTITY OF OUR GRAVES IN GALLIPOLI YOU WILL HAVE THE COUNTRY AND THE EMPIRE WITH YOU."

Earnest Beginner. "MANY THANKS FOR THE GAME. I'M GOING TO ORDER SOME TEA. WOULD YOU CARE TO——"
Experienced Performer. "OH, THANKS; I THINK I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE."
Earnest Beginner. "CERTAINLY. I'LL ORDER THREE TEAS."

STOP IT!

(Letters apparently intended for some other paper with a firmer grip on the pulse of the People.)

NEW MALDEN'S VOICE.

New Malden, Surrey.

SIR,—"Stop this New War" is the demand of all my friends and acquaintances in New Malden. What is LLOYD GEORGE thinking of, or is it *want* of thought that is leading him into such dangerous adventures?

G. SIMPSON.

FINCHLEY'S ALARM.

2, Gypsy Road, North Finchley.

SIR,—It is with great satisfaction that I see you are bent on stopping this mad war. Quite a number of people in Finchley view with alarm the news of our proposed intervention in the East. Stop it, I say, and, if necessary, stop Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S salary.

F. G. FULLERTON.

TRAM-CAR ENTHUSIASTS.

27, Golden Hawk Road, Shepherd's Bush.

SIR,—I feel certain that you have only got to keep on with your powerful leaders and your splendid headlines to stop this stupid new war. I counted no fewer than eight people in the tram-car coming home to-night reading your wonderful little paper with evident satisfaction. Keep it up.

C. P. BULLOCK.

CHEAM IS SOLID.

Myrtle Cottage, Cheam.

SIR,—It is a feather in your paper's cap that you had the courage to say, "Stop this new war," before it appeared likely to start. As usual you were in front of your rivals, who try to pretend that there never was any probability of war. You may like to know that our club at Cheam is behind you to a man.

R. DAWKINS.

GLAD THAT WE ARE STOPPING IT.

2, *Duke Street, Walthamstow.*

SIR,—I am only an old woman, but I do feel that glad that you are going to stop this war. What we want now is peace, isn't it, Sir? Sir, you have my best wishes, and I do hope you will stop it.

SUSAN TURNER.

BACKED BY OUR READERS.

SIR,—If Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would only spare a few minutes a day to read the admirable letters which you print daily, with their clear and cogent reasons against his insane enterprise, I venture to think that we should hear no more about it. You have been splendidly backed up by your readers in your efforts to "stop this new war." It *must* be stopped——

[So must this correspondence.—ED.]

"Monday's 27 hours' incessant rain represented 420 tons of water to the acre."
Provincial Paper.

Monday seems to have been working overtime.

From a "Woman's page":—

"WHY USE MATCHES? HAVE YOU TRIED LOGANBERRY JAM?"

We have, but the pips wouldn't strike on the pot.

"It will be found that taking 313 working days in the year and calculating on the basis of an eight-hour day, which, of course, would be erroneous, since the ordinary hours are not worked on Saturday, the output of cars in 1920 was roughly 127 per day. Dividing this on the basis of an eight-hour day it represents 16 cars per hour, or 3¾ cars per minute."
Manchester Paper.

Next boy.

In Memory of Lord Roberts.

THE only national memorial—and it is the one he would have chosen—that exists in this country to do honour to the record of Field-Marshal Earl ROBERTS is the scheme, named after him, of workshops for disabled soldiers and sailors. These workshops, of which there are nine, one in London and eight in the provinces, give employment to men so maimed and broken in the War (sixty-two per cent. of those who work in them have lost an arm) as to be incapable of competing on equal terms with labour in ordinary factories. They undergo training in the construction of bedsteads, oak tables, doors, window-sashes, garden furniture, baskets, toys, lacquer work after Chinese designs, caning of chairs, etc. Some of them pass out into other employment, but a considerable number have to remain in the workshops. The quality of work which they produce is equal to that of any skilled workman, but in quantity it necessarily falls below the standard of those who have their full powers of activity. In consequence it has to be sold at a loss, and hence the necessity of appealing to the hearts of those who have not forgotten the services and sacrifice of these men.

Last year the Government offered a small grant for each of the more badly disabled cases on condition of public support. That grant was obtained and the offer has been repeated for the current year. Mr. Punch feels great confidence in appealing to his generous readers to come to the help of so fine a cause.

Donations may be sent to Major-General Lord CHEYLESMORE, Chairman of the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, 122, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

ANIMALS, VEGETABLES AND ODDMENTS.

(*With acknowledgments to "Men, Women and Memories" by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in "The Sunday Times."*)

I NEVER met Royal Lancer, the winner of the St. Leger, but I knew one of his female ancestors, Polite Reply, in those joyous days when it was no unusual thing for me to take an early-morning walk across Epsom Downs with only a shilling in my pocket and my heart still lighter. The last time I saw her was in Piccadilly Circus. It was then *de rigueur* for a Member of Parliament to wear a silk hat. Mine had blown off, and I hastened to recover it before any passing constituent should see me so disarrayed. A cab-horse observed it approaching, and swiftly lay down to impede the hat's progress. I picked up my headgear and turned to bow my thanks to the intelligent animal, when I recognised in it none other than Polite Reply, looking, alas, much older and distinctly *passée*; sadly conscious, too, I thought, of her changed circumstances.

So the season for scarlet runners is again drawing to a close. The best dish of this succulent vegetable I ever was privileged to taste was in a little restaurant in Dublin, long since blown up, where I was entertaining PARNELL to a modest lunch. I remember how at first he somewhat contemptuously hesitated to partake of the proffered dish of beans, and only consented when the waiter pointed out their brilliant green tint. I was startled by the look that leapt into his face at his first mouthful. But for the eloquence which flashed from those wonderful eyes of his, the great man maintained an absolute silence until he had consumed three helpings.

Recent developments in the Near East recall to my memory an incident which can be known to very few living to-day but myself. It was in the early stages of the Fenian rising, which, though insignificant as rebellions go, attracted much attention. I have written of scores of Secretaries for Ireland in my time, but the article in which I commented on the one who then held that office was exceptionally unrestrained. Its appearance brought a note requesting my attendance at Downing Street, which in those days, as it is still, was in the neighbourhood of Whitehall. Immediately I entered the presence of the statesman who had summoned me, I noticed that I was standing on a carpet. Him I quickly found to be a bit of a Turk; but he might have talked Greek for all I, in my youthful confidence, cared. The carpet, I learned afterwards, came from Smyrna.

COPPERS' COPPERS.

AN evening newspaper has been telling stories recently of the kindly generosity of the London policeman, with his loan of three half-crowns here, his gift of fourpence there, and so forth. When it is remembered that within the Metropolitan Police area some thousands of policemen are to be found more or less readily, it is no wonder that a great wave of hope has swept over a large section of the population.

In approaching a policeman for a loan, discretion is advisable. The applicant should divest himself of gold, or even horn-rimmed, spectacles, of pearl tie-pin, of spats and other signs of affluence. He should be prepared with a suitable story—of being compelled, let us say, to contemplate taking a taxi owing to having just missed the train before the next to Streatham, or of food not having passed his lips since luncheon, and the price of a cup of coffee being therefore welcome.

Remember that all policemen are not alike in temperament. The Metropolitan policeman is more likely to be touched than his City *confrère*. The *locus standi* of the latter gives him special opportunity for acquiring enough knowledge of the more intricate ramifications of finance to render him singularly dense in the presence of another's temporary embarrassment. Now a fatherly-looking constable in one of the leafy byways of Ealing is a far more hopeful source of beneficence to one who approaches him tactfully.

Care should be taken in respect of the sum to be mentioned shyly towards the end of your narrative. A constable is hardly likely to rise beyond a shilling, unless addressed as "Sergeant," when he might spring to half-a-crown. An assistant-sergeant or a fully-striped sergeant, though more difficult perhaps to melt, might come across with seven-and-sixpence on receipt of good assurance of repayment. But an inspector might do anything. We do not recommend anyone to try the Commissioner either of the Metropolitan or City Police. Both are very busy men, and might misunderstand, kind-hearted though they are known to be.

And it should be borne in mind that, although up to the present our police are not provided with firearms, each constable carries a truncheon.

THE COUNTY LYRICAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

OXFORDSHIRE *v.* SUSSEX.

SAID Oxon to Sussex, "Your chances are *nil*;
Why, look at my bevy of bards on Boar's Hill!
The classical GILBERT, the glorious JOHN,
And ROBERT, our peerless prosodical Swan."

"Hoity-toity!" the County of Sussex replied,
"Your confidence certainly can't be denied;
Yet, compared with my singers, your bards are mere midges;
You've only one Laureate, *I* have Three Bridges."

Trouble at the Oval.

"About 33,000 people were present, 2,923 paying for admission." *Daily Paper.*

We suggest a new wall.

ASOKA.

WHEN the gifted H. G. WELLS
Recently was asked to state
Names of men whose fame excels
All the others counted great,
Unexpectedly he spoke a
Panegyric of ASOKA.

He, an Indian Emperor,
Won his throne, as it appears,
By a most successful war,
But for nearly forty years
No ambition could provoke a
Further conquest by ASOKA.

Lofty Buddhist sentiments
Everywhere he carved on stone,
Eighty thousand monuments!
Only forty now are known;
Someone, obviously, broke a
Lot of stuff about ASOKA.

Though his work is past and gone
And his figure seems but dim,
CÆSAR and NAPOLEON
(WELLS declares) must yield to him;
Each is, so to speak, a stroke a
Hole behind the great ASOKA.

CÆSAR loses pride of place
Since he lay for quite a while
Captive in the warm embrace
Of the "Serpent of old Nile";
CLEOPATRA never woke a
Passion in the pure ASOKA.

And NAPOLEON, always bent
On a still-receding goal,
In his restless discontent
Drugged with victory his soul,
Much as moderns do with coca;
How unlike serene ASOKA!

ALEXANDER took to drink,
But ASOKA, though his name
Furiously gives to think,
Never would have done the same;
PUSSYFOOT can never poke a
Scornful finger at ASOKA.

True, it is not much we know
Of the Eastern great and wise,
For he lived so long ago
And the legends may be lies—
Which might give suspicious folk a
Chance to cavil at ASOKA.

Never mind; the royal sage
Who was lord of Hindostan,
And his far-off golden age
Let us credit if we can,
And in interview or *sloka*
Glorify the great ASOKA.

IN LOCO FILII.

Returning Schoolboy. "GOOD-BYE, DAD. YOU'LL LOOK AFTER MOTHER WHILE I'M AWAY, WON'T YOU?"

"GENERAL KNOWLEDGE."

1.—*Q.* Explain the following: Washington Conference; *ex tempore*; rabies; double-bass; the Iron Duke.

A. A Washington Conference is a meeting to settle about scraping warships.

Ex tempore means out of time, *e.g.*, he plays *ex tempore*.

Rabies are Jewish priests.

Double-bass is when one sings very, very loud.

The Iron Duke—a great statue of the Duke of WELLINGTON.

2.—*Q.* What do you know of the Suez Canal; Mesopotamia; the Danube; MARTIN LUTHER; DRAKE?

A. The Suez Canal is where the Red Sea flows into the Mediterranean.

Mesopotamia is where the Russian pheasants are sent when they have been naughty.

The Danube, after coming from the Black Sea and passing many towns, finally settles down in the Alps.

MARTIN LUTHER was a very wicked man and he was made Archbishop of Canterbury.

DRAKE was the man who singed the King of SPAIN's bread.

3.—*Q.* Which is the warmest part of England, and why?

A. The warmest part of England is the South, because it is nearer the Equator in winter and the same in summer.

4.—*Q.* What would you think if you saw (*a*) a flag at half-mast; (*b*) straw laid down in front of a house; (*c*) rice at a church-gate; (*d*) a red ribbon on a horse's tail?

A. (*a*) The wind must have blown it down;
(*b*) (1) A horse had been there, (2) very untidy;
(*c*) Very wasteful;
(*d*) (1) Very smart, (2) marriage.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

IT must have been about fifteen months ago that I met Stippleton one evening in a state of dejection. One of his trousers betrayed a distinct break in the crease, his tie was slightly out of the horizontal and, generally speaking, he was the picture of despair.

I approached him with "the quiet smile of sympathy." [*Vide* Arvé's Auto- and Allo-Suggestion, Smile six.]

"It's all up," he groaned; "Dorothy's going to marry that fellow Bissingham."

"Well, cheer up, old man," I replied, "there are as good sardines in the tin—and all that."

"I daresay, but I am now convinced that I am not a born angler. She's only known the fellow three weeks."

"Then put her out of your mind—otherwise she will put you out of it. The correct procedure for a man in your position is to leave England and go big-game shooting."

"What on earth for?"

"Why, that's what people always do. The idea is that in the danger and discomfort of shooting big game—mind, it must be big—you forget your broken heart. You lead what is called a man's life; that means you get very hungry and dirty and sleep on the ground and do all sorts of uncomfortable things. Then you come back bronzed and wiry, with keen, far-seeing eyes."

"Oh! And how long do I keep this up?"

"Well," said I doubtfully, "I suppose until your heart is thoroughly overhauled and again running well. You see, you will suffer so much that you won't think of Dorothy any more."

"Whom shall I think of?"

"You will ponder over manly things, of course — the gleam in the tiger's eye before he charges, the ejector mechanism of your rifle, the pugs of the trailed panther, and so on."

He sat drowned in thought for some minutes. Then he said, "Well, I'll try it. Thanks awfully for your advice."

There the conversation ended, and soon afterwards I heard that he had left England.

I never saw him again until yesterday, when to my surprise he avoided my eye.

"Come here, Stippleton," I exclaimed sharply, "come here and let me look at you."

STIPPLETON IN A STATE OF DEJECTION.

He was still, in some indefinable way, depressed. This time his tie was straight enough and his trousers were uncracked, but there was no smile about him.

"So you took my advice, did you?"

"I did," he replied gloomily.

"And went to India to shoot big game?"

"I did."

"And came back again?"

"I did."

"Look here, you're telling the story, not I. Fill in the psychological detail."

But it was only after prolonged pressure of this kind that he responded.

"Yes," he mused, "I ate my hungry heart on the boat for a fortnight. Then I started up-country with a whole crowd of shikaris and whatnots. I went shooting every day, mostly from elephants. When I wasn't on an elephant I was carried on a dhooly, which was even more comfortable. You told me I should come back brown and muscular——"

"Bronzed and wiry," I corrected.

"Well, anyhow, something hard—and here I am, paler and softer than ever. The sun never touched me. They made me wear a topi all the time, and whenever I left shelter some lunatic held an umbrella over me. And wiry—I never walked a yard. I was lifted up, carried, lifted down. I nearly lost the use of my legs."

"Dear me," said I, "all the novels tell me——"

"I daresay," he replied sharply, "but I know. I came back worse than ever. You see, with everything done for me except the actual pulling of an occasional trigger, I had nothing to distract my thoughts. That's all."

And Stippleton moved away, heavily sighing.

Now I must confess that this has been an eye-opener to me. To begin with, Stippleton's narrative has entirely removed the pleasure I used to derive from my favourite novelists. Next, my reputation as a consultant in heart trouble is temporarily compromised.

However, I am preparing myself for eventualities, and when in due course another sufferer applies to me, I shall answer to the following effect:—

"Broken heart, eh? Well, you've come to the right quarter. I happen to know something about them. Go straight off to some seaside hotel and play a couple of rounds daily with casual opponents and native caddies. That'll take your mind off anything, even if it loses its balance in the process. Big game shooting? Don't touch it, my boy. It's a quack remedy."

THE CURE: BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN INDIA.

Dutch Courage.

"Experienced heavy weather on the voyage from Havre, and some wine casks were found empty."—*Lloyd's List and Shipping Gazette.*

"Every case of food poisoning reported up and down the kingdom from any district whatsoever comes under the joint consideration of a joint committee."
Daily Paper.

That is just what we complain of. There ought to be a technical sub-committee with special panels for the soup.

Movie Director. "WE 'LL RESUME FROM WHERE WE LEFT OFF LAST WEEK IN THE FIGHT SCENE. YOU, GRIGGS, HAD JUST BLACKED JACKSON'S EYE. YOU MIGHT BLACK IT AGAIN, AND WE 'LL GO ON FROM THERE."

BIBLIOTHERAPY.

(*By our Medical Correspondent.*)

A NEW and remarkable treatment for modern maladies has been foreshadowed by an American writer. Without precisely formulating the method to be adopted in all cases, the general principles are laid down with an admirable clarity by Miss EMILY DICKINSON in the New York *Publishers' Weekly*. As she says, "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold that no fire can ever warm me, I know that it is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry."

It is impossible to estimate the full effect of this momentous discovery, but the corroborative testimony already available indicates something like a revolution in medicine and surgery. Hitherto the use of refrigerants in allaying the ravages of fever has been commonly resorted to, but if the reduction of temperature can be brought about without employing ice it is obvious that a considerable economy in expense can at once be secured. Books that leave one cold or freeze the marrow in one's bones are thus seen to possess a virtue quite apart from their literary qualities. They are endowed with therapeutic properties of the highest efficacy. Within the last few days there has come to my knowledge the case of a patient who, in an acute attack of influenza, brought down his temperature from 103 to a subnormal level by the perusal of a volume of blood-curdling poems. What Miss DICKINSON has failed to emphasize, however, are the equally remarkable facts that the converse also holds good, and that it is true of prose as well as of poetry. This inclement summer has brought home to many of us the painful truth that the human frame cannot dispense with warmth, and that there are moments when, as I have so often reiterated, the only safe course seems to be to go to bed, pile up the bed-clothes and send for a doctor. It is here that the thermogenic quality of inflammatory literature is of such paramount importance. If we read a book which raises the temperature of the whole body to boiling point, until we feel that no ice can ever cool us, we know, not merely that it is uplifting, but that it is a potent auxiliary in restoring the heat-giving red corpuscles to their normal standard. On a recent and exceedingly chilly morning, I put this method to the test by the perusal of *The Five Footmen of the Apocrypha*, and with most gratifying results. Indeed the glow which it diffused through my frame reached such a point that I was obliged to correct it by a hurried re-reading of *If Winter Comes*.

There remains the surgical application of the new theory. There is no malady which has made greater strides of late years than that cerebral expansion which leads to megalocrania, and the consequent revision of stock sizes by all manufacturers of head-gear, especially of bowlers and tall hats. Now if we can persuade ourselves, by the study of appropriate literature, whether in poetry or prose, that the top of our heads has been taken off, we are within a measurable distance of effecting a complete cure of this distressing malady without having recourse to the knife. That this is not mere surmise can be convincingly shown by the case of a friend of mine who, by the persistent perusal for a fortnight of *The Headless Horseman*, reduced his size in hats from $8\frac{1}{4}$ to $7\frac{1}{8}$.

The new science, as it may fairly be called, is still in its infancy, but of its widespread and beneficent possibilities there can be little doubt, and it is certain to prove an immense boon to the publishing trade, whether we are threatened with a recurrence of the heat wave or a continuance of the cold snap, or even an epidemic of megalocrania.

WHEN I AM WHITE.

OLD age is, speaking generally, nothing to look forward to with pleasure. It carries with it feebleness, dependence and a host of disabilities; and yet, like every other misfortune, it has its compensations, and the chief of these, I am thinking at the moment, must be the impunity with which a Nestor can administer criticism and reproof. When I am white I shall be able to say some of the very pointed things that I can now only prepare and suppress. If I were to say them now I should be in danger of unpleasant rejoinders, even perhaps a thick ear. I look too young; possibly, even, I am too young.

It would, for example, be very unsafe for me, now, to take too strong a line about an open window in a railway-carriage occupied by pugilists with a taste for fresh air. But when I am white I shall be able to get the window closed at once and kept closed—as all railway windows ought always to be. "Poor old gentleman, of course he mustn't sit in a draught!"—that will be the attitude then.

Nor when I am white shall I be permitted to stand in crowded vehicles. In omnibuses and trains seats will be surrendered to me; in houses, armchairs.

When I am white and am staying in anyone else's house (if old men still receive invitations) I shall be able to say, when I am bored, "I think I'll go to my room now and have a nap."

When I am white and don't like the food that people give me I shall be able to ask for something else.

When I am white I may even have the courage to remonstrate with the members of the M.C.C., the headquarters of cricket, who will, I am certain, still be interrupting every match, as they do to-day, by moving in the pavilion behind the bowler's arm.

I shall also feel strong enough then to express an opinion to those persons at cricket matches who leave their seats in the middle of the over, instead of between. Women do this naturally and must, I suppose, be excused, but in men it is an outrage.

When I am white I shall be able to say to pretty girls whom nature has made pretty, but who endeavour to add to their charms by artifice—to paint the lily, in short—"My dear, if you must blacken your eyes and redden your lips, do please take a little more care."

When I am white I shall be able to say something rather pointed to men who smoke on any but the back seats of omnibuses on gusty days—or indeed any day.

When I am white I shall be forgiven if I neglect to answer letters and keep appointments.

When I am white I shall feel equal to tackling cinema theatre-managers and asking why they don't issue time-tables and keep to them.

When I am white I may have the pluck now and then to hiss in a theatre and music-hall. It is time that hissing came back.

Librarian. "*CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS*, BY RUDYARD KIPLING. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?"

Customer. "OH, NO; I'M FED UP WITH BOOKS ABOUT THE WAR."

When I am white and forget a name I shall not be furious about it, as I am now.

The other day I suffered tortures from a lazy and inefficient waitress in a teashop. Sarcasm—the natural language of the hungry and impatient Londoner—would only have inflamed the situation and I resisted the temptation to use it; and when the time came to go I left a tip under the plate. (Not in it, because I didn't much fancy the appearance of a man sitting near). But when I am white and the waitress is inattentive I shall be able to say exactly what I like, and, on leaving, to add some such burning words as these: "I am not giving you a tip, my dear, because that is the best way of teaching you to be more considerate in your work."

When I am white I shall hunt up the builders of taxis and ask them to explain why they take so much care to make the windows unopenable when shut and unshuttable when open.

But of course I must be very careful to keep a watch on my progress towards senility. I can say these things only if I have the required faculties.

My plan, understand, is not to accelerate the arrival of the state of chartered senescence, but when it does arrive to take every advantage of it, to use it to the full.

E. V. L.

LIBRARY REFORM.

(*By our Educational Expert.*)

THE suggestion, made by Dr. WALFORD DAVIES at the Library Association Conference at Cardiff, that public libraries should be equipped not merely with musical scores and books about music, but with gramophones, is, so far as it goes, timely and judicious. He pointed out that no library was complete unless the workman or the schoolboy or any other of the library's clients could drop in and pick up a BEETHOVEN sonata. We may pass over the rather unfortunate singling out of one antiquated and discredited composer for preferential treatment, and proceed to his further elucidation of his plan:—

"There should be a music-room with a sound-proof chamber and a gramophone and records of the masterpieces contained in the library, so that the music-lover could make himself better acquainted with any of the sonatas and suites which he had been studying and make real the knowledge supplied in the books. A book about music was as barren, unless they had some chance of listening to it, as a cookery-book was barren if they had no chance of tasting a dish."

Here, again, while applauding the principle, we cannot but regret its narrow application in practice. Dr. WALFORD DAVIES only speaks of suites and sonatas, and of one sound-proof chamber. A public library thus meagrely equipped would become the home of traditionalism and reaction instead of a nursery of musical progress and reform. By all means let us have one small room for BACH and BRAHMS and possibly BEETHOVEN, and to conciliate the prejudices of musical archæologists it might be advisable to have another sound-proof chamber for gramophone renderings of WAGNER, RICHARD STRAUSS, DEBUSSY and ELGAR. But let

THE RIVAL ENTOMOLOGISTS; OR, THE FISH THAT WAS ONE UP.

them be supplemented by other chambers devoted to the performance of the moderns, for, after all, it is modern music that counts: STRAVINSKY, ORNSTEIN and SCHÖNBERG, RAVEL and MILHAUD, BLISS and BAX and GOOSSENS.

Lastly, there should certainly be added a sound-proof Syncopated Saloon for the "auralization" of the most recent experiments in the emancipation of rhythm. But this modest plan, if fully realized, is only a beginning of the proper reorganization of our libraries as educational instruments.

It is a strange thing that Dr. WALFORD DAVIES should be content with a partial culinary analogy and not see that what holds good for music holds good for gastronomy. Where is the use of having the works of BRILLAT-SAVARIN, SOYER, FRANCATELLI and Mrs. BEETON on the shelves without having a smell-proof laboratory on the spot to bring their theories to the gustatory test? But these, after all, are only the Beethovens of the art of nutrition, and the laboratories we suggest should be mainly consecrated to experiments in the scientific preparation of foods containing the maximum of vitamines and the elimination of all botulistic ingredients.

It is stranger and even more reprehensible still that Dr. WALFORD DAVIES should in his plan have made no reference whatsoever, either direct or indirect, to the paramount educational claims of dancing to intelligent encouragement at our libraries. For dancing is no longer a luxury; it is a necessary factor in our social progress. Biographies of CECCHETTI and PAVLOVA, of KARSAVINA and LOPOKOVA, without the means of imitating their methods *in situ*, are barren and tantalizing fare. The minimum accommodation to make good this deficiency should provide at least rooms for (1) Russian dancing, (2) Morris-dancing, (3) Jazz-dancing.

We cannot close this brief review of the situation without insisting that the expansion of our libraries indicated above is only a small and even negligible instalment of what must be done to render them really efficient instruments in promoting the mental, moral and physical well-being of the people.

THE SANITY OF SCIENCE.

THIS is the tale of how the world was purged of evil and made fit for heroes to live in.

I.

It was a foolish quarrel, but foolish quarrels had set nations at one another's throats before.

The simple story was that a man named Waksberg (Czecho-Jugo-Slavokia) had defeated a man named Derethew (Great Britain) in the final of the Golf Championship of Hertzagudelia by laying him fifteen consecutive dead stymies. On each occasion he (Waksberg) had hooted with laughter. He was asked to apologise and refused. The nation was called upon to apologise and refused.

This set Europe in a blaze of anger, which quickly spread all over the world. Sides were picked up, Great Britain being captain of one side and Czecho-Jugo-Slavokia, of the other. Ultimatums were broadcasted everywhere and it was finally agreed that the War should start at twelve noon on Whit Monday, unless one side climbed down before.

II.

Whit Monday came.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain had invited the Cabinet to breakfast. They were sitting round the table waiting for the hour to strike. Everything was in readiness for the biggest world-war in the world, the war to end wars for ever. All the clocks in the universe had been specially synchronised by wireless, so there was no possibility of anyone mistaking the time. The Prime Minister had only to say the word and the dogs of Armageddon would be loosed to the wildest savagery that modern science had been able to teach them.

Outside, a clamouring populace was cheering and waving flags in anticipation of a war which would get rid of a whole lot of unnecessary countries and make everyone fabulously wealthy again. Special 6.30 editions were offering Free Insurance to everyone against everything.

"Two minutes more," said the Premier, draining his final cup of coffee.

All was silence, save for the hic-coughing of the Minister of Health. And then—

Bong went the big clock outside!

"Switch on, Cuthbert," said the Premier, addressing the Minister for War.

The Minister for War pressed the radio poison-gas button and the war was over. In one second every man, woman, child, golfer, tax-collector, horse, beaver, dog, gold-fish and canary in fourteen enemy countries lay as dead as the stymies that had been the cause of all the bother.

III.

Bong went the big clock in Czecho-Jugo-Slavokia at precisely the same moment as the one in London.

"Switchonski," said the Premier, addressing the Minister for War.

The Minister for War pressed the radio poison-gas button and the war was over. In one second every man, woman . . . .

So came World Peace. And not even a Treaty to be signed.

A HYMN OF HONEY.

BEES, I am
  Indeed your debtor;
Good is jam,
  But honey 's better;
Honeyless
  What 's breakfast?—Crude stuff;
Tea?—A mess
  Of merely food-stuff.

"Comb" or "run"
  Or dark or yellow,
Honey 's one
  With all things mellow;
Of the hill
  Or of the valley,
Honey still
  Flows musically.

Melody
  Goes to its making,
Buzz of-bee
  Great limes awaking;
Gardens old
  Or hills of heather,
And the gold
  Of golden weather.

Flowers from June
  To ripe September
Join the tune
  And say, "Remember,
We are sweet,
  Our hours are sunny,
We repeat
  Ourselves in honey."

To compare
  Seems extra odious;
Honey 's fair
  And all melodious,
But ('tis home's,
  Sweet home's) most days I 'd
Say, "In combs
  As skepped on Tayside."

Goldly brown—
  Ye gods, now let us
Call it crown
  Of all Hymettus;
Hybla knew
  No swarm contriving
Such a hue,
  So sweet a hiving.

Bees, I am
  (Once more) your debtor;
Great is jam
  But honey 's better;
And in fine
  It is, I know it,
How the Nine
  Once fed a poet.

"EVER SEEN ONE O' THEY BROADCASTING MACHINES, JARGE?" "YES, I GOT ONE."
"YER 'AVE?" "YES; MY OLD WOMAN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Do not let yourself be deterred by a wrapper whose design and motto—a buxom girl's face with the legend, "Junia is just a joy!"—are of the sort usually associated with the wider diffusion of soap, from appreciating Sir GILBERT PARKER'S *Carnac* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), a most distinguished, sincere and unflaggingly interesting romance of Canadian politics and commerce. *Junia*, the "supremely Anglo-Saxon" star of the Anglo-French *Carnac*'s ultimate aspirations (as opposed to the purely Gallic *Luzanne* of his unfortunate secret marriage), is a pleasant enough girl in her way, but she has neither the appeal nor the originality of *John Grier*, the old lumber king, *Carnac's* reputed father; of his tragic mother; of *Luke Tarboe*, who supplants him in the lumber trade; or of *Barode Barouche*, the statesman whom he himself ousts from a hitherto impregnable French constituency. *Junia* has intelligence, the true intelligence which, as she herself urges in wooing *Carnac*, is "the slave of genius." But *Carnac* is genius itself, and carries through a dozen altruistic programmes in art, business and politics with an impetus which most men devote solely to their own private ends. His pardonable deduction, that politics should be "a profession recruited from all the others," seems to me equally hard on "the others" and on politics. But if anyone could convert me to this already only too prevalent notion it would be *Carnac*.

The Plot (METHUEN) that Mr. H. C. BAILEY deals with in his spirited new romance is that contrived for the spilling of much innocent blood and the shaming of many noble names by the infamous OATES, surely one of the least plausible scoundrels in all history. Our two heroes and close friends at first meeting, *Jonathan Hayle*, a Papist and most excellent swordsman, and *Anthony Strode*, a Protestant gentleman of great shrewdness and honesty, good King's men both, find themselves drawn into the ugly net, *Jonathan* as prisoner at the Bar on a false charge of treason, *Anthony* as chief witness and organiser of a successful defence—no mean feat with SCROGGS and JEFFREYS on the Bench and SHAFTESBURY'S group demanding blood for reasons of high policy. Across the canvas move the figures of the great: the KING re-making many of his most successful epigrams; his irresolute brother, perhaps sketched in rather too unflattering outlines; the colourless MONMOUTH; the dissolute BUCKINGHAM (here surely set down as something more of a treacherous coward than even his bad record warrants), and the intriguing rivals, SHAFTESBURY, DANBY and HALIFAX. Mr. BAILEY provides an attractive puppet-show with a happy ending for his two heroes and two ladies of exquisite beauty and nicely-opposed characters. To Protestant *Anthony* falls the convent-bred *Delia*; the spirited *Betty*, whose father was of SHAFTESBURY'S notorious junto, to Papist *Jonathan*. I thought our author's style a little obscure till I had the hang of it, when it seemed crisp and well-seasoned and to allow fewer mere trimmings to more real meat than is common in this kind of dish.

I wonder if I am alone in my opinion that the custom of warming up American novels to furnish forth the English book-market is getting a little overdone? I am inclined to think myself that anything short of classic rank should be published simultaneously in both countries, or rest content with its own public. But Mr. HAMLIN GARLAND'S *A Son of the Middle Border* (LANE), though too easy-going and unpruned for the highest distinction, is just one of those books which make me waver in my indictment. True, it looks like new British fiction, and turns out to be a piece of American autobiography first published in 1914. But Mr. GARLAND'S main problem will well bear restatement, being none other than the difficulty of securing the patriarchal farm-life of the Middle West against the double lure of the unreclaimed North-West (with its vast resources and still vaster disabilities) and the sophisticated culture and commerce of New England. The pivot of the story is a Wisconsin homestead, where the author spends his childhood while his father is out with GRANT; and the unrest which urges the lad himself to a successful literary career in Boston, and the demobilized veteran to an unsuccessful pioneering in Dakota—with its two-fold result on their long-suffering women-folk—is described with the most intimate sincerity and zest. Altogether, a *pièce justificative* which outweighs much of the frightfulness of the American invasion.

The mantle of that pleasant writer, ALLEN RAINE, with here and there a hem let down or tuck taken up perhaps, seems to have fallen—to me at least quite suddenly and surprisingly—upon "M. E. FRANCIS," and very prettily she wears it. A book which deals with the hopes and fears of what in Ireland or on the Continent one would call the peasantry—we don't seem to have them in England or Wales under that name—is, to my mind, a very sure test of an author's quality, and once more, in her latest novel, *Many Waters* (HUTCHINSON), Mrs. BLUNDELL has proved the sureness of her touch. Never for one moment does she either patronize her characters or allow them to become persons of some entirely different social order gracefully playing at rusticity. A very typically Welsh little story is this of gloomy brooding *Evan*, of the Mill, and *Rhys*, his mercurial nephew, and how they both wooed pretty innocent *Nest Pennant*, who was much too much in love with the younger man to think of the elder with anything but kindness a little tinctured with pride in her power over him. *Evan*, when he finds out the truth, dies by his own hand, and the secret of his passion makes shipwreck of the young people's married happiness until they come, literally and figuratively, safe to land in the last half-page. It is a very simple story, without affectation and without too much "*bach*" and "*cariad*," and anyone who loves Wales and things Welsh must delight in it; for the woods and streams and hillsides round "the mill of many waters" are almost more faithfully dealt with than the racial characteristics of the population, which is saying a great deal.

Messenger. "YOU 'RE WANTED UP AT THE CASTLE, DOCTOR. THE NEW JESTER HAS BEEN TELLING SOME FUNNY STORIES AND——"

Doctor. "AH, I SEE, SOME OF THE GUESTS HAVE HURT THEMSELVES LAUGHING?"

Messenger. "OH, NO, DOCTOR; IT 'S THE JESTER WHO IS HURT."

Unless you have been lucky (or unlucky) enough to fall into love at first sight I do not think that you will be able entirely to understand *Harry Lavington*, the hero of *Princess of Yellow Moon* (METHUEN). This gay youth, after studying law at Oxford, went out to Singapore, where he was to join forces with his uncle. The latter, however, kept so persistently to the shady side of the law that the presence in his office of anyone with an inquiring mind was rather resented than desired. In consequence *Harry* found plenty of leisure time to study the charms of his cousin, *Kate Lavington*, and he had become fully aware of them when he suddenly saw a face that "was wildly beautiful, appealing, bewitching, but not at all madonna-like." The veil of this entrancing lady was trimmed with the deep yellow ribbon worn only by Malays of royal blood, so you can guess that the course of loving her was not likely to run very smooth. Mr. PETER BLUNDELL has failed to convince me of the fascinations of his *Princess*, but that may be as much my fault as his. In any case he has written an amusing and adventurous story, and I salute the ebony-coloured *Gaudeamus Gibb* as a real figure of fun.

I have a fellow-feeling for the novelist, especially for the novelist who has not yet found himself or his public. But I confess *The Pyramid* (HEINEMANN) moved me at times to a sort of mild anger. It is a story of one *George Alayn*, who traced his descent from Alain the Troubadour, "a Norman received, patronised and finally pensioned by Queen Bess." The reign seems late for a troubadour, but let that pass. *George* had, we perceive, a musical tradition, and Mr. WARRINGTON DAWSON, the author, has provided him with an American mother, so that it is only natural he should gravitate to Paris, and singing. The great *Martello*, whose pupil he became, is the one gleam of sunshine in a book of preternatural dulness. Cheerfully I admit that I was rather disposed to like *Martello*, who seemed to hold novel and possibly quite sound ideas on voice-production. But he vanished all too soon, and in no other character was it possible to take even a tepid interest, though the author has given us, with real American profusion, a French Marquis, an English peer and a nondescript Countess among his motley crowd. There is also a tedious love-affair, and a pretentious opening chapter which professes to explain the significance of the title. But no—I did not enjoy the book, and it 's no good pretending I did. It might conceivably be of value to young tenors.

"Fox Terrier Dog, very pretty, bad tempered. Owner without pedigree."—*Weekly Paper.*

Otherwise he might have escaped up the family-tree.

CHARIVARIA.

BATTLING SIKI, according to GEORGES CARPENTIER, is not like one of us. Having seen a photograph of the now famous coloured boxer we are grateful for this assurance.

***

SIKI's real name is FALL. "O, what a Fall was there, my countrymen!" as they are saying in France.

***

KID MCCOY is shortly to marry Mrs. JACQUELINE MACDOWALL of Baltimore, who will be his ninth wife. There was a time, of course, when his favourite hobby was boxing.

***

A contemporary advertisement points out that boxing can be taught through the post. If we decide to study the art, that is how we shall do it.

***

The London Underground Railway has arranged to run later trains. This would be impossible with some railways.

***

Many methods have been adopted for disguising whisky in America, but none of them equals for ingenuity the device of the New York bootlegger who labelled his bottles "Whisky," in order to throw the authorities off the scent.

***

The United States Cabinet have cautioned the Prohibition Bureau against searching ships for liquor outside the three-mile limit. It is felt that if the Bureau officials want liquor they must buy it as the others do.

***

A *Tit-Bits* writer points out that five thousand feet of wire can be drawn from an ordinary penny. It is said that the trick has never been performed in Scotland owing to a native superstition that this treatment is apt to ruin the coin.

***

The King of SPAIN is reported to have set the fashion in double-breasted dinner-jackets. With profound respect we are compelled to confess that this leaves the Near East difficulty still unsolved.

***

In consequence of the restoration of the scarlet tunic to the Guards for walking-out purposes, we understand that a return to the pre-war charge of half-a-crown an hour to nursemaids is under consideration.

***

Eight separate instances of tame pigeons colliding with each other whilst in flight were reported last week. A nasty blow for the fly-on-the-left movement.

***

"Smile when you can," is the advice of a contemporary. The alternative of smiling when you can't is said to play havoc with one's features.

***

"Motors are much too noisy nowadays," complains a motor journal. Or is it that the pedestrian's hearing is becoming more acute?

***

A Bishop, in a letter to his diocese, points out that nothing is so well worth backing just now as the League of Nations. We could more readily believe this if we had not heard the same thing about half-a-dozen horses in the Cesarewitch.

***

It was stated recently that numbers of schoolchildren have never heard of Mr. G. B. SHAW or Mr. H. G. WELLS. If they are to be told, we feel that it should be done very gently.

***

Liverpool, we read, is the only English University that has a Chair of Dentistry. It is hoped that, eventually, Oxford and Cambridge will see the advisability of providing this convenience. It must be horrible to take gas standing.

***

The work of cleaning and repairing the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, which has been proceeding for two years, is now completed. The job of brightening the DEAN will now be put in hand at once.

***

The aggressor in a fight between two boars at a recent agricultural show is stated to have belonged to Magdalen College, Oxford. The University authorities are understood to take a serious view of the fracas.

***

We note that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S secretary is the author of a song entitled "The Land of Might-Have-Been." The reference is, of course, to Mesopotamia.

***

According to a gossip writer, hare pie is the favourite dish at a leading actors' club. We have often wondered what became of the rest of the animal after the removal of the feet for making-up purposes.

***

A sculpture relief has been discovered in Athens which proves that the ancient Greeks played hockey. This should go far to settle the controversy as to what they did with themselves on Saturdays.

***

The château at San Remo where the first Peace Conference was held is to be sold in November. We are informed that there is some idea of acquiring it for re-erection at Walton Heath, as a club-house for heroes to live in.

***

Not long ago the Press gave publicity to a rumour that a mission to the Near East was about to be undertaken by Lord BEAVERBROOK. There appears to have been some confusion with Admiral Sir OSMOND DE BEAUVOIR BROCK.

***

A delegation has visited the United States to present certain American cities with statues of British statesmen. If our American cousins are as keen as all that, they can have the originals as well.

***

With reference to the projected reconstruction of the Café Royal, we understand that its collection of highbrows will be carefully numbered so that they can be replaced in their original positions.

***

As we go to press we learn that a famous scientist has at last succeeded in isolating the gas therm.

SCHOOL EXTRAS.

Epicure. "NEXT TERM I INTEND TO GIVE UP GREEK AND HAVE SAUSAGES FOR BREAKFAST INSTEAD."

TINO: A LAST PHASE.

Once more, as when you found it best to flee
And sit in isolation on an Alp,
The fickle breath of Athens (h. and c.)
Blows bitter East upon your discrowned scalp;
Once more you shield its surface, none too tufty,
With billycock of mufti.

The glamour pales of that first exile's fame
Which in our bosoms such emotion stirred;
The second time is seldom quite the same,
Nor were you built like Browning's clever bird,
So good at encores; no, you can't recapture
The old original rapture.

True, you may seek with wider choice to-day
Accommodation under alien skies;
There is your kin-in-law in U.S.A.,
The Leeds connexion; other marriage ties
Suggest Roumania; either place would mean
A pleasant change of scene.

Yet, being overdone, these exits grow
A little tedious. N°. 1 was well;
But, as a settled habit, you should know
That abdication tends to lose its spell;
"Tino," we yawn, "is off his throne once more!"
The thing becomes a bore.

I weary of it like a dull refrain.
And so, if Greece, returning on her trail,
Invites you back and boots you out again,
Don't count on me to tell the trite old tale;
Of doggrel I have done you many a set;
This is the last you get.

O. S.

THE WEEK AFTER NEXT.

The young man regarded me critically.

"I am surprised you don't dance," he said. "You do your hair straight off your forehead."

"I have just bought an Alsatian wolfhound," I countered feebly.

He looked at the drawing-room reflectively and closed his eyes.

"You will have to buy new cushions then," was his final judgment.

"Wolfhounds do not lie on cushions," I said tartly, and realised I was being foolish and fretful.

He, on the other hand, was kind and patient.

"It is interesting to explore a mentality as uneven as yours," he said. "You have perfectly reasonable views on a few points, but in regard to colour—well, you see for yourself, you are still in the mauve-cum-cerise-cum-blue of the Edwardians."

"I am sorry," I said humbly; "I ought to have jade."

"Amber," he corrected.

We had been conversing like this for some time. Heaven knows what induced me to open my lips in his presence. Hitherto I have always been satisfied with the knowledge that I was only a couple of years behind the most modern thought. I can usually catch up a "movement" just when it has become stationary, so to speak; and, after all, that is more than most people can say.

As a matter of fact, although I know lots of people who know other people who really *are* in the van of progress, I had never before met anyone quite so far forward as this young man.

I wish I had held my tongue that evening; but you know how the temptation to show off before your friends comes upon you.

No, I don't. But I wish there had been no one else present to witness my discomfiture.

I always secretly thought Wagner opera was like a German pantomime, so I never had any difficulty over that. And what was better still I really liked Scriabin and Goossens even before I had been told to.

As for poetry, that is perhaps my strong suit. It is quite three years since I emerged from the Celtic twilight and learned to murmur, "*Not* five bean-rows, please," whenever an Anglo-Irish poet was mentioned. As a matter of fact poetry was my undoing that night. The young man had sat apart discoursing on the Sitwells and the Sassoons while the rest of the party listened in silence, aghast at their own ignorance.

That is how it should be, of course.

Now why couldn't I have sat silent too? I was listening and learning more from that young man than I could learn in a year by my own unaided efforts. But no, vanity prompted me to lean forward and say clearly and slowly:—

"But after all Robert Nichols is our greatest genius."

The young man flashed on me a grateful look, such as Stanley must have given Livingstone when they met by Lake Tanganyika.

"Nichols and Tennyson," he said.

I had missed Tennyson, but I hadn't the courage to admit it.

"*And* Tennyson," I amended.

At that the young man crossed the room and sat down beside me.

* * * * * * *

For ten minutes I kept my head above water. Five minutes later I was signalling S.O.S. Three minutes later I sank. It happened like this. We discussed stage decoration. I said, "Gordon Craig," and he said "Check"—I mean he said "Czecko-Slovakian."

We talked of books and worst sellers. I said brilliantly I was getting tired of psycho-analysis and the eternal sex problem.

He looked interested and said he had read nothing of either for ages; was there a revival in these subjects?

I became peevish once more, and begged to know what the novelists—the ones who really mattered—were writing about.

"Still life, still life only," he said patiently.

We talked of cookery, or rather I dragged in the subject by the scruff of its neck.

He described various new and subtle dishes he had enjoyed, food served in priceless amber bowls and wines he had drunk from equally priceless amber goblets.

Then I took my opportunity. I described to him a fish—a blue trout I had once eaten, which had been served up with a pale lemon sauce flavoured with passion-fruit. It was food for the gods.

The young man smoothed his hair thoughtfully.

"Really?" he said; "but, after all, there is nothing equal to a well-grilled herring."

In a recent book of travel on New Guinea we read that "the natives, when they wish to kill a man, approach him, if possible, when asleep, but wake him as they strike, that he may say a word first. That word then becomes the name of the first male child subsequently born in the village." If the word is the one which we invariably use when woken suddenly to be killed, it seems an abominable thing that even a little cannibal child should be forced to bear it through life.

DEADLY LOGIC.

Lord Robert Cecil. "PAINFUL AS THE THOUGHT MAY BE, YET IF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IS TO PREVENT WAR AND ALL ITS CHEMICAL HORRORS IT MUST USE THE BEST CHEMICAL MEANS TO DO SO." *(Proceeds to invent the most diabolical air-bomb.)*

["Something might be done by making air forces special weapons which the League would have the right to call upon in order to carry out its duties under the Covenant."—*Lord Robert Cecil at Geneva.*]

Squire. "What are those bells ringing for?"
Rustic. "'Aven't you 'eard, Sir? Bill Clegg the blacksmith is being married to-day."
Squire. "But why the muffled peal?"
Rustic. "Bill thought it would be a bit more seemly like, 'e being a widower and she not a chicken."

NEVER AGAIN;

Or, People I Don't Play Golf with Twice.

II.

Then there is Spicer, or The Man Who Knows Exactly What I 'm Doing Wrong.

Fortunately my game with Spicer was a Mixed Foursome, and Spicer was playing with his wife. Nothing else, I think, saved Spicer from a dreadful end. For when he is playing with his wife he has little time to devote to other people; and for some reason Mrs. Spicer refrains entirely from striking him with niblicks or pushing him over the cliff at the twelfth, as I should certainly have done if our match had been a single.

And yet how happily we started! A warm and mellow evening, and my drive went skimming over the first bunker as straight and swift as an old swallow migrating out of England on a cold wet day in August.

"Good shot," said Spicer grudgingly. "I didn't think you 'd hit that. You dropped the right shoulder."

"Oh!" said I carelessly, for my heart was full.

My next shot was a dream. But "Slow back—slow *back*, man," said Spicer sadly, while the ball was yet in the air. "You didn't deserve *that*," he added, as it came to rest within three feet of the hole.

"Thank you," I said with dignity, for after two such shots as those I didn't propose to take any advice from any old golf-bore, though he might have three wooden clubs, a Sammy and a jigger, and a patent ball-sponge in his pocket.

But none the less, when it was my turn to drive again, the canker had got me. "Slow back," I said to myself, as I waggled at the ball. "No doubt the old fool was right. Slow back—and for the Lord's sake keep that right shoulder in the sky. *We'll* show him!"

And of course I hit the ball ten yards.

"I expected that," said Spicer smoothly. "You were standing right in front of it."

After that my game went to pieces. I could do nothing right. And Spicer, having destroyed me for the day, turned his attention to his wife. Mrs. Spicer plays very badly, with a steady, methodical, consistent badness that commands one's admiration. She has played for ten years and she knows, and Spicer knows, and everybody knows, that she will never play any better. Yet she plays. She plays with Spicer. She is heroic.

The newspapers tell us that in America women seek divorces because their husbands go off and play golf without them. The crying need of English womanhood is some redress against the husbands who force their wives to play golf *with* them.

Mrs. Spicer is a born fool, no doubt. Her ball lay about fifteen yards from a stone wall. After fingering doubtfully every club in her collection, she threw a timid glance at Spicer, who stood silent as the Sphinx, and took out her niblick. Spicer waited till she had done three preliminary waggles, and then—

"Take your mashie!" he snapped.

Mrs. Spicer jumped like a shot doe and took out her mashie. After a long preparation she hit the ground very hard and the ball very gently.

"Lifting your head again," groaned Spicer. "How do you *expect* to get over if you lift your head?"

"But I *didn't* expect to get over, Cuthbert," bleated the poor lady. "You know I *never* expect to get over *anything* with my mashie."

"Then why didn't you use your niblick?"

"But, Cuthbert, you *told* me——"

"It 's no good arguing. You dropped the right shoulder, and that 's all there is about it."

"But, Cuthbert, I thought you said I *mustn't* lift the right——"

"I said you mustn't lift your *head*," roared Spicer. "Now try this. Take your mashie. No, take your niblick—no, not that one—your mashie-niblick—here, *this* one," said Spicer, scattering her clubs like the cut corn upon the ground. "It 's a perfectly simple shot. Just hit your ball two yards to the right of that rabbit-hole—not too hard and not too soft. Keep your eye on the ball and let the club come right through. Don't cramp that left elbow. Slow back, right shoulder up, keep that little finger tight, and you 'll be all right. There 's nothing in it."

Mrs. Spicer approached the ball, trembling like a leaf, and miraculously hit it a full twenty yards over the wall.

"Um," said Spicer, not unkindly, "but you must keep that right heel down."

"*Dear* Cuthbert!" whispered his wife a little later, with tears in her eyes. "He *is* so patient with me. I know I 'm terribly stupid at it, but it *is* difficult to think of so many bits of one's body at the same time, *isn't* it? It makes me feel quite *naked*."

When she next had to drive, for a moment or two I feared for Mrs. Spicer's reason. She waggled at her ball for a long, long time, so long that the whole party had the fidgets, and when it seemed that she was really about to aim a blow at it at last she did no such thing, but rested her club on the ground and stood like one in a trance—only we saw that her lips were moving.

"Right shoulder up—head down," I caught faintly. She was repeating, like some magic incantation, the very last edition of Spicer's instructions.

Finally her brow puckered and, gazing downwards, she made curious motions with her feet; then, coming out of the trance, she murmured softly, "*What* was it you said about the right heel, Cuthbert? Was it down or up it had to be?"

"Oh, hit it anyhow!" said Spicer savagely.

Thus encouraged, his lady walked right away from her ball, and, walking back again, just hit it, anyhow. The ball flew fair and far, a long way down the centre of the course, a superb shot.

"Oh, Cuthbert, *isn't* that a lovely one?" she cried, flushed with joy. "*Look* what a way it 's gone!"

"Yes, it went well enough," growled Spicer; "but, good Heavens, you don't call that *golf*!"

Poor Mrs. Spicer! She won't try that again. Nor shall I try playing with Spicer again. A. P. H.

STYLE.

Student of Modern Advertising. "Will you show me some *distinctive* neck-wear and some half-hose that indicate the connoisseur?"

"Beer.

Bass Assist the Regatta Funds.—Mr. ——, a regular visitor to this village and a keen bass fisherman, caught three fish of the variety on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday they were disposed of by auction, the proceeds of the sale, 25*s.* 6*d.*, being devoted to the Regatta Funds."—*Devonshire Paper.*

Bass and Beer—a very happy conjunction.

SOUVENIR.

We caught a sweet September day
On sands where Western breezes play;
We tied it up with yards of string
To take it home, the precious thing;
We held it softly in the train,
Praying that London wouldn't rain . . .
And in our sooty garden square
Stood round to see its beauty there.

We set it free and, oh! it shone
One moment glorious and was gone.
But sometimes, when the sunset brings
Strange beauty to the tamest things
And chimney-pots are glorified,
We know that sweet day never died.

Bes.

"This book of ethics sets out to prove that the *summum borum* of life is the formation of character."—*Bookseller's Catalogue.*

If it resembles most books of ethics it should succeed in its aim.

LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

(*A Dialogue between Them and Me*).

They. When are you going?

I. Very soon now. I shall be sitting on a box, I suppose, and two or three Kemalists will come up with a furniture van and take everything away. Then I shall go and hide for a time and turn up at the new address.

They. But of course you will be very glad to get back to London again?

I. No, I shan't. Not at all. I shall miss everything here very much. The people and the woods and the post-office. I love buying my tobacco at a post-office, because then I sometimes remember to buy stamps, and I never do otherwise. Probably in London I shall have to go without stamps. And I shall miss my tame wagtail and the station and the 9.15 A.M.

They. You miss that pretty often as it is, you know.

I. Yes—(*rather a pause*)—I suppose there will be some advantages in not living so far away.

They. What you 'll really miss will be the good healthy fresh air.

I. Not so much as you might suppose. I have come to the conclusion that the country isn't the place to potter about in. I 'm afraid I 've pottered rather a lot. The town for pottering, the country for strife. The only way to behave to the country is to do violent things to it. One ought to slap it and slam it about; batter it, beat it and hoe it and plough it and hunt it; otherwise one gets bored.

They. The poets don't think that, do they?

I. The poets yearn. But they only yearn at week-ends. I read that in *The Outlook* the other day. If they came back to the country every night or lived in it they 'd want to hack it about, as real country people do, with axes and ploughshares and horses' hoofs and spades. You can't yearn permanently in the country; not with a subsoil of clay. Man-handling is what the country requires.

They. There 's always golf, you know.

I. Golf is no use. Golf is only scratching the surface.

They. Not your golf, surely?

I. My golf is rather a mixture of man-handling and yearning, you know. As soon as I get back to London—— But I ought to have explained. I 'm not really going back to London; I 'm going to live in a suburb. I shall be three miles from Charing Cross.

They. You can't possibly live in a suburb.

I. Yes, I can. I 'm really a person of indomitable courage and resolution, if the truth were known. I know that nobody lives in the suburbs, but I am going to be a pioneer. Think how pleasant it will be amongst those deserted wastes for some lonely wanderer at night to see the solitary lamp twinkling in my little grey home. I have just filled in the form for having electric light in my little grey home. One has to write down all one's Christian names and get the signatures of two archdeacons and a banker. They don't leave anything to chance in the suburbs.

They (*quite firmly*). One ought to do one thing or the other: either live right in the town or right in the country.

I. Yes, I know that 's what you say. It seems to me you might just as well say that one can't go to a theatre unless one goes either to the stalls or the gallery, or that a peninsula must be either Turkish or Greek. I 'm all for these neutral zones.

They. We are not convinced. The suburbs have all the disadvantages of the town and the country combined.

I. As how?

They. Well, you get all the noise and dirt of the town, and yet you 're too far off to be really in it. You have a sort of squalid pretence of country without any of the freedom and fresh air.

I. Let 's look at the good side of it first. The suburbs have lots and lots of trains. You can have the excitement of missing about six if you like. I often shall. And then, suppose when you get to the Mansion House you find that you 've left your pipe at Richmond, you can just go back and get it without losing more than half a day. Not that it 's Richmond that I 'm going to live in, that 's only an example. On the other hand, you can always say you can't go and call on people in another suburb because it 's so terribly far away.

They. But they might live in the same suburb.

I. They wouldn't. People never do—not people that you know.

They. All the same the suburbs are a wretched imitation of both town and country.

I. Well, supposing I admit that, isn't it really rather a good thing? Disenchanted with everything outside my own house, I shall have more time to sit at home and think beautiful thoughts and listen to the bell of the muffin man.

They. There are no muffin men in the suburbs.

I. That is where you are wrong. I have selected a suburb that does have muffin men. That is almost the only inquiry I made of the house-agent. Not that I eat muffins, but I love listening to the bell.

They. Well, I hope you 'll be happy, I 'm sure.

I. Not happy, but resigned. Look at it this way. The greatest joy one has in living anywhere is to get away from it. The people in the country pine for the town, and the people in the town yearn for the country. In a suburb you can do both. Think of the fun you get therefore when you have a holiday. And if you go into town every day you get a holiday every day.

They. But you could hardly go into the country every day, if you happened to be yearning instead of pining, you know.

I. Why not? It would be rather original, I think, and the trains would be absolutely empty. Myself on the down platform alone at a quarter past nine listening to the call of the wild. I think I shall try it.

They. And do a little man-handling?

I. I suppose so.

They. What you really want is a reliable little car. Then you could live anywhere you liked.

I (*understanding the language*). A reliable little car like yours?

They. Yes, like ours.

(We talk about their reliable little car for quite a long, long time. But I don't suppose I shall get one. It would be a terrible thing to man-handle a suburb.)

EVOE.

A PARTRIDGE DRIVE.

A DIAMOND the morn is set,
So clear, so blue, so bright,
Though in the shade, a-sparkle yet,
Lurks rime from overnight;
Men name such morns the ember days
Of leaf and stricken bower,
Yet colour sets the woods a-blaze,
Yet colour rules the hour.

We wait, behind the blackthorn hedge,
The beaters' slow advance;
Gold sedges hold the sun in pledge,
A finch's gold wings glance;
Faint-calling partridges afar . . .
My son, in briefest words,
The roots beyond the stubble are
Fair chock-a-block with birds.

Just now a stoat ran through the thorn,
Red evil in the sun,
A murderous brute for such a morn,
But so mayhap 's a gun;
'Neath skies of spun forget-me-nots
Ere minutes ten be sped
I look to fire a score of shots,
To kill, I hope, ten head.

Ah, here they come! the first lot springs
Aloft and skims adown
The stubble with a flick of wings,
Quick swerving, trim and brown;
Now, ere they cross the space between,
Now, Dian, grant me this,
That, where I hit, I kill 'em clean,
That, when I miss, I miss.

Small Daughter (to enthusiastic parents, absorbed in gardening alterations, who have posted her as a temporary boundary). "PLEASE MAY I STOP BEING THE END OF A 'BASHUS BORDER?"

THE PERIL OF THE PICTURES.

How long is the nation to remain indifferent to the sinister effects of the cinema?

It is true that sometimes a magistrate will point to one aspect of the evil by ascribing youthful crime to "the pictures;" but now that CARPENTIER'S downfall has been traced to his acting for the films we have presented to us another and even more terrible result of this popular amusement.

If acting for the "movies" will rob a prize-fighter of his punch, there is no length of misappropriation to which it may not be expected to go.

With that shrewd foresight which but few possess, "The Man who Won the War," of whom there was some talk a year or two ago, and of whose achievements a long and expensive film was made, detected the danger in time, so that the film was hardly permitted to see the limelight.

Not so with others. In gatherings of literary people from which Mr. BERNARD SHAW is absent it is often remarked that "G. B. S." is not the man he was; and if you would date the decline of that well-known dramatist you must go back to the day when he was beguiled into acting for the screen. Here is a man who, it is well known, could afford to act anywhere, anyhow and anything, always with advantage to his reputation; yet as soon as he poses for the cinematograph camera his decline begins.

We would instance also the case of Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN. Years ago he consented to appear for the film as "Charlie the Champion." Since that day he has never won a straight fight in the ring. It is true that he has downed his man on many occasions—now with a potted aspidistra, now with a basin of soup, here with a pound of tomatoes, there with a gas-meter, always deftly hurled—but never with a six-ounce glove with his hand (and nothing else) inside it.

And no sooner did Lady Mariana Modes appear with success on the screen than she became merely a film actress.

We sincerely hope that for the sake of the Church, and of that effective contrast which he offers to the terrible brightness of our journals, Dean INGE will continue to refuse all offers to star in *The Worst of all Possible Worlds*. And now that Lord ROTHERMERE takes supreme command of *The Daily Mail* and other papers too numerous to mention, he will be well advised to decline the *title-rôle* of *The Man who Stopped the Next War*.

The Power Behind the Throne.

From a provincial paper's report of the degradation of Prince GEORGE of Jugo-Slavia:—

"COURT SENSATION.
PRINCE DEPRIVED OF ROYAL PRIVILEGES.
(By arrangement with 'The Times')."

Open, Sesamum!

A magic formula has been found by which you can be served at a barber's shop without the trouble of going there yourself. From an Indian perfumer's catalogue we cull the following advertisement of one of his pomades:—

"For beautifying and strengthening the hair made of pure sesamum (Til) oil. By its application hair will go on directed way to the hair-dressers."

"EX-KAISER'S WEDDING PLANS.
Paris, Saturday.
It is reported that the wedding of Princess Helmina to the ex-Kaiser has been arranged for November 5th.—Central News.
Forecast: Variable to fair."
East Anglian Paper.

It is quite as much as he deserves.

SOME PUBLIC CHARACTERS MAKE THEIR BOW AT THE CLOSE OF THE ANNUAL FARCE, "AN ENGLISH SUMMER."

HUBBUB IN HAMPSTEAD.

Speaking to the fashionable audience which attended the first night of *Mary Stuart* at the Everyman Theatre, Mr. John Drinkwater stated that when he sent out for coffee during rehearsals it was supplied mixed with milk in large thick bowls, and he gave it as his considered judgment that "people in Hampstead do not drink black coffee." It may be doubted whether the ancient health-resort of our great-grandparents has ever reeled under the shock of so insolent a calumny, and the storm of protest which has been aroused is not likely to blow over soon. Everywhere, from "Jack Straw's Castle" to Chalk Farm, little knots of residents may be seen anxiously discussing the situation; murmurs resound through the Vale of Health; scarcely a line is flung upon the Ponds; howls of execration are heard along the Spaniards; gloom prevails in Frognal, and mass meetings of indignation take place nightly on Parliament Hill. Dozens of letters reach us by every post, a mere sifting of which is reproduced below

Eagle's Craig, N.W.

Dear Sir,—As a black-coffee drinker of forty-two years' standing I beg to protest against the unwarrantable insult that Mr. Drinkwater has hurled at the home of Byron and Keats. In what society, may I ask, did Mr. John Drinkwater move when he resided on Hampstead's swarthy heath? In my own home black coffee is served every night with centrifugal sugar in the smaller drawing-room, in Crown Derby cups, with apostle spoons. I should like to know what Mr. Drinkwater has to say to that. Let him look to his laurels as a poet and remember *carmina quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Yours truly, *Verb. Sap.*

Sir,—When I lived in Hampstead we used to have a right royal time. If Mr. John Drinkwater can speak no better for the place than this it is an Everlasting Mercy that he has left it.

Yours faithfully,
John Masefield.

Dear Sir,—Rising every morning at 2.30 a.m. I trot smartly in my sleeping suit for three-quarters of an hour up and down the loggias of my palazzo on the hills After that I proceed to the labours of the day.

Yours, etc., Leverhulme.

Dear Sir,—Whenever I have to drink black coffee on the West End stage I always bring it with me in a Thermos flask from my little Hampstead home. Gerald du Maurier.

Sir,—Mr. John Drinkwater may say what he likes about Hampstead, but let me tell him that I have found even more terrible solecisms elsewhere. For instance, *there are scarcely any asparagus tongs in South Kensington.* A long and careful study of all grades of society in this part of London has convinced me of this appalling fact, and I shall introduce it into my next play. Furthermore, *finger-bowls are practically unobtainable in Hackney Wick.* Still more remarkable is it to note *that red-currant jelly is never supplied with jugged hare at Pentonville.*

Let Mr. John Drinkwater look a little deeper into life. He is too much bemused by the glamour of history.

Yours sincerely,
St. John Ervine.

Sare Poonch,—There is long time I hab de café noir at Boule and Bouche. I like him very moosh.

Agréez, etc., B. Siki.

Meanwhile Mr. John Drinkwater, impenitent, has launched an even more venomous shaft at his former home.

"The chief beverage of Hampstead," he has stated to a reporter, "is ginger-beer."

At a meeting of the local branch of the Licensed Victuallers' Association held last Saturday evening, it was pointed out that Mary Stuart drank ale and liked it strong, and that enough honest ale was still drunk at Hampstead on Bank Holidays to drown all the poets in England [A voice: "And a good thing too!"]; and it was unanimously decided to burn Mr. John Drinkwater in effigy on November the 5th.

On the same afternoon a strong party of the Garden Suburb Graminivorous Association, reinforced by posses of Prohibitionists, Shavians, Milesians and nucivores, paraded the East Heath Road with ivy twined in their hair and carrying bottles of unfermented grape-juice and a large banner, on which was inscribed "The right, the blushful Hippocrene."

Further outbreaks of a still more violent nature are anticipated, and the local police have been heavily reinforced.

Ghillie (at the stalker's fourth miss). "NO UP TO YERE USUAL FORRM THE DAY."
Stalker. "NO. ONLY JUST BACK FROM AFRICA. ELEPHANTS, YOU KNOW. CAN'T SEE THESE BEASTLY LITILE THINGS."

THE SAVIOURS.

Sir Thingummy Jig was breakfasting on bacon and ham
and eggs,
And kidney and toast and mushrooms and a couple of
partridge legs;
And all the time in *The Sunday Chime*, as a baronet ought
to do,
He studied the state of the Universe and saw that it was
blue.

"Death!" remarked Sir Thingummy Jig. "Bring me a
pen and ink;
Bring me a fair white writing-pad and something strong
to drink,
And wrap a towel about my brow and don't let anyone in,
For I must write to *The Times* to-night and save the
world from sin."

But Admiral Bunkum sits in bed and quietly chews a roll
And sausage and mash and marmalade—the simple, manly
soul!
He lights his pipe and he reads the tripe Sir Thingummy
wrote, and then,
With a nautical cry of "Hell!" or "Hi!" he snatches a
fountain-pen.

And far away in a leather chair the Duke of Doodledoo
Nibbles a rusk with a single tusk and scans the papers
through,
And things look worse with the Universe, and the
Admiral gives him pain,
So he rings for a young stenographer and saves the world
again.

Civilisation seems to me to be just a trifle queer;
Rack and ruin are all around, and look at the price of beer!
Black with fate are the clouds to date, but if ever the skies
are blue
Oh, don't forget 'twas Thingummy Jig that pulled the
nation through;
Not to speak of the Admiral and the Duke of Doodledoo!

A. P. H.

More Commercial Candour.

"This picture was first shown at the Trocadero, Paris, under the patronage of the Marshal Foch. The Trocadero holds 5,000 people and they were all sold for £1 apiece."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"The League of Nations yesterday recommended that a national home for Americans be one of the considerations in peace negotiations with Turkey."—*Scottish Evening Paper.*

Many Americans, we are told, consider that they have one already.

THE AUTREVILLE TRAGEDY.

In making public the painful story of the Autreville tragedy I am well aware that I am rendering it impossible for myself ever to go to that charming health-resort again. I may even be incurring some personal risk, for the authorities of Autreville, and especially the management of the Grand Hôtel de la Casserole, have done their utmost to prevent the publication of the facts, and they will not easily forgive me. But in the interests of humanity, as a warning to the less thoughtful of the visitors—and I have observed several among them who did not appear to think to any considerable extent—I feel compelled to make this sacrifice.

Mortimer Moffatt threw himself into the life of Autreville with *abandon*. He said so himself many times, *abandon* being one of the few French words which he could handle with confidence. He bathed in the morning, played tennis or golf in the afternoon, tried his luck at *la boule* or *baccarat* after dinner, and then danced till the hours were small, and sometimes even till they were becoming quite large again. And always, even in his less diverting moments, he would revel in the anticipation of how he would talk about it all when he was at home again.

Alas! he never was at home again.

The season came to an end quite suddenly. One day they were all there—the girl who looked like a French girl and was an American, the man who looked like an Englishman and was a Frenchman, the gentleman who looked like a Levantine Jew and was one. The next day they were all gone. The English mother with the two daughters who looked like very quiet English girls and who were not very quiet English girls remained two days after the great exodus, but they also had now departed.

Mortimer saw them off by the hotel bus at three o'clock in the afternoon, and then turned back into the empty hotel.

Finding himself by the *Caisse* he asked for his weekly bill and paid it, slipping a tip (Mortimer was lavish in these matters) into the hand of the head-waiter, who happened to be standing by with an unconscious air. Mortimer was on the point of telling the clerk that he would be leaving to-morrow, but changed his mind, deciding that he would wait and see at dinner who, if anyone, was left. Then he passed into the little *Cour des Fleurs* round which the hotel was built.

His footsteps echoed uncannily as he traversed the open-air dancing floor and lingered for a moment by the band-stand, which was to know the syncopated orchestra no more until next year. The scene, once so animated, now so deserted, depressed him, and he was glad to steal into the little arbour behind the sycamore-tree and stretch himself there for the siesta which the departure of the English ladies had disturbed.

It was a warm afternoon. The seat in the arbour was, like everything else about the Hôtel de la Casserole, well adapted to the comfort of the human frame, and Mortimer slept. A little uneasily, for the impression that rampageous French children were noisily opening and shutting the windows which gave into the Court disturbed his dreams. But he did not actually wake till far into the afternoon, when the sun had sunk below the western roof of the Hotel and the Court of Flowers was grey and chilly. A distant clang struck his ear, but he did not pay any attention to it. Little he guessed, as he stretched himself luxuriously and pulled down his waistcoat, what that clang meant—that it was the final closing of the great door *from the outside* by the hall porter, the last of the staff to leave, ere he wended his way up the hill to the station. Yes, the hotel was closed until the 1st of May, and no one had noticed that Mortimer Moffatt was left inside.

The Lady. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big able-bodied man like you asking for money."
The Tramp. "Well, wot's a feller to do? I've just done six months for takin' it wivout arsking."

As I say, Mortimer did not realise what had happened. He did not observe that the windows giving on to the Court were all securely closed—it was indeed the closing of them that had disturbed his dreams—but wandered into the hall again, smiling to himself in recalling what he considered rather a witty remark he had made to the younger of the not very quiet English girls the evening before.

It was the chair usually occupied by the clerk in the *Réception* which first arrested his attention. It lay on its side on the counter, and this was a thing which he did not remember having seen before. He looked round and became aware of sundry dusting-sheets. A vague sense of uneasiness assailed him. He pressed a bell. He heard its muffled answer somewhere away in the distance, and it had a mocking sound. Then he hurried to the great door, pushed it, then shook it, then kicked and hammered it. Useless—it was firmly locked.

He rushed to the dining-room door; that was locked too. All the doors were locked.

He ran back to the hall door and shouted, "Help, help!"

Two countrymen who were passing along a little-used path down the hillside heard, but they did not understand English, so they passed on.

Some instinct told Mortimer this, and he ran to the lift, which, of course, was locked, and then sped up the six flights of stairs to his room on the third floor to find his dictionary and look up the French for 'help.' But he was one of those careful people who always lock their doors and leave their keys with the *concierge*, so he had to run downstairs again for the key. There was no key on his nail. It had been carefully stored away with all the other keys in a safe.

He returned to the hall door once more, hammering and crying. No answer came. How should it? It was one of the boasts of the Hotel that it stood in a unique position in its own grounds.

At length he sank exhausted on the tessellated pavement.

There they found him when the Hotel reopened the following Spring. The whole affair was hushed up, as I have hinted. True, a small commemorative tablet in brass was inserted in the wall beside the door. But it did not men-

Art Editor. "But this drawing is absurd. Gentlemen don't walk across the road in dressing-gowns."
Artist. "Yes, they do. I do."

tion Mortimer Moffatt. Its legend merely runs, as you may read to this day: "*Le Grand Hôtel de la Casserole est fermé le 30me Septembre jusqu'au 1er Mai.*"

"A Bit of History.

Lincoln's Inn derives its name from the Earl of that name who built a mansion on the spot in the reign of Edward I., the gardens being laid out by the famous Inigo Jones."
Evening Paper.

A mere boy at the time.

"The Dismorr block and the Edwards building were occupied as living quarters by enormous couples and families, but all escaped in safety."—*American Paper.*

We have always felt that the accommodation in our English fire-escapes is inadequate.

"Pictures taken at end of film show that the French boxer was not floored by an international trip."—*Provincial Evening Paper.*

Can we see the Downing Street pictures now, please?

"The abducted potentate, according to a flare article which spread over the whole front page of the *Daily Wire*, had, 'through the indefatigable efforts and untiring assiduity of our Special Commissioner, Mr. Eric Pelham,' been traced to a village on the borders of Essex and Norfolk."—*Story in a Monthly Magazine.*

Has it ever struck you, Eric, how wonderfully our little East Anglian villages straggle?

A Sincere Flatterer of "Punch."

On July 26th, 1922, there appeared this obituary notice in *Punch*:—

"THE CRUSADER.

['A female locust has been found dead at Piddington, Bucks.'—*Evening Paper.*]

In perfect peace at Piddington
A female locust died;
Perchance in life a locust's wife,
Perchance a locust's bride.

She breathed her last at Piddington;
There let her tranquil lie;
Fulfilled is now her splendid vow—
See Piddington and die.

She fled the East for Piddington,
And on her high crusade
She left the swarm, and cold and storm
Encountered unafraid.

So, should I pass at Piddington
Beyond the great divide,
Ah! leave me there recumbent where
That bold Crusader died."

On September 1st, 1922, *The Madras Mail* published, under the name of "Mr. Anand Ram," the following lines without specifying the source of their inspiration:—

"R.I.P.

(*A dead frog was found last Saturday in the Park.*)

In perfect at People's Park,
A female frog did die;
Perchance in life a froggie's wife,
Perchance a froggie's bride.

She breathed her last at People's Park,
There let her tranquil lie;
Fulfilled is her splendid vow
To see People's Park and die.

She fled for People's Park,
And on her high crusade
She left the swarm, and cold and storm
Encountered unafraid.

So, when I pass People's Park
Beyond the River's side
I always think how bravely there
That bold crusader died."

It seems almost more original than the original.

The End and the Means.

"It has been suggested that a benefit bull-fight be organised to raise funds for the newly-organised Society for the Protection of Animals."—*Mexican Paper.*

In "Dry" America.

"St. Jose, Michigan.

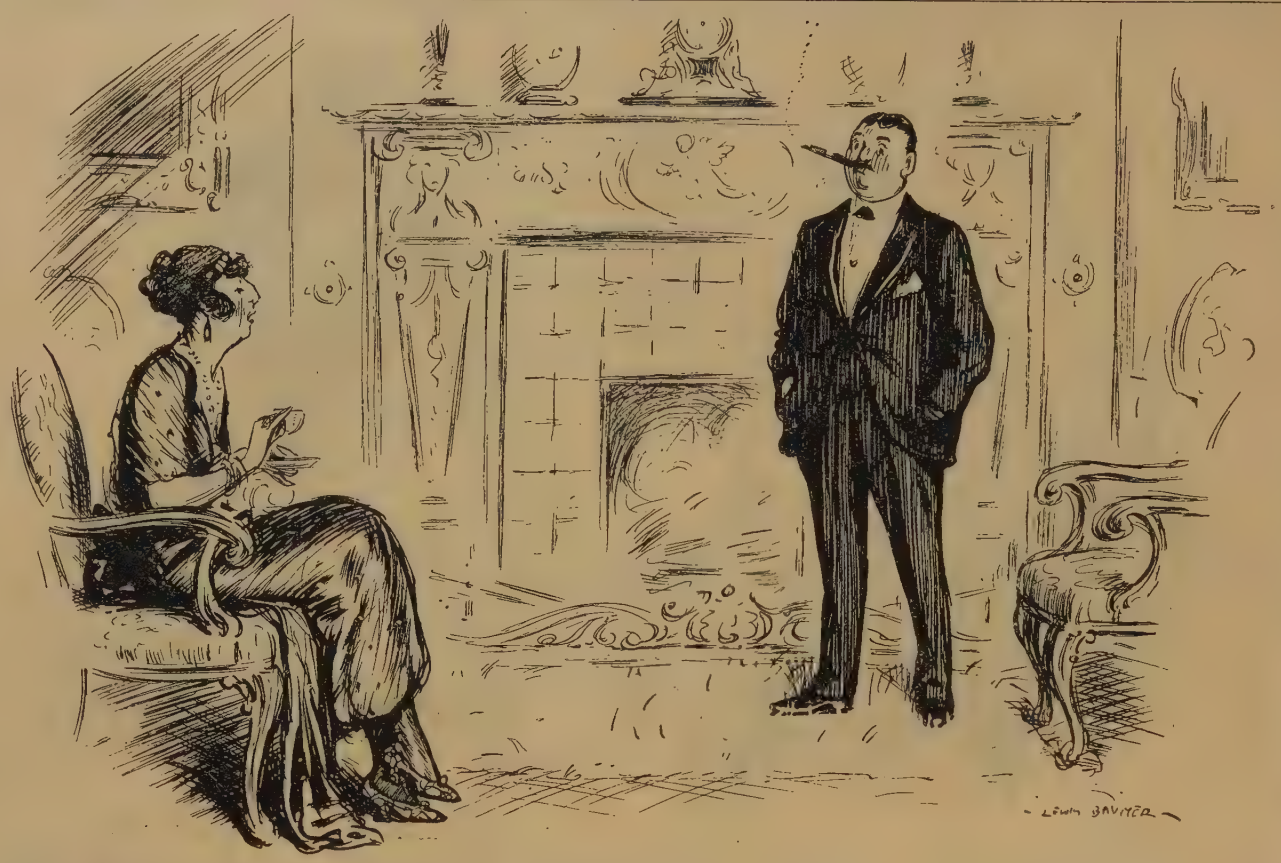
Seventeen Communists were charged to-day with criminal syndicalism. Bail of 10,000 litres each was not forthcoming."
Provincial Paper.

"'The defendant is a married man with a young family; otherwise he is well behaved,' said the police representative."
New Zealand Paper.

And he couldn't be held solely responsible even for that.

"Mr. Julius Harrison conducted in the brilliant parts with more speed than was always spiced with precision, yet with bleams of brilliance which he should still be able greatly to develop."—*Provincial Paper.*

The bother about music is the number of technical terms.



Wife. "BUT WHY TAKE A SHARE IN A *ROUGH* SHOOT, GEORGE? SURELY, WITH OUR MONEY YOU COULD HAVE GOT INTO A MORE REFINED ONE."

"SUCH STUFF . . ."

I HAD a frightfully funny dream last night—not *your* sort of a funny dream, funny at night but flat as a fluke in the morning, but a really funny one that developed the subconscious chuckle of my sleeping moments into a full-throated guffaw at dawn.

All the time while I leaned over my cold bath waggling the sponge about in the water in imitation of a wallowing human being in robust health, and later, while I was surreptitiously washing in the lavatory basin, I was laughing over my dream. I dreamed—— What *was* it I dreamed about? Some vegetable, I *know*; mangel-wurzels or carrots or crocuses or something. Oh, yes, parsnips. It was about parsnips. I shan't tell you any more just now, because, you see, in a sense I am in my dressing-room; when I am fully dressed you shall hear all. But I promised myself a merry breakfast, during which I should unfold my dream to Mollie. "Ha, ha!" (myself laughing inwardly). How Mollie would gurgle and protest, "Well, really, Herbert!" "Ha, ha!" (myself again).

She was reading a letter when I entered the morning-room.

"I *must* tell you," I began explosively. But Mollie did not raise her eyes from her letter. A slight contraction of her brows conveyed to me the extraordinary suggestion that she did not wish to be interrupted. "Ha, ha!" (myself laughing inwardly once more, but not quite so heartily). She did not know what was in store for her.

"I had a perfect treasure of a dream last night," I went on; "you 'll roar . . ."

Mollie turned over a page of her letter and started reading the top of the next.

"It was the funniest . . ." I began, raising my voice.

"One moment," murmured Mollie abstractedly, her eyes darting from left to right, chasing the infernal scrawl.

"About parsnips," I said. "An extraordinary funny dream about parsnips." (After all, was it about parsnips or tomatoes?)

Mollie abandoned her letter with a little shudder of delight.

"You were wrong," she thrilled; "Sally *is* engaged to the curate. He proposed yesterday after evensong."

I suppose you think I showed temper? You are ludicrously wrong; I am not that sort of husband. No, I merely said, "Really?" in a voice that would have chilled the Equator itself.

"Yes," she said, with mistaken brightness. "I 'll read you the bit."

"Do," I said, but not as if I meant it. When she had finished reading the bit I inclined my head to show that I had been listening. "And now, I think," I observed with courtly formality, "I should like to have my breakfast."

Mollie's eyes grew round with surprise. Then (I do not know what she saw in my face) she giggled stupidly.

"You 're not sulking, are you?" she asked ingenuously.

"*Sulking?*" I echoed, naturally amazed at her interpretation of my attitude of dignified aloofness. "No; I am not sulking, as you call it. My coffee, please."

The meal passed in silence, save for an occasional "Oh, I am glad," and "I do hope she 'll be happy," from Mollie as she persistently re-read Sally's banal communication. It was not until I was in the act of leaving the house that she made a belated effort to be sensible and wifelike.

"Let me see," she said doubtfully, "didn't you want to tell me something? Some dream or other, wasn't it? What was it about?"

"Parsnips!" I yelled, now, I fear, almost exasperated. Until the word had left my lips I had no idea what savage bitterness could be infused into it; the initial letter "P" lends itself

FALLEN IDOLS.

Tino. "CHEER UP, CARP. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE ONLY BEEN KNOCKED OUT; I'VE BEEN *KICKED* OUT."

Verger (to Visitor). "That wasn't our parson preachin' this morning. He be up in Lunnon. They've sort of exchanged dooties for a month."

Visitor. "A nice change for each of them."

Verger. "They've both got their missuses with 'em."

to an emphasis almost explosive in its violence. Mollie winced. But Matilda, our new maid, who entered at that moment, threw her apron over her head and moaned aloud.

When I returned home in the evening I was in a benign mood. I had had a good day; I mean the horse which I had backed at starting price for the 2.30 had not started and so I had not lost anything.

Mollie met me at the door with a face like a mausoleum.

"Oh," she hooted, "*why* did you dream about parsnips?"

"I didn't," I assured her. "Directly I had left this morning I remembered that my dream was about radishes. It all came back to me. It was an awfully funny dream.. I dreamed——"

But Mollie, with the cry of a drowning man grasping at a straw, had fled towards the kitchen. A few minutes later she rejoined me. Her expression told me that the straw had turned out to be a floating hen-coop.

"It 's all right," she gasped, "but it was a near thing. You see, Matilda is a firm believer in the hidden meaning of dreams, and to dream about parsnips, so she tells me, means a frightful scandal in the house, and she said she couldn't possibly be mixed up with it. She said she 'd die if she had to give evidence and that she 'd better go before it came to a head. Her box was packed and she was just cording it when I brought her the good news about the radishes."

"And—and what do radishes foreshadow in the world of dreams?" I asked nervously.

Mollie smiled a trifle spitefully.

"According to Matilda's Book of Dreams," she said gravely, "to dream of radishes is a sure sign of an unexpected present of money, the recipient to be an employee in the house of the dreamer."

With a sigh I plunged my hand into my trouser pocket and withdrew a couple of half-crowns. They represented my good day over the 2.30 race. As they chinked into Mollie's outstretched hand, "Such stuff," I quoted pensively, "as dreams are made on."

NOISE.

I like noise.
The whoop of a boy, the thud of a hoof,
The rattle of rain on a galvanized roof,
The hubbub of traffic, the roar of a train,
The throb of machinery numbing the brain,
The switching of wires in an overhead tram,
The rush of the wind, a door on the slam,
The boom of the thunder, the crash of the waves,
The din of a river that races and raves,
The crack of a rifle, the clank of a pail,
The strident tattoo of a swift-slapping sail—
From any old sound that the silence destroys
Arises a gamut of soul-stirring joys.
I like noise.

"Again in the novice pony class Miss Daphne Evans won on her bay mare Cleopatra, while late in the day she was second on Cleopatra in the open class for ponies not above 24 hands."
Provincial Paper.

Always a popular class.

THE DEPUTATION.

George is the soul of discretion; it is his Minister's expression, not mine. This discretion on the part of one of his minions is a favourite topic of conversation on the Minister's part at the Club. You gather that, in an attempt to wrest a State secret from George, wild horses would fail to rise after the third round.

The Minister has rather modelled himself on Julius Cæsar in his choice of those who should be about him. In this connection I am directed to inform you (as George himself would write, not having been directed at all) that George was seen to wince when he read one evening that a "stout but respectably-dressed man" had been arrested in Whitehall. It was a long time before George got over that word "but," even though on a second reading he found that it was only the stout gentleman's attention which had been arrested.

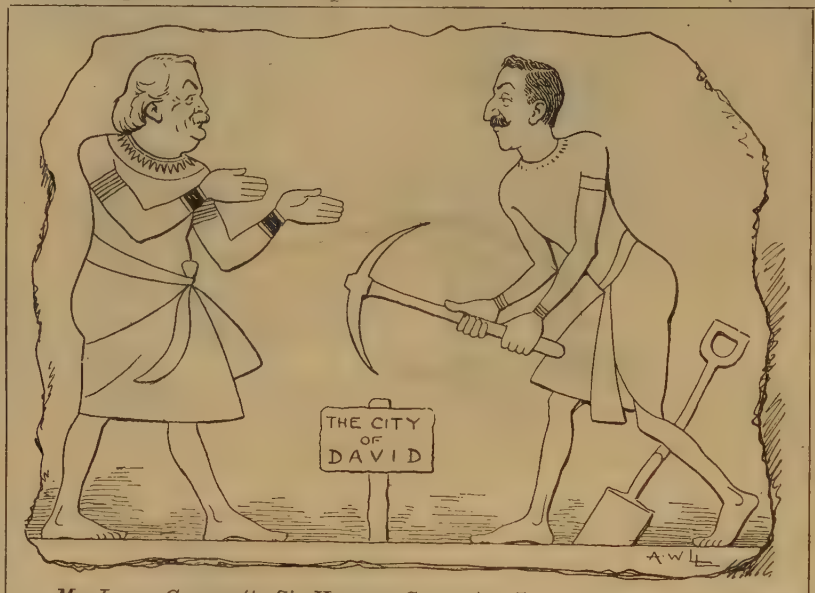
I will be discreet, even as George, and will not reveal the Minister's identity. One of his functions is to refuse to make orders to fill in ponds; hence the deputation that is now assembling, the idea being to shake the Minister. Look at them as taxi after taxi empties them out at the portals of the great Department; see the silver changing hands, and try to realise that it is not their own money that these taxi-payers are handing over.

The Haggard-looking Man with the untidy whiskers, wearing, not inappropriately, a beaver hat (but you mustn't mind the bow being in front, because he is a bit worried), has had a sleepless night rehearsing what he is to say about ponds when he gets into the Presence. The gentleman wearing the red tie and the nonchalant air would be more convincing if he did not glance furtively now and then at his cuffs (containing shorthand-notes on ponds and their filling-in), and if one of his colleagues had removed from his ready-made coat the ticket which the tailor's assistant had overlooked.

The Muddleton-on-the-Spring Rural District Council of twenty-four members had appointed this deputation of twenty-three of their number to wait upon the Minister to urge that the pond (coloured green on the plan) should be filled in. It was felt that the case could be adequately put before the Minister by less than the whole Council, regard being had to the paramount need for economy, and thus the twenty-fourth member stayed at home and went to the pictures instead.

It had been agreed that twenty-one members of the deputation should be silent, the local haberdasher in particular being requested to restrain himself, and that the Haggard-looking Man and the Gentleman with the Red Tie should alone be vocal; whether instrumental as well would remain to be seen.

Scene.—*The Great Hall, where in magnificent surroundings the Presence receives deputations.*



Mr. Lloyd George (to Sir Herbert Samuel). "If you should come across any good finds, Herbert, you might let me know. We could do with a bit of luck just now in the Near East."

[*Enter, Door L, the twenty-three members of the deputation, accompanied by a gorgeous messenger, whom many of them had at first mistaken for the Presence. As soon as they are uncomfortably seated, the hush being broken only by the rattling noise of the haberdasher's limbs shaking with excitement—*

[*Enter, Door R,* George, *accompanied by experts, private secretaries and other revellers.*

George opens by expressing the Minister's deep and unfeigned regret that he has been unexpectedly called away, and states that at that moment he has just holed out—er, he can hold out little hope that he would be back in time, though the Minister's interest in ponds and their filling-in dated back even further than his interest in—er—other things; and will the deputation please get on with it?

The Haggard-looking Man's speech proceeds according to plan. He unfolds the history of the pond; the manner in which it has outlived its usefulness; the way all the coloured roads on the plan lead into the pond; how horses were led to the water and yet how difficult it was to induce them to drink, and so on, together with some general observations on the manners and customs of the stickleback.

The Gentleman with the Red Tie, plunging off at the deep end, says that the submerged masses would rise one day from under the bloated heel of the capitalist and put a milestone round his neck.

In the ordinary course George would have replied with the usual formula to the effect that the Minister would give the matter his serious consideration, and the deputation would have gone home quite happy, feeling that the cost to the ratepayers of their excursion to London (including a matinée at the Coliseum) had been more than justified. But what George actually said—of course in official language—was that no consideration on earth would induce the Minister to fill in the accursed pond.

I attribute this hostile attitude to the unfortunate intervention of the haberdasher, whom his colleagues had failed, after all, to restrain, and who had remarked that, as one who could smell the pond day and night, he desired to invite George to come down and sample it; and that, if George could see his way to fall in, the object of the deputation would be as good as secured.

I have hinted that George was sensitive on the subject of his obesity.

"Fatness is Fatal!

Always danger of sudden death to those whose heart and organs are enveloped in layers of excess fat.

YOU CAN BE FAT FREE!!"

Newspaper Advertisement.

Not in the restaurant we go to.

Opening paragraph of a novelette:—

"She struggled at the foot of the six-foot iron Common, her short enclosure on Tinsley palings surrounding the white petticoat gleaming in the May sunshine, her body twisted round, both her slim arms outstretched."

We thought enclosures were being worn longer.

Small Boy. "Mother, will you ask the hotel man if I can have some other bedroom?"
Mother. "But isn't yours a nice room?" *Small Boy.* "Quite; but it's on fire."

MODERNITY.

For the increase of uplift and unction,
The daily diffusion of scares;
For diarists void of compunction
In vending their personal wares;
For writers whose dialogue, freely
Dispensing with dashes or blanks,
Makes the mouth of a navvy sound mealy—
Oh! let us give thanks.

For the bilge of the Botulist shockers
Exuded from eminent quills;
The boon of plus four knickerbockers;
The raiding of post-office tills;
For the reign of the conquering flapper
Whom nobody seemingly spanks,
Though many are longing to slap her—
Oh! let us give thanks.

For the heroes who struck off the shackles
Of metre and scansion and rhyme,
And proved that each gosling that cackles
Is uttering verse all the time;
For Edith and Osbert and Sacha,
As well as for Squire and for Shanks,
And Bridges—prosodical Pasha—
Oh! let us give thanks.

For Strachey, whose forename is Lytton,
Quite free from all sycophant aims,
Who of Royalties always has written
Tout court by their Christian names;
For the gloomy Society Saga,
That now has supplanted the Manx,
Which has grown most decidedly *gaga*—
Oh! let us give thanks.

For the fearless portrayal of frenzy
By mummers who wriggle and squirm;
For the letters of Compton Mackenzie
Recounting the glories of Herm;
For the new "educationist" *argot*
We've borrowed from Teutons and Yanks;
For Clare and Rosita and Margot—
Oh! let us give thanks.

For the dancers who jazz to the bellow
Of trumpets, the saxophone's blare;
For the jumpers in green and in yellow
Our agile young Amazons wear;
For the cult of Suzanne and her capers,
Displacing the Peths and the Panks;
For the rush to insure in the papers—
Oh! let us give thanks.

For savants undoubtedly British
Who showed by their meeting at Hull
A talent for ways that are skittish,
A horror of all that is dull;
For medicos blandly coquetting
With Freud and his psychical pranks;
For Deans their decorum forgetting—
Oh! let us give thanks.

For the new and delectable dishes
Compounded by musical chefs;
For the Trixes, the Dollys, the Gishes,
The Bimbos, the Mutts, and the Jeffs;
For Lovat, the pride of the Frasers,
The dread of the Georgian ranks,
The chief of italic scalp-raisers—
Oh! let us give thanks.

But the task overtaxes my forces;
I only have touched on a part
Of the boons that defy the resources
Of eulogy's difficult art;
Yet for all that modernity offers,
From auto-suggestion to tanks,
From Shaw to American golfers,
Oh! let us give thanks.

The Antiquity of a Joke.

"I saw young Harry with his beaver on."
Shakspeare, King Henry IV., Part I.

"Dogs and Domestic Pets.

For Sale, Three Sealyham Dog Puppies, by Burnholme Bombardier.

Steinway Drawing-room Grand; splendid instrument. Price £250."—*Daily Paper.*

We know a Broadwood that barks for Lloyd George.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

I suppose I am as devoted to my wife as can reasonably be expected after five years of her society, but I sometimes wish she were not quite so superstitious.

I wouldn't mind if her superstition only extended to the commonplace accidents of domestic life, such as spilling the salt or walking under ladders, but she carries the thing to such extravagant lengths that one hardly dares do anything under any conceivable circumstances for fear it should be "unlucky."

I sometimes think she must have inherited her superstitious nature from her mother, and yet my mother-in-law's superstition runs on less orthodox lines; for, while my wife allows her actions to be influenced by superstition, the old lady invents superstitions to justify her actions. For instance, when about a month ago I had the temerity to suggest that we should all three run up to Town for the day, my mother-in-law, who hates London and prefers living on in the country for an indefinite period at my expense, sat up stiffly and snapped, "What day is to-morrow?"

"Tuesday, the 29th," I replied. "It 's the only day I can get away for some time to come."

"You forget, Gilbert," she said grimly, "that it is very unlucky to travel whenever Tuesday falls on the 29th."

"Wouldn't it be all right if we sat with our thumbs crossed throughout the journey?" I suggested.

"Gilbert," said my mother-in-law severely, "you ought not to joke about that sort of thing."

Now I particularly hankered after that day in Town. If you had lived, as I have for the last three months, penned up in a country cottage with two women who scream in unison if I pass them on the stairs, and who I verily believe would faint if I opened an umbrella in the house or smashed a mirror, you would sympathise with me. If I could get them safely packed off to a *matinée*, and enjoy for one all-too-brief afternoon the society of level-headed men, I might recover my mental balance.

Accordingly, I devised an ingenious scheme which I thought would overcome all the obstacles my mother-in-law might set up.

I bought a Planchette.

Everybody knows Planchette, the little wooden board with three legs formed by a pair of castors and a pencil, by means of which, if one is sufficiently psychic, one can produce "automatic" or "spirit" writing. You know it? Well, I bought one and took it home.

If I can't Coué a trip to London with this," I thought, "I am no man."

I produced it in the drawing-room after dinner.

"I find that I am free to-morrow," I announced, "and I intend that we shall run up to Town. I know that you, Mother, will tell me you saw three magpies from the bathroom-window this morning, and that it would be tempting Providence to travel to-morrow, so we will consult the Oracle. Turn the lights low and gather round."

I saw at once that I had, as they say in theatrical circles, "put it across." We drew our chairs up round the table in awed silence. I put Planchette over a sheet of paper and we laid our fingers gently on the board.

"Now," I whispered, "I am going to ask it a question. 'Are we or are we not to go to London to-morrow?'"

For a while nothing happened. I was thinking hard.

"Whatever I do," I said to myself, "I must get the correct psychic wording." Planchette gave a jerk and began to move across the paper.

"Fortune—" it wrote; the little instrument was answering its helm beautifully.

"Gilbert," said my wife, "you're pushing it."

"I 'm not," I said; "Honest Injun" (Heaven forgive me the lie.) "Keep still, it 's going on."

"Fortune—will—attend—you—in—London—" it wrote. I took my hands off the board.

"That seems pretty conclusive," I said cheerfully. "We can catch the 10.5 and——"

"I don't think it had finished," said my mother-in-law in a voice like the tomb; "put your hands on again, Gilbert."

I obeyed without protest. "It needn't write any more," I thought. Then the eerie thing began to happen. Planchette gave another jerk and started writing once more!

A cold sweat broke out all over me. This was no fake; it was the real thing.

"—Next—year—" it wrote.

"Keep still. It hasn't finished," I whispered. Spirit or no spirit I wasn't going to be defeated. I racked my brains for a moment and began faking it again.

"—Go—there—to-morrow—" wrote Planchette.

"There," I thought, "I don't see how the infernal spirit is going to get round that." But Planchette was one too many for me.

"—At—your—peril—"

"That 's enough!" I cried, and my hands, as I took them off the board, were trembling.

My wife picked up the sheet of paper. "Fortune will attend you in London next year. Go there to-morrow at your peril," she read aloud. "Oh, Gilbert, we *can't* go!"

Now I know that my wife and her mother believe far too firmly in the supernatural to have cheated; so what am I to think?

I do not usually have a fire in my bedroom at the end of August, but I had one that night. Planchette made a splendid blaze.

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I.—To my Dog.

Give me your paw, my staunch old mate,
And let those solemn steadfast eyes
Gaze on me as I meditate—
Did we or you first realize
The soul within the other's eyes?

Did man join dog? or dog join man?
Which was the jackal of the two?
Did Four-legs hunt the caribou
To distant death? Did Two-legs scan
Each day the sky for vultures' flight,
Mark their swift winging to the feast,
Quit cover as their clamour ceased,
And, scavenging for bird and beast,
Gnaw a stripped bone by night?

Which was the jackal of the two?
When, a lone outcast from the pack,
You dodged the rock an ape-man threw
To check you; followed up his track
Soft-footed till you found the clue
To what he fed on strewn about
His reeking midden—skull of deer
And jaw of horse and rib of steer—
I wonder did you settle near
And tranquilly grow stout?

Or was it earlier yet, when we
Fleshed humbler teeth in humbler fare,
In bark and berry from the tree,
In fur and feather from the snare?
Did your small sires join company
With skulking pygmies owlet-eyed,
Foot-furtive, whose awakening mind
Had burst the fetters of brute-kind,
Left Instinct's barren plains behind
And crossed the Great Divide?

Your paw again, old Solemn Eyes,
So savage-kind; so foolish-wise;
So humble-proud; so craven-bold;
So cleanly-foul; so friendly-cold.
The riddle is not how you came,
But how man ever made you tame.

"Leave your clothing for sponging and pressing on your way to business and call for them on your way home."—*New York Paper.*

We should be too shy.

"In the Manx Court yesterday John Thomas Macardle brought a suit against his father, John Joseph Macardle, of Armagh, Ireland, to recover possession of a racehorse which has been running in the Isle of Man for the past three years."—*Morning Paper.*

Why not say "Whoa!" very loud?

THE BREAKING POINT.

Mike (discussing a particular fly). "IT WAS THAT LOIKE THE RALE THING, YER HONOUR, THAT IF YE WAS TO LAVE IT DOWN A MINNIT IT'S THE SPIDERS WOULD BE AITIN' UT ON YE."

SYMMETRY.

ONE evening, seven years ago, Miss Elizabeth Saunders, who filled the post of parlourmaid at No. 35, Kensington Crescent, the home of Sir Philip and Lady Melvin, omitted, for the first time in her long period of vigilant service, to fasten the dining-room windows, the central one of which was left open several inches. All oblivious of this fact the household, at ten-thirty, retired to sleep.

Two hours later Mr. Henry Johnson, who had carefully watched the policeman pass to another section of his beat, was walking quietly down the Crescent, looking from right to left for indications of precisely such an oversight as Elizabeth had been guilty of, and at No. 35 he found them. From that moment all was fairly easy. Working with silence and despatch, he entered Sir Philip's dining-room, selected what was most valuable among the silver in the sideboard, and regained the street.

How such burglars make their escape so successfully in a city full of suspicious constabulary is a problem. Ordinary persons homing in the small hours are scrutinised so closely that one would imagine that soft-footed men carrying heavy bags at dawn would be challenged as a matter of course. But no. That they are ultimately caught is very often the case, but only through processes of deduction and pursuit some time afterwards. Interception on the night itself is exceedingly rare. Thus it was that Henry Johnson was able to return home in safety with the Melvin plate over his shoulder.

The next morning the hue and cry began. Sir Philip, directly he learned of the loss, communicated with the police. Detectives arrived and examined the premises. Finger-marks were found, for Henry Johnson had disdained to work in gloves. Pawnbrokers were notified. (And here let me say what a pleasure—what a relief—it is to the conscientious literary artist when, all too seldom, the right word is found for him. We toil and toil after exact equivalents; too often failing. And then, by way perhaps of reward, an occasion arises when there is no alternative at all, when selection is automatic. It is so in this matter of pawnbrokers and thieves. After a robbery, pawnbrokers are always "notified." They might be "told," they might be "informed," they might be "warned"; but they aren't. They are "notified.")

Sir Philip also communicated with the Insurance Company, fixing the amount of the loss at ninety pounds, and I am not sure that he was altogether pleased when the news arrived a day or so later that not only had the burglar been caught, but the stolen goods had been traced and recovered; for enough plate still remained for all the ordinary needs of two very quietly-living elderly people, and ninety pounds was a sum that he, an inveterate collector of rare editions, would have found very useful. Indeed, he had already laid it out with minute solicitude, possibly more than once.

Still, Henry Johnson was now caught (not without a curiously sanguinary struggle in which a policeman was nearly killed) and the silver was safe; and in due time came the hearing of the case and Henry's disappearance to Dartmoor for seven years.

And so ends the first part of this veracious history.

Part II. opened the other day, when Elizabeth Saunders, now seven years older, informed Sir Philip, also seven years older, who was reading upstairs, that a man was at the front-door asking to see him.

What was his name?

He would give none.

Did he know Sir Philip?

He said that Sir Philip would know him when he saw him.

What did he want?

He would say only to Sir Philip.

"Tell him," said Sir Philip, who has to husband his strength nowadays, "that I cannot see him unless he brings a letter from some one guaranteeing his genuineness."

And the man went away.

Two hours later he returned with an envelope which Elizabeth carried up to her master. It contained a letter beginning "Dear Sir Philip Melvin" (I have seen the document), and going on to explain that the writer was Henry Johnson, the burglar, who desired above all things the privilege of a short interview. His prison papers, his discharge dated only yesterday, and so forth, were enclosed as evidence of good faith.

What was Sir Philip to do? He is a humane man and a forgiving man. It is true that Henry Johnson had pinched his plate, but that was seven years ago and he had been punished for it. Moreover, who knows what Henry Johnson's temptations might have been; although it is also true that nothing to his credit had come out at the trial, and the way he had set about the policemen who arrested him was somethink crool. Still, here was the man, the very day after leaving Dartmoor, on the doorstep of the stranger he had robbed; and no doubt he was full of penitence. He had hastened to his victims first, to make some kind of atonement. Purged of offence, he wished to ask their pardon and begin afresh, an honest man.

"I will see him," said Sir Philip, and he descended the stairs, not altogether unconscious of magnanimity.

At the door stood Henry Johnson, the same man whom he had last seen seven years ago in the dock. He was older but far from abject in mien. Still, under that anti-social exterior might be repentance and shame.

"Good afternoon, Sir Philip," said Johnson, extending his hand for the prison papers. "I came to ask you to start me in life again with a set of carpenter's tools." E. V. L.

"He fills your dream-city with figures so strange and so sweet that for a while you forget to listen for the brazen clang of the iron gates."

Mr. James Douglas in "The Daily Express."

This saves a lot of time.

A correspondent points out that Boar's Hill is in Berkshire, and not, as we stated last week, in Oxfordshire. Mr. Punch apologises profusely to both the counties concerned.

Novice. "Er—I want some golf clubs, please—suitable for a nine-hole course."

MORN.

(*With acknowledgments to Katherine Mansfield.*)

She had never thought about it before. But, of course, once you began to consider, it must be like that. . . . Nothing else was possible. . . .

There was a blob-shaped pattern on the eiderdown. It was like peacocks; no, it was like cabbages or soldiers marching in a row.

It was rather a mistake to keep biscuits under the pillow; they made the bed gritty, like your bathing-dress at the seaside. And yet a biscuit was a very comforting thing in the dark unapproachable watches of the night, when everything felt so remote. Stars were jolly things, but you couldn't get your teeth into them.

She turned over and lazily watched Basil shaving. There was a terrible monotony about Basil's shaving. He did it every morning and he always used a razor. He used to put the soap on the left side of the basin—always the same kind of soap, in a little metal case, like lip-salve, and when it wore out he got a refill—and the brush on the right side. She liked the look of the fresh clean lather, but it always made her sad to think that it had got to be made all spoilt and speckly, like

snow when you played with it, and the thought of it floating and melting in the basin sometimes stopped her from going to sleep again. It was so unutterably like life.

She wished Basil wouldn't use those old-fashioned naked razors. They looked so dangerous, anything might happen.

A knock at the door—the maid bursting in suddenly. "A telegram for you, Sir!" Heavens! How awful! The razor had slipped. . . .

Basil lay on the floor with blood spurting out of a wound in his neck. She knelt beside him, pale and beautiful in her white nightdress with the blue ribbons, her hair streaming over her shoulders.

"Quick, Alice! A doctor. . . ."

The doctor had come. He looked grave.

"Madam, he is quite dead. But do not distress yourself; it was not in the least your fault." He looked at her pityingly—he was thinking how beautiful she was and how pathetic with her tear-drowned eyes. Dear Basil, dear clumsy, obedient polar-bear, how little she had appreciated him while he was alive! . . .

"I wish you would make a little less noise," she said plaintively. Basil was doing his exercises now. He took six deep breaths, then he leapt up until his head touched the ceiling, then he spun round seven times on his face: his feet knocked a pot of cold-cream off the dressing-table.

"Sorry," he said in his brutal way. "By the way, have you sewn on that button I asked you to yesterday?"

"No, darling," she sighed through closed eyelids; "Granny will sew it on for you."

"Yes, but I 'm late now. Well, so long."

She called him back from the door.

"Basil!"

"Yes?"

"Tell them my egg must be *lightly* boiled. Not more than two and three-fifths minutes. Yesterday it was like a stone. And they can bring in breakfast in about half-an-hour's time."

The door shut. It was a terrible business getting Basil off to the office in time every morning. She really wondered how much longer her nerves would stand the strain. She closed her eyes.

A procession of ostriches moved slowly across an orange desert . . . they moved . . . they moved slower . . . and slower . . . and slower.

"Egypt, the old and mysterious, has ever been a source of inspiration to we of the West."
Newspaper Advertisement.

For grammar, of course, we fall back upon Greece.

THE TERROR BY NIGHT.

Valeria discovered it when she went into the bedroom the last thing at night to see that Elizabeth, our six-year-old guest, was safe and sound. She put an iron restraint upon herself and did not scream for fear of waking the child. She ran downstairs and clutched me convulsively where I sat at my study table. "A most awful thing—Elizabeth's room—quick!" she panted.

Within three seconds I was in our visitor's chamber, which was pervaded by a low monotonous sound as of the droning of a muffled aeroplane, broken at intervals by the thuds of a soft body coming in contact with articles of furniture. By the glimmer of the nightlight I saw a winged creature in rapid motion near the ceiling, but as I gazed upwards, following it with my eyes, it descended with startling suddenness and struck me on the mouth.

I am not a coward. As a rule I should have dealt with the scorpion, stag-beetle, devil's coach-horse, or whatever the thing was, calmly and tactfully; but the presence of Valeria, a bundle of hysteria, just behind me, the unconscious child in bed, the eerie light, and a disgusting tendency to cling which I had noticed in the insect when it settled on my mouth, wrought in some peculiar way upon my nerves. Instead of formulating a plan for capturing the creature, guiding its course in the direction of the open window, slaying it or otherwise ridding the room of its presence, I found myself merely hitting out at it feebly every time it approached me, and once I jumped into the wardrobe to get out of its way. Fortunately Valeria had wrapped herself in one of the cretonne window-curtains and did not observe this action on my part. The scuffling sound misled her and she concluded I had executed some masterstroke of strategy.

"Have you caught it?" she called excitedly through the thickness of the cretonne.

"Not quite, darling," I said, "but I was very near."

"It's a stinging thing, I 'm sure. Don't let it settle on Elizabeth! Pull the bedclothes over her head, and don't wake her or she 'll die of fright," implored Valeria.

The savage brute was gyrating in the close neighbourhood of my neck, so I crawled on all fours to the bed. Elizabeth was lying on her back, her bare dimpled arms outflung in the blissful sleep of childhood, her bobbed head sharply defined on the pillow. I took hold of the turned-back fold of the sheet and drew it softly over her face. A minute later the thing flopped heavily on to the top of my head. With the palm of my hand I dealt a terrific blow at it. Such was the force of the smack and its effect upon my head that for a moment I was too stunned to ascertain its effect upon the insect. Valeria was again misled. "You haven't squashed it on the new wall-paper, have you?" she called anxiously. As soon as I had recovered my senses I reassured her. "I don't want it squashed on the carpet either." She put her head cautiously through a chink in the curtain. "Can't you put something over it," she suggested—"a hat or the soap-dish?"

"Perhaps you 'll come and invert the soap-dish over it," I replied sarcastically.

At that moment the thing descended upon the centre of the bed, a loathly brown beast with long waving antennæ and great protruding eyes.

"The child!" Valeria shrieked and dashed from her place of refuge. I flung her behind me.

"Leave it to me," I whispered loudly as I wormed my way to the bed. I scarcely breathed. A false move on my part might startle it into taking wing again or cause it to scurry under the pink coverlet. My heart stood still at the thought. It was my duty as a man to preserve the helpless child from this terror. I stood with my hand poised, but it shook as with palsy. Valeria gave a wild cry and pulled me backwards by the waist. "Pour some weed-killer over it," she said.

The next moment the worst had happened. Elizabeth had tossed off the sheet and was sitting up in bed wide awake. Her blue eyes dilated with pleasure as they fell on the counterpane. "Oh! what a perfectly sweet buzzer," she said. "I 'll put him out of the window because else he 'll burn himself p'r'aps." Her two dimpled hands closed lovingly round the loathly beast, she tumbled out of bed, tripped to the window in her striped pyjamas and dropped it into the summer night.

Valeria and I crept humbly downstairs.

From an advertisement column:—

"W1074. Choice Skunk Brown Bear Goat Fur Necklet in fashionable straight animal shape. 14/6."

Should suit Queen Beaver.

"You have one friend who rarely changes. He is ever constant—the Shirt."
Advt. in "Palestine Weekly."

He loses his cheeriness though after the first few weeks.

"The passing of the average boxer is usually very speedy, but the obliteration of Carpentier reminds me of the flash of a shadow."
Daily Paper.

It 's a wonderful thing, a good memory.

Sister. "Come away at once, John William! Can't the pore gentleman fall down wivout a crowd staring at him?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

It requires the tact of a poet to recapture the genius of rural Scotland in a handful of short stories, and I congratulate Mrs. Violet Jacob on having done the deed, at any rate as regards the Braes of Angus, the strip of East coast between the Sidlaws and the Grampians which she commemorates in *Tales of My Own Country* (Murray). Mrs. Jabob has the "curious felicity," so uncommon nowadays, of calling to mind the shyest and quaintest features of a landscape and its inhabitants, and avoiding the obvious tickets and badges; of taking heather and tartan for granted, and insisting on bushes of white Stuart roses, tinkers' huts in "the green whin-choked loaning," triangular hakes dangling on the salty walls of quay-side cottages, and all the subtlest moods and manners of the human drama whose properties these constitute. I like her best humorous or plaintive: that is to say, I prefer "The Disgracefulness of Auntie Thompson" (with its farcical catastrophe) and "A Middle-Aged Drama" (with its pathetic reversals of fortune), to the grim passions of "Thievie" or the ghostly underplot of "Annie Cargill." But all eleven tales are admirable of their sort; and "The Fiddler," with its historical hero, Neil Gow—whose art kept a whole posse of English soldiers happily out of the way of the fugitives from Culloden—is of the stock of *Old Mortality* and *Weir of Hermiston.*

There is something eerie and disembodied about every one of the eight or nine characters whose actions and reactions suggest the theme of Mr. Maurice Baring's *Overlooked* (Heinemann). I was going to say, "supply the material," but that would be far too gross a statement to make of the vague little coterie of cosmopolitan idlers whose flittings across the placid stage of a small French spa, in the tranquil days before the War, are recalled in his delicate pages. Their main history is chronicled twice—once in the memoirs of a blind author, *Anthony Kay*, and once (with a change of nomenclature) in a *roman à clef* by *James Rudd*, novelist. But both *Kay* and *Rudd*, who are staying at Haréville at the same time as their elusive subjects, are little more than shadows themselves, and you cannot expect their contributions to be much more substantial than *they* are. The mutual attraction of *Jean Brandon* (whom *Rudd* declares to be "overlooked," or blighted by magic) and the Russian *Kratinski*—with the fashion in which their separate pasts intervene to ensure their separate futures—is told, as though by *Kay*, with a slightly exaggerated refinement, and, as though by *Rudd*, with a clever assumption of crudity. But on neither occasion do the personages concerned really come to life; and, when Mr. Baring himself ceases to dream, French, Russians, Italians and English go out just like a candle.

Mary Lee (Heinemann) is written in the shape of an autobiography of a girl brought up in the strictest form of the religion of the Plymouth Brethren, born in 1848 and about to be married in or around 1871, when the story ends. If Geoffrey Dennis be indeed a man, then he has a quite astonishing faculty for feminine impersonation. "But this can't be written by a woman," I said to myself early

in my reading, and, though thereafter alert to discover lapses into merely male points of view and what is known as psychology, could not catch the author tripping. And more than this: the atmosphere of the time and of the cruel drab environment, with its hell-fire background, is realised with astounding plausibility—fidelity one cannot say, as one cannot know. From what faded letters and remote memories was such a vivid reconstruction possible? The two old ladies, *Mary's* grandmother, *Hannah* the gentle, and great-aunt *Jael* the terrible, both made desperately inhuman in their widely different ways by their forbidding creed, have an amazing objectivity. There is an uncle, hypocrite, poisoner and (apparently) sadist, who is intolerably real. One cannot say that it is a light or cheerful thing this detailed survey of the worship and the mentality of a fanatical sect which takes up the most of half the book and overshadows the rest. But the skill of it will more than compensate the patient reader. A remarkable book indeed; but I wish I could be sure that GEOFFREY DENNIS is really a man.

Because of their early charm and because of Miss JULIA NEILSON and Mr. FRED TERRY, from whose personalities it has become a little difficult to disentangle theirs, *Sir Percy* and *Lady Blakeney* will no doubt be cordially welcomed by many people as they make their appearance in yet another novel by their creator. Judged by itself and not as one of a series of novels, *The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) might well prove something of a failure, for BARONESS ORCZY has not invented any very thrilling new situations or introduced us to any very life-like new acquaintances; but all the old friends are there, "my little *Chauvelin*," *Master Jellyband* and his *Sally*, now *Mistress Waite*, *Marguerite* and *Sir Percy*, as charming as ever in just the same fashion. *Marguerite*, in the hands of their enemies as a bait for her husband, and the Scarlet Pimpernel's rapid changes of identity with an asthmatical coal-heaver, are the theme of the story, in which CATHERINE THÉOT, THERESIA CABARUS and TALLIEN play parts, and which is brought to its happy ending by the fall of ROBESPIERRE, told with a dash of CARLYLE, and so little explained or prepared for as to be quite unconvincing if history didn't vouch for it. I would not be so ungallant as to suggest that time has a little staled the infinite variety of BARONESS ORCZY. I would rather put it down to the shrinking of my own infinite appreciation, from the same cause, that this seems to me a carelessly written book about an individual whose attractiveness I can believe in but whose achievements, of which one only sees the extraordinary results and never the means employed, leave me sadly unconvinced.

A Journey in Ireland, 1921 (PUTNAMS), is, as the name indicates, a book about Ireland as the author discovered it in the days immediately preceding the Truce. A good many people made trips in Ireland in those days, some of longer and others of shorter duration than the twenty-two days which Captain EWART devoted to his researches, but they intelligently refrained from writing books about it. If Captain EWART had published his experiences in book form immediately after his return to England in May, 1921, they might have had some interest for the general English reader, who at that time was amiably prepared to swallow any Irish propaganda that was served out to him. Captain EWART is not a propagandist, but his experiences consisted chiefly in talking to Irishmen, who are propagandists to a man, and who pumped him full of the particular brand of propaganda that their particular brand of politics caused them to affect. The Captain's round of calls, if one may call it that, was the stereotyped one—the hall porter of the Imperial Hotel in Cork, Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, Mr. DESMOND FITZGERALD, Mr. BARRY EGAN of Cork, Mr. POLLOCK of Belfast, and so forth. "We want one thing—a republic. And we'll have it in spite of you," Mr. BARRY EGAN told the well-meaning publicist. But ask Mr. BARRY EGAN *now* if he wants a republic, and incidentally what he thinks of the stout sons of Cork that are still fighting for a republic and allowing Mr. EGAN to help pay for it. The strange thing is not that Captain EWART was being gulled from the day he set foot in Ireland, but that he should have decided, a whole year after this event, to erect this literary monument to his own gullibility.

Guest. "AH, MY DEAR BARON, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A PROUD MOMENT WHEN YOU ARRIVED HOME WITH THAT TROPHY."

Host. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. MY WIFE SAID SHE COULD HAVE GOT IT MUCH CHEAPER IF I HAD ALLOWED *HER* TO GO TO THE SALE."

Among novelists who can make an amusing and agreeable story out of very slight material I give high place to Mr. "GEORGE BIRMINGHAM." At the outset of *The Great Grandmother* (METHUEN) we find *Basil Price*, secretary to *Lord Edmund Troyte*, in Connaught. He had gone there to take some fishing for his employer; and none of Mr. BIRMINGHAM'S admirers will be in the least surprised to hear that what he set out to do and what he actually did were two very different things. It had been no part of his instructions to fall in love with the daughter of an impecunious and gouty baronet who was being hunted to the last ditch by his creditors. But what young man with a spark of gallantry in him could be expected to attend to prosaic duties when a chance was offered him to help a beautiful maiden in distress? At any rate *Basil* had no manner of doubt as to the right answer to this question. His adventures on sea and land in the course of his knightly quest are related with great zest and humour.

"Varnished Dog for Sale."—*Nottingham Paper.*

Oh, for the touch of a varnished dog!

CHARIVARIA.

The Soviet Government states that Russia is prepared to undertake armed intervention in the Kemalist interest. If Lenin and Trotsky are to be kept out of them, future wars will have to be marked "Private."

***

A contemporary has been trying to find out where Mr. De Valera was born. But surely it is too late now to fix the blame.

***

M. Clemenceau has decided to postpone his visit to America until their elections are over. Having seen the horrors of the Great War he is taking no risks.

***

Dr. J. W. Evans has discovered that America has drifted seven inches further away from Europe during the last year. It speaks well for the shipping companies that in spite of this they have not increased their passenger rates.

***

Dempsey has been knocked twenty feet by a moose. The verdict, however, is in favour of Dempsey, as the moose is adjudged to have been disqualified for butting.

***

According to the papers the ink-splashing pest is active again. There seems to be no end to these autobiographies.

***

The State telephone service in Italy is to be taken over by a private company, as the Government cannot make it pay. As far as we are concerned they can have ours as well.

***

An American actress lost a valuable necklace two hours after she arrived in Paris. It is not often that actresses have to wait so long as that.

***

"Is the taxpayer not entitled to know how his money has been wasted?" inquires *The Daily Express*. The suggestion that the British taxpayer has rights is, of course, ludicrous.

***

Since the invention by Professor Low of a new safety razor on the principle of a lawn-mower, several coveys of Beavers have been seen making for the hills.

***

We understand that, in order not to create undue notoriety, the name of the English music-hall comedian who has not been offered one thousand pounds a week by an American syndicate is to be kept a secret for the present.

***

With reference to the wonderful properties of English water described by a Munich scientist, several dairymen have written saying that they rarely use anything else.

***

Tino has purchased a new motor-car. These long-distance abdications seem to play havoc with the tyres.

***

The Headmaster of Victoria College, Bath, is opposed to girls playing football. Some people seem determined to take other people's pleasures sadly.

***

A rare and beautiful Continental moth, a Clifden Nonpareil, has just been captured near Lympne Aerodrome. We don't suppose it meant any harm.

***

According to a Trade journal the modern racing motor increases its speed eight miles an hour every three months. If this rate of progress is maintained we shall soon be able to go to Brighton and back faster than we can stay at home.

***

It seems that the marimbaphone, a Mexican instrument recently introduced to London, is played over water treated with alcohol, which imparts a special tone to the music. This expedient is, of course, well known to bagpipers.

***

"The typewriter does not lie," said a witness at a London County Court. Our own experience is that it sometimes grossly distorts.

***

A booklet has been published drawing attention to the evil of moderate drinking. Several drinkers point out, however, that the present prices and hours make it very difficult to be anything but moderate.

***

The Oberammergau players have been made to remove their beards in order to frustrate the designs of cinema producers, and not, as it was rumoured, with the object of averting the plague of Beaver.

***

"The old prejudice against being photographed in a hat seems to be dying out," says a fashion writer. It is hoped that this foreshadows an end of the modern reluctance to be photographed in a dress.

***

It is thought that Sir Basil Zaharoff, "The Mystery Man of Europe," to whom the Press has given considerable publicity lately, will find it necessary to issue a categorical denial of his own existence.

***

A young American amateur, who has come to take up a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford, has expressed a desire to fight Battling Siki. We feel sure he will soon get over that home-sick feeling.

***

M. Coué is to visit the United States early next year. He is understood to have been asked to help them to convince themselves that every day and in every way they are getting drier and drier.

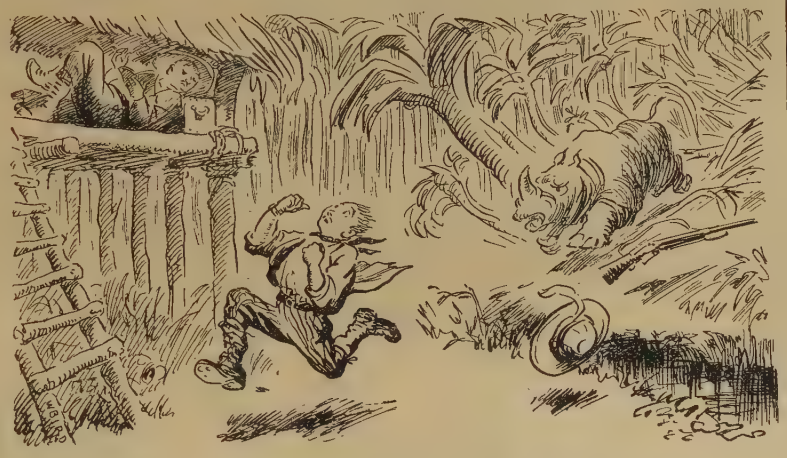
***

A well-known boxer is said to be in the habit of quoting Keats. At about the count of nine he has been heard to murmur that

"His heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
His sense, as though of hemlock he had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains,
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk."

***

A Norfolk man has been bound over for hitting his wife with a cucumber. The plea that he was a vegetarian was not accepted.



Extract from letter of Scientific Explorer. "It wasn't the plesiosaurus after all—just a common rhino. And I'm no pot-hunter."

"A year ago, at Baste's summer home at Oberwartha, near Dresden, when the boy entered the room Herr Baste heard a visitor sy, 'He rmoceoseybwJnpu-e pi2srly. Here comes young Auguste.' The statement was repeated till he was forced to take action."
Morning Paper.

A hateful thing to repeat.

SMYRNA AND THE PROFITEER.

(*See a letter in "The Times" of Oct. 5.*)

When Turkey set the town alight
To ease the task of sword and spear,
Others deplored the Christians' plight,
But so did not the profiteer;
"Though war would suit me best," he said,
"Atrocities will serve instead,
And it is my idea to earn a
Trifle from this warm time at Smyrna.

"'Reduced to cinders,' I shall say,
'In flaming barn and sizzling store,
Dried fruit is drier still to-day
And what remains will cost you more;'
And, sitting tight like young *Jack Horner*,
Pulling the plums out in my 'corner,'
The price—to start with—I 'll inflate
£4 or so per cwt."

Good Sir, with me your little *coup*
Is like to prove a sorry frost;
I care not one dried fig for you
And what your dashed sultanas cost;
That element of Christmas mirth
With me is apt to swell a girth
Already adequately stout,
And I propose to do without.

And I shall urge my friends to take
This year an anti-raisin pledge
And fill the vacuum, should it ache,
With luscious fruit and juicy veg.;
And leave you merchants in the soup
To miss the spoil you meant to scoop,
To play your low snap-dragon game
And burn your fingers in the flame.

O. S.

A POLICE PROBLEM.

I am passing through a minor mental crisis. Or perhaps it is a moral one. I cannot, in fact, decide whether I have done that which is right, or that which is wrong.

The matter concerns the Police Force in general and Constable Robert Tebbutt in particular. Constable Tebbutt is a man whom I am proud to count among my friends, and I may say we consider ourselves fortunate in having retained his services in our district for so many years.

If it were not for petty jealousy on the part of his superiors the worthy man would, I gather, have been "up at the Yard" long ago. But, as he has more than once remarked to me, "You know what yooman nature is, Sir;" and I, who have owned, nay, have suffered from, a very human nature for over thirty years, have always been able to place my hand on my heart and say, "I do, Robert."

Now there has always been a very pleasant understanding between Robert and myself that, when I am transported by my family to the sea, he shall keep a special and particular eye on my establishment. This arrangement has worked with perfect smoothness for quite a long period, and there would be something wrong with the annual holiday if, on the day after our return, we did not receive a visit from the rubicund Robert. The etiquette of the occasion is strictly defined, and no deviation from it is allowed.

"Good evening, Sir. I 'ope you 've 'ad a pleasant 'oliday."

"Thank you, Robert, I have."

"Everything all correct, Sir?"

"All correct, Robert." (At this point my hand comes in contact with his.)

"Thank you very much, Sir. Good night, Sir."

Very occasionally he gives me a few details concerning suspicious characters whom he has found prowling round the house at midnight and who have fled at his approach; but normally we do not waste time in superfluous chatter.

This year a complication has arisen. Some misguided individuals, lured perhaps by the false aspect of prosperity presented by my establishment, have made an unostentatious entry into it and removed certain articles. In short, I have been burgled.

I felt that Tebbutt owed me an explanation, but to my surprise he did not make his accustomed appearance the day after our return. Three days elapsed, in fact, before we saw him, and then he was quite without his usual buoyancy of manner.

"Good evening, Sir."

"Good evening, Robert." (A pause.)

"Everything all cor—insured, Sir?"

"All insured, Robert." (A long pause.)

"If I may advise you, Sir, I shouldn't be too gentle with the insurance company."

"It is not the practice, Robert, of people who have been burgled to be too gentle with the insurance company. And, on the other hand, I rather gather it is not the practice of the insurance company to be too gentle with the people who have been burgled." (A pause so long that it threatened to become embarrassing.)

"Bit of bad luck me being off duty them two days," he said at last.

"Oh! You were off duty, were you?"

"Yes. Didn't you know, Sir? 'Ad a return of the old trouble."

I had no idea he had any old trouble, but I felt that this new factor rather altered the aspect of the case.

"I 'm sorry to hear that, Robert," I said sympathetically.

"And noos like that soon gets round."

The remark puzzled me for a moment. "You mean," I said, "that the fact of your being sick was—shall I say flashed through the underworld?"

"Well, they 're always on the look-out, Sir," he said.

The explanation was complete. Our trusted guardian had been temporarily struck down, and Crime had in consequence stalked through the land. Surely it was sympathy that was demanded, not blame.

"You have no suspicions as to the culprits, Robert?" I asked, putting my hand in my pocket.

"Well, Sir, I 'ave and I 'aven't, if you know what I mean."

"No, Robert, I do not. But I am not very bright to-night; perhaps in the morning——"

"Well, Sir, from the way the geranium bed was trod about it looks to me like the Wapping gang."

"Is there a gang at Wapping?" I asked.

"But from other clues it might be the Shoreditch lot."

"Good heavens!" I said, "and I once knew a man who lived in Shoreditch."

"But don't you worry about that, Sir; leave the matter in our 'ands."

So I have left the matter in their hands, and in Robert's hand I left something else as well. This it is which has given me cause to think. I feel that my conduct may be justly impugned by my fellow-householders. If the police are to be rewarded when you don't have a burglary, is it right to reward them when you do? Or *vice versa*? There must surely be a principle involved.

Irene has not been very helpful in the matter.

"I think," she said, "you might include Tebbutt's Perpetual Pension in your income-tax return; I don't see why we shouldn't have some allowance for it."

When she talks like that I nearly always go out and mow the front lawn. The noise irritates her.

"For Sale, Queen Anne Sideboard, practically new."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

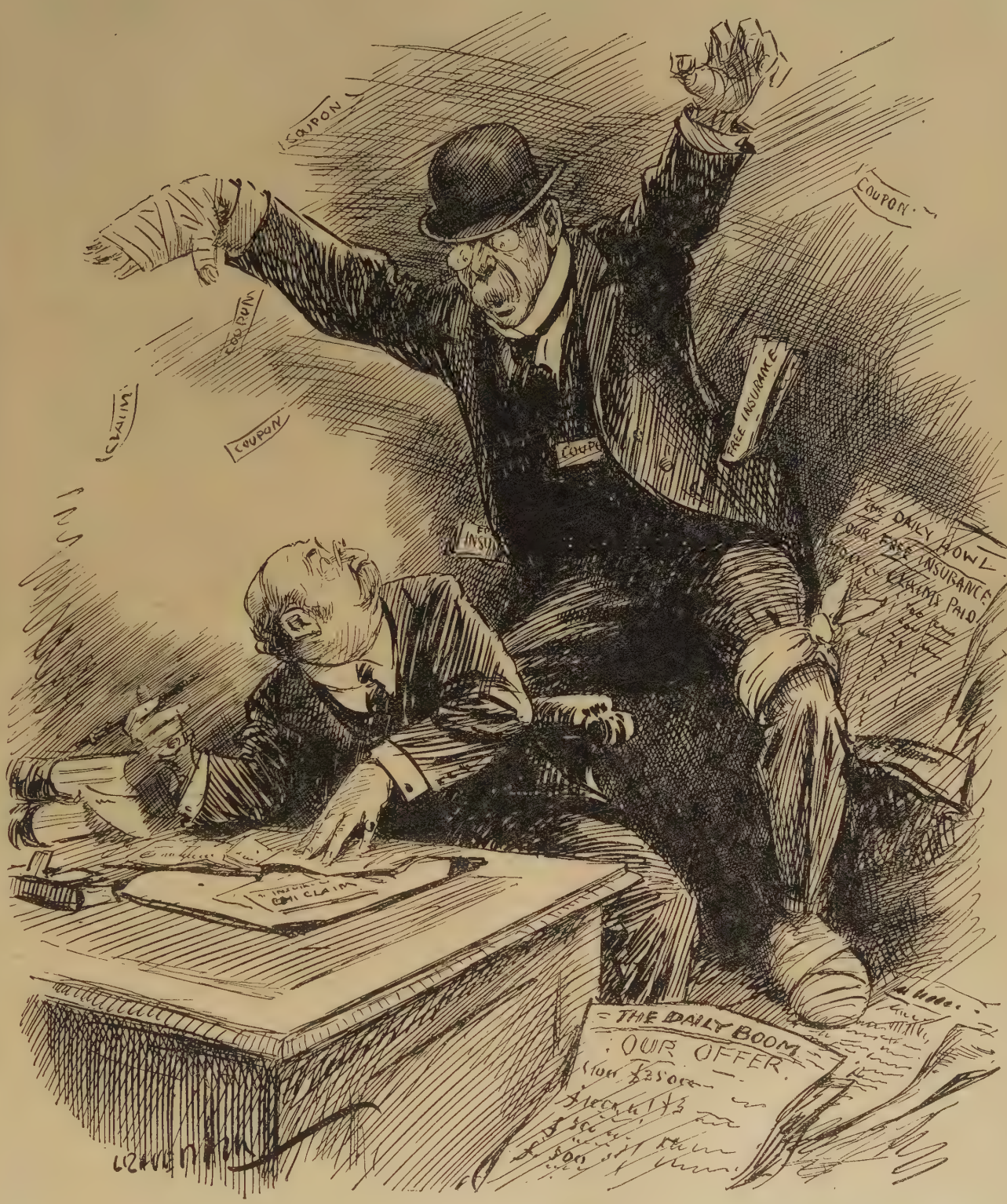
It is supposed that the rumour that Her Majesty died quite a long time ago was put about by a trade rival.

"Very fine 4-post Bedstead, with massive Spiral Pillows."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We understand that one of our American visitors refused it on the ground that it would only make him dream of corkscrews.

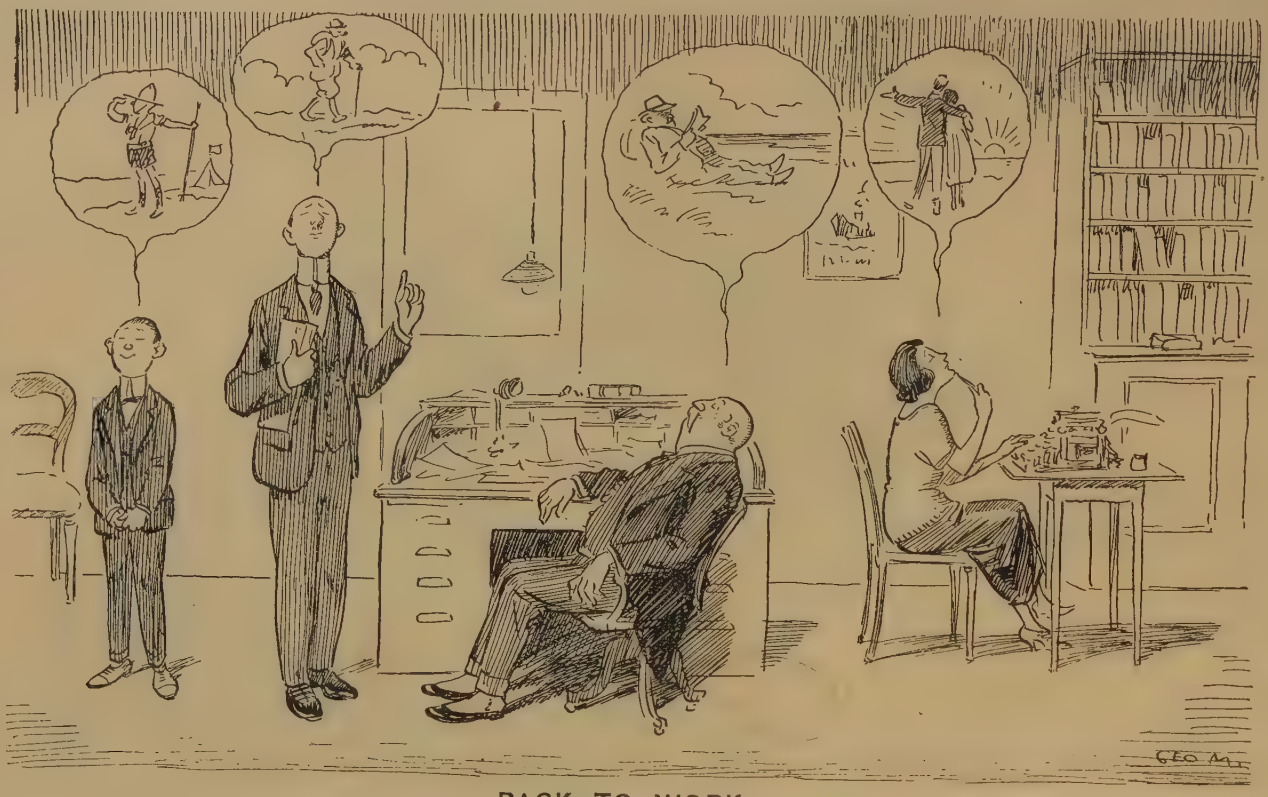
"One of the novelties at the Shoe and Leather Fair at the Agricultural Hall is the all-weather hat for women made of leather."
Daily Paper.

We shouldn't have thought that women so constituted needed this protection.



THE FLEET STREET FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS MONSTER.

Insured Subscriber. "IT'S YOUR MONEY I WANT."
Newspaper Proprietor. "I'M BEGINNING TO BE SORRY I CREATED YOU."



BACK TO WORK.

IT IS HOPED THAT THE BRACING AND INVIGORATING EFFECT OF THE HOLIDAYS UPON THE BRAIN WILL BE SHOWN LATER ON.

NEVER AGAIN;

Or, People I Don't Play Golf with Twice.

III.

Then, of course, there is the Fussy and Academic Golfer, who can't stand your smiling on the green and knows by heart that vast body of customs, rules, traditions and by-laws which compose the whole ritual of Golf.

People had warned me about Simpson; so before we set off I slipped a small copy of *The Rules of Golf* in my pocket, thirty-three pages, complete with index.

The Rules of Golf is an admirable book, containing some fine prose, and comparable in rhythm and directness to the Psalms of David or other Hebrew poetry. Look up "wheelbarrow," for instance, in the index, and read aloud that noble passage:—

"Any flag-stick, guide-flag, movable guide-post, wheelbarrow, tool, roller, grass-cutter, box, vehicle or similar obstruction may be removed."

Note the majestic breadth of mind with which the word "similar" is used. And mark the simple lucidity of Rule 13:—

"Playing a Moving Ball.

A player shall not play while his ball is moving, under the penalty of the loss of the hole, except in the case of a teed ball, or a ball struck twice or a ball in water. When the ball only begins to move while the player is making his backward or forward swing he shall incur no penalty under this rule, but he is not exempted from the provisions of rule 12 (1) or rule 28 (1) and of rule 12 (3) and (4)."

Simpson can recite that rule. Not only can he recite it, but he knows what it means; and he can tell you its exact significance in all conceivable circumstances, with maps, instances and illustrative anecdotes. That is the sort of man Simpson is.

Yet he is a God-fearing fellow, and no doubt we might have had a happy game; but it was June, and I am a victim of hay-fever. On the fourth green I sneezed. On the sixth green I sneezed. On the seventh green I sneezed five times. On the eighth green I suppressed a sneeze but giggled instead. At the ninth a cow mooed. At the tenth it mooed again. In every case, as Simpson pointed out, it cost him the hole.

"I wish you wouldn't sneeze on the green, old man," he said reproachfully, as if I had been saving the things up for the moment of his putt. Poor Simpson, he was three down, and he was rattled. And when he is rattled he falls back on the rules.

At the eleventh he played a wild approach-shot. His ball bounded on to the green, rushed madly across it, and struck my bag of clubs which was lying at the edge of a young precipice just beyond.

"Ha!" said Simpson with quiet satisfaction, "my hole, I'm afraid."

"How's that?" said I innocently. "You haven't suffered. Your ball's still on the green. You'd be in that bunker now if you hadn't hit my bag. If I'd known you were going to bang the ball about in that fresh undisciplined fashion, I'd have buried my bag before you played. You deserve to lose *two* holes for a shot like that."

Simpson sighed wearily and began reciting.

"If a player's ball when in motion," he intoned, "be interfered with in any way by an opponent, or his caddie, or his clubs, the opponent's side shall lose the hole. I'm sorry" he went on. "I hate winning a hole like that, but a rule's a rule, you know."

"Oh, very well," I said dignified-like.

But on the next green I took careful aim with my putter and scored a direct hit on Simpson's bag at about thirty yards' range.

"Damned sorry," I said; "that's my hole, I fear."

"Here—you did that on purpose!" yelled Simpson.

"Oh, well, if we're playing bags,

we're playing bags; and that's that," said I firmly, marching away to the next tee.

Relations were fairly strained for the rest of the game. I attempted no more bag-shots, but Simpson held his clubs high in the air whenever I was putting.

At the last hole he was one up, but on the green I looked like squaring the match. Just before I made my crucial putt I observed a small object lying between my ball and the hole, and I stooped down, picked it up, and was about to throw it aside.

"Hi!" cried Simpson, "you can't do that. *That's a worm-cast.*"

"Well, what of it?" said I.

"Why, you're not allowed to go chucking it about like that. You must scrape it aside with a club. Look at your rules, man."

"Very well," I said, and, pulling out my little book of Rules, I turned to the invaluable index. "Wormcasts, page 17."

Then I turned to page 17, and I read aloud the noble passage embodying that wondrous concatenation of diverse objects:—

"Dung, wormcasts, snow and ice may be scraped aside with a club. . . ."

"There you are!" I cried in triumph. "'*May*,' not 'must.' Why don't you study the *rules*, man?"

Simpson looked very angry.

"My good fellow," he said sternly, "I've played this game for twenty-five years, and what I don't know about it isn't worth knowing. The rule's perfectly plain. If there's a match, or a feather, or a stone on the green you can pick it up and throw it away. But if it's a wormcast or a lump of ice, you've got to scrape it away with a club."

"You're wrong," I said. "Anyhow, this isn't a worm-cast."

"What is it, then?" said Simpson, thoroughly worked up.

"It's a mole-hill," I said.

"You're a quibbler!" said Simpson.

"You're no gentleman," said I.

By this time there were about five couples standing about at various stages of the eighteenth hole, furiously waiting. In front of the club-house a small crowd was collected, watching our gentlemanly gesticulations. Out comes Matthews, a noted expert but a sensible fellow, and no friend of Simpson's.

"Time you fellows were moving on," he said. "What's the trouble?"

"Look at this," I said, winking at him. "Simpson says it's dung, wormcasts, snow or ice. I say it's a mole-hill. What do *you* think?"

Matthews gravely examined the object.

"You're both wrong," he said at last. "It's an ant-hill. Quite a small one, of course. An ant-hillock, perhaps."

"Good Lord!" I said. "What's the rule about that?"

"Well, I don't know that the point has ever been decided. I expect we'll have to get a ruling on it. Will you come in, both of you, and see the Captain?"

"I know exactly what the rule is, thank you," said Simpson coldly. "Where *is* the Captain?"

"As a matter of fact he's in the bar."

"Oh, well," said Simpson, picking up his clubs.

"Oh, very well," said I. A. P. H.

Maid. "What shall I do, Madam? The peke is playing with your pearl necklace."

Mistress. "Take it from him at once. He might swallow one and get appendicitis."

"A CRAZE OF TO-DAY.

Expert London Doctor on 'Physic' Treatment.

'Simply Suggestion'—and every good medical man uses it."—*Provincial Paper.*

Half-a-pint of water (in fact) and a little cochineal.

From a description of the new air-service to Cologne:—

"So low can one fly with safety on one of these great machines that we saw a flock of ducks take to the water in terror as the great dark bat swooped by their playground—at one little level crossing they ran to open the gates in case we should be landing there."

Evening Paper.

We fancy we know the breed of canards to which these intelligent birds belong.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES WITH A MEDIUM.

I SET what follows in diary form because it is scientific. I am *trained* in science. I attended female evening classes in it for a year at Balham.

All these notes were taken down *at the time.* I have had lessons in *writing* shorthand, though I cannot *read* it yet. A young gentleman, a friend of ours, who plays the flute and can read music *at sight,* has copied them out for me.

The room where we séanced was *absolutely* bare, except, of course, for the usual table, chairs and screens and a large bust of GARIBALDI or NAPOLEON, I think, and an ottoman. Absolutely nothing to arouse suspicion. I examined the bust myself. The wire that goes round the room, Madame assured me, is to hang pictures on.

Extracts from Diary.

April 1st.—Barometer rising. Wind N.E. Cloudy. Little Fido had toothache in the night. Called in vet. Brother took me to medium's for special sitting. The medium or, as she calls herself, being highly educated and knowing Greek, the *media,* most impressive and the soul of candour, with a cameo brooch. Before we sat down she said sternly, "You have an aurora?"

I told her darling Fido was a Pekinese and would not hurt anybody.

She asked us if we lived in the Astral Plain. My brother told her that we had lived for years in Upper Tooting. "Upper" and "Astral"—*perhaps* a mere coincidence.

She said, "I hope your brother is not a septic as with such an atmosphere untoward results might follow?"

My poor brother, who suffers from colds in the head, *will* drench himself with eucalyptus, but Madame said that was all right, as they do the same in the Beyond on account of the draught.

Nothing abnormal at first sitting. Incident of wires shaking and making Fido growl. Incident of ankle-bite; Fido very highly strung. One guinea.

Media requested not bring dog. A "sensitive" dog—a Skye terrier—she told us, once chased astral body of cat all round room. Six mirrors smashed. Bit cat under sofa. Cat went mad. Projected to Tibet, where it thinks itself a llama. Will keep Fido at home in future.

April 4th.—54 degrees Fahrenheit. Got a great start. Media shrieked, "I see a Gee!" But it was the letter G. My *fiancé's* name, who plays on the flute, is Gussy. It *may* have been a guess. Media says she never guesses but just senses along the psychic trail.

She next smelled an M, a foreigner. A name something like MRUPH and a Y somewhere. My brother said he knew a MURPHY. Media then said there would be money troubles shortly if not already here. True to the *smallest* particular. A man named Murphy, who always calls the English "foreigners," owes my brother for the loan of a five-pound note.

Media warned my brother to beware of a little man with dark eyes. He said he knew it. It was the same Murphy. He had given him a pair in the course of their colloquy.

Restless night. I fear Fido is becoming a medium. He was making noises like one all night.

April 7th.—Barometer falling. I do not understand what follows. Media told us that if we wanted a direct message we could mention a name. Thinking of the days when I studied science, I cried, "What about dear old EUCLID?"

EUCLID asked my brother if he knew a man called Ian Stein. My brother said "No." EUCLID was *very* angry. He shouted, "There is *no* kink in space. I've been there and I ought to know. He hasn't. Q.E.D."

He then upset the table and vanished.

Media said she believed it must be some new scientific discovery, but she had always thought "Euclid" was the name of a book.

Dreamed all night of EUCLID swinging on parallel bars that kept on meeting.

April 8th.—High tide at London Bridge, 2.30. Media said she would give, through *poor little me,* a message to the world which should convince even a septic or any other kind of atheist.

Experiment under test conditions. We tied media's feet and saw ourselves that the gas was out. Music resounded. After a pause media said, "Hush! I see a book—a big book. Hush! I see a B. A woman. By a woman. Hush! BEETON. She is near us. Hush! Message to the world, page 111. Read. Meditate. Circulate. Hush!"

She then came out of the trance and absent-mindedly collected her fees *twice.* She did not remember anything she had told us. The inexplicable, she said, sometimes remained enigmatic.

We rushed to the nearest library and found the book—a cookery book. But there must have been some mistake. We could find *no* message to the world on page 111 of the edition we consulted, but simply a short article on "How to Pluck Geese."

"GOLF LINKS ON THE DIETSCHIBERG. (9 holes 38 bogeys)."—*Swiss Paper.*

This knocks "The Spectre of the Brocken" silly.

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

II.—KITTEN-CAT.

Ghoogh was chipping a reindeer horn,
Ghah was holing a tapered thorn,
Ghee was sprawled on the bone-strewed floor
Sucking the marrow and longing for more,
When in there stole
Through the chimney-hole
Nobody's child
From out of the wild.
Think of the squeal the baby gave
When the kitten-cat dropped into the cave.

Knooph was knotting a casting net,
Kneeph was knitting an amulet,
Kniph was kneading his moistened sand,
Trying to make his temple stand,
When in there strolled
As bold as bold
Nobody's child
From out of the wild.
Think of the head-over-heels of the mouse
When the kitten-cat took over the house.

My Lord lay stretched on the skins and he
Was wishing the Marches were under the sea;
My Lady lounged in her osier chair
Dreaming of babies' eyes and hair,
When into the hall
Came the seneschal
With Nobody's child
From out of the wild.
Was ever a lady so scared as she
When the wee wild kitten was dropped on her knee?

Dancing, glancing, mutinous eyes,
Butterfly-wanton, owlet-wise;
Out of the window, in at the door—
Never was seen such a sprite before;
Never such grace
Of form and face
As Nobody's child
Brought out of the wild.
My Lord still glowered and gloomed apart,
But she crept straight into My Lady's heart.

The Country of Big Things.

"MOUSE HUNTING SEASON IS OPEN.
Return of Cooler Temperature Halts Rush of Forest Monarch to Mountains."
Montreal Paper.

We dare not think what the Canadian cats must be like.

From a concert advertisement.

"'Cello Obbligato . . Mr. Lauri Kennedy.
Flue Obbligato . . . Mr. John Amadio."
Daily Paper.

Mr. AMADIO has our sympathy.

WE UNDERSTAND THE AUTHORITIES ARE EXPERIMENTING WITH RUBBER-FACED ROADS IN LONDON. IN THE PRESENT IMPASSABLE CONDITION OF SOME OF OUR PRINCIPAL STREETS RESILIENT PAVEMENTS SHOULD PROVE A BOON.

LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

II.

AMONGST the things we have said good-bye to now are the old county families. Perhaps that needs a word or two of explanation.

At the beginning of a novel one quite frequently reads, "There had never been a time for hundreds of years when a Glyph had not resided at Glyph." And it goes on to tell you how the moat had been filled in the time of ATHELSTAN and never cleaned out since, and how the sunset, shining through the western window of Glyph church, made the painted escutcheon of the Glyphs gleam ruby red, and how the stone effigies of three Glyphs lay with crossed legs in the chancel completely intact except for their noses, which had been broken off by OLIVER CROMWELL in a fit of rage.

In the part of the country that I am talking about there is nothing like that. The large houses are none of them very old, and the people who live in them have come there comparatively lately. They are not, like the Glyphs, "inalienably part and parcel of the soil." The nearest they get to that is when they happen to tumble into a ditch while hunting.

There are, however, quite a lot of old county families. They live very unostentatiously, but they are very old. The most prominent representatives of them, I should say, are

(1) The milkman (1066 A.D.)
(2) The carpenter } much
(3) The blacksmith } earlier.

The origins of the carpenter and the blacksmith are a little vague. One can only say that their names date back to the earliest existing records of the place, and are presumably Anglo-Saxon. About the milkman's name there is no question at all. His ancestors quite truly and traceably came over with WILLIAM the Norman, like the ancestors of *Tess*.

I had a man staying with me in the country for a few days who was really a bit of a nuisance. He was not content with the vague beauty of the landscape and the view of the downs, but wanted to know all about everything. I showed him the Smugglers' Roads and the Hammer Ponds, and explained to him that the forest, owing to the huge supply of charcoal and iron, had been a munition area in the Middle Ages, and that the public-houses were still, I was sorry to say, closed in the afternoon. I also pointed out that there were an enormous number of pet pheasants about and that he must be careful where he put his feet or he would tread on them.

"Yes," he said; "but there 's just one other thing."

"All right," I said wearily. "What would you more of your host and sometime friend?"

He observed that there must surely be a few old historical families in the neighbourhood who had dug their roots deeply into the soil.

"People round here," I told him, "don't dig their roots into the soil at this time of the year. They hoick them up and eat them. But I think I can introduce you to a member of the oldest historical family hereabouts and get him to drive you out in his carriage for a round of calls. That is if you will insist on being a snob."

"Ah! but a pure snob," he said. "Not one of those inferior snobs who have a mean reverence for wealth or for titles. I only hunt lineage. I am an aristocrat of snobs."

So I stopped the milk-cart and put my friend between two of the churns, and the milkman and he drove off together with a clank of metal and haughty Norman smiles. *Equitabant ad Bosham*, as the tapestry says.

I feel now that I must have exaggerated this incident a little, but the descent of the milkman is a genuine fact, and there is no doubt that he would have been quite willing to oblige my friend, for he is not proud, and does not even show any resentment towards the anti-Turkish policy of RICHARD I., or whatever it was that impoverished his ancestral line.

But it was the quaint ramifications and inter-connections of the old county families that affected us most.

"I met a man in the village this morning," I would say, "and he told me he was going to bring us a cord of wood."

"Oh, yes, that must be old Marley."

"Not old Marley, surely. I thought old Marley was the man who brought the meat."

"That 's old Tom Marley. This is old George. They 're cousins, I think."

"Well, which Marley was it then that got married the other day?"

"That was young William Marley, the son of old George."

"What was the girl's name, then?"

"Oh, her. That 's Susan Marley, the daughter of old Ben Marley at Forest End, you know. She 's young Mary's sister. Mary the housemaid, I mean."

"But I thought Mary's brother was that boy who brings the newspapers and telegrams, when he isn't helping to harness the butcher's horse."

"Oh, yes, he 's a Marley too."

"I say, aren't we getting rather too much in with the Marley set? Is it a good thing to be quite so cliquy as all that, do you think?"

And I am reminded now that there is yet another Marley, Samuel Marley, I believe. He came to me in the garden one day and mentioned that he was the secretary of the cricket club, and would I care to subscribe? I said that I should, and that I was sorry they had had to come to me for it, because I was meaning to send it.

"I didn't come round for that," he said; "it would do anywhen, that would. Mary told my daughter your kitchen dresser wanted a bit doing, and I just slipped round to put a sharp coat

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
A WAUGHAM DAY EAST OF SUEZ.

Duchess (to lady trying to enlist her support for a novel but somewhat daring venture in aid of charity). "I'm afraid the Duke and I must refuse. We may be old-fashioned, but the entertainment is hardly——

Visitor. "Is hardly—— Ah, well, I quite understand—'New wine and old bottles,' what?"

of paint on that like, and I thought I'd ask you at the same time."

This seems to me to be a good thing, and a thing that we shall miss in London. It is a great trouble to send cheques and to file receipts. Far the most convenient and friendly way of subscribing to the local cricket club is to hand over one's subscription to the secretary in person at the same time as he is slipping round to put a sharp coat of paint like on the kitchen dresser at the instance of his daughter's friend.

And about a mile away, curiously enough, is a building something like a hundred years old, called Marley Hall, built, I suppose, on the site of a former house of the same name. I have made therefore a note of a rather bright and original beginning to a *feuilleton* that I mean to write:—

"There had never been a time for hundreds of years when a Marley had resided at Marley Hall . . ." Evoe.

"The Repertory Players discovered 'If Tom Walls Told' last year."—*Scottish Paper.*

This is the first we have heard of it.

"House Thieves Surprised at Golders Green."—*Newspaper Placard.*

We don't wonder.

AN APPEAL TO THE HEAD.

[It is suggested that a knowledge of phrenology would be useful in guiding girls in the choice of a husband and that every suitor ought to have his bumps told.]

My Phyllis, don't dream of rejecting
This heart you have kindled to flame
Before you've a chance of inspecting
The head that accompanies same;
I bring, ever frank in my dealings,
My skull to your searching regard;
Don't coyly dissemble your feelings,
But feel really hard.

Observe its projections and crannies,
And learn, as you're certain to do,
Beyond any question this man is
The conjugal partner for you;
Though others be fairer of feature,
Such beauty is speedily shed;
You ought, as a far-seeing creature,
To look on ahead.

That isn't the place that a pal hit,
When his wrath was abnormally swift;
Though it looks as if done with a mallet,
It signifies patience and thrift;
And here where the moulting commences
Note well the peculiar bulge;
A hatred of sham and pretences
It goes to divulge.

Won't you take me as master and liege on
Perceiving the qualities writ
Around my occipital region—
Tact, courtesy, valour and wit?
The many contusions upthrown by
These merits redouble the force
Of the plea of my piety (shown by
The temples, of course).

Feel firmly, my Phyllis, and, reading
My numerous knobs and diverse,
Give ear to phrenology's pleading
And take me for better, for worse;
Convinced that no discord will hurt you,
No tiffs plunge you down to the dumps,
If wedded to one in whom virtue
Thus comes out in lumps.

From a hotel advertisement:—

"Luncheons—Tete en Sante—Dinners."

Give it up? The answer is "thé dansant."

"The woman who has mastered the secret of retaining beauty while travelling will provide herself with the means of keeping cool and fresh and dainty in her handbag."
Daily Paper.

This produces the impression on arrival that she has stepped straight out of a band-box.

Patient (who has had a tooth extracted with gas). "HERE, I SAY! YOU 'RE CHARGING BY THE 'THERM,' AREN'T YOU?"

ENTENTE CORDIALE.

IT was a perfect morning—yes, there have been perfect mornings, even this year, out here in Normandy—with just enough wind to stir the abundant flowers in the villa garden and to dot the sea beyond with white horses. All was peace and innocence; even man, as represented by old Achille, doing a little leisurely work in the "cabbage patch," and Germaine, doing a great deal of unleisurely work about the house, was innocent and peaceful. Even Edward, that turbulent red-headed youth—my six-year-old son—seemed innocent and peaceful enough.

He climbed on to the window-sill of my study from the garden path, a feat which a thoughtful architect would have made impossible.

"Mummy said I wasn't to int'rupt you," said Edward, looking quite unnaturally innocent, "so it would be cheating to do it, wouldn't it?"

"It would."

"What's the French for 'You're cheating,' Daddy?"

"*Tu triches*," I answered, glad to foster this inquiring spirit.

"*Tu triches*," murmured Edward. "I mustn't *triche*, must I?" and he slid to the path again. Then, "My hands *are* dirty. What's the French for 'dirty,' Daddy?"

"*Sale*."

He moved off, but very quietly, towards the front-door, where Germaine was shaking a mat—so quietly indeed that he was able to remove Germaine's broom and disappear round the corner of the house without her noticing him.

I could not but admire the execution of this *coup d'état*, but I was just shaking my head over the slight disturbance to my sense of peace and innocence when—Thwack!

It was the broom-handle being used as a weapon of offence, and evidently where the hedge divided our garden from the next. And then Edward's shrill voice:—

"*Henri, tu triches! Sale Français!*"

So that was the reason for Edward's seraphic quest for knowledge. Where was now my dream of peace and innocence?

From the sounds it was evident that Henri was also armed.

"Heaven send that, if an eye is to be blacked, it may be Edward's!" I thought, remembering Madame, the mother of Henri.

There were scufflings, alarums, excursions—all, I felt, very detrimental to successful horticulture; then rapid footsteps down a path. Then a rather crestfallen Edward appeared.

"*Monsieur Edouard, le balai!*" cried Germaine.

"Henri has captured it," said Edward shortly.

"You must go and——" I was about to say "re-capture it," but thought better of it. "You must go and ask for it back," I said. "It isn't your broom."

Edward screwed up his nose and considered.

"Germaine, you must keep on talking as if I was still here, and very loud, so that Henri will hear you," he said. Then, as Germaine seemed a little mystified, "You tell her, Daddy," and

with that he skipped down the path and noiselessly out at the front gate.

I felt that a conspiracy with a six-year-old boy and a French chambermaid was hardly the *galère* for one who had once worn (though extremely ineptly) His Majesty's uniform. And yet was it not partly my fault that Edward was not quite equal to explaining in French for himself? And was not a turn for strategy, usually rather lacking in our countrymen, to be encouraged? And lastly I had no intention at all of letting Edward down.

I put the matter to Germaine as clearly and with as small a loss of dignity as might be.

The result of my explanation was a shrill and voluble stream of entreaty from Germaine to an apparently inert and inarticulate Edward to recover the *balai*.

Through Germaine's exhortations I heard stealthy footsteps beyond the hedge.

"*Voilà Henri, qui fait une reconnaissance,*" whispered Germaine, who had paused for breath.

"*Oui, et voilà Edouard, qui a fait une embuscade,*" I answered, as a British war-whoop, distinctly audible, I should imagine, upon its native shore, rent the air.

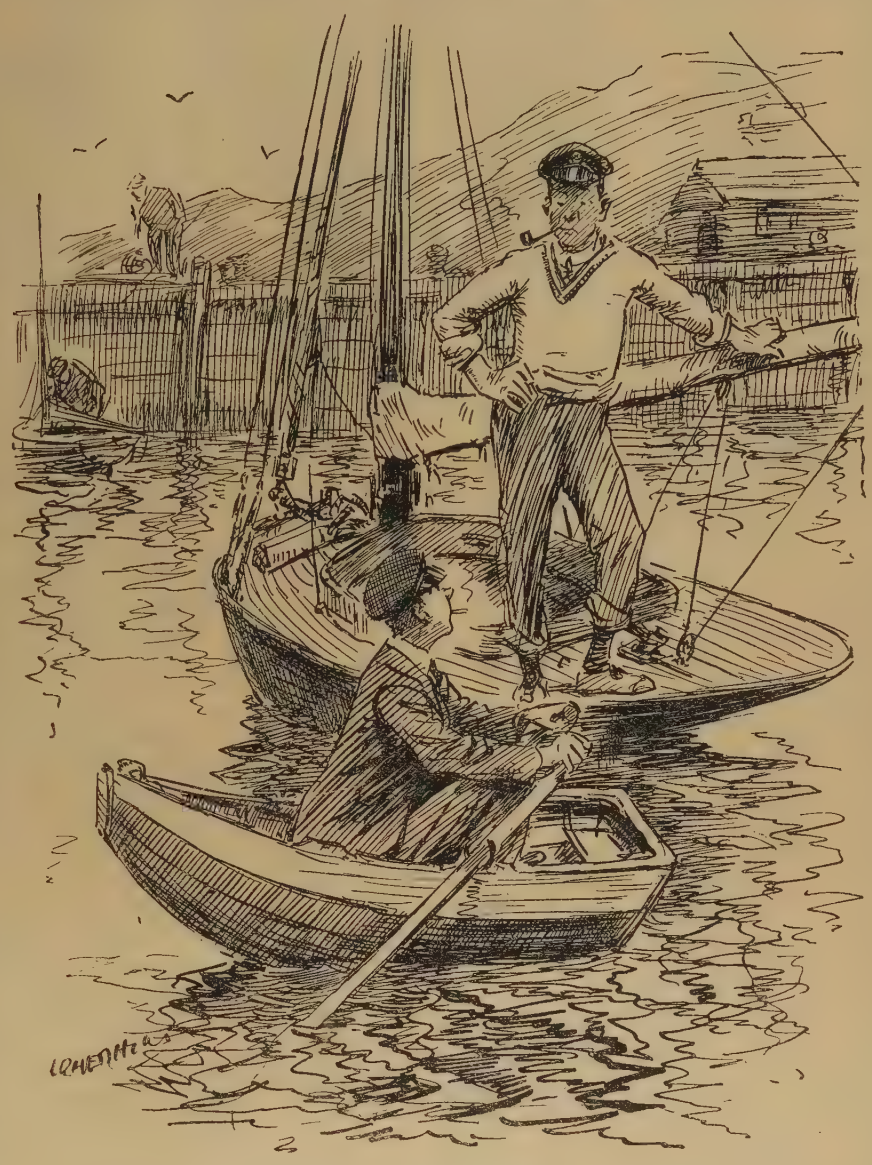
There was grim work then beyond the hedge. I felt regretfully that it was beneath my dignity to leave my seat, but the more fortunate Germaine ran to a point of vantage and punctuated the varying fortunes of the battle with shrill "*Là-là's.*"

The end was not long in doubt. A triumphant shout heralded the arrival of the *balai*, which came hurtling over the hedge.

I continued to listen, a little apprehensively. There was an ominous silence. Had Henri been killed? Well, if he had, the less I knew about it the better, and I tried to apply myself once more to my work.

But I failed to do so. This sunny windy day was no day for work. Besides, there was the outcome of that international complication beyond the hedge still in doubt. The thought of a dead, or at least a wounded, Henri cast a shadow across the brightness of the day. If only Henri and Edward had some common enemy, I thought, they would be the best of friends. It was the absence of such that——

A clamour roused me from my reverie. It was Henri and Edward, who converged from two sides upon old Achille with the evident intention of confiscating his rake. Old Achille was no match for them, and they disappeared into the road with their booty, mingling laughter, French and English.



Owner of Pram Dinghy. "What d' you think of my boat?"
Friend. "Where did you pinch it? Off a roundabout?"

Now what a pity that Monsieur Poincaré and Mr. Lloyd George cannot arrange their affairs a little more like that, thought I.

Slow Golf.

"Leach won a hole at which he had been struggling for half an hour."
Birmingham Paper.

"And you would feel dreadfully unhappy sitting down to a meal at a marble top table in an A.B.C. twice a day on a roll and butter."
Story in a Scotch Paper.

"Not *unhappy*, darling; only messy."

"'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' and most people realise that the use of the wrong word puts them at a disadvantage."
Weekly Paper.

That 's why we always try to remember to say "a little learning."

Appropriate.

From a list of wedding-presents:—
"Mrs. C. Steyning Beard, beaver."
Provincial Paper.

"I found a wild rose bloom here in a perfect state on September 30th. On the same stem was a hip."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

Hooray!

"Life abstainer (22) desires change."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

Why go to the expense of advertising when a small glass of cider can be obtained for a few pence?

"Wanted, Live Representative for Woodwork, in Eastern Counties area; tired applicants save stamp."—*Provincial Paper.*

But a bit sickening if they didn't get the job after their trudge.

Master. "YOUR EVENING OUT, SARAH? HOW SMART YOU LOOK!"
Cook. "YES, SIR; I DON'T NEVER STUDY NO FASHION-PLATES, BUT I DO KNOW HOW TO DISH MESELF UP."

PROGRESS.

I AM naturally an unambitious man. My handicap of eighteen is well suited to my easy-going temperament, and I have no hankering for the heady exaltation of "Plus Fours." Sybil is different. Socially she has the instincts of the mountaineer, and it was only by subtle hints of a genius which would blossom in due season that I was so long able to avoid the dissipation of my energies in an effort to "get on."

But when I indiscreetly raised my eyebrows at our quarterly therm account, and Sybil, noticing the gnashing of my lashes, deemed it an opportune moment to enlarge on the pains of penury and compared my climbing capacity to that of a helicopter, I realised that the matter was becoming one of gravity.

"If only you had more energy," she sighed.

"As an irredeemable playwright," I began, but Sybil pouted.

"Perhaps," she mused, "if you took a course——"

I urged the neurotic atmosphere of a pump-room and suggested a matinée. Sybil, I fancy, did not hear me. She was turning the pages of her monthly shilling's-worth of advertising matter.

"Accountants earn £1,000 a year," she read wistfully. "'Learn to sketch for the Press.' Develop your will power. We can make you a civil engineer. Learn shorthand while you sleep. Can you mend a burst pipe?'"

Sybil has a head for figures. Basing her calculations on an additional £1,000 a year accruing from my activities as a chartered libertine among the ledgers, she rapidly reduced our milk bill to a relatively negligible charge, and our rent to a mere vulgar fraction of our dividends; described a circle of desirable acquaintances to which our access of wealth would admit us; squared my tailor; proceeded by harmonical progression to instal a grand piano in the drawing-room; proved that if under present conditions 500 therms equalled x pence, with an extra £1,000 a year added to our income we could put in a few extra brackets and not notice the difference; and finally subtracted from my bank-balance the necessary guineas for a course of memory training that would double my income.

"That 'll be £2,000 a year," she cooed.

I look upon the inauguration of that course as the turning-point in my life. By the time I could travel mentally from "potted meat" to "reincarnation" and back again to "potted meat" my appetite for self-improvement was whetted. I enrolled for a course on "How to sketch for the Press."

"That 'll be £2,500," cried Sybil, and wrote for a catalogue of furs.

Within a week I had enrolled for three more courses, and our income rose to £4,000. Within a fortnight we touched the £6,000 mark, and then Sybil lent a hand and took a course in fancy needlework, sending our financial barometer up to £6,500.

Since then we have never looked back. Each day our income (potential) soars to giddier heights. I have engaged a capable staff and am taking courses by proxy. In my study, for instance, my office-boy is deep in a course of personal magnetism. He is making rapid progress. Only this morning he arrived covered from head to foot with oddments of metal which had sprung at him and adhered as he walked along the street.

Our parlour-maid is studying the piano. She is a little depressed about

STIRRING UP PEACE.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS—WHATEVER MAY BE THE ISSUE OF THE PRESENT NEGOCIATIONS—TO GENERAL HARINGTON, SOLDIER AND STATESMAN TOO.

Small Spectator (breaking the silence after a lengthy period). "I DON'T KNOW 'OW YOU CAN STICK IT. I SHOULD NEVER MAKE A FISHERMAN."

Unsuccessful Sportsman. "NO; AND YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A MASCOT NEITHER."

it at times. More than once she has tried to establish contact between her brain and the keyboard. But I am patient with her; given time, I reckon that she will eventually bring in about £250 a year.

The gardener is learning to grow taller; the cook is deep in the study of internal combustion engines, and my youngest hopeful, though only in his first pair of trousers, is daily writing for the Press.

In all I am employing fifteen deputies, and between us we are taking one hundred and twenty-three courses—with power to add to their number. There is a trifling difficulty at the moment with my left-hand neighbour, who threatens proceedings for libel in connection with a sketch of him which I made for the Press. Let him proceed. With an estimated income (future) of something near a quarter of a million, I can afford to turn a deaf ear to his threats.

Sybil—need I add?—is ecstatic. She has confessed that she is very proud of me. I am not a little surprised at myself.

Meanwhile there is the quarterly therm account.

THE FLOWER-SHOW.

THE light falls chill through vaulted glass
And bleak and blank the high walls stand
Where plutocrats and parsons pass
Each other, catalogue in hand—
Fur-collared plutocrats who crave
The gayest blooms of greatest size,
And stooping parsons grey and grave
Who look around with dazzled eyes.

Those things are dahlias, we are told,
Those things with tentacle and spur,
Like creatures of the sea-deeps cold,
Most lovely and most sinister,
From whose sharp petals strange and new
No long-dead gardens breathe again
With their old breath of sun and dew
And brown earth wet with summer rain.

Not in a garden quiet and prim
Your inspiration did you find,
Ye who have decked the dahlia dim
With all the throbbing hues of Ind;
Not for the greater joy of sage,
Poet, philosopher or saint
You dabbed on Nature's perfect page
That burning splash of mimic paint.

Beauty enough and brimming o'er
These had already found, God wot,
Enough to worship and adore
In any English garden-plot;
Here such as they must walk apart
And seek a group of little flowers,
Sea-daisies with pale purple heart,
And pinks that smell like summer showers;

And others sober and demure,
With gentle faces clear and calm,
Who fold within their petals pure
Arabian frankincense and balm;
The light falls far more softly there,
The hum and patter die away,
And fluting bird-notes fill the air
From far-off gardens old and grey.

D. M. S.

Our Tactless Reporters.

"The preacher at matins was the Rev. ——, and the anthem was 'Ye shall go out with joy.'"—*Local Paper.*

"WANTED.

General Purpose Man, able occasionally drive motor lorry, small bicycle repairs, run small gas engine, knowledge carpentry and general repairs. Care of two private cars. Spare time in grocery warehouse. Permanent job for right man."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Permanent" seems the right word.

MORE BRIGHTNESS FOR LONDON.

WHY SHOULD NOT WAITRESSES, AS WELL AS WAITERS, PERFORM THEIR DUTIES IN EVENING DRESS?

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

George and I were motoring along the Great North Road. My two-seater had bravely surmounted the crest of a little incline and a stretch of smooth white road lay temptingly before us. Opening her out, we sped forward at an exhilarating pace.

There were two other cars in front of us, one about a hundred, the other perhaps two hundred yards ahead; further on still the tall slightly-stooping figure of a pedestrian dressed in black could be seen walking slowly in the middle of the road, his back towards us. So far nothing unusual had occurred; there was not the least indication that anything unusual would occur; and yet suddenly it did.

The foremost motorist gave a warning toot on his horn, but the black-coated pedestrian took no notice whatever; a louder, more urgent honk rent the air, but still he continued his course imperturbably in the exact centre of the road. Just when it seemed that an unfortunate accident was inevitable, the tall figure executed an unexpectedly agile leap to the left, escaping destruction by a hair-breadth. He peered intently after the retreating vehicle; he turned and peered back in the opposite direction; then he deliberately resumed his position in the middle of the road, immediately in the path of the second oncoming car.

"Well, did you see that?" exclaimed George.

The driver of the car in front of us sounded his horn with angry impatience, clearly betraying his indignation at this flagrant disregard of the rights of the automobilist. Not however until it was almost upon him did the lank pedestrian deviate an inch either to the right or left; then with another of his nimble sideways leaps he sprang clear. Once more he stared up the road; again he looked behind him. He must have seen us unless he were blind; he must have heard us unless he were deaf; yet once more he stepped out into the middle of the highway as calmly as though not even a donkey-cart were within a mile of him. There was something strangely uncanny about it all.

"Run the fellow down," cried George vindictively, and indeed I had already almost determined to do so unless he made all haste to get out of my way. No one but an inveterate road-hog, however, will deliberately run over a pedestrian without having first sounded his horn, and my instincts of sportsmanship caused me to deliver a penetrating blast on my particularly raucous hooter as, opening the throttle, I bore down upon this impudent usurper of one of the best stretches of road in the Midlands.

"Look out for the bump," cried George excitedly; but it never came. For the third time the long frock-coated figure escaped annihilation by means of a swift well-judged bound. As we flashed past we caught a glimpse of a mild spectacled countenance regarding us gravely, and a fleeting impression of a note-book and pencil. The next moment he was hidden from sight in a cloud of dust.

* * * * *

Rounding the next corner we came upon a wayside inn, one of those relics of the old coaching days now unhappily so rare. Yielding to George's entreaties I halted. We entered the quaint old parlour and rested awhile, speaking of the sad decay of venerable institutions and the rapid encroachment of the vulgar upon the picturesque. Thus engaged, the disturbing incident of the eccentric pedestrian had almost faded

from my mind when, without warning, a measured tread was heard in the passage and the bland spectacled face of this strange individual appeared round the door. I started violently; George gave an angry snort.

There was nothing in the least provocative, however, in the new-comer's demeanour. He advanced towards us and bowed courteously. "Ah, gentlemen," he observed, "we meet again."

Impelled by curiosity I laid a restraining hand on George's arm. "Good afternoon, Sir," I said genially; "after your arduous walk you will, I am sure, be glad of some timely refreshment. Pray join us in drinking to the health of all travellers in a tankard of our landlord's excellent ale."

Gravely intimating that he would be honoured to do so he seated himself at our table and removed his high silk hat. "I suspect, gentlemen," he observed after a pause, "that you were a little puzzled by what may have seemed to you an idiosyncracy in my behaviour on the road out yonder. Am I correct?"

"You certainly are," exclaimed George. "I consider your conduct——"

The stranger stopped him with a little gesture of the hand. "I can explain in two words," he said. "I am a representative of the Society for Preserving the Rustic Peacefulness of the English Countryside. The S.P.R.P.E.C. is an organisation whose object is to keep inviolate the serene tranquillity of rural England. It realises that our countryside is being devastated by the blatant motor-horn. Think, gentlemen, what a motor-horn ought to be. It ought to be a kindly instrument, a humanitarian voice. 'Hail,' it should say in effect, 'I am coming, brother, but I will not hurt you if you let me pass quietly on my way.' It should be designed to strike a note of friendliness and goodwill, not one of hostility and frightfulness. I am sure you will agree with me in this.

"I am sent out," he proceeded, "to gather information upon which our Society may act; in other words I am what may be termed an itinerant censor of motor-horns. To facilitate my duties I proceed, as you saw me, along the middle of our thoroughfares; thus by a process of peaceful obstruction ensuring for myself ample opportunity to decide whether such automobiles as pass me are provided with the sort of horn of which the S.P.R.P.E.C. would approve."

He rose and replaced his tall hat upon his dome-shaped head. "And now, gentlemen," he said, "it is time for me to resume my journey. I thank you for your hospitality and wish you *bon voyage*. You will doubtless hear from our Society in the course of a few days."

Again he bowed with old-world ceremony and was gone.

* * * * *

When I arrived home a few days later I found a typewritten communication awaiting me. It ran as follows:—

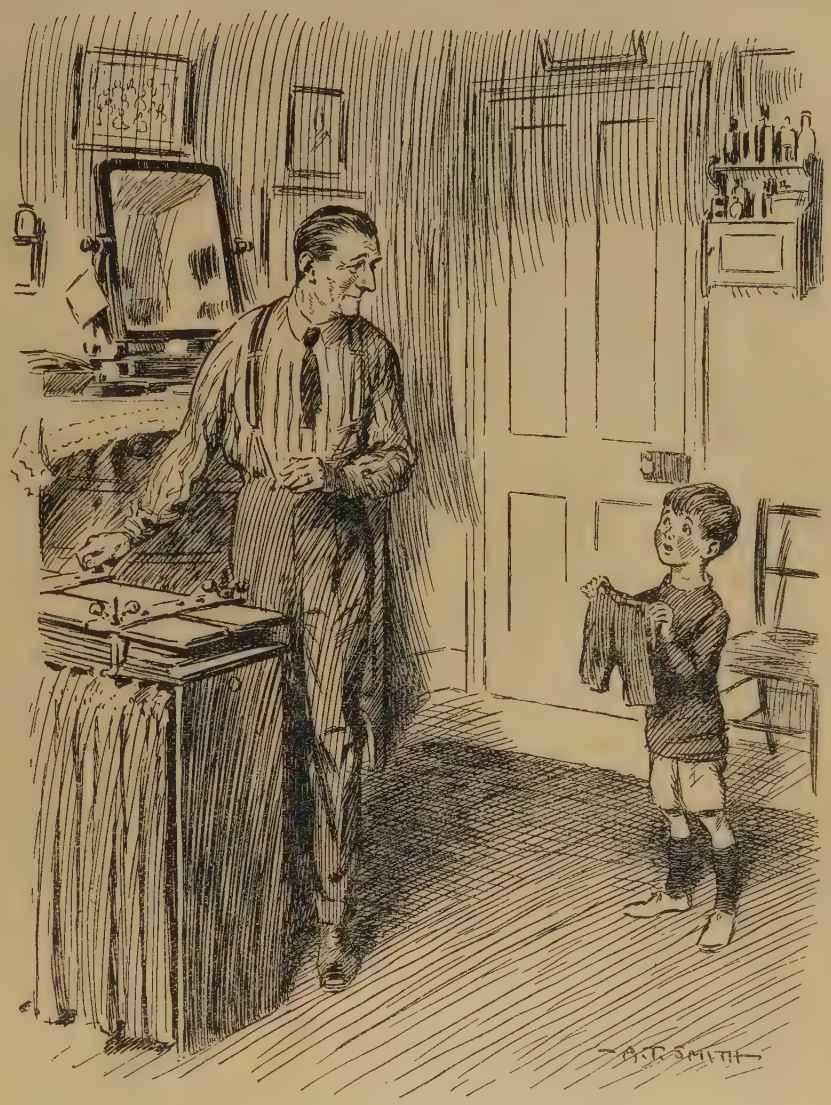
Dear Sir,—Our representative has informed us that you have good reason to be dissatisfied with your present pattern of motor-horn. We have in stock a consignment of delightfully euphonious instruments at prices which we are confident will attract you. A fully illustrated catalogue and price-list are enclosed. May we especially recommend to your notice Models No. 7, The Cuckoo; No. 18, The Shorn Lamb; No. 25, The Harmonious Blacksmith.

Trusting to be honoured by your esteemed patronage,

We beg to remain,

Your obedient Servants,

The Society for Preserving the Rustic Peacefulness of the English Countryside, Ltd.



Douglas. "Oh, Daddy! would you put these in your twouser-pwesser for a bit? I'm going out to tea this afternoon."

Our Acrobatic Footballers.

"After six minutes Stage simply forced his way through, and as both he and Marshall kicked at the ball, the latter rose and swerving in the air, passed over George's head into the net, giving the custodian no chance."

Sunday Paper.

Did he take the ball with him?

"'It is harder for a modern author to enter a public library than it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven,' said Mr. St. Joanervine, the dramatist, at the Library Association Conference."

North-Country Paper.

Still, if sufficiently disguised, as in this instance, there may be a chance for him.

TWO OF A TRADE.

[On October 2nd Sir LANDON RONALD, speaking at a luncheon given by the London Livery Club, avowed his optimism about English music. "It was in a tremendously healthy state in England to-day." He regarded gramophones and pianolas as of the greatest educative value. On the same day Mr. HAMILTON HARTY, conductor of the Hallé Orchestra at Manchester, deplored our lack of patriotism in music, the cult of mere cleverness, the imitation of foreign idiom and the hypocrisy and foreign domination which has so long prevailed in English musical matters.]

Is England musical? That ancient query
  Which exercised the controversial quill
Of mid-Victorian critics never weary
  Of patriotic efforts to instil
Serene complacency and rout the dreary
  Detractors of our enterprise and skill—
Though latterly deleted from the slate,
Once more emerges into high debate.

For simultaneously two gifted leaders,
  Two luminaries of the tuneful throng—
Whose names are household words to *Punch's* readers,
  Or such at least as haunt the Halls of Song—
Not ultra-academics or seceders,
  Have freed their minds in language clear and strong;
Yet one is hopeful on this crucial point,
And one declares the times are out of joint.

RONALD, who guides the Guildhall School (Sir LANDON),
  With a prestige on wide experience based,
Discovers no inducement to abandon
  The hopeful view he always has embraced,
But takes a firm and optimistic stand on
  The quite "tremendous health" of native taste,
Promoted by the educative tones
Of piano-players and of gramophones.

The masses crave good music more and more,
  Nor are old masters ousted by the new;
The "records" of BEETHOVEN'S "Emperor"
  Concerto, once the pleasure of the few,
Enrich the makers who, ten years before,
  Would have regarded them as N.E.U.*
Is England musical? the daily Press,
Backed by Sir LANDON RONALD, answers "Yes."

Yet on the very day on which he spoke
  These words of bland and comfortable cheer,
Another voice, harsh as a raven's croak,
  Fell coldly on the patriotic ear,
As HARTY, whom the music-loving folk
  Of Manchester deservedly revere,
Descended like a waggon-load of bricks
On our composers and their freakish tricks.

How can they speak for England who forswear
  The genuine authentic British stingo,
And studiously affect a foreign fare,
  A broken German, French or Russian lingo;
Or torture with sophisticated care
  Some syncopated tune from San Domingo—
Far too fastidious to be patriotic,
Or anything but clever and exotic?

And if, he adds, they blame me for declining
  To give them hearing in the Free Trade Hall,
I have no hesitation in outlining
  The principles by which I stand or fall;
A simple answer's best, without refining,
  And I will give it to them once for all—
I haven't any use—I never had—
For work that is both insincere and bad.

Thus the successor of good old CHARLES HALLÉ
  And RICHTER in the headship of the band,
For sixty years and longer musically
  Renowned and venerated through the land;
And for the frankness void of shilly-shally,
  The fearlessness with which he takes his stand,
Lovers of native art and foes of cranks
Will offer HARTY their most hearty thanks.

* No Earthly Use.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—THOROUGHNESS.

A RETURNED traveller from Italy tells me that he spent a few hours, while his car was being mended, at Montecchio Maggiore, not very far from Verona. It claims to be the home of the CAPULETS, whose feud with the MONTAGUES led to the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. The more enterprising inhabitants of the town are so well aware of the authorship of that play and of its interest to the English that they pointed out to him the very house where SHAKSPEARE lodged when he wrote it.

II.—THE DOMINANT WORD.

I was recently in the company of three babies; not at the same time, but one after the other, at an interval of a week between each. Two of these babies were male; you must guess the sex of the other. The boys were about thirty months and twenty months, the other was about nineteen months. The odd thing was that during our interviews each employed the same word, and it is one of the most dangerous and exacting words in our language. And each—with no kind of correspondence, for they were counties apart, the boys being in Sussex and Northamptonshire, and the other in Norfolk—said it under the same provocation: while listening to a repeating watch which I carry in self-defence, so that when I meet a baby I may have some kind of attack.

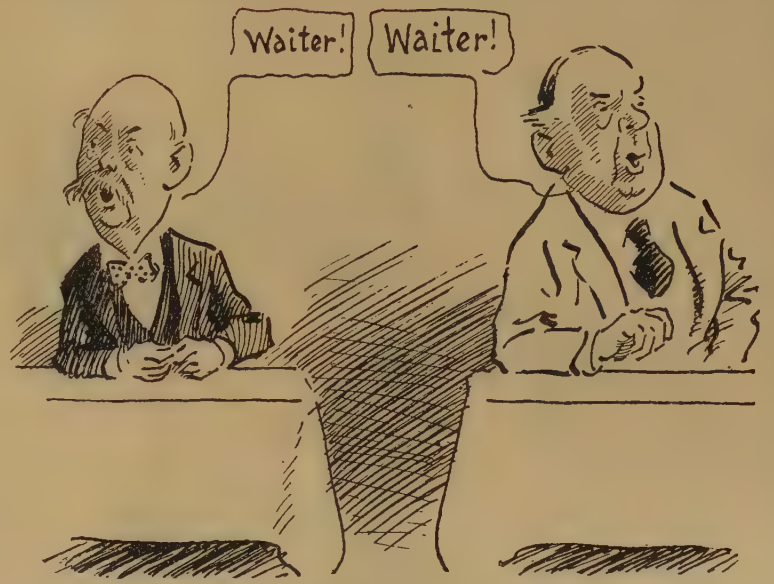
For we are all different. Some of us, encountering one of those difficult creatures in its perambulator on a wet day, can say, "Isn't it horrible for my popsy-wopsy to be out in the rainy-painy?" and so forth. Others are dumb. I am one of the dumb, and realising this, and at the same time wishing to be amiable and understanding with the young, I bought a repeater that strikes the hours, the quarters and even the minutes, and is therefore far more acceptable to the infantile ear than any spoken noise.

But I am digressing. What I started out to remark is that all these three children, however different in temperament and character they may hereafter become, have now some common ground. They meet on level terms. For each of them, when I exploited my watch, said precisely the same thing; each said "More."

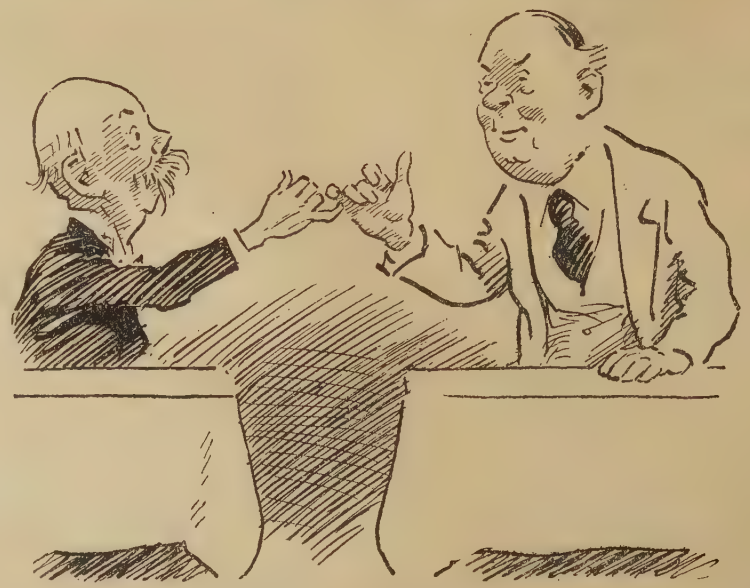
Now it is a serious thing when babies in Sussex, Northamptonshire and Norfolk have such a word as that so prominently in their brief vocabularies; it indicates that human nature is not changing after all and that in course of time three grown-up persons will be continuing the eternal quest for satiety. But how astonished I should have been had each of these mites, while listening, exclaimed "Less!" I should probably in sheer confusion have dropped what one of the attendants described as "the watchy-patchy."

It is only as we grow older that we ask for less. And even then not of everything. We may ask for less vulgarity, less noise, less hustle, less journalism and, in extreme dejection, less even of life itself; yet while we are in life a few things remain of which not the oldest among us

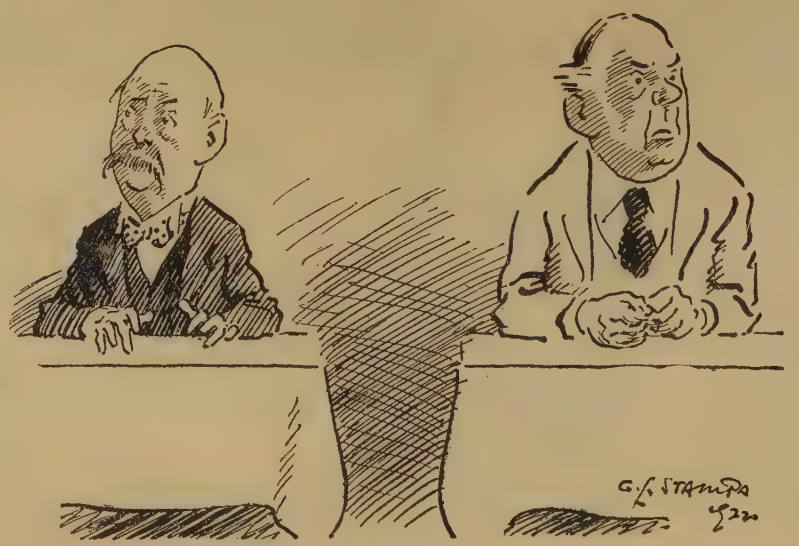
WHEN TWO PEOPLE—



SAY THE SAME THING AT THE SAME TIME—



THEY LINK FINGERS—



AND WISH.

SUPERSTITION.

Pigman. "'AVE A CARE O' THICK 'ERE OLD ZOW, MARSTER JARGE. THERE BE TIMES SHE BEANT BARELY CIVIL TO OI."

has ever had enough or ever will have enough. Who, for example, has ever had enough bread-sauce? At home never, and in restaurants never. It doesn't matter so much about restaurants, because bread-sauce is one of the preparations that no restaurant understands; but in homes the shortage is a perpetual scandal. And who has ever had enough capers in caper-sauce? No one.

III.—PEEVISHNESS.

It was in India and a distinguised globe-trotter and his companions were being shown round a prison. One of the prisoners refused to enter into conversation or show any ordinary signs of humility in the presence of European visitors.

"You must make excuse for him," said the Baboo official. "I'm afraid he's rather peevish this morning. You see he's to be hanged at eleven o'clock."

IV.—A PROFESSION REVIVED.

When I was young and it was a dashing thing to smoke, indoors, a meerschaum pipe held with a wash-leather-gloved hand, and out of doors, in the country, a cutty, the indifferent performer employed some one else to colour these calumets before he tackled them himself, for, unlike GEORGES CARPENTIER and JOE BECKETT, pipes are born stronger than ever they are again. For a clay, I believe that the correct tamer was an old apple-woman. But where are old apple-women to-day?

Now, when I am so much older, and meerschaums and cutties are equally obsolete, and briar is the only wear, and pipes even in St. James's Street are the rule, I am sufficiently experienced to be able to dispense with such assistance; nor did I think that anyone else needed it until yesterday, when I met my old friend Denison with something startlingly gay and new between his teeth. Not one of those artificially-darkened pipes which now fill the windows, but the natural wood.

"You're lucky," I said. "A pound if it cost a penny. The most I can afford is five bob."

He laughed and emitted a fresh cloud.

"Aren't you being rather bold with such a youngster?" I asked.

"It's the only way I like pipes now," he replied. "After the first three times of smoking them they become insipid to me."

"That's odd," I said; "for in my case I don't begin to enjoy a new pipe at all until the first three times of smoking it are over, and after that I don't let it go for years. I really think that, financially at any rate, the advantage is with me."

He smiled inscrutably.

"On the contrary," he said, "it is with me."

"But how?" I asked. "At a pound apiece new pipes must be very exhausting to the post-war exchequer."

"True enough," he replied; "but have you never heard of the exquisite adjustment which kept serene the married life of the Sprats? You recollect how Jack would eat no fat and his wife no lean? Well, London appears to be full of young men of means who want their pipes broken in for them, while I apparently am almost the only smoker who is happier with a new pipe than with any other. Times being bad, I have sold my taste and aptitude to one of those expensive tobacconists who are now to be found all over the West End, and have become a professional pipe-tamer. As I get half-a-crown for every new pipe I break in and as I can break in ten in a day . . ."

He blew another satisfied cloud and passed on his voluptuous plutocratic way.

E. V. L.

THE *MOT* THAT MISSED.

"THE famous wit, THEODORE HOOK, is said to have remarked . . ." You know the sort of thing; no elderly book is complete without its quotations from the Wits. True, the actual point of their jokes has often dropped out with the course of time, but the rest of the story is always there and the deficiency is compensated for by an elaborate footnote by a learned editor.

These professional wits, for I imagine it must have been a whole-time job, seem to have died out or else we have lost the secret of their broadcasting. I think that must be the solution.

I myself have long aspired to revive the honourable and elegant profession, but my acquaintances don't seem to understand the idea at all. They don't enter into the spirit of the thing. I nurse a brilliant impromptu for ages and then the wrong person always provides the opportunity for my launching it on a waiting world. The lucky recipient of my *bon mot* may or may not laugh, but in either case he always assumes that his responsibility ends there. It is most disheartening.

But now I think I know how to set about it. I have discovered some correspondence of an old-time wag. I found it in a cupboard in his little old red-brick house. The delicate tracery of the fanlight over the green front-door had lost nothing of its grace, but I looked in vain for the little brass plate that must have adorned it in the old time: "Ambrose Tivvy, Wit."

How these two letters came together I do not know. Perhaps the old man took a queer delight in preserving them as a memorial of his joke that failed. But here they are:—

From Mr. Ambrose Tivvy to Sir Charles Towne.

Bathbridge Wells, September 3rd.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I have kept my chamber this se'ennight, being sick of a plaguey rheum, gotten, I doubt not, from the Muscovy Count who was lately here taking the water (of which he truly stood in great need).

I purpose walking in the Avenue about noon on Wednesday—my being abroad in the morning will in itself cause no small stir—and, if you will be so good, you can oblige me vastly in a small conceit which I have thought of. You shall be standing under the Trees at about noon, and I will contrive to meet you there when the company is numerous enough. Then you must say very loud, so all may hear (my deafness will excuse you in this), "The morning is very young and very dull." My reply to you will, I am confident, provoke much merriment.

Pray assure her ladyship of the respect and admiration of

Your humble Servant,
AMB. TIVVY.

From the Hon. Algernon Lacey to his Father.

Bathbridge Wells, September 7th.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I hasten to acquaint you of a great calamity which happened only this morning. It concerns your friend Mr. Tivvy, upon whose talk I was to model my conversation. There was a great company under the Trees this morning and a great buzz when we saw Mr. Tivvy coming to join us, for he never walks before lunch, as everyone knows.

Sir Charles Towne, who was standing by me, turned to present Miss Moffet (who is just come to town) to Mr. Tivvy, saying in a great voice she was the youngest of the five Miss Moffets. But Mr. Tivvy seemed not to observe the lady at all and cried out very loud, "Sir, young or old, they are all demned dull."

As you may think, there was a great twitter and confusion, and all the town is in distress over this catastrophe. From the talk it seems that Mr. Tivvy, being very deaf, did not hear Sir Charles's words, and his strange exclamation referred to some letter of his

The Cheerful One. "WELL, THERE YOU ARE. WOT I SAYS IS, IT WOULD BE A FUNNY WORLD IF WE WAS ALL ALIKE."

to Sir Charles which had miscarried. But what is the right of it no one knows.

Your affectionate Son,
ALGERNON LACEY.

GO TO BATH.

WHEN some ardent souls of a northern suburb invited Mr. BERNARD SHAW the other day to open a bazaar, he replied with a few crisp comments on bazaars generally, adding, "Tell the South Tottenham enthusiasts to go to Bath."

We fail to understand why this pleasant suggestion should cause annoyance. There may perhaps be a touch of brusqueness about the message; but it should be remembered that a gruff exterior often conceals a heart of gold. We do not profess to know what Mr. SHAW's heart is made of; we do not even know for a fact that he possesses one. But we feel sure that on reflection South Tottenham will admit that he was more moderate in his demand than he might have been.

Bath is a beautiful city, with waters renowned for their curative properties. It has ancient Roman remains, a historic abbey, chairs, and comparatively modern buns. No venom could lurk beneath a desire, however imperative, that one should visit this famous West Country town. It is an easy run of only 106¾ miles from Paddington, and the return third-class fare is 31/3—on the expensive side, we admit, but not more exorbitant than railway fares generally are.

The New Advertising.

From a column of paragraphs in a Cape provincial newspaper:—

"Admiral —— will arrive in George on Wednesday. It is 25 years since last he saw his mother.

My mother is so kind to me!
Each night she takes me on her knee,
And as the wintry twilight pales
Mum reads me lovely fairy-tales.
And when I 'm very, very good
She sings of 'Sweet Red Riding Hood.'
Then last of all and best, be sure,
Mum gives me ——'s Peppermint Cure."

"COMPLAINT IN RHYME.

'They sing and they bang, and they push the pram,' was the poetical complaint against lodgers in the Shoreditch County-court today."—*Evening Paper.*

We don't understand modern poetry.

"At the Scarborough cricket festival, Yorkshire, 1st innings 337 (Macaulay 67; A. Still took 6 wickets for 115 seconds threw the sponge into the ring in the fourth round."
South African Paper.

In a later issue of our contemporary, in regard to another sporting event, we expect to read that "CARPENTIER declared his innings closed."

A RESOLUTION FROM THE CHAIR.

I AM reading *Punch*. I seem to have been reading it for an hour. It is not this week's *Punch*; it is a very old one. I am conscious that a faint sickly smile has settled on my face. This does not mean that I am happy, nor even that I am enjoying the old *Punch*; it is merely the mask worn by the true Briton in adversity.

I hear footsteps. A lady enters very, very quietly. She beckons to me. I follow her, my faint smile changed to a fatuous grin.

I am sitting in an arm-chair. It is very comfortable, except that it has been placed so that I face the light. It is a strong light and makes me screw up my eyes.

I am looking at a man's face. It is upside down. It would not be a handsome face at any time, but upside down it is truly hideous. I believe he is smiling too, but his is a different smile from mine.

He is chatting pleasantly to me about the weather and my long-forgotten summer holiday. He is looking for something in my mouth. He is getting warmer . . . He has found it. Ow, yes, he has found it. He is going to do something about it. It seems that I have only brought it along to him in the nick of time. Mercifully, he says, he can save it. I was afraid he would say that. It will mean about a dozen visits.

He has started saving it. I am thoroughly uncomfortable now, what with the glare and the fact that there is no "give" in the place where my head has been put.

Dreadful things are going on in my mouth; always in exactly the same spot. I am to tell him—ow—if he hurts me.

"Ng," I reply, nodding.

He is becoming more chatty. He thinks this is helping me. It isn't, though, because I am not in a position to answer intelligently.

Do I play golf?

"Ng," I answer.

Where do I play?

I tell him — Hid — Hurrey — ow — and Hnt Hordses. These aren't their names, but it is the best I can do. He seems to understand—ow—because he says the greens at Hid-Hurrey are lovely.

He wants to know my handicap. This is a difficult question, because—ow—I am hive at Hnt Hordses and heven at Hid-Hurrey. I split the difference, and say "hic."

He has offered me an armistice. I have accepted.

"Rinse the mouth out," he says.

I do this for as long as I decently can, and then ask if he has finished.

"Not quite," he says; "but we are getting on fine."

"Good," I say pluckily.

He has got straight back on to the old spot. I swerve to the left. He follows me—ow. I dodge back. He follows me—ow—again. I try coming forward, but that makes it worse. I can't go backwards, so it is hopeless.

He asks if he is hurting me. I nod a brave negative and smile up at his ugly face. There is no use doing anything else. He intends to finish the job—ow—and it will only mean more visits if I stop him. Oh for a sniff of gas and out with the tooth!

I have had a brain wave. I am composing a letter, which I will send off when I get home:—

"DEAR MR. DENTON,—Regarding my appointment with you next Thursday—ow—I shall be much obliged if you will arrange to remove the tooth entirely. I am expecting to sail for Saskatchewan at any moment, and I feel it is unlikely that there is anyone out there capable of carrying on the work you have so admirably begun.

I am sure you will agree—ow—that the tooth in question is an unimportant one, being a long way back on the top floor, and I can easily manage with the others, which are more conveniently situated."

Yes, that 's what I 'll say. . . .

Ah! he has finished. I have rinsed the mouth, straightened the tie and tidied the hair.

"Next Thursday at half-past four?" he has proposed.

"Right-o," I say cheerfully.

"Quis Custodiet . . ."

From the report of a West Indian Educational Department:—

"FORM II.

English Grammar.—This paper was also taken by Form i. as well as by the Preparatory, and, on the whole, it was done satisfactory. One boy defined 'sweetness' as an adjective; and the same boy gave 'bought' as an example of a preposition. Otherwise they were no very bad mistakes."

Until the inspector showed what he could do.

"'The new born infant,' we are told, 'emits a first sound or cry which is a spontaneous activity of its vocal chords. From this moment numerous somatocentric and centrobaric activities proceed which—unconsciously to the infant itself—establish its relationship to its own functioning body and to the outer world.'"—*Scientific Paper.*

The infant to whom we read this passage stated most emphatically that he personally had never taken a conscious part in any such proceedings.

RURAL FINANCE.

Small Boy. "'Alf a pound of tenpenny margarine, please; and muvver says will yer let 'er 'ave the penny change now, an' she 'll give yer the sixpence to-morrow."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Nobody who ever met the late Sir Algernon West even casually can have failed to be struck by his charm of manner and desire to please. During a very long life he was a good friend to several generations of men and women, and to none more so than to Mr. Gladstone. He had been his private secretary during his first Premiership, and when the octogenarian statesman became Prime Minister for the fourth time, twenty-four years later, Sir Algernon, who had just retired at the age of sixty from the Chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue, volunteered to resume (unofficially) his old post. He could have had no illusions on the matter; he knew that he was hitching his waggon to a falling star; but he cheerfully sacrificed his leisure in the hope of easing the burdens of the master whom he loved. The difficulties of that brief and troubled Administration are vividly depicted in his *Private Diaries* (Murray). If it had not been for the "Prime Minister's Prime Minister," as Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who edits the volume, happily calls him, the Cabinet, with its strange team of strong but ill-assorted characters, would have come to grief even earlier than it did. His time was largely spent in listening to the complaints that they made against one another and in inducing them to tear up letters of resignation or remonstrance addressed to their Chief. It must have been no easy task to reconcile the ways of Harcourt to Rosebery and *vice versa*. Lest anyone should be deterred, however, from reading the volume by imagining that it is a mere *réchauffé* of stale politics let me hasten to say that it is spiced with plenty of the good stories of which Sir Algernon was an ardent collector. I liked best that of the American lady who wrote that on her visit to England she desired to hear everything musical, and particularly the European Concert—if it was the sort of thing she could take her daughter to.

I remember that Rousseau remarked, after a delightful piece of garrulity about the raspberries under his schoolroom window, "I know that the reader does not particularly want to hear all this, but I myself particularly want to tell it him;" and I cannot help thinking what an excellent motto this would have made for the title-page of Mr. Stephen McKenna's *Soliloquy* (Hutchinson). His heroine, *Marion Shelley*, the successful hostess of "the last of the London salons," feels the old Jean-Jacques need for self-expression as she lies resentfully dying at the house of her youngest sister: and, though her *intérieur dévoilé* is garnished with nothing so pleasant as raspberries, she is quite as insistent as Rousseau on her right to show it you. I must say I experienced not a little of the aversion of his imaginary reader at being presented with this able picture of meanness and sensuality. But I will say this for *Marion*, as opposed to her Genevan predecessor, that she never blames "Society" for a single one of her lapses;

though the environment she encounters on the academic fringes of Oxford and Cambridge, where she is born and bred; in the literary circles of Chelsea, to which she aspires by marriage; and among the political luminaries of her final period of widowhood, might—if I may credit Mr. McKenna's suggestion of its paltry vileness—have accounted for any crime in the Decalogue.

The evident enjoyment with which Mr. St. Loe Strachey wrote his "subjective autobiography," *The Adventure of Living* (Hodder and Stoughton), communicates itself to the reader. The good fortune which led him when just down from Balliol (where apparently the Master, Jowett, and the authorities regarded him as a too precocious person, who needed to be snubbed) into regular work for *The Spectator*, and in an extraordinarily short time to being editor and proprietor, was not just luck but due to sound talent, hard work and a steadfast seriousness which has never deserted him or his paper; indeed, one occasionally lifts eyebrows of inquiry as to whether a little more humour wouldn't occasionally be welcome. But humour isn't everything, and can readily be sacrificed by such a type in favour of a record of good work accomplished as a journalist-politician, of independence preserved and professional ideals not lowered, of counsels of great men shared, of worthy and not always popular causes championed, and in fine of a torch handed on from a family with a great idea of public service, and held aloft and unquenched. Needless to say politics and politicians occupy most of the space left after a painstaking effort of the autobiographer to give a full account of his development and a reason for his faith in the particular brand of aristo-democracy which he favours. Mr. Strachey, by self-denying ordinance, says little of the living: and of the dead gives most space to "five great men"—Lord Cromer, Colonel John Hay, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and the late Duke of Devonshire.

"Mrs. 'Arris, I say nothin' about your Alf copyin' my Percy's sums at school; but what gets my back up is your boy hittin' 'im when the answer ain't right."

The Black Gang (Hodder and Stoughton) is "Sapper's" "new Bull-dog Drummond Novel," and, as the hero is still alive and going stronger than ever at the end of it, I do not think that his admirers have any cause to fear that they have heard the last of him. Some of us may conceivably be sorry that so excellent a writer as "Sapper" should spend himself on sensational fiction, but there is no question that he gets a good return for his spending. Here we have the Black Gang, under the leadership of the wonderful *Hugh*, dealing drastically with various people whose room in any well-ordered country would be preferable to their company. More than once the director of these lawless, though beneficial, operations is at the point of death—on one occasion, indeed, he closed his eyes and waited for the fatal blow to fall—but, as I have already said, he is still extant. In the matter of lives a popular hero of sensational fiction can assuredly give points to a cat; which is all to the good when he happens to be as engaging a figure as *Drummond*.

Miss M. Hamilton, in *Anne Against the World* (Hurst and Blackett), has given us a fine and sympathetic study of an old lady to whom the upheaval caused by the War brought nothing but pain and perplexity. To me the appealing figure in this story is not *Anne*, but her mother, *Mrs. Bruce*. Circumstances were pitilessly against *Anne*; she had a weak-willed brother, a thoroughly immoral sister-in-law and a young sister who, owing to the War, had won a ruinous freedom; add to this that she was in love with a married man who did not belong to her class. She was indeed "up against it" if ever a woman was. But although her fight interested me I was never fiercely keen that she should win it. She lacked, as doubtless she was intended to lack, the qualities that enlist whole-hearted sympathy. In the end she says to her mother, "I believe you are the most modern of us all—in the right way." Miss Hamilton cannot justly be accused of being didactic, but her story does sound a note of warning to those of us who are reasonable enough to listen to it.

Lovers of the late Arthur Eckersley's work will welcome the appearance of *Odds and Ends of a Learned Clerk* (Lane), a collection of his incidental contributions to *Punch*, together with two articles that he wrote for *The Monthly Register*, and three of his short plays that have been performed in public. The loyal service he rendered to *Punch* consisted chiefly of anonymous work as a reviewer; he was for many years the chief of "Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks." The articles reproduced in this book—"fugitive" only in the sense that they are light as feathers—reveal other qualities beside the gentleness and wisdom which characterised his reviews. With the same freedom from malice they are marked by a delicate and unassertive humour and by an indefinable charm only to be found in those whose natures have never lost the spell of childhood. A delightful picture of the man himself is given in a foreword by his devoted friend, Mr. Desmond Coke.

"Remember to put your clock back an hour before you retire for the night on Saturday; if you forget you stand a good chance of being late for church on Sunday."—*Scots Paper*.

A Scots reader, who thought he would take this good chance and was an hour too soon, wants to know if he has a case against the paper for compensation.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT About Turkish Atrocities?" asks a contemporary headline. We will say at once that we never smoke them.

***

"Lenin's sister Mary," according to *The Daily Telegraph*, "has kept the Bolshevik leader from discussing politics for some time." Mary seems to have the right idea.

***

CARPENTIER, in the words of a sporting writer, "is arranging a 'come-back.'" Our income-tax collector gets funny notions like that too.

***

With reference to a French authoress's translation of a poem by BROWNING Mr. EDMUND GOSSE writes, "Mme. DUCLAUX closes with it and, I think, throws it like a perfect Carpentier." In our opinion these aspersions on CARPENTIER'S fairness are overdone.

***

A correspondent in the daily Press states that the natives on the Gold Coast have worn "plus fours" for many years. The mystery attached to the origin of this barbaric garment is now, we hope, definitely cleared up.

***

"At this moment we are liked by no nation in the world," says an evening paper. There seems to be nothing for it but to go into the garden (preferably at Chequers) and eat worms.

***

We hear on good authority that during the spell of fine weather enjoyed last week a well-known daily paper almost heard the cuckoo for next year.

***

The skeleton of a camel recently unearthed in Nebraska is believed to be two and a half million years old. But not by us.

***

There is a persistent rumour that upon entering his Club the other day Sir GEORGE YOUNGER absent-mindedly ordered a small Conservative split.

***

An American society proposes to erect a statue to Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON. Retribution was bound to fall upon him sooner or later.

***

"Once get a start," says Sir EDGAR MACKAY EDGAR, "and the present trickle of trade will become like a Scottish river in spate." Well, let it.

***

Mr. G. PERKINS, of Ilford, has written to *The Daily Express* to say that he has never tasted a really good cup of coffee in England. The remarkable thing is that he should have kept us so long in ignorance of this.

***

The trouble with the modern dance is that, by the time you have learned it, it isn't.

***

According to a contemporary a certain explorer is planning a return to civilisation from the trackless wilds of the frozen North. Some men never know when they are well off.

***

A Swedish explorer says he prefers to travel amongst vegetarian tribes. We appreciate this preference. We too are reluctant to move in cannibalistic circles.

***

There is to be no Drury Lane pantomime this winter. Yet another reason why we must have a General Election.

***

An American artist in London is exhibiting dry point portraits of the men who attended the Washington Conference. Dry point seems to be the appropriate medium.

***

A Mexican school-boy nine years of age recently fired a revolver at his headmaster. We understand that a repetition of this conduct will result in his being sent down at least three places in his class.

***

"Does betting pay?" asks a Sunday paper. We can only say that we have seen bookmakers who seemed to be scraping a livelihood out of it.

***

We are reminded that one of the most ardent Venizelists in this country is Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. He is understood to be reluctant to believe that the Greater Greece venture is sunk without a Thrace.

***

M. VENIZELOS has accepted the post of Greek Ambassador to Western Europe. This is regarded as quite one of the plums of the Diplomatic profession.

***

With reference to our last week's paragraph about the marimbaphone, a Mexican musical instrument which derives its peculiar tone from being played over water treated with alcohol, we are informed that it is illegal to play it in the United States without a doctor's certificate.

***

It seems that thick eyebrows are out of fashion, and those who possess them are having them plucked. Mr. GEORGE ROBEY'S reappearance is awaited with special interest.

***

Burglars at Folkestone were caught red-handed by the police through getting drunk on champagne. A deplorable example of crime leading to intemperance.

***

The Rugby Union, we note, has adopted a new rule with regard to the "loose head." Conservative footballers will regret the abolition of the custom by which it was retained as a trophy by the player who pulled it off.

***

A contemporary reports a Socialist orator as saying that what his party demands is the world for the workers. It is significant of increasing reasonableness that nothing was said about the moon.

"LOOK HERE—OF COURSE WE WANT PLENTY OF SNAP IN THE TITLES OF THE HISTORIC LOVERS SERIES. 'ANTONY AND CLEO' WAS ALL RIGHT, BUT 'DANTE AND TRIXIE' IS GOING A BIT TOO FAR."

Our Official Mother-Tongue.

Copy of an inscription on bottles of black ink supplied by the Government Stationery Department, India:—

"JHONSON'S BLACK WRITING FLUID.
Shake When Take
This ink writes beautiful Black neither it spreads on the face of paper nor it peniterates or spoils the nibs, it is specially useful for the valuable documents and registeration etc. The cimical anlyser, of Bombay, passes his good view for this ink."

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flâneur.)

IF all I hear is true, the PRINCE OF WALES, in electing to establish his winter quarters in the Badminton country, has become the innocent cause of a serious derangement of the balance of the hunting world.

It is, of course, well known that anything capable of being used as a hunting-box within reach of the Duke of BEAUFORT'S pack could have been let over and over again, and I am told that in many cases, such is the camaraderie of the hunting-field, three or four tenants have arranged to squeeze in where the accommodation is barely sufficient for one, even with the improvisation of temporary stabling out of greenhouses and bicycle-sheds.

Naturally this congestion in the West has its corresponding effect in the depletion of the Midlands, where more than one M.F.H., already hard put to it to make ends meet, is in despair at the defection of many expected subscribers.

Various plans to recapture the patronage of the floating population have been put forward. In one Hunt in the Shires, which I am not at liberty to name, the suggestion of a series of fancy-dress meets is under consideration; in another, the Committee is said to favour a scheme of insurance, covering horse and rider, in return for a slightly increased subscription. At all events it is generally recognised that in these times it is necessary to hold out other inducements than the mere sport.

* * * *

One of the most remarkable effects of the Near Eastern crisis has been the acceleration of London's so-called Little Season owing to the curtailment of the leave of absence of the members of the Corps Diplomatique.

At Nero's last evening I ran across one of the "livest" of the latter in the person of the widely-known and popular "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation, from whom I was reassured to gather that he was but voicing the spirit of his country in declaring that, in the deplorable event of a Balkan explosion, nothing was further from his wishes than a rupture with Great Britain.

The same sentiment was warmly expressed to me by his companion of the moment, Captain Chok, the Ruritanian Military Attaché. And indeed, when I observed the two amicably discussing cocktails together, I was comforted to think that the frontier "incidents," which there has been an attempt to magnify in certain quarters, are not taken very seriously by their respective Governments.

* * * *

It is astonishing how many an inkling of international affairs may be obtained by intelligent observation of the guests at those cosmopolitan resorts, the Fritz and the Carl. It is true that inquiries for the much-discussed but elusive Sir Cyril Bazaritch at each of them have been met with mysterious evasion; but I am given to understand that the suites of rooms which he maintains at both are so often occupied simultaneously by two of the many doubles he employs that the management are never quite sure whether he is really there himself or not.

Among the noteworthy sojourners to be seen just now at the first-named caravanserai are the Sheik Aladdin Ben Ishmael, who is combining a pleasure trip with business connected with the promotion of an Anglo-Arabian Date Trust, and Mr. Paul Revere Weingraft, the American rum-runner king.

The latter's fortune is estimated at an incredible number of millions, and his present mission is reputed to be to investigate and, if possible, improve the prospects of Prohibition in this country, in accordance with his maxim that PUSSYFOOT and the Bootleggers go hand-in-hand.

Apparently London is in a fair way to clear herself of the reproach of being the City of Dreadful Luncheon-time. At any rate the management of the Cricadero has taken a big step in that direction by engaging The Mid-day Sillies for the enlivenment of this often rather solemn meal.

The principal feature of this development of the cabaret system is, of course, the singing of Mavis d'Avis and her Beauty Chorus of Midinettes; and their catchy song, "Noon-struck," is already being hummed by everybody who has eaten in time to it, including myself.

It is satisfactory to know that those whose business is the brightening of London are beginning to realise that, though it may not be possible to turn night into day yet awhile, the next best thing is to turn day into night.

IN DEFENCE OF THE BADGER.

[On the grounds, first, that he is useful in the matter of his menu, and, secondly, in the interests of science, a correspondent of a Daily Paper puts in a plea for the Badger (*Meles vulgaris*), which is being gradually exterminated.]

ATTEND to me, good Nimrods all, the while his cause I plead,
A vulgar little quadruped of British birth and breed;
For, though of hunted creatures he is possibly the least,
The Badger, so I gather, is a useful little beast.

They say he 's disappearing from the haunts of dogs and men,
And, should he one day vanish, we shall want him back again;
They hint the harm he 's doing is nothing to the good,
Mainly through what he fancies in the matter of his food.

He 's fond of small four-footed things that multiply apace;
Bids the dull snail be careful; keeps the frog tribe in its place;
And luckless will the wasp-nest be he catches unaware,
For such contains the daintiest of all his dainty fare.

Scientists too, they tell me, are on the Badger's side;
He still can teach us lessons if we 're not too puffed with pride;
Reprieve, then, I beseech you, from the dachshund and the knife
This modest representative of Britain's savage life.

Rightly we call him "vulgar"; yet may my humble lute
Succeed in elevating his rather low repute;
For, though the gorgonzola owns him master, I admit,
Old *Meles* is no shirker, Sirs, but does his little bit.

Second Thoughts of a Conscientious Sub-Editor.

"A hen belonging to Mr. Charles Brooks, of the George and Dragon Hotel, Acton, laid an egg weighing 3¾oz., and 4in. in length. A hen belonging to the licensee of the George and Dragon Hotel, Acton, has laid an egg weighing 3½oz. and nearly 4in. long."
Evening Paper.

"Some of the delegates to the League of Nations at Geneva must have recalled days at Lords' and the Oval yesterday when the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (Ranjitsinhji) shouted 'Yes!' in the stentorian voice in which he would have yelled 'How's retail price at 7d. per quart.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. Punch, although a close observer of His Highness's style, confesses that this idiosyncrasy had hitherto escaped his notice.

From an Indian perfumer's catalogue:—

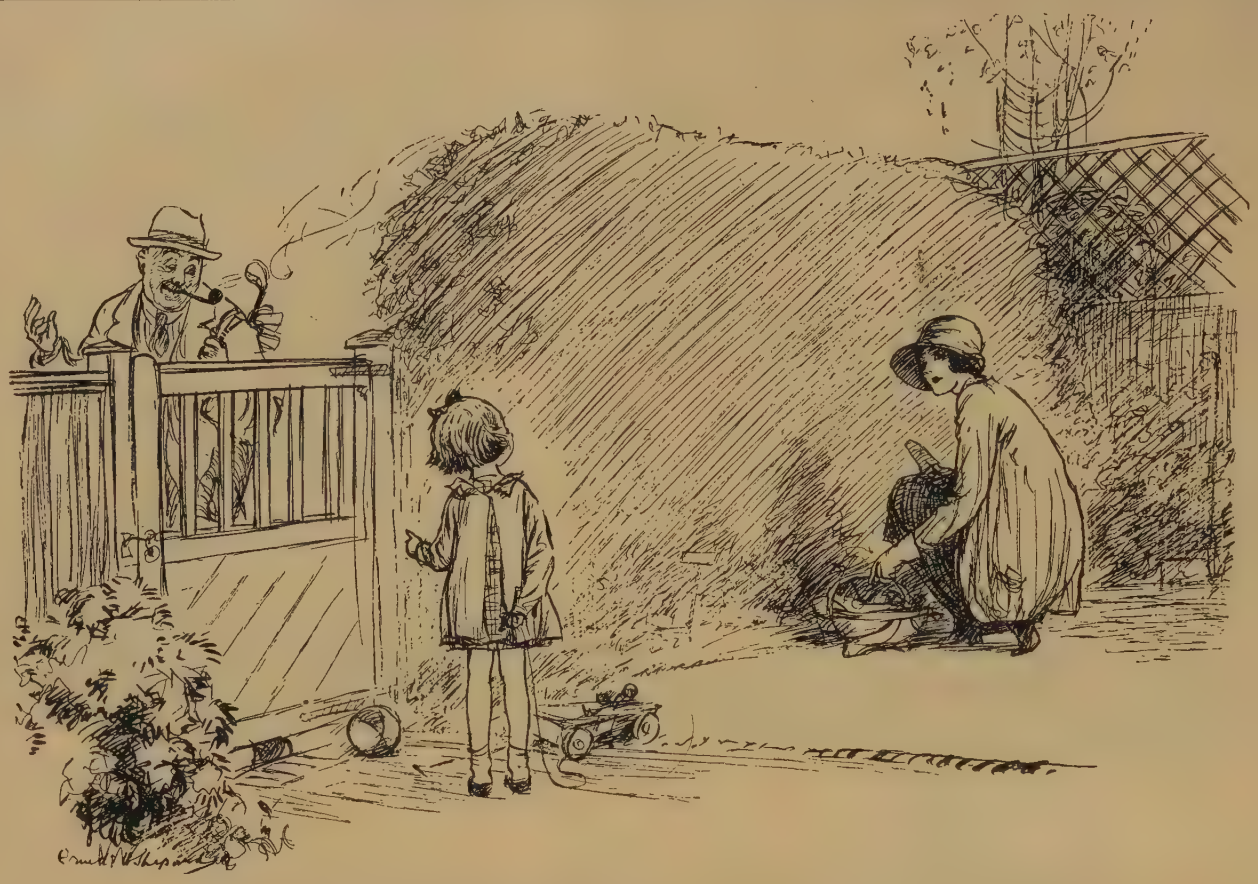
"OTTO.—A few drops to handkerchief or clothes make joyful smell on all sides. After a time, changes its varieties of smell, used for a day lasts for many days."

The next time we wish to breathe this joyous atmosphere we shall come earlier.

DRY HUMOUR.

Statue of Liberty. "WHO GOES THERE?"
Captain of *SS. Alcoholic.* "FRIEND, WITH BOTTLE."
Statue of Liberty. "PASS, FRIEND! HALT, BOTTLE!"

[Acting on the opinion of Mr. Daugherty, Attorney-General, the U.S. Government has decided that foreign vessels with liquor aboard shall be prohibited from entering American ports.]



Exuberant Stranger (*attracted by child as he passes*). "GOOD MORNING, MY LITTLE DEAR."
Child. "MUM, DO WE KNOW THIS MAN?"

NEVER AGAIN;

OR, PEOPLE I DON'T PLAY GOLF WITH TWICE.

IV.

To be more accurate, Budd and Winthrop are People Nobody Plays Golf With Ever, for they are members of that notorious class of loafer, the Club-House Golfer, and he is a stout fellow who can drag them round the course even once.

And yet one should not laugh at them, for, poor devils, they have the cruellest luck. Whenever Budd and Winthrop come down to the club it rains, or, rather, whenever Budd and Winthrop come down to the club-house it is raining. People call them the Club Barometers. And if they have the luck to strike a fine day ten to one Budd has strained his shoulder, and Winthrop has just a touch of sciatica, and both of them are mere cripples as far as golf is concerned.

"Rough luck, old fellow," says everyone.

"Rough luck it is," says Budd, looking out wistfully to the first tee.

"Well, there's nothing for it but bridge, I suppose," sighs Winthrop.

"No use grumbling," says Budd bravely. "Good-bye, old chap; play well—wish I was coming with you. What's yours, Winthrop?"

"Mine's a gin-and-bitters, old boy."

And there we shall find them, patient, uncomplaining, when we come back from our round. Perhaps they have been able to get a bridge four together, or maybe potter about the billiard table with the help of a stick and a gin or two; or perhaps they have just snatched a little sleep in the reading-room. Anyhow, they don't go moaning about, cursing their luck, though you can see that they are fretting their souls out inwardly, longing to be away in the free fresh air.

No, they just keep a stiff upper lip and make pleasant conversation. For naturally, if there is any scandal going about, these two fellows have the pick of it. If there is one man who knows the whole truth about the Mrs. Loam's dog episode, and can tell you the precise terms in which Mrs. Loam insulted the secretary, it is Budd. And if there is a man living who can tell you the exact words in which the secretary made his infamous attack on Mrs. Loam it is Winthrop.

Each of them has a man at bay in a corner now, and you can hear fragments of the whole truth leaking across the room from two sides.

"What exactly happened was *this*," says Budd in a confidential bellow. "The dog . . . the secretary . . . the dog. . . . Then this woman said . . . What *he* said. . . . Then that mangy hound. . . ."

"Budd knows nothing about it," whispers Winthrop like a fog-horn. "What happened was *this* . . . Miss Wiggle told me, and she was *there*. The dog. . . . What's that? . . . Well, if you insist. . . . Thanks, a gin-and-bitters. . . . It's a nice dog, and she's a nice woman. . . . A widow, yes. . . . But old Fiddle-flick said. . . . Damned rude, I call it. . . . And all *she* said was. . . . Meanwhile the dog. . . ."

After that, if we behave nicely, Budd will get out his bag of clubs and tell us about them. For Budd has belonged to many golf clubs in his time, and, though no man can remember when he actually played a full round here, we know that in the past he has played many strange and glorious matches.

You can tell that from the number of clubs he possesses—such forests of drivers and brassies, such an armoury of irons and niblicks and mashie-niblicks, besides all sorts of weird un-

natural hybrids at which the imagination boggles—gweeks, sniggers and drafties, driving-niblicks and putting-mashies (most of them illegal), and one hideous aluminium instrument with a twisted shaft which he calls a baffoon.

"With that putter," says Budd, fondling it affectionately, "I holed the winning putt in the Boxburgh Championship. This driver—ah!" and, rising shakily to his feet, he makes a few sentimental swings with it. "With this driver I carried the Precipice at Alpville in a snowstorm in 1910. Lord Bilberry gave me that cleek. That baffoon—did I ever tell you how I got that baffoon?"

No one speaks. We wait with breathless interest. For Budd has never yet acquired that club twice in the same way. One day we fear that his imagination will give out and we shall go back to the old story of the curate who drowned himself in a water-hazard after Budd had beaten him 10 and 8, and left Budd the club in his will.

"KING EDWARD VII. gave me that club when he was Prince of Wales," says Budd, "in exchange for a cigar. We were playing at Yokohama," he adds, to make things quite clear.

We breathe again.

Winthrop, I admit, is often discovered strolling about outside the club-house with a putter or a mashie in his hand. No doubt you have seen those young men in riding-breeches who perambulate the streets of Oxford and Cambridge, slapping their gaiters with a whip, and obviously proceeding to or from a horse, though they are never actually detected on a horse. But Winthrop is not as they. And often, if the weather and the sciatica are not too bad, he does a little quiet putting-practice with a dozen balls or so on the second green, which is just under the lee of the bar. People keep playing the hole, of course, and then he has to stop putting and push his dozen balls away, which is vexing; but he looks a fine figure of a golfer as he stands there leaning on his putter in his balloon-like breeches, smoking his Dormie pipe.

"Not playing to-day, Winthrop?" one says.

"No, not to-day, old fellow," he says sadly. But one feels that it won't be *his* fault if he doesn't play to-morrow.

And once I actually began a round with Budd. What a scene it was! What a reckless buying of balls; what careful study of the weather forecasts; what eyeing of the cloudy skies! Budd was anxious, and Budd is a superb weather prophet. A great cheer went up from the members as Budd stepped off the first tee on to the Long Trail. I won the second hole, and was one up and sixteen to play. Budd felt a little faint, and had to drop into the club-house for a small restorative. At the fifth a hired man met him by arrangement with a gin-and-gingerbeer. I was now three up. At the eighth it was tea-time, and we stopped and had a hearty meal at the Farm. Budd played the next hole gallantly in twelve. The next was the Mountain Hole, and Budd took a good pull at his flask. Then he took a good look at the sky.

"Rain!" he said, with a fearful oath. "Just my luck!"

Sure enough a drizzle began. Great drops of moisture fell pitilessly on our exposed faces. "Let 's run for it," said Budd. And run we did.

A groan of sympathy went up as we re-entered the club-house. Poor old Budd's usual luck. Robbed of his round again. A. P. H.

Mistress. "I WANT YOU TO CONTINUE TO LOOK AFTER THE CATERING, MARY, AND I SHALL GIVE YOU AN EXTRA SEVEN SHILLINGS A MONTH, SO THAT IT WILL PAY YOU TO BE HONEST."

Mary. "BEFORE I AGREE, MUM, I MUST JUST DO A BIT OF ARITHMETIC TO SEE 'OW IT WORKS OUT."

"A certain firm sends out its delivery carts with this printed notice showing prominently: 'Our carts before your door means that you pay your bills.'"—*Evening Paper.*

A correspondent proposes to invite the firm to send a cart to stand before his door, so that he may have a photograph taken to convince his tailor that he is under a misapprehension.

OUR ANTI-BRITISH PRESS.

An Elementary Guide to its Activities and the consequent Menace to the Entente.

Characters of Dialogue.

A Pupil (*with the average intelligence of the Man in the Street*).
A Teacher (*attached to no political party*).

Pupil. Why did the French desert us at Chanak?

Teacher. Hush, hush! We are not supposed to say things like that about the French. Sir George Younger recently hinted that they had "let us down," and was very solemnly rebuked in *The Times*. You're always allowed to say that England has been let down by its own Government, but you mustn't say that the French have let us down. The French never "desert" us. They "withdraw their contingent."

Pupil. But wouldn't the French have called it desertion if we had done the same sort of thing to them?

Teacher. Certainly. If, for instance, they had done something about the reparations without consulting us, and we had "withdrawn our contingent" from the Rhine, they would have cried, "*Perfide Albion!*" But we should never be allowed to talk like that.

Pupil. Then the French weren't afraid of making the British Press angry?

Teacher. Of course not. A certain section of it—the anti-British Press—treated the French withdrawal from Chanak as a natural answer to Mr. Lloyd George's action.

Pupil. What had he done?

Teacher. He had allowed a semi-official statement on the Turkish peril to be published without consulting the French.

Pupil. Was that a very dreadful thing to do?

Teacher. It was an indiscretion, but quite innocent as compared with the original cause of all the present trouble—I refer to the independent pact which the French made with the Kemalists at Angora. It served, however, as a sufficient justification, in the opinion of our anti-British Press, for any conduct on the part of the French.

Pupil. Do you mean that France can do anything she chooses and still have the support of our Press?

Teacher. Of our anti-British papers. It doesn't seem to matter to them how much she hurts England so long as she humiliates the Prime Minister of England. This constitutes the greatest peril for the Entente, a peril deplored by all honest upholders of a true and not a one-sided understanding. If the French thought that they could always count on the support of the anti-Lloyd-George Press, they might one day go a step too far and do something impossible, and that would be the end of the Entente.

Pupil. Did any of our papers really want us to run away from the Kemalists?

Teacher. It looked like it. Some of them wanted us *at all costs* to go hand-in-hand with our Allies. This meant—if it meant anything logical—that, supposing the French were for allowing the Kemalists, flushed with victory and massacre, to run loose through the territory made neutral by the Allies, sweep across the Straits and set the Balkans ablaze, we were to adopt the same policy.

Pupil. Would that have been a good arrangement?

Teacher. Well, one of the arguments was that, if we stood firm when the Kemalists invaded the neutral zone, we should annoy our Moslem fellow-subjects.

Pupil. Why?

Teacher. Because they call the Sultan of Turkey their Caliph, the Head of their Faith.

Pupil. But Kemal isn't the Sultan, is he?

Teacher. No; he is a rebel against the Sultan.

Pupil. Why should the Moslems be annoyed at our resisting the Sultan's enemy? I don't understand.

Teacher. Nor do I; nor they.

Pupil. Would they have been pleased with us if we had run away from the Kemalists?

Teacher. No; they would have despised us. They would have said that the East had put the fear of Allah into the West.

Pupil. Would that have been better for us?

Teacher. On the contrary, their contempt would be far worse than their annoyance.

Pupil. Have the Kemalists any other friends besides the Moslems and our anti-British Press?

Teacher. Yes; they have the French, who supplied them with munitions. If the Turks had attacked us it would have been with French 75's. And they have the Bolshevists and the Germans.

Pupil. Do they all love one another?

Teacher. Well, it's a very curious combination. The Moslems hate the Bolshevists, and so do the French; and the French aren't really very fond of the Germans. As for our anti-British papers, they have to put up with just any company if it helps them towards the object nearest to their hearts—the downfall of the Coalition and of Mr. Lloyd George in particular.

Pupil. But the anti-Coalition Press isn't all of it anti-British, is it?

Teacher. Oh, no. Here, for example, is a very candid statement by the Near East Correspondent of *The Times*, who cabled during the crisis: "There is little doubt that the Kemalist advance to Erenkeui is the result of the withdrawal of the French and Italian contingents from the neutral zone. The consequence of the failure of our Allies to support us might have been, and may yet be, serious. . . . French and Italian officers have in many cases expressed regret that their Governments did not permit their chiefs to give Sir Charles Harington the same ungrudging support, moral and material, which he gave them when the Greek army threatened Constantinople."

Pupil. What would you have done if you had been in the Prime Minister's place?

Teacher. I hope that I should have recognised that I had made some bad errors of tact and judgment in my time, notably while usurping the functions of the Foreign Office. But I should also have done what he did and taken all necessary precautions in defence of the freedom of the Straits. And so would anybody else who didn't want this same Press howling at him for surrendering the fruits of our sacrifice and dishonouring our dead. For your "Stop-the-War" Press, which seems to advocate Peace-at-any-price, is only anti-British out of spite to Mr. Lloyd George. It was pro-British once, and it would be pro-British again if that did not mean that it would have to stop abusing him.

Fortunately the British public is not such a fool as it looks, and it has long recognised that almost every political argument employed by these papers is vitiated beforehand by their venomous hatred of the Premier.

Pupil. One more question. Do you think the Entente has been saved?

Teacher. Yes, for the time being, thanks to Lord Curzon, whom a certain anti-Government newspaper found unfit to represent us at Washington. Thanks, too, to the candour of Mr. Bonar Law's letter, published at a moment when candour was badly wanted. And I think that, if the same frankness were shown by other responsible statesmen of all parties, then, despite the activities of our anti-British Press, the permanent preservation of the Entente would be assured.

Inner Temple.

THE PACKING-CASE.

Jongasse

"Hullo! what an exciting looking case you've got there."
"Yes; I've——"

"Let me help to unpack it."
"Oh, no; I've——"

"Oh, but I insist."
"Yes; but I've——"

"It's no trouble."
"No, but I've——"

"It's a pleasure."
"Yes, I know; but I've——"

"You've no idea how easy it is."
"Oh, yes, I have. You see, I've——

I've—I've——

I've only just finished packing it up."

VAN TROMP AGAIN.

THEY all do it, of course—dramatists, ex-governors, divines. You see them rushing blindly into the arena of international affairs, and getting heated and angry and covered with dust. But who would have suspected Van Tromp—Van Tromp the bulb-farmer, Van Tromp of the flowers? He seemed to live in another and more delicate world than this—

> "Reserved and austere,
> As if his highest plot
> To plant the bergamot."

Only for bergamot one ought to read "tulip-pot" or "tulippot," as I feel pretty certain Van Tromp would have written it.

I must confess then that it was a sad blow to me when I received from a correspondent a copy of Van Tromp's last *brochure*, a publication which proves only too clearly that he has been bitten, like the rest, with this awful mania for settling the quarrels of the world. His very first sentence is ominous.

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS," he writes (like that) at the beginning of his opening essay. Now this is a beautiful phrase, but it is not English and it is not Dutch. It is American. It threatens the debatable cosmopolitan musings that are to come. Van Tromp may, of course, have relations in New England, where many of the proudest families are of Dutch descent. But, alas! he has little reason to love them just now. "Say it with flowers" must have been written in a vein of the deepest sarcasm, for presently we read—

"Now is the time to order your Hardy Perennials. We have two million clumps for the U.S.A., which are not allowed to be imported there and which we therefore offer direct to the British gardens far beyond cost of cultivation."

This is the bitter thing, the spur that has goaded Van Tromp to his lectures on *Weltpolitik*.

"Dear Sir/Madam," he writes, "about a year ago, when we took the liberty to submit to you our annual bulblist, we wrote: 'What the world now wants is: deeds—words, words have been used already—too many.' Indeed at present there are many millions of earnestly thinking people in Europe still more asking, 'Watchman, what of the night?' and without any doubt every really thinking human being has heartily praised the great British initiative of the Genoa and Hague-assembly of nations, and is watching and praying for happy results."

There's a nasty dig at the anti-Coalitionists for you.

"As to the Dutch bulbgrowers, whether the reply will be, 'the morning comes,' this will again entirely depend on British bulborders. Of Europe, Great Britain is the only country whose money can pay for bulbs. Will YOU kindly do your bit?"

The morning, let me hasten to assure Van Tromp, will come for us all. The "Genoa and Hague-assembly of nations" may be a little out of date, and the Near East crisis may have obscured it, but Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will have seen the sunrise, if not over the Welsh hills, then over the Town Hall at Manchester. Let there be no fear of that.

"To get out of the general muddle," Van Tromp goes on, "be sure every wise statesman is carefully watching the British great financial policy, and its tremendous success, and please do not say flowers are altogether articles of luxury, for what would life be without LOVE, and what would it be without FLOWERS?"

What, indeed. Yet not, mark you, everybody's flowers.

"To make life worth living, prices must go down, and our great success undoubtedly has been caused by our cutting down prices as low as we dare say to remain 'THE ANTI-WASTE CANDIDATE' for your bulborder."

How are YOUR bulborders this morning? It is America, as I say, who has incited Van Tromp to this outburst, with her ban on imported blubs, and it rankles in Van Tromp's bosom, rankles deep. True, every now and then we catch glimpses of the old fanciful enthusiast, as when he says, "Daffodils are so beauteous and so graceful that their golden and silver coloured flowers as they bend before the breeze or stand erect and dazzling in the early spring sun, claim universal admiration."

Or of snowdrops:—

"Plant them . . . in woods, under trees, amongst the grass, in short, everywhere, where they can stop for years. Only plant and tend them ever so little and they come up and flourish and show their bright and cheery faces every new God given spring for many years.

Packets of 10,000 1,000
150/- 18/-"

Poetry is still in his blood:—

"Is it not delightful when in February the first crocuses appear, ringing in the ever welcome spring. . . . Customers who did never purchase one of these ideal collections we respectfully invite to make a trial now."

If winter comes——

Nor has domestic tenderness and the desire to communicate it deserted him, for under a rather faded photograph we read:—

"This is Paul Van Tromp junior, introduced on the hands of his mother. When being photographed *really standing on mother's hand* he preferred to keep his right hand free to protect himself from falling (look how he sticks to his trousers) instead of showing YOU his bouquet of Darwin Tulips."

But the canker remains, eating always at the heart of the bulb.

"Have not wie to be grateful in these economical bad times if we succeed to keep things going, viz., make a living, pay our men out of our beautiful profession?"

It is all America's fault. They have prohibited peonies, they have proscribed dwarf roses, they have turned back the Glory of Leiden, immense trumpet and perianth, deep yellow, most beautiful, and the Incomparable Pallidus, double yellow (butter and eggs).

But the morning will come.

The Man. "REALLY I'M SURPRISED AT YOUR OPENING ANOTHER ACCOUNT WHEN WE'RE HAVING SO MUCH TROUBLE TO PAY THE OLD ONES."

The Woman. "SO THAT'S ALL THE THANKS I GET FOR FINDING YOU NEW CREDITORS."

Chatty Individual (to stranger, who has been seen off by a friend). "EXCUSE ME, BUT I NOTICED YOU WENT LIKE THIS WHEN YOU WERE TALKING TO YOUR FRIEND. I'M A FISHERMAN TOO."

Stranger. "NEVER FISHED IN MY LIFE, SIR. THAT WAS A SHORT PUTT."

I am the happy possessor of a garden about six feet square, and I shall attend to my bulborder to-morrow. What really encourages me is Van Tromp's thoughtful note at the end:—

"Money back in full if your neighbour has bigger bulbs than those offered in this collection. They are MONSTROUS big bulbs, the pick out of millions."

We never get an offer like that from our politicians. EVOE.

The Rescuer.

"Nurse, exp., disengaged, can take baby from the finishing machinery."
Manchester Paper.

"A hedgehog crossing Fortune Green Road, N.W., near the Hampstead Cemetery, was run over by an omnibus and killed."—*Daily Paper.*

That 'll learn it to be a road-hog.

"The memorial window, which is emblematic of the conquest of Might against Right, was designed and constructed by Mr. ——, Edinburgh."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Trust Glasgow for a dig at Auld Reekie.

"Kit Marlowe's terrible tragedy, 'The Jew of Malta,' with its cruel character Barabbas, from whom Bakespeare borrowed much material for Shylock."—*Sunday Paper.*

The inevitable result of the BACON-SHAKSPEARE controversy.

THE UNDISHEARTENED DRYAD.

THE team came down the middle ride,
The yellow, mellow middle ride;
The horses hauled with lurch and slide
A new-felled forest oak;
And play-time, May-time West winds grew
From out the mild October blue,
And red leaves ran and gold leaves flew
Like little forest folk.

And then, where once the tree had stood,
In splendid, ended state had stood,
Pale as a lily in the wood
I saw a dryad fair,
So slight and white and derelict;
A wood-mouse round her slim feet flicked;
But swift an acorn up she picked
And melted into air.

"The pretty pagan thing!" cried I,
"The magic *tragic* thing!" cried I,
"By all I've read she ought to die,
Her guardian giant gone;
They've dashed her, crashed her home to ground,
But she, the darling, looks around
And, all among the wreck, she's found
Fresh hope to carry on.

"And thus," said I to me, "I 'll do,
'Gainst gods and odds and all I 'll do,
When next my castles tumble too
In fragments on the floor—
The ruin view with equal mind,
If not content at least resigned,
And haply mid the *débris* find
The germ of one dream more."

And to the captious who conceive,
To flouters, doubters who conceive
A bard subsists on make-believe
And dryads never were—
A golden, olden Autumn wood,
For one who walks it as he should,
Shows many a shy unlikelihood,
Holds many a ferly fair.

After the Scouts' Rally.

Genial old gentleman. And did the PRINCE speak to you?

Infinitesimal Cub. Not in person; in bulk.

"ENGLISH.—Would qualified person care to assist young woman of imperfect education, mainly punctuation and mechanics verse construction, will begin elementary English if needful, Tuesday or Thursday afternoons."
Overseas Advertisement.

She may like to know that punctuation and verse construction are not needed for modern poetry.

Helpful old gentleman (to mother who is having trouble with refractory twins). "DON'T YOU THINK ONE OF 'EM MIGHT GO ON THE RACK?"

GLESCA FITBA'.

[Based on an advertisement eight inches long inserted by the Police in the Glasgow Press prior to a Glasgow Cup Tie (Rangers *v.* Clyde), giving "Directions for the preservation of order at the above Assemblage," including instructions about the routes to be followed by rival Brake Clubs, and a warning as to the carrying of "Flags, Banners, Rattles, Whistles or other noisy instruments."]

Peter, his head heavily bandaged and his left arm in a sling, limped in and called on the barman for "some o' the stuff thae Yankees wid gie their Statue o' Liberty for."

"Jings!" cried McNidder, "whaur hae ye been, Peter? Ah thought a man o' your age wid ken enough tae gang straight hame efter payin' aff frae a seeven-months' voyage."

"Ah dae, an' Ah did," Peter replied solemnly. "This is no' the result o' a nicht wi' auld King Alcohol. Hae ye ever been tae a league fitba' match, McNidder?"

McNidder opened his eyes very wide.

"Ay, ye may weel stare. Spendin' yer spare time, as ye dae, sailin' model yachts, ye hae nae idea o' whit goes on at a first league match.

"If ever ye tak' yer mind aff the trum o' yer wee boat's sails on a Setturday efternoon an' gie a thought tae a nobler pastime like fitba', ye probably imagine there's naething in it but twa elevens on the field an' a few thoosan' spectators watchin' them play, an' applaudin' whiles when yin o' the teams scores a goal? Ye're mebbe saft enough tae think a man can come hame frae his work, wash his face, change his claes an' simply set oot for the match?

"Ye'd be wrang, McNidder. Ah thought the same masel' wance, but it's no' so easy as a' that. Efter ye've got on yer guid claes ye fill hauf o' yer pockets wi' big stanes, and the rest wi' bottled beer. (The stanes keep ye in ammunition until ye hae emptied the bottles.) Then ye get oot yer rickety—a rattle, ye ken, yin o' thae things that mak' a terrible row when ye whirl them roon'—an' try it tae see its lungs are a' richt, so tae speak. Finally ye get yer wee flag oot the umbrella staun', an' ye're equipped for the match."

"Whit's the wee flag for?"

"It's yer club colours, an affshoot o' the school tie; an' the stick comes in handy, forbye; a' members o' a brake-club cairry them. Of course ye hae tae be a member o' a brake-club or ye're nae lover o' sport. When ye're a' ready ye jine the brake at the prearranged rongdevoo an' awa' ye go.

"In the early days, afore the thing wis reduced tae a fine art, the brakes made their way tae the fitba' ground by ony route they liked, wi' the result that the sportsmen dissipated their energies afore they got there, fechtin' runnin' duels wi' rival brake-clubs while the harmless citizens took refuge in shop-doors an' behin' lamp-posts an' pillar-boxes, tae escape the flyin' missiles.

"The polis hae things properly organised noo. Wan route is laid doon for wan club's supporters, an' anither for the ither club's. In this way the public are oot o' danger provided they hae the sense to use a third route; an' besides that the brake-clubs arrive at the ground wi' practically a' their ammunition an' their fechtin' qualities unimpaired.

"Ah forget the name o' the lad that said, 'Ma country richt or wrang,' but that's the way it is wi' thae brake-club fitba' enthusiasts, only their club's never wrang. They don't care which team wins as lang as it's their team. They ken whit a sportin' instinct is. Let the players get on wi' the game, they say,

an' we 'll bash up the ither club's supporters, if we 've got tae kill hauf the ither spectators first. An' Ah 'll say this for them, they cairry oot their part o' the programme.

"Ah hear tell the polis are gaun a step further, an' are stoppin' them takin' flags an' ricketies intae the ground. If they dae, it 'll save some o' the fitba' clubs a wheen o' money. Ah believe they were contemplatin' getting captive balloons for the supporters that wanted to see the game withoot riskin' their lives."

"Losh, Ah 'd no idea it wis as bad as that!"

"It 's worse than that," said Peter. "Hauf o' the brake-club members don't ken wha's won till they read the sportin' editions at nicht, and the ither hauf get the result in the hospital or frae a friendly bobby in the polis-station."

Just then the carpenter of Peter's ship came in.

"Hullo!" he greeted Peter; "they 've let ye oot o' dry dock, hae they?" Turning to McNidder he added, "Man, Ah never thought Ah 'd see Peter alive again when that sea washed him aff the poop on tae the efter well-deck."

"Ye 're an awfu' liar, Peter," said McNidder reproachfully.

"Naething o' the kind. Ah never said Ah wis at a fitba' match. Ah wis only tellin' ye whit they 're like in Glesca."

OUR HIDDEN RULER.

(*With apologies to numerous vivacious journals.*)

WHO is Cham Bagh, O.B.E., the sinister figure who dominates our political and commercial life?

This enigmatical Tibetan, with his palaces at Versailles, Capri and Southend, is the autocrat who rules us by means of his portentous wealth.

At his word Lord LEVERHULME raises the price of soap; a nod from him and the heart of the housewife is saddened or gladdened—more frequently the former—by dearer or cheaper margarine. It is rumoured that he is chief shareholder in the South-Eastern Railway; chief proprietor of "The Ritz" and "The West Central Temperance Hotel." Report states that he has enormous interests in BARKERS, the City Temple, the A.B.C. shops and the South Metropolitan Gas Company.

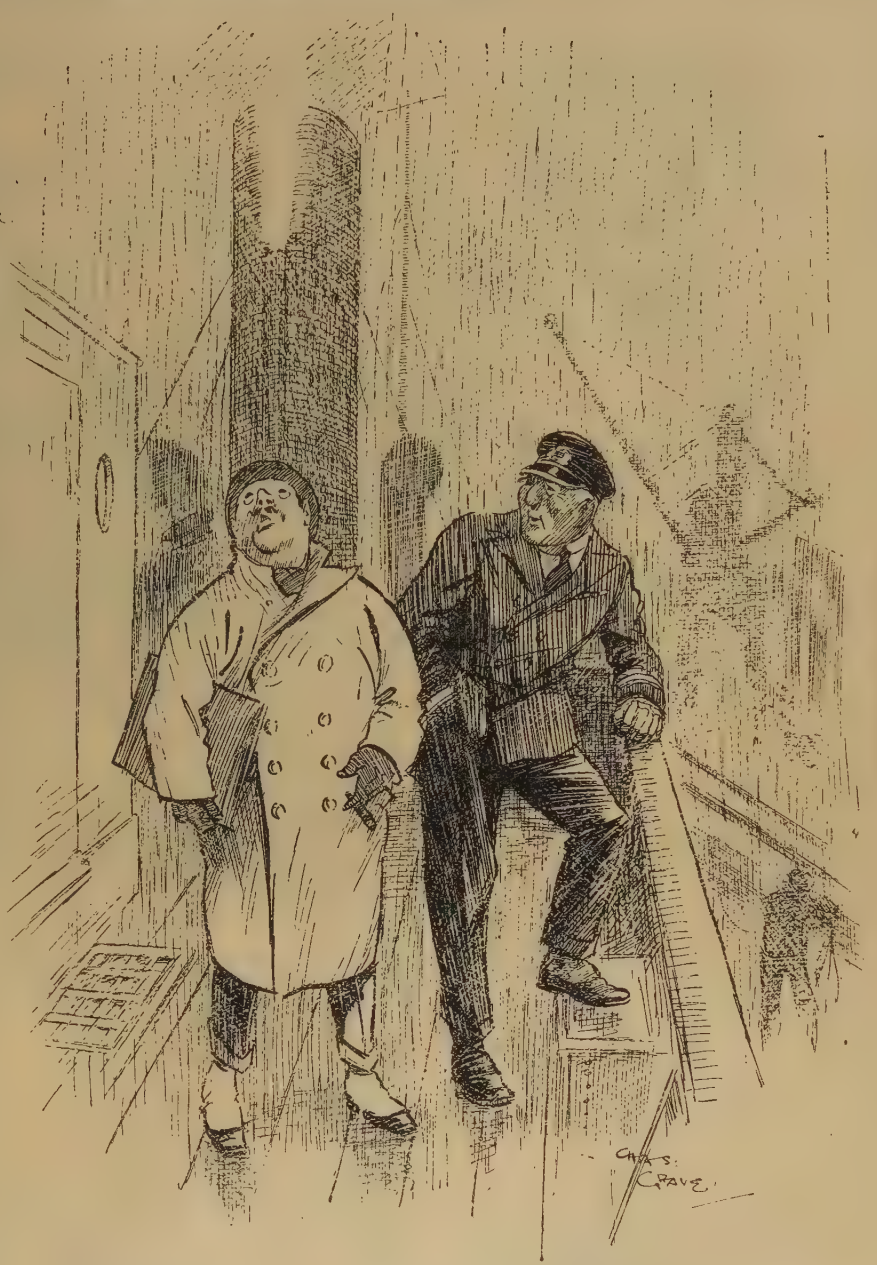
The great financier is simple and direct in business. When a partner in a deal asks what share of the profits he expects, "All," replies Cham Bagh quietly, and the matter is ended.

Equally simple are his methods of dealing with our politicians. As a reward for his war services (out of which he is supposed to have made some hundred millions), he demanded to be made an O.B.E. The PREMIER demurred, stating that this honour was only given to British subjects of lofty character who had made great sacrifices for their country. Calmly Cham Bagh produced a cheque for a million made payable to the Chief Coalition Whip, and said with a pronounced Tibetan accent, "Am I this to rip up?" The cheque remained intact.

In his palace at Capri it is the pleasure of this capricious potentate to lie in a bath of solid gold, with a plug made from a single opal, reading *The Continental Daily Mail*, which is brought him by special aeroplane, and drinking unwatered beer of pre-war maltage.

His exceptional wealth enables him to sport with Chancellors of the Exchequer. If he pays his income-tax in time there is a surplus; if he chooses to be late there is a deficit. Hence the absolute sway he wields over British finance.

And it was at the bidding of this financial octopus that we were on the verge of risking the lives of millions, and raising the income-tax to 22*s.* 6*d.* in the pound.



Fussy Agent (*anxious for the ship to sail to time in spite of fog*). "YOU OUGHT TO BE GETTING AWAY NOW, CAPTAIN. IT 'S MUCH CLEARER OVERHEAD."

Skipper. "AY, MEBBE; BUT I 'M NOT GOING THAT WAY—NOT YET."

Small Girl (to mother overhauling furs in view of winter). "MOTHER, WHAT DID MOTHS EAT BEFORE ADAM AND EVE WORE CLOTHES?"

THE CITY OF DREAMS.

I HAVE just bought the White City. I don't know why, except that I have always wanted a city and the White City seemed a nice one to have. I would not have offered anything for Moscow or Constantinople, even if the man had come round to the side-door. But I like the White City; for one thing it is almost the only city that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE hasn't got the freedom of. He will never have it now.

I read the advertisement in one of the evening papers: it said that the White City was to be sold by auction or private treaty. I determined to get it by a private treaty—like the French. I was only just in time, for I found that Mr. GARVIN was trying to secure it for the new offices of *The Observer*, and Lord COWDRAY wanted it as well—I believe for a fallow-deer farm.

You young people can hardly throw your memories back to the great time when the White City was in the hey-day of its bloom. Cynics used to call it The City of Dreadful White, and still funnier people used to say, "Let's go and paint the White City red." Ah, there were gay dogs in those days. The name of IMRÉ KIRALFY was a household word in London then. I often wondered what had happened to the White City. Crumpled into dust, I imagined.

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," I used to murmur to myself in the Tube, or—

"They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where IMRÉ gloried and drank deep."

I often murmur to myself like that in the Tube. It is all right between the stations. It is only when the train stops that people look at you and tap their heads. Do you know how many stations we used to be able to alight at for the White City? Five. I have alit at every one, like a butterfly on a flower.

And now I have bought the thing. I have become the sole owner of the Court of Honour, the Glacier Glide, the Congress Hall, the Spiral Chute, the Palace of Music, the Flip Flap, the Court of Arts, the Wiggle-Woggle, the Crystal Cascade, and the Roly Poly Rides. Ah, those Roly Poly Rides! It is for memory's sake as much as for anything that I have bought the White City—that and loot.

For the White City is full of the most gorgeous Oriental and Parisian robes and jewels and sweets and cigars and wine. What a city to loot, as BLÜCHER said of London, or was it the Allies at Pekin? I cannot remember now.

But what I do remember is that there was always one thing wrong about the White City. It was too crowded, too dusty, and too hot. It was difficult, very difficult, to get food. I remember how I went there once with a very great friend. We sat for an hour in the restaurant, and wine came but nothing to eat with it. When the soup arrived I had become angry, and in talking to the waiter I began to gesticulate. I knocked a half-empty bottle of sparkling Moselle on to the floor. Everybody laughed, and we were covered with blushes. All was over between us from that hour on. I have forgotten whom she married. One of the station-masters on the Mountain Railway, I believe.

All this will be changed now. You may have noticed, if you have seen the advertisement, that

THE RAILWAYS ALONE CAN CARRY TO THE SITE 70,000 PASSENGERS PER HOUR.

That was just what they used to do. That was just the trouble. There was no rest about the White City, no peace. There used to be a queue for every gondola, and ribald laughter profaned the solemnity of the Glacier Glide.

Under my management all the entrances to the White City will be closed. The thing is mine, and I don't want the

CLEARING THE GROUND.

The Prime Minister. "THIS IS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL INTENSIVE CHALLENGING. WELL, WELL! 'GATHER YE GAUNTLETS WHILE YE MAY!'"

First Lady. "If I've said anythink to 'urt you, Mrs. Binks, I'm very sorry."
Mrs. Binks (magnanimously). "No apologies needed, Mrs. Jinks."
Mrs. Jinks (anxious to complete the good work). "And none intended, Mrs. Binks."

public trespassing there. All the morning I shall sit in the Court of Honour dressed in jewels and robes, or pace up and down the avenues of stately trees which intersect the whole estate.

And in the afternoon I shall travel—unattended—on the Flip Flap the Wiggle-Woggle and the Roly Poly Ride.

And in the evening I shall dine in the Palatial Restaurant alone.

I shall meditate on Edwardian days, as Swinburne so beautifully puts it—

"Things past over that were."

When I am tired of the thing I shall cede it to the Angora Government.

Commercial Candour.

"An entirely new method of Permanent Waving has been discovered which disposes of the argument that Permanent Waving spoils the hair. In fact by the new method it is impossible to distinguish that it *has* been Permanently Waved."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"Beckett cannot be called an intelligent fighter. . . . His guard is often very lax, inviting disaster from a seedy boxer with a good punch."—*Evening Paper.*

Moran, it seems, was not quite seedy enough.

THE FACIAL ACROBAT OF FICTION.

As an earnest student of current romance, I find myself continually invited to contemplate what appears (to me) a very remarkable feat. I wonder if Mr. Punch can throw any light on the subject. In a word, as our friend Mr. Eden Phillpotts would say, I refer to this marvellous raising of the single eye-brow.

Now, like many others, I have always believed myself possessed of an elusive charm which has hitherto compensated me largely for lacking mere regularity of line and perfection of colouring. For this reason the problem of the lifted eyebrow has a very special interest to me. It is one of *the* feats of expression, and so should be included, I feel, in my repertoire.

That it is a very simple accomplishment seems apparent, for quite half of the male characters in modern novels possess this power. Moreover, it is perfectly evident that the act is not regarded as anything out of the ordinary, for it crops up without the slightest comment on the author's part. Thus:—

"You here again?" protested Lady Ermyntrude.

Sir Jasper *lifted an eyebrow* (the italics are mine).

"Why not?" he returned negligently.

You see? The feat is never alluded to as anything noticeable or remarkable, as would be the case, say, if Sir Jasper were to work his scalp a few times or wag his villainous ears.

Speaking candidly, Mr. Punch, I am growing jealous of Sir Jasper and his crowd, for I realise their prowess is beyond me.

Practise as I may before my mirror, I still find that however much I contort my features the fact remains that, if my left eyebrow goes up the right one goes with it, and nothing on earth will keep it down.

How *is* it done? I ask.

Does Sir Jasper lift one eyebrow with his finger and thumb, while keeping the other down with his other hand?

I should be extremely obliged if any of Mr. Punch's readers could instruct me on the correct method of performing this singular feat.

IMPROVING ONE'S VOCABULARY.

Do you know what an Abecedarian means? Or what an Averruncator is? Or an About-sledge? Or Alsike? Or Azoic?

Perhaps you do. There are some people who know everything. Very tiresome they are, too, when one is uttering purely rhetorical questions such as the above.

When I ask you, for instance, what Abecedarian is, I do not expect a reply. I intend to give the reply myself. To tell the truth it was only yesterday that I learnt the meaning of Abecedarian. It appears that Abecedarian is both an adjective and a noun. As an adjective it applies to the 119th Psalm. This I will confess I found mildly curious; but I am not a professional theologian and it was as a noun that Abecedarian appealed to me. For it at once inspired in my mind the magnificent project which I shall now proceed to expound.

I was searching in my dictionary for *aard-vark*, which I had run across in a dissertation on South Africa and which I discovered to be a breed of ground-hog described as "a quadruped between armadilloes and ant-eaters." (I had thought *aard-vark* was a Boer expletive indicating distaste for toil. You see? Instead of which it turns out to be something between armadilloes and ant-eaters; as though armadilloes and ant-eaters weren't preposterous enough by themselves, and one could imagine a creature blending the nightmare buffoonery of both.)

To resume.

I was looking diligently on the wrong page for *aard-vark* and never dreaming either of ant-eaters or armadilloes, when my eye lighted on the noble noun, *Abecedarian*. And what do you think an Abecedarian is? Some adherent of a strange sect living on nuts in the desert (if nuts grow in the desert)? Nothing of the sort. You yourself have been—if you are capable of perusing these lines—an Abecedarian. I have been one. The nearest Council school is vocal with them long before you and I are up in the morning (at least long before I am). Indeed the pessimist might declare that almost all the members of the community who retain any trace of innocence are at this moment Abecedarians.

An Abecedarian, explains my dictionary, is "a pupil learning the alphabet." And it adds, within brackets, "common in U.S.A."

I suppose it means that the word, rather than the pupil, is common in U.S.A.; and we are to picture the proud American poppa mentioning casually, "My family consists of one Abecedarian and an infant still at the pre-Abecedarian stage." Or, in anecdotal vein, "When I was over in London, Eng., I met the cutest lil' girl in an Abecedarian teashop——"

What vistas these wonderful words open up to the author who has tamely jogged along so far on an ordinary outfit of English! I reflected, as I gloated over *Abecedarian*, that the chief improvement which my own work needs is a little bracing of this kind from the dictionary. Here have I been writing stories for years and years and never once used *Abecedarian*. Sheer ignorance! If I had only known of the existence of *Abecedarian* I should have dragged it in again and again. "The golden-haired Abecedarian." "Come and sit on my knee, fairy Abecedarian!"

And conceive the pathos of an Abecedarian's death-bed!

After all, I said to myself, most of the great authors have got their effects by the use of words a shade different from those of the common man. KIPLING, CONRAD, MEREDITH, LE QUEUX, the composer of Cork Lino advertisements—these *littérateurs* know the virtue of the *mot juste*. Here have I been pegging away with words like "the" and "and"—well, anyhow, nouns like "child" eked out by "learning his A, B, C," when I might have said "Abecedarian." Dash it, I said to myself, I will dredge through this darned dictionary and disinter some words to knock spots off DELL and HUTCHINSON. And I sat down and opened the dictionary at page 1.

Almost immediately I came on a word which DELL ought to use if she hasn't done so already—*accipitral*.

That is what her heroes are.

Accipitral means hawklike.

"With an accipitral glance he seized his about-sledge and flung himself on the aye-aye."

Exciting, eh? I should just think so. An *about-sledge* is "the largest hammer used by smiths," and an *aye-aye* is "a squirrel-like animal in Madagascar." (What, by the way, if an aye-aye swam across to South Africa and collided with an aard-vark?)

* * * * *

I may as well admit that I haven't reached the end of the dictionary yet.

Perhaps I have bought too good a dictionary. The letter A has sufficed for me up to the present, and even the letter A ought to uncramp my style considerably. I see myself launching my next fictional masterpiece in this fashion:—

"It was with something akin to ataraxy that our heroine, æstivating amongst the alsike, observed that her apolaustic hero had come back from abroad aristate."

Could HENRY JAMES beat it?

I need not remind you (this is a mere polite phrase on my part) that *ataraxy* means stoical indifference; to *æstivate* is to do in summer what hibernating is in winter—that is, pass the time in a state of torpor; *alsike* is a kind of clover; *apolaustic* is self-indulgent; and *aristate*—can you guess *aristate*?

It is an adjective which should be familiar to every well-informed player of the game of Beaver.

Aristate means *bearded*.

I grant that it seems to apply to barley and suchlike vegetables, which neither can shave nor wish to. But if it means bearded (which the dictionary swears it does) why shouldn't one speak of—to take a case—the aristate G.B.S.?

Indeed *aristate* illustrates admirably what I mean by the possibilities of en-

"THE HIGHER THE FEWER."

Postman (MR. KELLAWAY) *to Railway Porter* (SIR F. BANBURY, *Chairman of G.N.R.*). "NOTHING DOING? NO, AND THERE WON'T BE UNTIL YOU LOWER YOUR PRICES, SAME AS WE DID."

Vicar. "And what do you intend calling the little fellow?"

Wife of Profiteer. "Well, you see, my 'usban' an' me 'ave been thinkin' it over; an' seein' as 'ow last year—the seventh year since the War started, an' the time things began to look up a bit for us—we called that one 'Septimus,' we think this one's name should be 'Octopus.'"

riching one's vocabulary by the employment of the more piquantly unintelligible terms of speech. I have a spinster aunt, for example, whom often, when I am trying to entertain her by a few gentle jests, I observe to be *acescent*. Isn't that picturesque?

"Listening to her nephew's ill-timed facetiæ, Aunt Agatha was visibly acescent."

Acescent means "turning sour."

It is a familiar condition of the *acetous*.

Acetous means "having the qualities of vinegar."

To think that I never knew that before, when every novel I ever wrote contains at least one acetous character!

Again:—

"My aunt's gardener has an averruncator with which, owing to his amblyopia, he cut the top off the anemometer."

Or:—

"When I call on my aunt in the strawberry season I soon retire if she is inhospitably acarpous."

(The Dictionary:—"*Averruncator*, an instrument for lopping branches off tall trees: *amblyopia*, impaired vision: *anemometer*, machine for measuring force of wind: *acarpous*, not producing fruit.)

As soon as I struggle through the letter B, if I ever do, I shall feel competent to write a romance composed largely of words that I never knew before. It will have an accipitral hero of the approved lending-library brand, and no doubt by the same token an anserine young woman to admire him. (*Anserine:* "of the nature of a goose, silly.") She will be azoic. (*Azoic:* "having no trace of life.") And the whole narrative will be an amphigory. ("*Amphigory:* "a nonsensical composition.") So its success will be assured and I shall be called, by autonomasia (*autonomasia:* "substitution of epithet for proper name, *e.g.* The Iron Duke"), a Best Seller.

"Ladd Wanted daily, to supervise maids."
Provincial Paper.

He will probably need that extra "d."

"The Medea was given but the third prize at the Olympiad."—*Daily Paper.*

Perhaps Euripides would have had more luck at the Greek Kalends.

"Defendant was described as a labourer, but it was stated in evidence that he had spent the greater part of his life in prison."
Daily Paper.

A hard labourer, in fact.

Box and Cox.

Consecutive announcements from the tape one morning last week:—

"11.13.—M. Venizelos has returned to London from Paris and is staying at the Ritz Hotel."

"11.14.—The Aga Khan left the Ritz Hotel this morning for Newmarket."

"Housemaid, fully experienced, age 35 to 35; family consists of one elderly gentleman."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Very precise in his tastes, we gather.

Mr. Asquith on the League of Nations:—

"I saw it was described only this week, by one of the few organs that still render loyal support to its party, as a wheezing harmonium."
Provincial Paper.

Probably only professional jealousy on the part of the organ in question.

"The heavy door of the main suite on Deck B was broken down by the water, and a small Niagara struck the occupants, Mr. ——, the Oklahoma oil millionaire, his wife, and daughter. Mr. —— was stunned, but soon recovered. There was consternation in the steerage."—*Daily Paper.*

We cannot but regard such a display of class-consciousness in a moment of stress as an unhappy sign of the times.

MEDICINAL MINSTRELSY.

(*By a Student of Musical Pathology.*)

Many politicians, publicists and pundits have exercised their wits over the problem How to De-rubricate Russia. Most have retired baffled from the task, and now the true solution is offered freely and frankly by a representative organ of the existing Soviet *régime*, the *Izvestia* of Moscow. *The Times* in its issue of October 10th publishes a translation of what is perhaps the most remarkable example of destructive auto-psycho-analysis that has appeared in our times. Yet while owning what it impressively calls the "garvity" (which we take to be a convenient abbreviation of "Garvinity") of the recent crisis it adds not a word of comment.

Personally, while admiring this superb reticence, I have no intention of emulating it. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, and here comment is not only needful but indispensable to the salvation of the world. For, by the express and explicit acknowledgment of the Soviet journal, Bolshevism, like Achilles, has a vulnerable spot, and the shaft of Paris is to be found in the seductions of bourgeois music. The antidote can only be applied in infinitesimal quantities, for the *Izvestia* owns that there is practically no proletarian music, while the proletarians are unhappily susceptible to the corrupting and enervating influence of music which is non-proletarian in character. With hardly an exception the Great Masters were reactionary and counter-revolutionary. Haydn was feudalistic—was he not the paid henchman of the princely house of Esterhazy? Glinka, the father of Russian opera, glorified Tsarism; Chopin was animated by an exotic and aristocratic bias; Schubert and Schumann were not much better; Wagner, in spite of his early and brief excursion into Republicanism in 1840, was "retrograde"; Tschaikovsky was ultra-pathetic, and pathos is a solvent of proletarian aggressiveness; the importance of Rachmaninoff, like that of Mendelssohn, cannot be denied, but their influence is corrupting. And so the article goes on to the tremendous conclusion that, if a company of Red troops were to be dosed daily for a month with this enervating fare, it would lose all its fighting spirit.

The moral of these observations, though it seems to have escaped *The Times*, will leap to the mind of the judicious reader. For they prove that the middle-class bourgeois element, the backbone of every country, has ready to hand a weapon capable of inflicting a *coup de grâce* on the disintegrators of the social fabric. There is no need for them to band themselves into a military organization, like the *Fascisti* of Italy. They hold the field musically. *They have got the tunes.* All that is needed is to "broadcast" them wholesale throughout the length and breadth of Russia—to bombard the Bolsh with bourgeois bombinations, until by the constant impact of genial, sentimental and pathetic strains, savagery is sterilized, Leninism eliminated and Russia finally de-rubricated.

I feel convinced that if Trotsky were to hear *The Lost Chord* thrice daily for only a week he would turn into a veritable humanised super-dove, and that a similar course of Barnby's Victorian part-song, "Sweet and Low," would eradicate every trace of Bolshevist botulism from the veins of the most pugnacious proletarian.

The site for the Bourgeois Broadcasting Station is obvious—it is the now vacant White City; and this article may fitly be concluded with a specimen programme of the music indicated by the exigencies of the situation:—

Wedding March	*Mendelssohn.*
Last movement of the "Pathetic" Symphony.	*Tschaikovsky.*
"Emperor" Concerto . . .	*Beethoven.*
Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*	*Mascagni.*
Overture. "La Vie pour le Tsar"	*Glinka.*
Kaisermarsch	*Wagner.*

THE PEARL AND THE PORTENT.

Great interest has been taken in the Central News announcement of the pearl that was found in an oyster opened for a private luncheon party at the National Liberal Club. Professional exponents of the political situation are certain that the discovery must mean something, but just exactly what the portent does convey is still under discussion. It is generally agreed that much depends on the political complexion of the particular luncheon party at which the pearl was discovered. If the host and his guests belonged to the Wee Free wing of the establishment the incident might be regarded as a striking omen in favour of the Garvin-Rothermere discovery that the Premier (not to mention the country) would be all the better if he could be persuaded to take a good long rest. Enthusiastic supporters of this programme are already suggesting that the jewel, suitably mounted in a monogram of the letters "L.G.M.G.," should be presented with as little delay as possible to the successor whom they have in mind. The pearl, it is pointed out, is the emblem of patient and retiring merit; the obvious moral is that when the electoral oyster is opened the period of waiting will be over and the Pearl of Paisley will be seen and appreciated by all.

On the other hand, if the lunchers were convinced Georgians, an entirely different reading of the omen must be sought. In this case we are reminded that pearls and Parliaments have certain points in common; they both begin with a "p" and they both can be dissolved. The moral ingeniously extracted from this is that it would pay Mr. Lloyd George to emulate the famous gesture of Cleopatra and, dissolving Parliament in the strong wine of his rhetoric, present with confidence the reinforced vintage to the parched lips of the multitude.

It is sad to have to record that even within the tessellated and magnificent portals of the Club itself there have been found those who have treated the whole episode with ill-considered levity. One of these, having been brutal enough to suggest that the Whitehall Place premises should henceforth be known as "The Pearlieus," was executed in the smoke-room last Thursday evening.

As we go to press we hear that the incident has had important consequences far beyond political circles. The night clubs are up in arms about it, and we understand that Queero's and the Consulate have prepared a strong protest, pointing out that, if pearls have to be found in any of the Clubs, they should not be cast before politicians, but distributed about the *hors d'œuvres* of those whose manner of life implies that they would be able to appreciate them. Thus, they contend, they would better serve the true interests of a Brighter London.

SEMPER IDEM.

The world reveals in every way
A blend of good and ill;
The weather may be rough to-day,
To-morrow calm and still;
To fancied fact and truth we cling,
But nothing lasts us long,
Except this sure and certain thing:
Lloyd George is always wrong.

He acts—at once his critics show
That action then was bad;
He stays his hand—they clamour, "So,
The man's asleep—or mad;"
In compromise he seeks the light—
"A trickster!" yells the throng;
For they, you see, are always right,
Lloyd George is always wrong.

End of an article headed "Rural Rambles":—

"I must leave you there, for the train is bearing me at the rate of 50 to 60 miles a minute, far down to the south-east of England. This 'incident' may form the article of next week."—*Midland Paper.*

We are looking forward to the article. We shall love to read of the dear old S.E.R. exceeding the speed limit.

Sportsman (after missing stag). "What do you think's to blame for that, Duncan?"
Stalker. "Weel, it's no my blame, for I brought ye wi'in fifty yards o' the beast. The stag 's no to blame, for he stood broadside on to ye. An' the rifle's a good yin. So I'll just leave it to yersel."

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

III.—The Rudiments.

Who first gripped a horn for pick,
A shoulder-blade for hoe?
Who first cleared the tangle
A million years ago?
Who first pitted prudence
Against the instant greed?
Who first tilled the clearing?
Who first sowed the seed?

Who first notched the frowning cliff
Or bridged the torrent's flow,
Or bavin-spanned the quaking swamp
A million years ago?
Who first schemed a shelter
For infant of his breed?
Who first conjured fire from flint
Or music from a reed?

Who first won surrender
Of nimble hoof and toe,
Of bridled fang and sheathéd claw
A million years ago?
Who first coaxed to harness
The auroch s stubborn frame?
Who first shepherded a flock
Or called a dog by name?

Who first charmed a cake from wheat,
A sweetmeat from the sloe,
A cordial from the berried vine
A million years ago?
Who first rid him of the chaff
And husbanded the grain?
Who first wheeled and axled
The rollers of the wain?

IN 1952.

[Written some months ago when there seemed to be a prospect of summer, and rashly based on a statement in the Press (not since verified by the facts) that the diversion of the Gulf Stream by the Florida Keys Railway was making the British Isles tropical.]

The stranger, who had been absent from London for a generation, strolled wearily through the unfamiliar streets. Brilliant parrots chatted in the palm-trees on the Embankment. Solemn storks stood on their nests on the roof of the County Council Hall. He paused to look at the newspaper bills at a kiosque. *The Times* shouted at him, "Government Must Remove Embargo on Sahara Camels;" *The Daily Express* shrieked, "The only Paper Giving Chilblain Insurance;" *The Daily Herald* warned him, "The Ice Trust is Robbing You;" and *The Westminster Gazette*, ever sanguine, announced, "Enthusiastic Liberal Federation Meetings: Downfall of Coalition Imminent." He turned to the river and found it mottled with coloured letters flashed from a submarine below—"*Daily Mail:* Largest Sale." He turned towards the Strand and *The Evening News* wireless screamed in his ears that their new serial would start on the morrow, and nearly drove him to madness by giving him a synopsis of the first chapter.

Women tripped along the pavement so airily clad that the venerable stranger averted his eyes in horror. "Is nothing as it was?" he exclaimed. "Can I bear this London in which the women go about so shamelessly? Why cannot they dress soberly and decently, as they did in the dear old Early-Georgian days of 1922?"

The City sank into the great hush of of its afternoon siesta, and the stranger went along the quiet streets looking for some relic of the London he had loved. At last he paused outside an eating-house and gave a cry of joy as he read the bill-of-fare:—

Hot Roast Pork and Apple-Sauce.
Fried Steak and Onions.
Sultana Dumpling.
Currant Roll.

"I ought to have known it," he cried. "No climate could make any difference to the British Restaurant."

AT THE PLAY.

"The Last Waltz" (Gaiety).

The Gaiety will have to think of a new name for itself if it is to become the home of sentimental light opera. There was, it is true, one bright brief moment—as late as the opening of the final Act—when I half suspected a humorous design, a faint gleam of the "sacred lamp" of old Gaiety days. Have I, I asked myself, been stupidly thinking that these banalities were meant to be taken seriously when all the time they were intended to be a burlesque of the obvious? A passing spasm of doubt and the answer came ringing clear in the negative.

The theme of the play was the dear old topic of an English prisoner in Ruritania; but with a difference, for the country in this case was called Vandalia. Also there were other variations. Thus, the lady was not royal, but only a countess; and she would have been sacrificed in wedlock by a designing mother to a preposterous old General if the prisoner had not intervened. I very much liked the good nature of this veteran soldier, who had clearly passed his combatant period, and took his displacement as the most natural thing in the world; just as they always do in the finale of a pantomime, when the author is too rushed to be able to work out the probable attitude of a discarded bridegroom.

The lyrics were made by Mr. Reginald Arkell, and I gathered that the atmosphere of sentiment did not suit his gift for light verse, which seemed a little cramped. Here and there I caught a line or two, such as—

"Empires have their little day,"

or (sung with apparently serious intent)—

"A soldier takes his chances;
His duty pays him best."

Recognising the need of a rather higher note of distinction, he had borrowed freely from the late W. E. Henley's quatrain—

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

You must try to imagine how such words, drawn by long agony from those brave tortured lips, would sound when sung over liqueurs in the mess-room of a musical-comedy regiment. I can only suppose that Mr. Arkell trusted his audience never to have heard of Henley.

Miss José Collins sang well. There was a nice song that she sang very well. It was about a mirror, and she sang it in conjunction with a military lover, neither of them being supposed to be aware of the proximity of the other. The humour of the situation was undesigned, but none the less welcome.

For there was little enough mirth in the play. Mr. Billy Leonard's part as the professed buffoon of the piece was curiously unfunny. He may correct this in time, out of his own head, but meanwhile his passages with the three unmarried sisters of the heroine are pretty thin stuff. It remained for the fourth and youngest, the precociously innocent *Babuschka* (played very brightly by Miss Vesta Sylva) to save the credit of the family.

The best acting was that of Mr. Bertram Wallis, as *Paul*, the dissolute Prince who had designs on the heroine, but was converted by a brief homily that she delivered upon the error of his ways. I greatly preferred the studied reserve of this villain to the rather resilient methods of Mr. Kingsley Lark as the hero.

I am bound to say that the audience seemed to get what it wanted. I sat there hungering, like Wordsworth, for "Glimpses that would make me less forlorn;" but nearly everybody else appeared to be quite pleased with the joylessness of it all. For was there not an affectionate letter to them from Miss José Collins herself, printed on the programme and signed with her own hand? "I have been asked," it said, "to give a little message to my dear friends, the Playgoers of London. What can I say that you do not know already? You know how wonderful it is to me to be back among you again." Well, I didn't know. I suppose I am a "Playgoer of London," but I had no notion that I was so dear to her.

Even after reading her message I didn't really believe that she cared so very much for me. Anyhow, I felt a little like the skeleton at the feast, not quite in my element; and when, after the final curtain, a gentleman—I think it must have been the author and producer—came on and openly kissed her, I felt still further out of harmony with the proceedings. O. S.

VERA CONVERTS THE VILLAIN.

Prince Paul . . . . . Mr. Bertram Wallis.
Countess Vera . . . . . Miss José Collins.

THE BLETHERER.

To the ordinary public-spirited man, eager to help the world go round, there can be something very discouraging in the Scotch.

I remember a ghillie.

Now a ghillie in a boat is a possible enough companion. In a boat he is at work on his own job, useful, indispensable. He might almost be looked upon without injustice as part of the boat. You are each busy in your own way, and there is no call for ceremony. But, when you have to walk a mile or so to get to the boat, then it is different.

The ghillie that I am at this moment remembering without pleasure fetched me in the morning and guided me to the pool which was supposed to secrete fish.

It was my first day and we were strangers. According to my simple creed, strangers should under such conditions help each other; but he did not subscribe to it. His creed, if it could be put into words (and I am sure the transcription would receive no blessing from him) would run more like this: "My duty, and the duty of all good dour Highlanders, is to humiliate the Southron and abase him."

Unless you are either one of those voluble insensitive fellows who disre-

CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS; OR, THE DRY FLY AND THE WORM.

gard slights, or one of those introspective solitary fellows who are unaware of other persons' existence, don't go for a mile's walk with a new ghillie. Coming, as I do, somehow between these two extremes, I had the worst walk of my life. I could not go first because I didn't know the way; I could not go last because I was unwilling to be so aloof. So I made the mistake of walking beside him.

My second mistake was trying to be amiable and conversational.

I remarked that Scotland was colder than London. When I had left London the day before, it was, I said, quite hot.

He made no reply.

I said that it looked like rain.

He made no reply.

I said that I supposed that in the Highlands it always rained a little every day. There was never a day that was fine throughout. In England sometimes the sky would be cloudless for a long while. This Spring was like that—nearly six weeks of blue.

He made no reply.

I said that I had heard that unless there was enough blue sky between the clouds in a Scotch sky to make a pair of breeks, it would not really clear up. Was that so?

He grunted.

I said that I hoped he would not be bored if I was very clumsy with my casting. I was only a very poor performer with a rod. Practically a beginner.

He made no reply.

I said that it must be extraordinarily interesting to be a ghillie. To see Nature so close at hand. To mix with red deer and grouse. To have beautiful salmon leaping all about you.

He grunted again, but whether affirmatively or negatively, I shall, thank Heaven, never know.

I asked him if he had ever read a book by SAMUEL SMILES about a Scotch naturalist named THOMAS EDWARDS. A cobbler, I believed, with a passion for observing wild life.

He made no reply, and I accepted defeat and henceforward held my foolish civil tongue.

However, we got on to speaking terms later. Once when I lost a fish he volunteered a remark, and once when I offered him my pouch he said "Thank you."

All the same, on my solitary and wholly delightful walk home, as I reviewed the day, I invented the following maxim: "When you have nothing to say, don't say it to a ghillie."

E. V. L.

"A plan that finds favour in certain quarters is that the contents of the War Museum should be carefully preserved in some vacant warehouse until the present financial stingency has passed."—*Evening Paper.*

"Stingency" seems to be all right.

"The Bishop of Sheffield presided at the girls' meeting, where Canon —— told his audience to strive to be first-class boys."
Daily Paper.

From what we see around us he appears to have been preaching to the converted.

"The field for the Cesarewitch Handicap to be run at Manchester continues to dry up."
Liverpool Paper.

We suppose that was why the authorities determined to transfer it to its old *venue* at Newmarket.

"Mr. —— presents
'SIR RICHARD DE PANTRY.'
From the Criterion Theatre, London."
Provincial Theatre Programme.

Not to be confused with "Lord Roger in the Coverley."

A SOMERSET MYSTERY.

(As related by the Oldest Liar in our District.)

ROUND by that corner by Moggs's farm, that bit o' road had got vurry bad, vurry bad, turrible full o' hooles, well-nigh dangerous. So the Chumpton

OLD DUDDY.

Chedzoy Urban District Council sent along for to patch her, ye see. Duddy were the feller they sent. Duddy.

Duddy were the best feller they could send undoubted, for he had been employed by the U.D.C. for what must ha' been well-nigh a hundred years, and what he didn't knoo about patching a hoole were not knowledge. And they gav' him two other chaps to help 'un—young Farrney, a fine strong chap of about sixty-eight, and the other a much younger lad named Burrt, who couldn't ha' been more 'n about fifty-five.

Well, these lads they come along one morn for to put that bad bit o' road to rights; and they start a-picking of she with their pickaxes, and that bad bit o' road she come up fine. And when they got her up real fine, old Duddy he stood thurr and he looked at she and he give his head a bit of a scratch with his pickaxe, and he say in the way he do speak:—

"Tharr burr noo burr t'l yegurr tharr roor."

And young Farrney, he say, "Ooo, ay." And the boy agree with 'un. So off they goes for to see to what they planned.

So, after hearing what they planned, the Chumpton Chedzoy Council they sends to the Ham Blotton Council and say: "Knowing as how be you got one o' them steam-roolers, could it so be that you could let us have the loan of he, so as we can rool down that bad bit o' road we got by Moggs's corner?" And the Ham Blotton Council, they say, "Ay." And sure enough one morn, not more 'n four or five weeks later maybe, down the road by Moggs's corner come this here steam-rooler; and thurr stood old Duddy and Farrney and the lad, all with their shovels ready an' all for to aim back the bits o' road under the roolers of he.

They manages a tidy bit that day, and off they go at even; and the chap with the rooler he leaves he in the middle of the road, all ready for to carry on rooling come the morn.

And come the morn the Ham Blotton folk they open their eyes and they see a murricle—that 's what they see, a murricle. For they open their eyes, and thurr in the main street o' Ham Blotton, thurr stood that same rooler. And how he come back thurr to his native town during the night be a murricle to all. No one see he or hear he, but thurr, come the morn, in his native town, thurr he be by a murricle.

And the Chumpton Council they say, "Oo, if that rooler find his way home by a murricle, let 'un bide." And the Ham Blotton folk say, "Ay, let 'un bide; and if that bit o' road be full o'

YOUNG FARRNEY.

hooles, 'tis only one bit o' road, so let 'un bide." So they let 'un bide.

And 'twere not till some time later they larned the truth o' this murricle. And the truth were this. Round Moggs's corner that night had come one of these young chaps driving one of these mooters. So fast he were going he might easy ha' done some damage to the rooler, but by the mercy o' Providence he pull up just in time. But he can't pass he, so what should he do but get into the rooler, and, thinking he knew how to govern these here roolers, he gets up steam, and down the road out of the way of his carr he start for

THE LAD BURRT.

to drive the rooler. That 's where he reckoned his crop before harvest. He can start he, he can steer he, but he can't stop he. All he can do is for to get carried on until that rooler stop for himself, which he did outside o' the Stag Inn at Ham Blotton.

But even when they hear that it weren't after all no murricle, the Chumpton folk say, "Oo, let 'un bide." And the Ham Blotton folk, they say, "Oo ay, better let 'un bide." And that 's how that corner by Moggs's come to bide in that bad way, as it were told me; though I can't say whether it likely be true, not being well acquainted with the right way to govern these here roolers.

The Giddy-Go-Round.

"M. Venielos, the Greek Envoy to Western Europe, accompanied by his secretary, returned to Paris last night from Paris."
Evening Paper.

No wonder he lost his "z."

"A Free State farmer-attorney has invented a new pear by its admixture with certain motor fuel from the juice of the prickly chemicals."—*South African Paper.*

He may keep it.

From a football report:—

"Vale of Lune opened their season by gaining a yell-earned victory."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

We congratulate them on their leathern-lunged supporters.

"WHERE'S YOUR FATHER, MARJORIE?" "I THINK HE'S LOOKING AT THE 'SAFETY FIRST' SIGN, MAMMA."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM sure *Miss Mapp* (HUTCHINSON) would have been a more successful novel if its author could have seen his way to letting it simmer just a little longer before taking it off the hob. The farcical activities of a small middle-aged watering-place full of small middle-aged people need handling with more geniality—and geniality is largely a question of leisure—than Mr. E. F. BENSON has managed to bestow on the sayings and doings of Tilling. *Miss Mapp* herself, malignant *Miss Mapp*—to whom so many of her neighbours' pursuits are "baffling," but who never allows herself to be ultimately baffled—is hardly up to the weight of her position as leading lady; nor do her efforts to inveigle *Major Flint* out of his friendship with little *Captain Puffin* and into marriage with herself gain in *finesse* and delicacy as they proceed to their inevitable ends. Still, her campaign opens with considerable spirit from the bow-window of her garden-room commanding the High Street; and its spectators and critics—a fatuous vicar and his "wee wifie," a Futurist artist (who gets the local fishmonger to sit for ADAM), a wealthy M.B.E. (who has "fed rather than starved" Tilling into social submission), and a modern troubadour in a velveteen coat, whose sister is a genuine Italian countess—sustain all the best traditions of a BENSON crowd in the most animated manner possible.

Had my golf education been so neglected that Mr. BERNARD DARWIN'S name was unknown to me I might, after reading *A Friendly Round* (MILLS AND BOON), have imagined that he was as frail and erratic a golfer as myself. In one of these delightful little essays (reprinted from *The Times*) he does confess that on one occasion his "pitching was comparatively blameless;" but this admission seems almost to have been wrung from him, so extreme is his modesty. This admirable quality is supported by a charming literary style and a real sense of the ridiculous. Mr. DARWIN is not, I believe, completely without responsibility for the fact that multitudes of golfers who have spent laborious days in reducing their handicaps to single figures are now compelled to see tens and twelves opposite their names. But if any such have a grievance against him I am confident that it will evaporate if they will travel this friendly round in his company. Some of us may think that the last word about golf has already appeared in print; but if Mr. DARWIN cannot always find anything particularly new to say he looks at old things from so original a point of view that it is a pure delight to read every word that he writes.

I have a kindly feeling towards the accomplished journalist who writes under the pen-name of "BENNET COPPLESTONE." He comes of good Devon stock, and he also knows something of the sea and its history—two excellent points in the equipment of a writer of romance. In

The Treasure of Golden Cap (MURRAY) he displays his acquaintance with the life of a licensed privateer of some three centuries ago, who not only searched for Sallee rovers and Biscayners, but was fain often to replenish his resources by plundering his own countrymen. The story of *Richard Nutt*, sometime part owner and skipper of the "Wild Swan of Abbotsbury," and of *Nimrod Mercurius*, his partner, and of *Marie the Bretonne*, whom the pair picked up when chasing a Turk off the Point of Finisterre, is an excellent tale in itself, simply and graphically told. I am not quite so sure about the rather cumbrous machinery that serves to introduce it. Personally, I could have done without the hundred pages of opening matter and the sixty-odd that furnish a conclusion, even though they serve to bring the old story of *Richard* into relation with the present day. *Sir Michael Carew*, the great historian of the Navy, seemed to me to hit the nail on the head when he assured young *Dickie Grenville* that the real treasure to be found lay in the journal itself and not in the hiding-place up in Golden Cap. The story extracted from the ancient manuscript found beneath the false bottom of the *Nutt* sea-chest was well worth telling. In this book it lies rather like a jewel packed between two thick layers of cotton-wool.

Rachel Bland's Inheritance (JENKINS), which she never seemed to possess herself but believed that she held in trust, very unwillingly, for future generations, consisted in a singularly abominable personality. She supposed that it ran in the Bland family, coming to its fullest expression, to date, in her father, who really was as scoundrelly a creature as ever died in his own bed; but her knowledge of similarly odious examples among her more remote forbears rested entirely on the evidence of one old friend, who in the nature of things couldn't very well have known many of them. In the circumstances I feel that she allowed her scruples against the carrying on of the line of the Blands to influence her rather too easily. Be that as it may, *Rachel* was a fine brave upstanding girl, and it is only because I liked her that I was annoyed with Mr. W. RILEY for not letting her marry her kind stupid farmer. It grieved me very much to see her devote herself to spinsterhood and sick-nursing, leaving her *Robert* in his loneliness to be snapped up eventually—I feel sure of it, and Mr. RILEY means that I should—by the rather sloppy young lady who had had her eye on him all the time. *Aunt Achsah* and *Uncle Josey*, who kept "The White Doe" at Craiglands, and bustling *Aggie*, their adopted niece, and *Rachel's* Canadian cousin, *Stanley*, are all good sorts whom it is very jolly to meet. As usual in Mr. RILEY'S books a setting of North-country hills and heather adds to the pleasantness of a story which, in spite of being somewhat low in tone—I mean it politely—is well worth reading.

Scant justice would be done to Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI if he were regarded solely as a writer of excellent novels of adventure. In *Captain Blood* (HUTCHINSON), for instance, he gives us a portrait of Lord JEFFREYS, which by its strength and subtlety stamps itself on the memory. Mr. SABATINI is distinguished from other popular writers of this kind of romance by true regard for the development of character. In this tale he opens with the MONMOUTH rebellion, in which *Peter Blood* is unfairly accused of taking part. *Peter* is transported as a slave to the Barbadoes, and almost immediately after his arrival he begins to make plans for the escape of his companions in misfortune and himself. I am not going to reveal how this escape is accomplished—it is one of many dramatic surprises that are in store for you; but I will say that I have seldom read a novel in which it is so easy to believe in the rapid changes of fortune that fall to the hero. *Peter Blood* is a great figure. I like his character, his name and even his picture on the paper cover of his history.

In *Forty Years On* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Lord ERNEST HAMILTON tells us with a genial humour and an almost too easy-running pen many things (some perhaps that sound rather trivial, more that are informing, exciting and amusing) that made up the life of an adventurous scion of a distinguished house in the last four decades of the nineteenth century. Incidentally we learn something of how the great feudal chiefs, like the SCOTTS and the HAMILTONS, conducted their spacious lives on their native heaths. Lord ERNEST'S earliest romance was having his warts—a new form of the King's Evil?—charmed away by QUEEN ALEXANDRA. He survived the almost daily tossing over the head of his pony, *Tommy*, and passed through Harrow with much enjoyment, and, apparently, sufficient credit, to Sandhurst and the 11th Hussars. One gathers that the life of a cavalry subaltern was not exactly a bed of thorns, and that such softness as you might suppose would be encouraged by soldiering in peace time in a crack regiment in pre-Boer-War days was counteracted by various mad feats of horsemanship. Lord ERNEST'S startling opinion that the traditional method of deer-stalking is a mere meaningless rite invented by the professional stalker, and that you can quite safely saunter along in the direction of your quarry, engaged in animated conversation, and just kill it at the appointed moment (as he did on at least one occasion, while on another he caught his stalker, who had been enjoining the most deadly caution, standing up behind and violently waving a handkerchief), should make a subject of lively debate. Sitting in the House of Commons seemed to the author an equally tiresome fraud.

The Sweep. "THERE'S SOMETHING CROOKED ABOUT THIS 'ERE CHIMNEY, MA'AM. I'VE BIN A HOUR AN' A 'ARF TRYIN' TO CLEAR AN OBSTRUCTION AND I DON'T BELIEVE I CAN MOVE IT—NO, NOT IF I WAS TO WORK MYSELF BLACK IN THE FACE."

Mr. Punch gives a joyous greeting to Mr. A.P. HERBERT'S *Tinker Tailor . . .* (METHUEN), a collection (with new matter) of the series of poems, constituting "A Child's Guide to the Professions," that recently appeared in these pages. Mr. GEORGE MORROW'S illustrations add gaiety to gaiety.

CHARIVARIA.

A number of spitting cobras have arrived at the Zoological Gardens. It is thought that they were annoyed by the Coalition.

***

Admission to the Carlton Club for the meeting of Unionist M.P.'s last Thursday was free. No entertainment tax.

***

According to a well-known botanist, seaweed contains a large amount of alcohol. This looks as if the bed of the sea within the three-mile limit in America will have to be thoroughly overhauled.

***

Great Britain has decided to bar any extension of the United States three-mile limit. In extreme Prohibitionist circles exception is taken to the word "bar."

***

The London County Council has invited the Board of Trade to hold an inquiry into the therm. It is felt in many quarters that it should be made a notifiable disease.

***

"Is excitement dangerous?" asks a headline. It certainly seems to have a fatal effect on our office-boy's grandmothers during the football season.

***

Sir Harry Lauder is said to be arranging another farewell tour of the United States. It seems to be a case of much adieu about nothing.

***

"A clue is the first thing the experienced detective looks for when a crime has been committed," we are told by Mr. G. T. Crook in *The Daily Mail*. This just shows you the pull which the experienced detective has over the mere amateur.

***

In opening the new Port of London Authority Offices Mr. Lloyd George said that London was a Welsh name. This distinction has, of course, been lived down by now.

***

Mr. Lloyd George also said that the Port of London dated back to the time when the Welsh were the only people there. It would be interesting to know what they did with the Scotsmen who got there first.

***

A man summoned at Bath was said to have a vocabulary so terrible that a woman who heard it fainted right away. An expert suggests that he should have his wave length shortened.

***

At the Hairdressers' Exhibition a "Beaver" hunt was organised by Mr. Willy Clarkson. Beavers, of course, do not come under the Wild Birds Preservation Order.

***

This reminds us that with the advent of the colder weather the Beaver Control Board contemplates lowering the whisker line.

***

A lady tourist in the Highlands doubts the existence of the haggis.

OVERSWINGING THE LEAD.

"Kind lady, I ain't one er them what 's seen better days. I ain't 'ad no better days. I 've bin neglected right from the start—bein' born in a little attic in Lunnen while me parents was down at Southend enjoying theirselves."

Other brave souls have tried to crush it like that, but without success.

***

There is a possibility of a reduction in medical fees shortly. If people remain well after this they will do so at their own risk.

***

"The Nation Wants a Change," announces *The Daily Mail*. This definite indication of our contemporary's policy has been anxiously awaited.

***

Much sympathy is felt for a Chicago man who in attempting suicide drank some bootleg whisky in mistake for the usual prussic acid.

***

American Pussyfootists want to suppress jokes about Prohibition. But surely if there is an American who can get a joke out of Prohibition he is entitled to it.

***

An employee at a well-known dyeworks recently fell into a large copper, and when rescued was covered with brilliant shades of red, blue and purple. There is some talk, we understand, of making him an honorary member of the Brighter London Society.

***

In reference to the report in these columns last week that the skeleton of a camel recently unearthed in Nebraska is believed to be two and a-half million years old, we now understand that the discoverer forgot to allow for leap-years and the daylight-saving scheme.

***

The Ministry of Agriculture announces that the National Rat Week will begin on November 6. Those who are without rats at present should therefore lose no time in providing themselves with material for this sport.

***

Correspondents of *The Times* attribute the decay of penmanship to the practice of giving schoolboys "lines" as punishment. Another theory is that it is due to the spread of the habit of writing to the papers.

***

Owing to the contractor paying them a bonus to expedite the work, bricklayers employed on a Glasgow building scheme have been earning twenty pounds a week. This dispels the illusion that bricklayers are actuated by nothing but the spirit of emulation and the sheer joy of speed.

***

The Rhodes Scholar who wants to fight Siki asserts that the negro knows nothing whatever about boxing. In that case it seems rather unsportsmanlike to take advantage of him.

***

The sensation of the season in Welsh Rugby football, we read, is that the Cross Keys full-back has decided to throw in his lot with Pontypool. Our only fear is that the prominence of Mr. Lloyd George in the public eye just now may obscure the significance of this event.

***

Snails, according to a Soho restaurant keeper, are much cheaper this year than last. The glad tidings leaves us calm.

NEGATIVE COUNSEL.

[One gathers from the anti-Coalition Press of all shades that whoever is made Prime Minister after the elections it must not be Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.]

LITTLE I joy in the factions' fray,
Being no partisan;
Measures are useful in their way,
But I prefer a Man;
And I don't care tuppence about his creed
Or in what mould he was cast,
As long as he serves his country's need
And love of himself comes last.

So I go where the talk is loud and wise
And say, "I would fain make choice
Of the best of Chiefs; will you please advise
How to record my voice?
Heroic qualities must be his
With a white soul free of spot;"
And none of them knows who that Man is,
But they all know who he's *not*.

O. S.

BRIDGE LUCK.

I DO not support the notion that Time equalises the distribution of luck at Bridge. I believe that over any period whatsoever some players are destined to receive less, and others more, than their proper share of the good "paper."

At any rate *I* am consistently unlucky; from which you will no doubt infer, especially if you are one of Fortune's Children, that I must be (*a*) a poor-spirited loser who broods over reverses, and/or (*b*) an obtuse fellow who would do well to abandon Bridge and seek a facile pleasure at the Ludo board.

But it is not so. To begin with, I am, as I ought to be by now, a perfect loser; and, if it is true that I do not actually *love* going down, it is equally true that, success being out of the question, I enjoy nothing better than to lose two or three quiet rubbers in the leisure hour.

As for lack of skill, I can only say that an unlucky player like myself gets no end of hard practice, ding-dong battles with his back against the wall. Probably I have a deeper insight into the game than your Child of Fortune. The game is made so easy for him by his good luck that I do not think he can hope to acquire my skill at Bridge any more than the great personage who is always planting memorial trees can expect to become as cunning a husbandman as the holder of a heavy-soiled allotment. Bridge to him is a sham-fight in which he leads the best effectives of the Brigade, while people like myself have to take the field of Armageddon with the composite sick-parade.

How little he knows of the stern realities of the game will be appreciated by a study of Bridge articles in the Press. These, as is the way of the world, have no comfort for the unfortunate, but are ever at great pains to help the Child of Fortune. You may daily come across columns of this stuff: "If you have A, K, Q, J to eight times Hearts and nothing else, and your partner has called One No-Trump . . .;" or, "When you have top honours in every suit, but a marked preponderance in Hearts . . .," and it all seems true to life to the Child of Fortune. There is nothing unusual about it to *him*. In fact I actually overheard one of them in serious argument with another about this:—

> At game all: Z. deals and calls One Diamond. A. holds Hearts, A, Q, J 8; Clubs, K, Q, 10; Diamonds, A; Spades, A, K, Q, 9, 3. What should A. declare?

Now in this they recognised a knotty point which was always occurring in actual play. They called it a Bridge *problem*. To me it is nothing but an extravagant flight into the realm of make-believe. It is on a par with asking a man what he would do if he won the Calcutta Sweep, or how he would act if an oil gusher burst through his bed of gladioli.

Problem forsooth! If a Child of Fortune would like to see some real problems and how they should be tackled, let him take an evening off and watch me at play. Here, for example, is a situation with which I am frequently confronted:

> At any stage of the game: Z. deals and calls One No-Trump. A. (my partner), Two Spades. Y. (with a sinister smile), No. (Obviously he too holds Spades, but will not double lest he should encourage his partner Z. to go on with No-Trumps. *He wants to leave us in*, the sly dog).
>
> I am B. and here is my hand:—
>
> Spades . . 7 2
> Hearts . . J 5 3
> Diamonds 9 5 4 2
> Clubs . . . 8 6 5 3

What do I usually do? Well, think it out for yourself, and you will agree with me that this indeed *is* a problem.

I get a lot of quiet fun when I cut in with a typical Child of Fortune. Such a one, the other evening, had been my opponent during the first two or three rubbers. He is a man who, strictly speaking, ought to declare what he wins at Bridge as Unearned Income, for it is a regular sum and, with his luck, a pure gift. Should he hesitate over his call, his difficulty as likely as not is that he holds all four Aces in addition to all the other honours in Spades, and cannot decide whether he is more certain of a slam in No-Trumps than in the suit call.

Finally, he and I came together. "Never mind, partner," he said, "I will pull you out of the pan." And without a word from me he went up to three on a moderate hand. I do not blame him. Fortune had led him to expect four certain tricks from Dummy. His face was a picture when I put down my hand. We went down four hundred. It was very amusing.

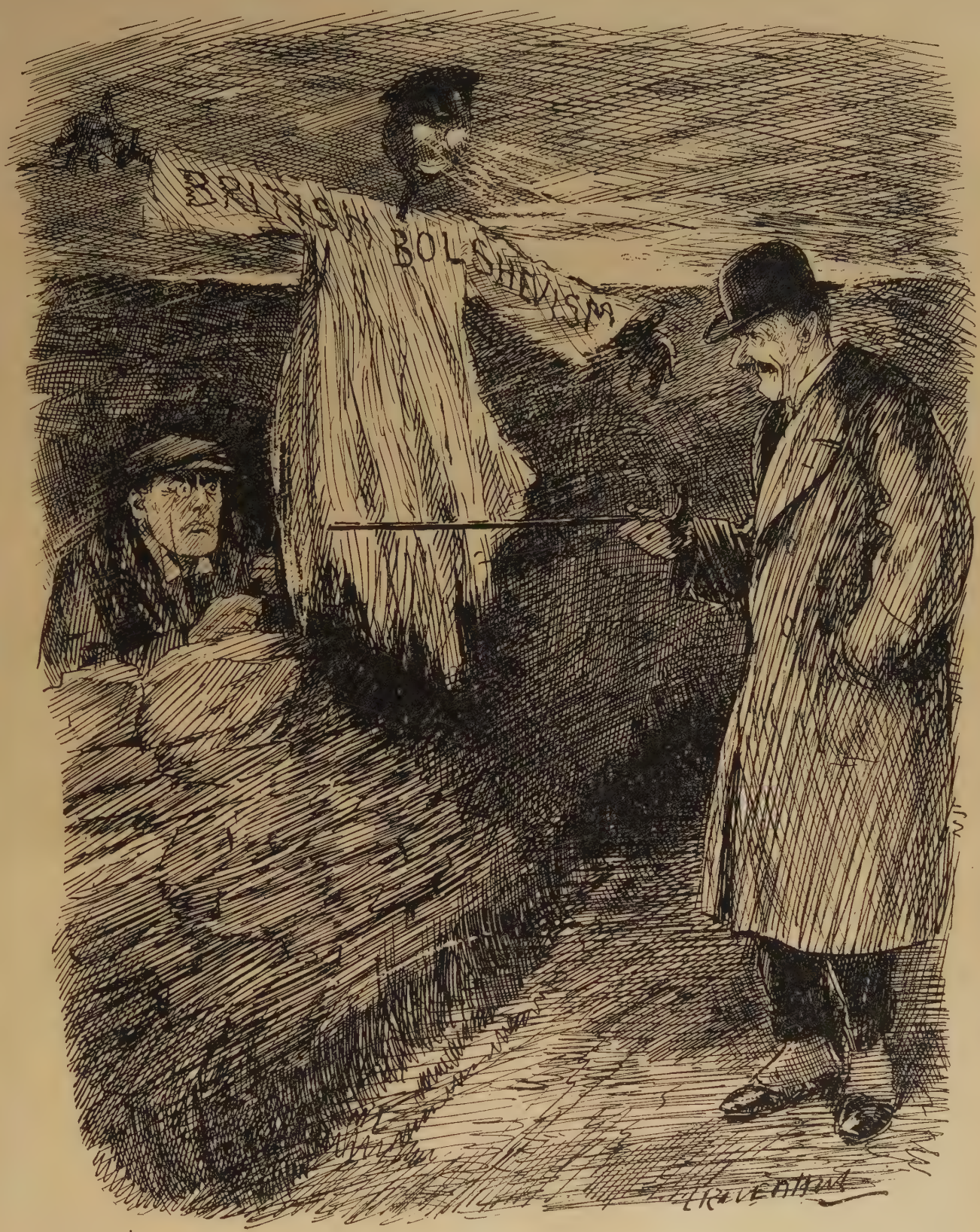
I do not envy the Child of Fortune. For me the joy of the struggle and the thrills of a losing fight rather than a monotonous succession of victories. Not that I am reconciled to the recurring pukka Yarborough—for where is the zest in being shot like a dog against a wall? But put a catapult into a man's hands and, if he has spirit and craft, he may enjoy moments of exaltation in preventing the Lewis gunner from having it all his own way; and as long as Fortune does not deny me an occasional four-to-the-Jack and a few guarded Queens, you will find me making up a four with the gay courage that leads a forlorn hope.

MORE IRISH TREATIES.

OF course it *is* a nuisance about the Irregulars. I don't suppose anything will quench them except the very stern measures suggested, and that is awkward after all we said about the Black-and-Tans. As the Free-Staters once were to the British, so are the Irregulars now to the Free-Staters. That opens up an interesting speculation:

Suppose the Free State is very grim and summary with the Irregulars; that should lead to a treaty of their own, which we may call Treaty No. 2. Probably there will be some Irregulars who will refuse to treatify with the Free State, and they will ambush the Irregulars that do treatify. Then the Irregulars that do treatify will be very grim and summary with the Irregulars that do not treatify, and so we get to Treaty No. 3. And then there will be some . . . But you see the idea? Like the sums we used to do with brackets within brackets.

In the end we might find the ONE MAN who would not treatify with the Two who treatified with the Five who treatified with the Thirteen who treatified with the Twenty-nine who . . . treatified with the Free State who treatified with the British. What a stalwart that one diehard would be! I like to think of him all alone, ambushing everyone. And it 's wonderful what determination will do too. I shouldn't be surprised if he got his Republic after all.



BOGEY, BOGEY.

Lord Salisbury. "THAT DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME, AUSTEN. MY DIE-HARD FRIENDS ARE QUITE GOOD AT THAT GAME."

Lady (after looking at some dozens of carpets). "Yes, they're very charming, but really I wasn't thinking of buying. I came in to look for my husband."

Very harassed and tired Assistant. "One moment, Madam. Perhaps he's inside this one."

LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

III.—Conversation.

People in London don't seem to have so much to talk about as people in the country.

Politics, art, literature, golf, music, motors, politics, golf, night-clubs, golf, plays—yes, but everybody has these to talk about whether they live in London or not. You read the stuff in the papers and the papers go into the country too. It is true that in London you may have the luck to meet some one who has amazingly original views on one or other of these topics—so original that you feel he might really have written one of those very clever articles about it in *The Saturday Post*. Then to your disgust you are informed that he did.

That is not real conversation. In the country, if you go out to dinner and say, "I see that Walsingham has had those three firs felled at the corner just beyond High Mucks Farm," you immediately plunge into the giddy whirl. That is because everybody understands the psychology of Walsingham and his reactions towards tree-felling, and has been speculating for the last three or four years on whether he means to fell them or not. And it will be equally interesting to speculate on future occasions whether Walsingham means to fell any more trees, and whether, if so, they will be beeches or firs. Of course you can try the same sort of thing in London if you like. You can say, "On my way here I noticed that the door of No. 22 in Badminton Terrace had been painted a dull olive-green." But there will be no stir.

Unless, that is, you are dining in a particularly intellectual circle, where they will think that you are founding a new school of humour, if not of poetry, and will try to say something as good themselves.

But they will not care even then whether what they say is true. There is no reverence in London for Truth. That is not as it should be, for real conversation is founded on Truth.

A good way to test this is to say to your left-hand neighbour during the soup, "I do think conversation is detestable, don't you?" In London that will be treated as the foundation of a stupid and wholly inaccurate piece of dialogue. In the country you will be told (very rightly) that that depends.

There is another difficulty about conversation in London. Nothing changes. In the country, when you have finished lunch, you will naturally go out into the paddock to see the new foal. This is very interesting, because you have talked about it last time you were here, when it was not a foal at all, but only an anticipation. Now all is changed. There are hundreds of interesting things to notice and to say about a new foal; and the same thing applies to rock-gardens and the projected hard tennis-court. And at our house I remember there was a tame magpie which bit one's socks at the back just as one was going to serve.

But in London, even if the road has been taken up just opposite the house (as of course it has), they never lead the party outside to lean on the barriers and look at the hole that the men have made. And, if by any chance they show you a new picture or piece of furniture that they have bought, you cannot follow your natural instinct, which is to murmur, "I say, I suppose this is awfully good; do tell me all about it," or else, "I say, how much did that cost?" So you hang your head and say nothing at all. And when you come next time the picture or the piece of furniture will not have grown any bigger or had any pieces dug out of it. But you can be quite

certain about the tennis-court and the foal. Something will have happened even if it is only thrush.

You will say that dogs, at any rate, can be kept and talked about in a town. But even they do not seem to me to develop so many honest eccentricities or provide so many subjects for conversation as they do in the country. I know of one, a Pekinese, who lives almost entirely on safety-pins, and another, a Yorkshire terrier, who is so fond of riding in motor-cars that he will stand in the way of one, and when it stops (if it does) jump up on to the seat beside the chauffeur; but if Major Heriot really expects me to believe that Chancellor, fat as he is, actually killed a squirrel under the wood-pile—and I may say that there is an entirely contradictory rumour at The Larches—— Well, there you see how easily I drop back into it.

If anything very sensational occurs, of course people will talk about it in London, in a serious and intellectual way, but only so long as it is new. Thus (to stick to animals because it is easier) supposing a man living in High Street, Kensington, were to keep a tame giraffe which followed him about everywhere, even when he went out to dine, there would certainly be a lot of interest in London, and the man would be very well thought of and received everywhere for a month or so on condition that he brought his giraffe. And he would be allowed to talk for just that month about its diet and its endearing ways. But afterwards he would sink into the utmost degradation and become merely a laughing-stock for provincials or the very smallest boys. There would be a short paragraph in the evening papers reminding people of the fact when the giraffe eventually stepped in front of a motor-lorry and died.

In the country it would be quite different. At first there would be the greatest annoyance and even scandal that a man should set himself up above his neighbours so far as to keep a giraffe. The most searching inquiries would be made into his motives for doing so, and discussions would take place as to whether there was a tame-giraffe-keeping strain in his family before he moved into that part of the country. But if he were found in time to be quite harmless and otherwise a good fellow, the giraffe would be gradually accepted and the interest would be transferred to it and pass away from its owner. He would not have to take it about with him always, but he would always be asked questions about it, and the very kindest concern would be shown when it suffered from laryngitis or croup. That would go on year after year, even when the giraffe got quite corpulent and asthmatic and old. And when it died it would be buried in a field full of primroses, under a mound which would be known as Giraffe Hill. Children would come and picnic on the slopes and the story would be handed on.

One admits that there is some excuse for Londoners. Owing to the general dulness of the place they are apt to feel a little jaded and in need of a mental shock. I know one man who provides this by appearing a little late whenever he goes out to dinner and saying that he has just had a frightful collision in his taxicab. He has the whole story ready—rather an exciting one, with a Cabinet Minister in the other taxi—and wears a small bandage on the left wrist. He looks as pale as possible, and it goes down very well.

But in the country they would insist on coming out to examine the front of your car.

EVOE.

FEMININE AMENITIES.

The Youth. "WHY AIN'T SHE WEARIN' THAT DINKY 'AT SHE 'AD ON LAST TIME?"
The Maiden. "I S'POSE SHE'S LETTIN' 'ER MISSUS 'AVE 'ER TURN WITH IT TO-DAY."

"FISHERMEN'S QUAINT HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

The well-known hymn, 'We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land,' was varied to 'We plough the peas . . .'"
Daily Paper.

Very quaint.

A MOSAIC ANTIQUITY.

My friends assure me that I do not look a day older than thirty, and that Jimmy's comment was merely a flattering tribute to my powers as a story-teller.

Let me begin at the beginning.

Strictly speaking I am not Jimmy's godmother, but when Henry married me he gave me all his godsons and god-daughters. It should have appeared in the list of wedding presents, "Bridegroom to bride, all his godchildren." I protested at this shifting of responsibility, and he replied that he had borne all the initial expense and trouble entailed by the relationship, and it was up to me to carry on. He added that the godchildren were part of the worldly goods with which he endowed me.

I told him I did not think it nice to refer to a purely spiritual relationship as "worldly goods," but that in view of his other remarks about "initial expense" it did not surprise me. Nevertheless it was in my opinion inconsistent to promise for a child to renounce pomps and vanities and the sinful lusts of the flesh, and then give him a silver mug, spoon and fork.

I think that at the next Lambeth Conference this matter should be discussed, and that when the Prayer Book is revised the truth about godfathers and godmothers, as the child learns it, should be clearly stated.

"What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?"

"They did promise and give me three things with my name on them. First, Uncle George, a silver mug. Secondly, Aunt Mary, a spoon and pusher. Thirdly, Aunt Louisa, a spoon and fork."

Anyhow, that is all my godparents did for me. With great lack of chivalry Uncle George at once chose the easiest thing, but Aunt Mary was comforted when the jeweller pressed upon her a spoon and pusher in a case, which she despatched to my mother with an enthusiastic description of the use of the pusher in simplifying the child's early efforts to eat from a plate.

Aunt Louisa, scornful of such new-fangled nonsense, promptly sent a spoon and fork to me, urging my mother to teach me, from my first mouthful of solid food, to eat like a Christian. Thus she at least sought to impress on me one Christian duty. She said that the child must be an imbecile who would find the uses of spoon and fork difficult to acquire. My only wonder is that she did not seek to prove my intelligence further, to the undoing of Aunt Mary, by sending me a case of chop-sticks.

I am neither godmother nor aunt to Jimmy, but am expected to fulfil the functions of both, and, yesterday evening being Sunday, I visited Jimmy's mother after tea. I found her very nervous and flustered.

"Do go and say good-night to Jimmy," she said; "I have just been reading him his first Bible stories—out of the *Told to the Children* series, you know, and I don't know if he understood any of it."

I found Jimmy sitting up in his cot, hugging his knees. He is only five, and his religious exercises have hitherto consisted of gabbling incantations to the seat of a bathroom chair, and singing hymns and carols at Christmastide. His rendering of *Adeste Fideles*—

"Come on, all ye Faithful,"

which he sings with great vigour, is most inspiring.

"Hullo, Aunt Betty!" he greeted me; "I've been having Bible stories."

"What about?" I said.

"Oh, 'bout how NORE made the Ark."

We pursued this thrilling subject for a while, and then I showed him a picture of MOSES in his ark of bulrushes. He asked for particulars of the circumstance, which I supplied to the best of my ability, passing rapidly over the tragic events which shadowed the life of the child MOSES during his first months on earth, and dwelling eagerly on the joys of sailing in a little boat made of bulrushes, and being brought up by a princess in a king's palace.

"I 'spect he had lots of honey," said Jimmy, trembling with emotion.

"Oh, yes, of course," I said gratefully, for certainly Jimmy showed in this a sense of the fitness of things. He has a passion for honey; but so he also has for chocolates. In no circumstances could I have admitted chocolates to the palace of PHARAOH, but I could conceive the combination of MOSES and honey; in fact, the association of honey with prophets is widely recognised.

I kissed Jimmy, put out the light and crept to the door. As I went a sleepy little voice travelled after me through the darkness.

"Aunt Betty," it said, "did you *know* MOSES?"

"Signs are not wanting that there is dire poverty in the Cape. The Society for the Prevention of Child Life makes an appeal."
South African Paper.

We cannot encourage it.

"Week-end traffic at Glasgow was held up for some time by a passenger training running into an engine."—*Daily Paper.*

We understand that this hardy Norseman has been requested to conduct his training in some more suitable environment.

THE DICKENS PERIL.

["We have declared war without quarter on *bourgeois* ideology. . . . We consider that the moment has come when 'The Cricket on the Hearth' is more dangerous than any Denikin."
The Izvestia (Moscow).

"The Cricket on the Hearth" in a dramatized form has been a great favourite in both Russian capitals for some years.]

DENIKIN and KOLTCHAK and WRANGEL
The Bolshies disarmed of their stings,
But now from a deadlier angle
A deadlier enemy springs;
It's DICKENS whose blood they are after,
A dangerous fellow, I grant,
For he smites, with the weapon of laughter,
Hypocrisy, humbug and cant.

The horror of GORKY and TCHEKOFF,
The gloom of the man with the name
Like a bottle of fizz with the neck off,
Are true to the Soviet aim;
And Boz they'd have greedily swallowed
If he'd stuck to *Bill Sikes* and his crimes,
But he turned like a pervert and wallowed
In Christmas and crickets and chimes.

With floods of this perilous folly
The Russian *moral* he's assailed,
Persistently turning up jolly
Where *Tapley* himself would have quailed;
For he writes in the gayest of fettle
Of loathly insidious themes,
Of a hearth with a fire and a kettle
And children and fairies and dreams.

He writes of the home (which is treason
To satraps of Communist hordes),
He even, devoid of all reason,
Snaps fingers at Bumbles and Boards;
His scorn for officialdom's fearful,
And (is he a knave or a fool?)
He proves that mankind could be cheerful
Before they had Soviet rule.

To him there is nothing majestic
In tyranny's absolute law;
His heart is in matters domestic,
Which touches the Reds on the raw;
So TROTSKY is urging his pack on
To join in the heresy-hunt,
While LENIN's repairing the crack on
His ideological front.

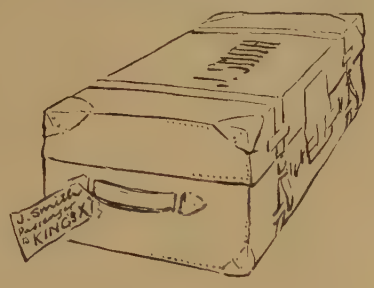
"MR. LLOYD-GREECE AND GREECE."
Heading in Local Paper.

This attempt to pin the retiring PRIME MINISTER to his policy will, we believe, deservedly fail.

Our Militant Municipalities.

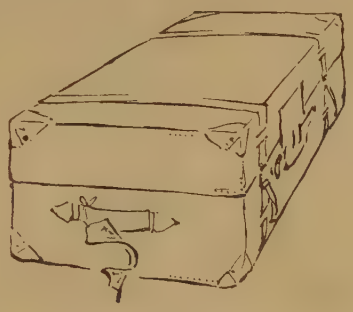
"Mr. William —— has taken up a Commission as Second-Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guardians."—*Local Paper.*

I HAVE OFTEN NOTICED THAT—

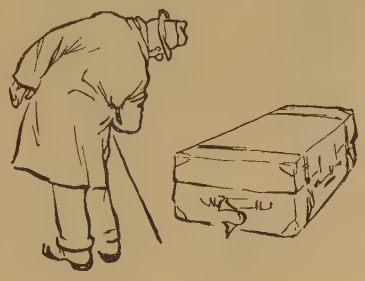


IF THE LABEL ON ONE'S BOX IS PLAINLY LEGIBLE—

NO ONE WILL BE INQUISITIVE ENOUGH TO READ IT—



BUT IF IT'S UPSIDE DOWN OR ANYTHING—



IT—

WILL—

BE—

A—

NEVER-ENDING—

SOURCE—

OF INTEREST.

Tougasseu

NEVER AGAIN;

Or, People I Don't Play Golf with Twice.

V.

Which is the more maddening—The Man Who Lets On That He Is A Great Deal Better Than He Really Is—or The Man Who Is A Great Deal Better Than He Lets On? Golf, I think, is the only game which produces the former in large numbers, because golf alone allows you, with care, to keep up the same bluff for a lifetime.

Rickwood is one of these men. I, of course, am the other kind of fellow. I played Rickwood the first day I visited the Club, a shivering new member. The secretary saw us both hanging about, and kindly introduced us. I felt at once that he was a regular tiger at the game: his cap, his knickerbockers, the way in which he bought a new ball (a sure sign), revealed him as an expert; and I wondered a little why such a man had not got a match in the ordinary way. I know now.

"Afraid I shan't give you much of a game," I said nervously as we walked out.

"Oh, that's all right," he said kindly. "What's your handicap?"

"About eighteen," I confessed. "What—er—what—I mean, what's yours?"

A little cloud passed over his brow.

"They've just pulled me down two," he said bitterly. "Goodness knows why. I'm quite off it these days."

"That's rotten, isn't it?" I sympathised. "What did you say your——?"

"I'd better give you four strokes," said he. "Can't manage more, I'm afraid—not as I'm playing now."

"Thanks," I said gratefully. I saw then that the chivalrous fellow wanted to keep his handicap dark, so as not to frighten me.

The simple daisy grows richly about the first tee, and before we started Rickwood took a good many practice swings at these flowers. I watched in horror. The swish—the power of it! In half-a-minute there was not a daisy to be seen. Then he walked right away and with one blow destroyed a dandelion—simply slashed off its head. I saw that I was up against it indeed.

"Look at that *sand*," he said at last, seizing a handful and strewing it about the tee. "*Dry as dust.* Might as well try to tee up your ball on *castor-sugar!*"

However, in spite of the castor-sugar he hit a nice straight one down the middle.

"Good shot," I murmured enviously.

"Oh, *no*," he groaned in an agony. "No length—no *length*! I don't know what's the matter with me. Stiff! It's awful." And while I shakingly prepared my mountainous tee I could hear him with gloomy mutterings busily destroying more dandelions in the background.

I too had bought a new ball, one of those jolly one-and-sixpenny *Blue Spot Bishops*—all white and clean. I hit it quite hard and straight, but it was about ten yards behind Rickwood's *Purple Emperor*, and I felt that it was no good.

"I don't like these *short* courses," he remarked as we walked on. "This is nothing but a drive and a pitch all the way round, if you're on your game."

"Rotten, isn't it?" I said politely, with my eye on the incredibly distant flag. "Do you come here often?"

"I've been here every summer for ten years," he said. "It's a filthy place. The secretary doesn't know his job. The greens are vile. The committee—— Good God, did you see that?" And he stopped and stared after a maiden of engaging aspect who had just played a delicate shot with her spoon on the second hole. The sight pleased me.

"Rather a good one," I said mildly.

"Exactly," he replied. "But do you know what handicap they've given that girl? They've given that girl a handicap of thirteen. *Thirteen!* Why, she ought to be nine. It's a scandal, that's what it is."

I said nothing, but smote at my ball, and, in sheer terror of the man, missed it altogether.

Later (a good while later) Rickwood picked my ball out of the hole for me and fingered it curiously.

"Are you playing with a *Bishop*?" he asked; and if he had said, "Are you playing with a weasel?" I could hardly have felt a more profound shame.

"Aren't they any good?" I said humbly.

"They're all right for inland courses, I believe," said Rickwood, "but. . . . Well, that's one up."

I hastily concealed my dear little *Bishop*, and hoped that my repainted *Major* was a more maritime ball.

On the second tee Rickwood pulled out his handkerchief and, holding it aloft, anxiously gauged the direction of the wind, which in my slip-shod fashion I judged to be blowing in our faces.

"Against us," he announced at last. "We want a low one here."

He got it. It never rose an inch.

However, such was my respect for the man's powers that he won that hole, and the next, with consummate ease. The fourth we halved, for Rickwood had the bad luck to drive out of bounds into the road; and suddenly at the fifth I found that I was winning it, and winning it easily. When I was four (and "dead") and he was six (and some yards from the pin), he picked up his ball.

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

The Muse. "Oh, Alfred, we have missed you! My lad! My Shropshire lad!"

THE POST-WAR GENERATION.

"Hullo, where 's your partner ?"
"He had to go. Couldn't stand the racket. The poor man hasn't quite recovered from shell-shock."
"*Shell-shock!* What on earth 's that?"

"It 's no good," he said with resignation. "You get a stroke here."

"Oh," said I gratefully.

On the sixth tee he produced from his pocket what looked to me like a piece of green billiard chalk and carefully chalked the face of his driver. I watched with awe.

"A tip I got from Abe Mitchell," he explained, though he did not explain the purpose of the rite. But I have always felt that billiards and golf have much in common.

Thereupon he struck his ball with the heel of his club into a small pot-bunker which belongs to another hole.

"Bad luck," I murmured. "What they call a losing hazard, isn't it?"

Happily Rickwood did not hear that silly impertinence. He was gazing ruefully at his hands.

"Blisters," he muttered. "Can't get a *grip*." It turned out that his blisters had been troubling him ever since we began, and I appreciated the good feeling that had kept him silent about them. However, in the circumstances I did feel rather a pig about winning the next three holes.

At the tenth I was two up. I took my driver and was short. Rickwood took his iron. "Good Lord!" he cried a little later, "what the deuce do they put a bunker *there* for? I've seen seven men trapped in that bunker in the last two days!"

"Perhaps that s what it 's for," I suggested tentatively.

"I shan't come to this place again," he said, and swung his niblick high. A cloud of sand rolled away, revealing the ball *in statu quo ante*, and Rickwood with a spasm of pain crossing his face. "By Jove," he said, rubbing his back, "I must be careful. I strained a muscle at Sandwich last year."

He struck three more careful blows, with much the same result. Then he said, "You get a stroke here," and picked up his ball.

By the fourteenth his back was paining him pretty considerably, and he could hardly hold the club for his blisters; but he struggled gamely on, though of course the match had become a mere farce.

"One thing 's quite certain," he said at last with a brave smile, "I can't give you four strokes in *this* condition. You know," he went on kindly, "you 'd be quite a useful player if you took it up seriously."

I won 4 and 3. But it was a joyless victory.

It was bad luck to have my first game at the club spoiled in this way; but when I told old Baggage, the captain, about it he only said, "Yes, it 's an odd thing. I 've played this game for twenty years and I 've never beaten a man in perfect health yet."

I hate cynics. But just then my eye caught a list of Alterations of Handicap on the notice-board, and I read:—

"J. Rickwood
Reduced from—20—to—18."

A. P. H.

Our Cubist Cutters.

From an Indian tailor's trade-circular:—

"Special attention given to gentlemen having shapeless bodies."

From a Scots Post Office:—

"Dispatches.

8.20 A.M.	6.55 P.M. (The evening previous)."

Where are the posts of yester-eve?

THE STRUGGLE-FOR-LIFERS.

I found little Trimley, my painting friend, in an armchair, the picture of woe.

"If I look depressed," he said, "there's a reason for it. Too much reason."

I arranged for solvents of speech to be set before him and he unfolded.

"Artists have been having a bad time," he began. "They've been hit harder than most people. They were hit by the War—all except those who shouldered their brushes and got out to France as majors. And they were hit by the Peace, and still are. There seems to be plenty of money for certain things—for games, for example, and diversion generally, but there's none for artists. The first thing that people who are pinched knock off is Art. They can do without pictures more easily than without books. Books, I guess, come second. The things they don't knock off are clothes and food and drink. Amusements used to go early, but nowadays people cling to them. If I made motion pictures instead of painting oil ones I might be doing very well. As it is I am broke, and so is everyone at Burlingham. The whole Burlingham School, as they call us, is broke—more than broke, doubly broke, for our spirits have gone too. I'll tell you how it has come about.

"Poor as I am and unpractical as I am, I happen to have among my friends the private secretary of a magnate. This magnate is chairman of all kinds of big concerns, a company promoter, full of money and always wanting more. Why these fellows can't settle down to enjoy what they've got I shall never understand. But then I'm only an artist. If I had a tenth of the magnate's money I should be idle and happy for the rest of my life. But not he! His one idea is to increase his pile.

"Two months ago his secretary came down to Burlingham for a week-end, and I took him round the studios, and we had some jollifications in the evenings. But he couldn't help seeing that we were all pretty poor. Unsold pictures everywhere. And it worried him. 'Now look here,' he said, 'I think I can do this artistic colony a bit of good. I happen to know that my boss is about to put a new soap on the market, and he is going to call it the Red White and Blue. That's a secret that I have no right to give away, but I tell it to you because we're old friends. The point is that that soap will have to be advertised like billy-o if it is to have an earthly. New soaps are difficult to launch, and nowadays, in order to make a fortune, one has, as you know, to spend one.' (As I know!) 'Now the point is that you can help, all the artists here can help, both him and yourselves. What you've got to do is to get busy painting pictures with red, white and blue in them—anything and everything—and then send them to me, and I'll see that my boss sees them. Anything you like, but they must be pictures that would interest the man in the street.'

"Well, it seemed worth trying, and for two months we all worked like slaves, and every studio in Burlingham turned out arrangements in red, white and blue, all intended some day to be reproduced as advertisements. Men who normally wince as they pass a hoarding and hate primary colours worse than botulism have been toiling at scenes likely to appeal to the great fat-headed public in general and the soap-boiler in particular.

"You never saw such combinations of red, white and blue as Burlingham has been evolving, or such themes. A serious artist setting himself to do a wilfully popular thing is always a sight for tears or laughter, or both. Poor old Jevons, for example, who has been painting evening mists all his life, came out into the open with a sailor (blue) depositing a wreath of geraniums (red) on the pedestal of a War memorial (white).

"'But, my dear fellow,' we all said, 'it's too solemn. You don't advertise soap with cenotaphs.'

"Nothing, however, would impair his delight or belief in it.

"Druce was even worse. Druce's regular line is flowers in borders, and flowers would have served the purpose extremely well, but under the spur of necessity he has made the most morbid and impossible thing you ever dreamed of—a Chinaman (blue), who has been stabbed bleeding (red), all over the sheet (white).

"'But, my dear fellow,' we all said, 'it's too horrible.'

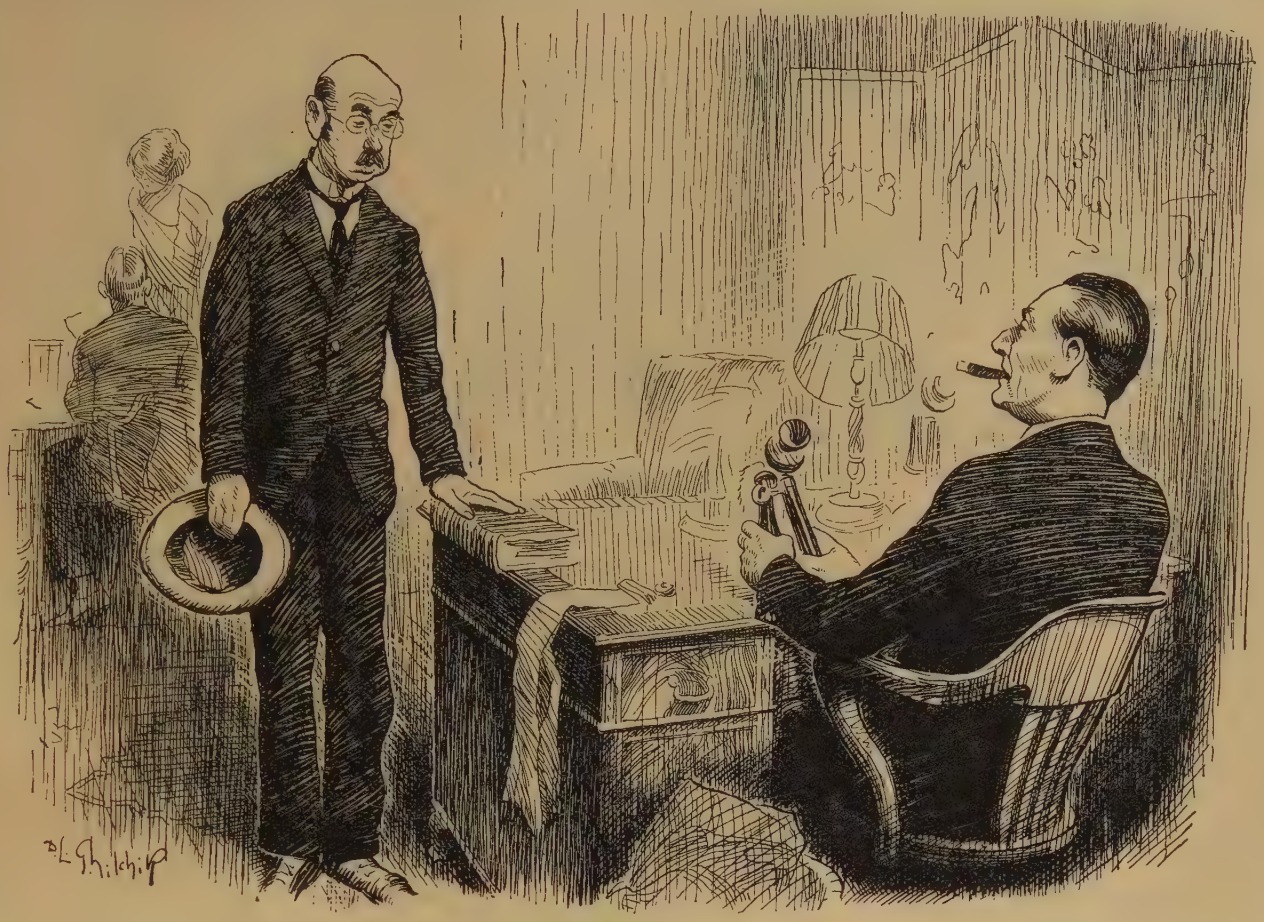
"He couldn't see it. 'It's dramatic and arresting,' he said. 'No one could fail to stop and look at it, and then, even though they shuddered, they would remember the name of the soap.'

"The most likely picture of all was by old Heavitree, who combined an amorous policeman (blue), a pretty parlour-maid in cap and apron (white), and a pillar-box (red). Another promising one was a Chelsea pensioner (red) feeding ducks (white) in a pond (blue). Someone did a flock of gulls (white) hovering over a poppy-field (red) against the sky (blue). Another bird subject had a king-fisher (blue) and a robin (red) conversing with a fantail (white). There's no end to our fantasies on those three hues. I did half-a-dozen myself—good ones, too, though I say it.

"And then, when we had all finished and I was to get the canvasses to London for the magnate to see, what do you think happened? Only yesterday. That's why I'm here; I couldn't face the music down there. Why, I had a letter from the secretary saying that he hoped we hadn't been working too hard at red, white and blue ideas, because his boss had just definitely altered the name of the soap to The Emerald!"

E. V. L.

The Toiler. "I've no use for them blokes wot's frightened of a bit of overtime. Now my time's 'arf-past five, but I've often gone on to twenty-five to six."



Advertising Manager. "Yes, we do want someone to undertake sky-writing. Are you an experienced aviator?"
Applicant. "Er—hardly that, Sir. But my employers have always been pleased to speak highly of my caligraphy."

OCTOBER RUNNING.

A Small Car's Day.

The Highland Road 's been sung before and will be sung again
So long as bards give thanks for good in the way of honest men;
And let who will be contrary, the lave will yet agree
And cry again, "The Highland Road, the Highland Road for me!"

Fife was a shadow across the Firth
When the Granton boat put out;
Over the sea and the solid earth
The mist lay all about;
But a rousing wind from the Isle of May
On the ruffled waters strode
And blew us a clear October day
To ride on the Highland Road.

Loch Leven lay like a silver shield,
Glenfarg was amber and jet,
Earn ran grey in a harvest field,
Perth was a moonstone set;
But the north hills beckoned us fold on fold
Till round Rohallion bend
Birnam in glory of russet and gold
Smiled like a long-sought friend.

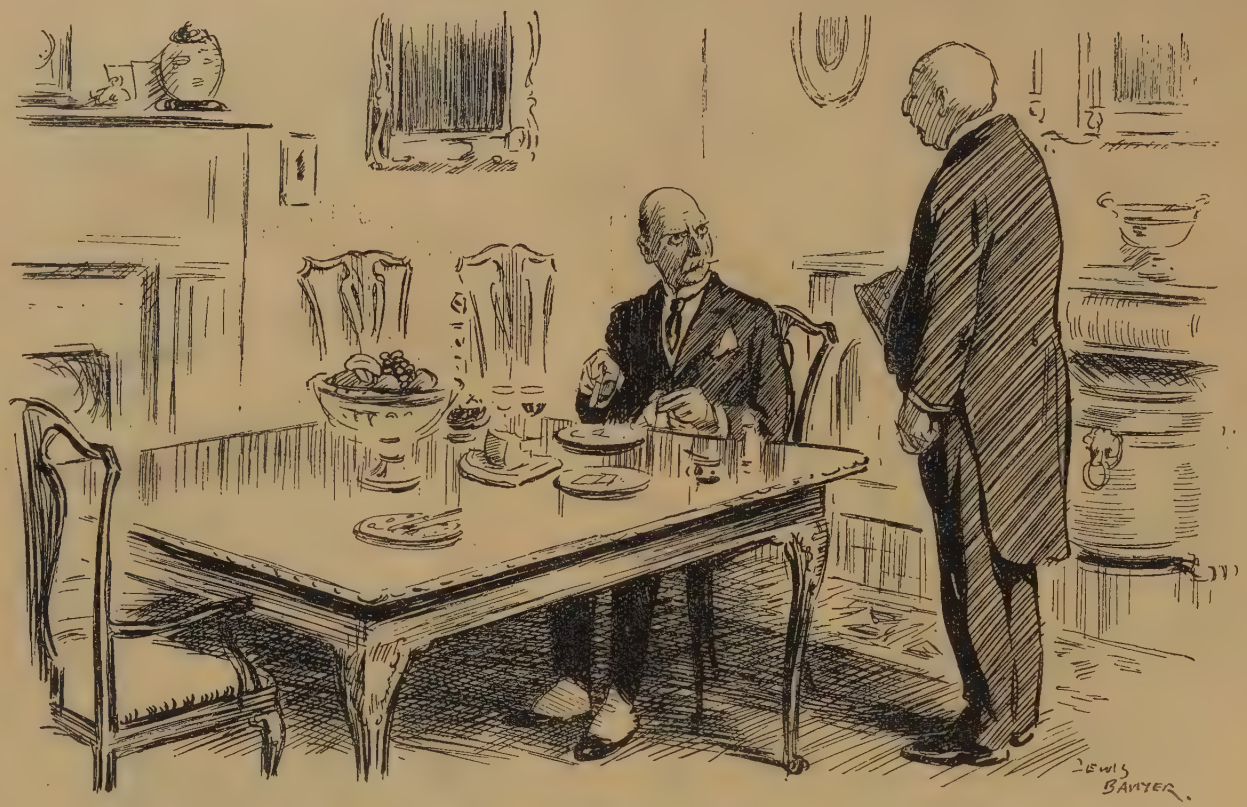
Tummel and Tay ran hand in hand,
Farragon challenged us on
Through the old enchanted Atholl land,
Grim heart of Caledon;
And the laughing Garry led us a dance
By heather and rowans and rills
Till we saw the red deer watching askance
On the grave Drumouchter hills.

A minstrel wind from Badenoch sang
Laments for the waning day,
As from darkling Ericht the Truim sprang
To carry us down to Spey
By crags and corries and grey rock spurs
Where the steadiest head may flinch,
Till evening fell on the Laggan firs
And the sunlit birks of Insh.

Then thanks be given whate'er betide
That still as heretofore
A man may waken in Morningside
And couch him in Aviemore;
Thanks for the rare road running north
And a day that gave its due,
From the mounting sun on the Firth of Forth
To the moon on the Larig Ghru.

The Highland Road 's been sung before and should be sung again,
With a verse for every heather hill and every rowan glen;
And, though God's earth is a goodly place and a many roads there be,
It 's the North Road, the Atholl Road, the Highland Road for me!

H. B.



"How is it, Alexander, that I never get a bit of decent cheese unless I go and buy it myself?"
"Can't say, Sir. I never eat cheese."

THE LETTERS.

Edward,—Reluctant as I am to enter again into your life, after a farewell we both meant to be final, I find it necessary.

After all I feel that it would be well to endeavour to make some use of my shattered life. I am about to marry. As you may imagine, I have had to make it clear that love is something I cannot offer, but one has duties, one feels, to life and to oneself.

I write to ask you to return my letters. When we parted I know that I agreed that you should keep them, but I now wish to receive them back from you. Beatrice.

Dear Beatrice,—I was profoundly moved at hearing from you. Your letter brought back the past again, those unforgettable moments fraught with such bitter-sweet.

I am bound to say that my feelings on receiving your news are, to put it frankly, mingled. No other word is adequate. I wish you every happiness, of course.

But, as to your letters, I must decline to return them. You must surely realise that they are all that is left to me. Reading them in the privacy of my study, I still recall a memory most cherished, I might say sacred. Ah!

Edward.

Edward,—I read your reply with an emotion I cannot express. Vain regrets surge through me. Were we too hasty? But there, Fate is Fate, is it not? and we can only bow to its behest. I too sometimes seek a solitude in which I can conjure up as in a dream the fragrance of those golden moments. I dare not write more.

Nevertheless I must treat what you write about my letters as the mere lingering ghost of a dead sentiment. So send them back. Under such circumstances as mine a woman has the right to make the request. Beatrice.

Dear Beatrice,—No, I cannot forgo my rights nor forget your promise. The letters are too precious. The ink is faded, the paper yellowed and a little frayed perhaps. Here and there are stains from handling—perhaps the trace of a tear even. To me these pages are relics of something holy that once illuminated a life the world has done its best to coarsen.

Ah, had not Fate struck in, who knows what might have been? But at the best we are but poor blind mortals.

Edward.

Edward,—You must allow me to insist. Surely on such a point a woman's request should be sufficient. I am deeply touched by what you say, but in my present circumstances your fidelity even to what was so fine amounts to a weakness.

Be strong, I beg you, and let me have my letters not later than Thursday.

Beatrice.

Dear Beatrice,—My refusal is quite definite. Your persistence surprises me. I suppose, after all, women don't understand. I see that you have reached the mood in which these things are but trifles. As you will, but yet, to me, how tremendous. Therefore I repeat you must allow me to adhere to my decision. I will even beg you to spare me the pain of further allusion to the subject. Edward.

Edward,—You are talking nonsense. Everything is most awkward. I appeal to your chivalry. I insist on having my letters returned. Have you no gentlemanly feeling? I demand my letters back without further correspondence.

Beatrice.

Dear Beatrice,—Thank goodness I am able to send your letters herewith. The fact is I was under the impression I had burnt them. But my wife (I mentioned, did I not, that I am married and the happy father of six such bonny children?)—my wife, who realises things in a most wonderful way, asked me this morning if I had not been receiving

THE SCAPEGOAT THAT TURNED.

["If I am driven alone into the Wilderness . . . ."—*Mr. Lloyd George at Manchester.*
"My husband thoroughly enjoys a fight."—*Mrs. Lloyd George at East Ham.*]

Daughter of the House (*introducing dancing partner*). "This is Tibby, Mother."
Mother. "Any friend of my daughter is welcome, Mr.—er—Mr.——"
Daughter. "Speak up, Tibby, you ass! I suppose you 've got some sort of other name?"

letters lately from an old flame (her expression, you understand). Was it about letters? In that case she had them. She had found them a year or two ago at the back of my collar-drawer, and had tidied them and arranged them in their proper dates as well as she could judge. She wished me to assure you on this point.

So that 's that. All the best.

Edward.

Commercial Candour.

From a Chinese trade-circular :—

"These socks and stockings are artificially made of superior Soochow's silk. Their fresh colours will not change so long as they last."

"'I wish to congratulate all British girls upon the interest Miss Talmadge has taken in them,' Mr. Standing said. 'The *Daily* ——'s efforts to find a future British screen star, to be trained and given her opportunity by Norma Talmadge, are startling in their daring scope,' he continued. 'The re-wad is almost beyond the imagination.'"—*Daily Paper*.

We have always understood that the "wad" acquired by the successful cinema star was considerable. A "re-wad" must be wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

THE FRUGAL FATHER.

No longer do I gaily go
To my old haunts in Savile Row
Whene'er my wardrobe runneth low.

No more my tailor do I beg
To tape my chest, or waist, or leg—
I buy my clothing from the peg.

My daughter reprobates with frowns
And violent epithets and nouns
This frank resort to reach-me-downs.

My son, whose raiment bears the stamp
Of Fashion's ultra-modish camp,
Rudely describes me as "the tramp."

My wife abhors my "shoddy suits"
And at my war-disposal boots
Emits derogatory hoots.

Ungrateful spouse, ungrateful brood,
Whose garb is richlier renewed
Thanks to my frugal rectitude!

Jones, comrade of my schoolboy days,
Whene'er I meet him now, displays
No recognition in his gaze.

But Jones, who moves in lordly sets,
Who haunts race-meetings, gambles, bets,
Is simply honeycombed with debts.

My life is void of hectic thrills;
I never raid post-office tills;
I stay at home and pay my bills.

Perhaps some day the ceaseless strain
Will prove too strenuous for my brain,
And I shall poison Dr. Crane,

Or break all moral curbs and snaffles,
All that sub-conscious instinct baffles,
And turn into a real *Raffles*.

Meanwhile, though snobs and fops upbraid,
I buy my raiment ready made
For ready money promptly paid.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The wife of Judas Iscariot is only one of many persons who have been greatly troubled by a dream."—*Literary Paper*.

Yes, and it was her husband, wasn't it, who asked "What is truth?"

"After having been busy for many days—and nights—over occasionally tiresome West End trivialities, it is difficult quite to express one's joy over the arrival of a thing of courageous beauty, of vision, of pure ʍouʞ sn ɟo ʎuʇuɐ sɹ"—*Daily Paper*.

It seems to have knocked the printer over.

THE BATTLE OF THE UNIONS.

IT all started at The Cottage.

Angela and I are in the habit of going to The Cottage every week-end, and while we are there we share the domestic duties. My part is to wash teacups and saucers and things: Angela decided at once that I looked like that. Moreover, until last week I did it uncomplainingly.

The immediate cause of what, if it were a matter of international politics, would be called the "incident" was a marmalade jar. Now I hold that a marmalade jar is supplied by the makers in order that their customers may carry the marmalade home in a clean and efficient manner. It is difficult to do this without a jar; but when the marmalade has once been taken out the *raison d'être* of the jar is gone, it has fulfilled its destiny and it cannot reasonably expect to prolong indefinitely a useless existence. Its crowded hour of glorious marmalade, so to speak, is over, and nothing remains but to throw it away.

Angela's point of view is different. She holds that every marmalade jar, when empty, should be washed and carefully preserved, because some day it might come in useful for something, presumably when she has worked through the few hundreds of empty marmalade jars which already occupy most of the effective shelf area in the pantry.

It must be obvious to the most superficial observer that these two points of view do not coincide.

On the morning in question, after I had worked through the legitimate cups and saucers and things, I suddenly came upon the marmalade jar. Now whatever views may be held as to the utility of a marmalade jar in its post-marmalade period, no one will deny that it is a beastly thing to wash. I eyed it with strong disfavour.

"I am sorry, Angela," I said, "but I can't wash this."

"Why not?" asked Angela in a tone which implied that only an extremely good reason would serve.

But I had a reason ready.

"Because the A.S.H. won't let me," I said firmly.

Angela frowned.

"What's the A.S.H.?" she asked.

"My union. The Amalgamated Society of Husbands."

"I've never heard of it," said Angela.

"Oh, well, we live and learn," I said soothingly. "I haven't known about it very long myself." This was strictly true.

"I don't believe there is any such thing," said Angela.

I was profoundly shocked.

"Surely," I said with some gravity, "you wouldn't doubt my word? The—er—society was founded in 1837, associated in 1853, incorporated in 1873 and—er—amalgamated in 1890." I paused triumphantly.

ADDISONIUS CONTRA MONDUM.

[Dr. ADDISON'S new book, *The Betrayal of the Slums* (JENKINS), sharply criticises the housing policy of his successor at the Ministry of Health.]

Angela very nearly sniffed.

"And it won't allow you to wash marmalade jars?"

"Rule 217 is very clear on the point."

Angela considered this for a moment.

"How are they to know if you do?" she asked.

I shook my head gloomily.

"There are spies everywhere," I said. "They would be sure to get to know about it at the Central Office, and then the consequences would be terrible."

"Such as?"

"Millions of husbands — all out on strike. A terrible thought, Angela."

She did not blench. In fact she darted her next question at me with the forensic cunning of a MARSHALL HALL.

"Where *is* the Central Office?"

I fought hard against the witness-box feeling.

"In—er—Trafalgar Square. Near the Nelson Column," I added, to make it more definite.

"I suppose there is a secretary?"

"Rather," I replied enthusiastically. "A wonderful man, Angela; you ought to——"

"What's his name?"

I didn't hesitate for a second.

"Angus McKechnie," I said.

Angela was visibly disappointed.

"I never heard of him either," she observed.

"You will," I replied darkly.

* * * * *

Two days later Angela received a neat typewritten envelope, and opened it at breakfast with a puzzled frown.

"Who is it from?" I asked airily.

Angela read the letter through quickly and her brow cleared. She seemed to be struggling with some emotion, but when she looked up her face was solemn.

"It's from your union," she said.

"Dear, dear, Angela, this is a serious matter." And I held out my hand for the letter. It read like this:—

THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF HUSBANDS
(*founded 1837*).

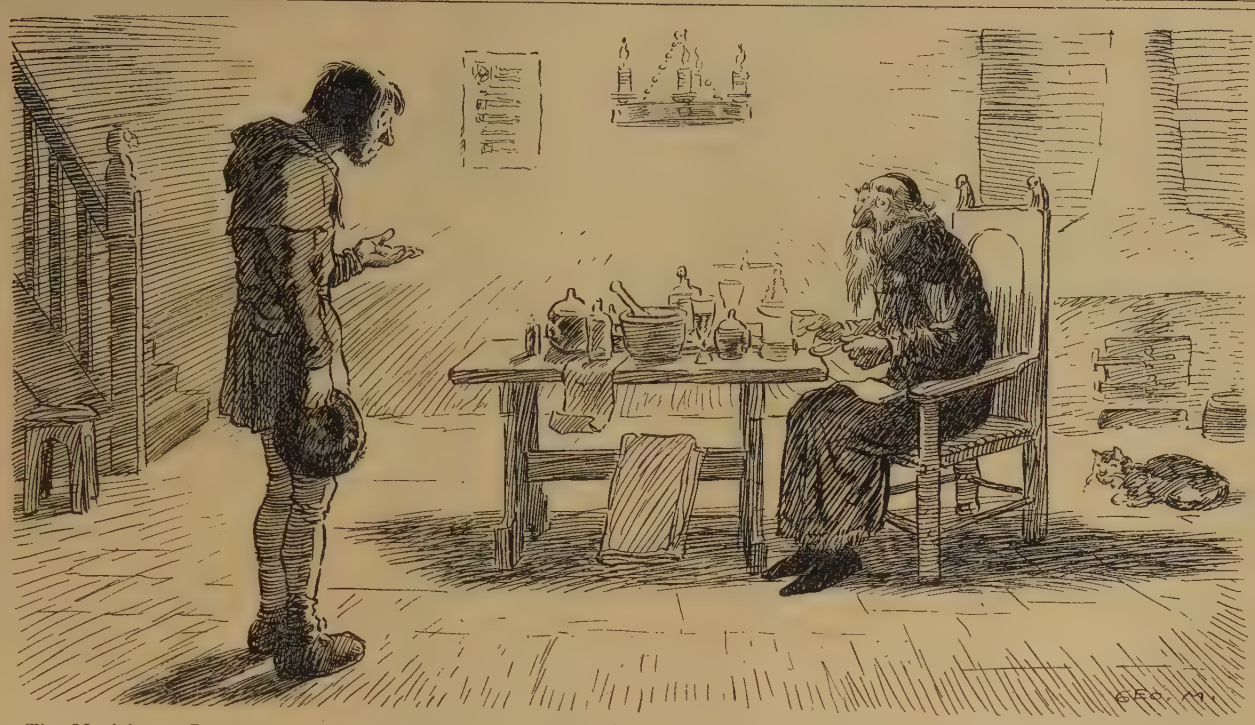
Trafalgar Square
(*Near the Nelson Column*),
London.

DEAR MADAM,—It has recently come to our notice that an attempt has been made by you to induce one of our members to disregard Rule 217 of this Society. We beg to call your attention to the Rule in question, and to assure you that, in the event of your making any further attempts at coercion, we shall be obliged to take immediate and drastic action.

On behalf of the Executive,
ANGUS MCKECHNIE,
General Secretary.

"I hope," I said as I handed it back to her, "that you will pay very careful attention to what Mr. McKechnie says."

Angela drew a long breath and looked at me with disconcerting directness. Her face was still solemn, but there were a couple of imps peeping out of her eyes. They are Angela's familiars, and somehow I never feel completely at my ease when they are about.



The Magician. "I AM SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU ARE POOR, WITH A WIFE AND FOURTEEN CHILDREN DEPENDING ON YOU, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT PERSONAL CLAIM YOU HAVE ON ME FOR CHARITY."

The Mendicant. "WELL, YOU SEE, MASTER, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE LOVE POTION YOU SOLD MY OLD WOMAN I MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN MARRIED."

"I expect Mr. McKechnie only heard one side of the question," she said gravely. "But I can easily put that right."

"In what way?"

"I shall write to him."

The position was becoming unexpectedly difficult.

"McKechnie dislikes being bothered with frivolous communications," I said.

Angela's eyes opened wider.

"Oh, but it won't be a frivolous communication," she said. "It's not a frivolous matter, is it?"

The situation was now practically out of hand.

"The—er—bacon is excellent this morning," I said. Many a man has got to the top of the diplomatic tree for less.

* * * * *

It was not until we had nearly finished dinner that evening that Angela again referred to the matter.

"With regard to Mr. McKechnie's letter," she said, "I have decided, on second thoughts, to refer it to the Executive of the I.U.W."

"And what, may I ask, is the I.U.W.?" I demanded.

Angela registered surprise mingled with pity.

"Don't you know? The International Union of Wives."

I laughed my well-known sardonic laugh, but Angela was paying no attention to me. She selected a couple of grapes with fastidious care, and when she spoke again her voice was almost dreamily reflective.

"It is a branch of the Third International," she said. "But we are thinking of breaking away. They are too pacifist to suit our taste."

I stared.

"What do you know of the Third International?" I asked.

"Oh," said Angela softly, "we live and learn."

She flicked the merest glance at me. The familiars were still there, but her face had grown more pensive.

"In a way," she said, "I am sorry for poor Mr. McKechnie. The Executive is so very impulsive."

* * * * *

Poor fellow! I am a little sorry for McKechnie too. It may happen any day, and he is so young to die.

But there is no knowing. I suspect that he is tougher than Angela thinks, and he may win through yet.

"One of the 'unco quid.'"—*Weekly Paper.*

Och ay! to say naethin' of the unco bawbees.

"A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Major ——, who has departed with the Continent."—*Australian Paper.*

We understand that at No. 10, Downing Street the opinion has been expressed that a great deal of trouble would be saved if he were allowed to get away with it.

THE USURPER.

[M. MARCEL, the inventor of the famous "wave," is visiting London this month.]

HAIL, Genius, whose creative mind
Bestowed this boon on womankind—
A wave in locks condemned by Fate
To be unbeautifully straight.

Britannia ruled the seven seas
Until you pouched your earliest fees;
But women are contented slaves
Since you achieved to rule the waves.

Mr. Punch has always felt that English employés lack too often the arts of ingratiation. The following letter, written by an Indian clerk to his chief whilst the latter was away on leave, should be posted for reference in all offices and workshops:—

"RESPECTED SIR,—I am sad since your departure. Nothing pleases me. My state is like crazy till I do not see you and hear your voice. Your beautiful talks I remember well. Your face comes before my eyes and I keep you in my heart. My state can never be stated. It can never become good until and unless I do not see you.

I pray at each and every moment for your good health and good results.

Hoping this will find you keeping all right.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant, ——."

"The Warren, Twickenham, footpath improvements are to be formerly opened shortly."
Daily Paper.

The original intention was, we believe, to open them previously later on.

CHIRON THE CENTAUR.

An Idyll.

Chiron the wise, the kindly,
He tutored the sons of kings;
And Youth it followed him blindly
And learnt of the seemly things,
The sword and the song that rings;
Of strife and sport and the glory
Of life, so the wise words fell;
But Chiron 's only a story;
Well, here is a tale to tell.

Or ever their days grew weighty
There walked companions four;
The sum of their years was eighty
And each had achieved a score—
Would any man ask for more?
They 'd fire for the Thames—a plenty,
They 'd planets to set a-spin;
We were all of us kings at twenty
When kingdoms were still to win.

The road from the coast they 'd taken,
The sea and the day behind;
They 'd stopped and they 'd sliced the bacon
A-top of the downs and dined,
On cushiony thyme reclined;
Five miles from the pier and pierrots;
And the lights of the front stood bright
Ere they picked up their packs like heroes
To walk through a short June night.

The scut of a bolting bunny,
The green of a glow-worm's spark,
Made play, till a moon like honey
Rolled up on a down-ridge stark
And conquered the violet dark;
And the way was afire with wonder
Where the ivory may-trees ran
To a shadowy shaw, and under
Its lee stood a caravan.

The wheels were a sun-cracked yellow,
The body was gipsy gay,
And by sat a mighty fellow
Who pulled at a purring clay
That reeked to the Milky Way;
But he spoke like a host and scholar
As he rose in polite ado,
While his old horse, free of the collar,
Strolled up to be civil too.

He tossed them a Greek quotation,
He dropped into Homer sheer;
But he poured them a tramp's libation
Of marvellous bottled beer
That winked to the moonshine clear;
And he spoke of the stars in Heaven,
And the Marquis of Queensberry's Rules,
And he told of a stag in Devon
And of trout in a hundred pools.

And he leaned on the horse's shoulder,
And the great horse, stamping, stood,
While he spoke of the spark a-smoulder,
The flame in the kindled wood,
Of rhyme and of hardihood;
And the four of them heard him, gazing;
And to one, ere the words were done,
In the dim and the mad moon's mazing,
The horse and the man seemed one.

And the downs in the dark were humming
Like sweeping of silver strings,
But here was the slow dawn coming
With homely happenings,
And songs that the stonechat sings;
And "None o' you *talk* for toffee,"
Quoth he of the caravan;
"Hi, sticks for the fire, boys, coffee!
'Tis time that to-day began."

Chiron the wise, the kindly,
He tutored the sons of kings,
And Youth it took to him blindly
And learnt of the splendid things,
The bow and the harp that rings.
But now was the East a glory,
The Channel a welt of gold;
Well, Chiron 's naught but a story,
And here is a story told.

REFLEX PARAPLEGIA.

Jock, the old horse, had rallied wonderfully.

"It iss astonishing," said Sandy Drumshaw, the farm manager, to the young veterinary surgeon. "I thought that wass going to be the end of him."

"He may do all right now," said the veterinary surgeon, "but he 's an old horse, you know. You had better send a note to Mr. Struthers, telling him about the seizure."

"Yess, yess," said Sandy pompously, "I will send him a report. What did you say wass the name of the trouble that Jock hass got?"

"Reflex paraplegia," said the young veterinary surgeon.

Sandy lifted his eyes to the hills. "Ay, flex-paral-pleetia. Yess, yess; flex——. And I haf no doubt that it will haf a common name ass well maybe, like the rheumatics or the lumbago, for instance?"

"No, no; just tell him it is a case of reflex paraplegia, due to colic."

"Ay, chust so. Well now, in the case of a serious trouble like—what name did you say it wass going by in your trade?"

"Reflex paraplegia."

"Ay, well, in the case of a serious trouble like—like that, wouldn't it not be better for you to write a wee bit note yourself?"

"Not at all; that 's your job, old man."

The veterinary surgeon started the engine of his car. Sandy's hand went for his pencil, but "Hielan' pride" turned back the question that rose to his lips. So the veterinary surgeon sped away in his car and Sandy was left wrestling with the problem of "flex-paral-pleetia."

Sandy Drumshaw was apt to be a bothersome man when engaged in literary composition, and things had gradually come to this: that, whenever he sat down to write a letter, his wife, Jinnet, got the dictionary and sat down beside him. Thus, when Sandy was uncertain about the spelling of a word, he had simply to pronounce it and Jinnet promptly turned it up.

All went well with the writing of the report on Jock's case until—

"Flex-paral-eety," said Sandy, frowning at the table-cover.

"Whit 's that?" queried Jinnet, who was of Ayrshire birth.

"That iss the disease that Jock hass got."

"Whit did ye say the name was?"

"Parly-flex-eety," said Sandy.

"That 's no the name ye said at first," said Jinnet, turning over the leaves.

"I am asking you to spell me flex-parly-eety," said Sandy.

"Hoo can I spell ye a word if ye 're aye changin' it? Bide a wee, here 's one. Oh, but that means——"

"It iss not the meaning, it iss the spelling I am asking you," interrupted Sandy irritably. "Gif me the book."

Jinnet willingly relinquished her task and left the room, muttering, "Ye 're just gettin' yersel' intae a bonny pickle."

Then Sandy set forth upon a hopeless quest, in the course of which he wandered further and further afield. He was among the Foreign Words and Phrases, perplexedly testing the syllables of *lex Parliamenti*, when he heard the voice of Jinnet calling to him urgently.

Sandy and Jinnet returned to the room together about half-an-hour later and sat down again side by side. Jinnet's lips were tightly compressed, and occasionally a tear fell on the dictionary. Sandy looked grave, but he wrote with the confidence of one whose path had been cleared of obstacles.

When the letter was finished Sandy read it over to his wife.

"It 's as true as ye 've said it," commented Jinnet with a tearful sigh. "It 's just a case o' auld age comin' on him suddenly. Ay, an' you an' me is gettin' auld too, Sandy. Ye might read that last bit tae me again. I think ye 've done that bit real well."

"The vet.," Sandy read slowly, "gave the name of a serious disease to Jock's trouble; but getting on for twenty-two iss old age with horses, and me and the wife iss both of the opinion that Jock died with nothing more than hiss years; and maybe it iss the best thing could haf happened for all concerned."

Londoner. "PLACE SEEMS A BIT LIVELY TO-DAY."
Superior Village Grocer. "YES, SIR. A CHARABANG HAS JUST DISCHARGED ITS CONTENTS."

THE EDITOR'S REGRETS: HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

"The Editor regrets"—I need not continue; you all know how it goes on. The first few times you receive the fatal slip you read every word of it and feel some compunction at having added to the sorrows of a fellow-creature. For at this stage you foolishly take the Editor to be a human being; his demoniac characteristic, persistent malice, is not yet revealed.

Somewhere about the twelfth or thirteenth occasion you cease to read it. The slip might just as well be blank paper, except that you can't even write a note to your grocer on the back. The honest fellow might reasonably protest, "He complains of my sugar, does he? Well, *his* stuff don't seem to give satisfaction neither."

So you are driven to devise some other means of disposing of these incriminating documents. You could, of course, easily and naturally throw them into the waste-paper basket or the fire, but, being a writer, you cannot afford to be easy and natural.

I once heard of a man who papered the walls of his room with the offending documents. But this course is only for those natures which react perversely to stimuli.

The idea, however, is good; it merely wants knocking into shape.

Take out your own collection of slips and look at them. You will discover that nearly all of the messages begin, "The Editor regrets;" but here and there you will find an exception, such as "The Editor presents his compliments and regrets . . ." Among them also you will possibly find lurking another and a very rare kind of slip, beginning, "The Editor presents his compliments and has much pleasure in accepting. . . ." These last are to form the groundwork of your wall-paper.

Pick out the complimentary refusals and paste them downwards in a continuous line, affixing the second and following slips so that nothing is seen beyond the words of the first line: "The Editor presents his compliments and." When you reach the skirting, boldly stick on one of the happy few in its entirety. This briefly will be the effect:—

The Editor presents his compliments and
The Editor presents his compliments and
The Editor presents his compliments and
The Editor presents his compliments and
has much pleasure in accepting . . . .

Thus, after an effect of chronic editorial stammering, the full note of acceptance is revealed.

I have not myself put this plan into practice; I use my paste for a nobler purpose, in conjunction with a pair of scissors. Meanwhile I light my pipe with the slips; but this is a mere gesture, for I infinitely prefer matches.

Still, something has to be done with the things, and I have no further ideas, except to make an article out of them.

"Long Black Nurse's Cloak, velour cloth winter weight, as new."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

But if winter comes, won't our coloured sister miss it?

AT THE OPERA.

"THE IMMORTAL HOUR" (REGENT).

THE Birmingham Repertory Company, having already shown us their skill in biographical drama with *Abraham Lincoln*, are now giving us a further taste of their quality in what Mr. RUTLAND BOUGHTON, the composer, calls Music Drama, which we Cockneys have hitherto known as Opera. And very well indeed they do it.

It is by no means an easy matter to follow the action (where any) of an unfamiliar music drama. Just as the key words are to be spoken the composer, most naturally getting excited, summons his wood wind and brass and overwhelms the librettist—in this case FIONA MACLEOD (adapted). I wish we could steal a device from the film theatre and just sensibly project the book of the words piece by piece upon a screen above the proscenium. For music without words is not definite enough to distinguish between, say, upbraiding for past misconduct and presaging a doom. Lacking this sensible if ignoble device I could make very little of the first hour or so, which was mainly spent by a large dark being with exaggerated finger-nails, *Dalua, the Shadow*, declaiming with a fine emphasis Mr. BOUGHTON'S tremendous recitatives.

However, when *Princess Etain*, a girl of the faery folk, very eerie and wan and slender, stumbled in, and she was instructed by *Dalua* to pass on in quest of her dreams; when too she was followed by *The Dreamer—The High King of Ireland, Eochaidh* (pronounced *Yokkhay*, and not O'Brien, as one might guess), who was also let through, why, then one realised that we were getting to essentials. For I gathered that *Dalua* had certain misgivings or was weaving some stout curses about the matter.

All this took place in a wood that was a very triumph of imaginative representation. Various awful shapes moved vaguely in the misty gloom and a chorus of bogeys or demons (or Irregulars, it might be) were very sinister and declamatory. But I could not quite make out what their trouble was. Their general practical function was no doubt to prepare us for something unpleasant, and not let us delude ourselves that anybody was going to live happily ever after. Anyway, I didn't expect it of a King of Ireland.

The scene changes and *Etain* has wandered into a peasant's hut. Thither comes *Eochaidh* to shelter from the storm. The peasants make but sleepy chaperons, and, when *Eochaidh* tells his love very suddenly and sharply, *Etain* flies to his arms. A haunting melody of faeryland breaks upon their rapture and strikes them with a vague dismay.

Admirable was the effect of solidity and gloom contrived by the judicious lighting of a mere painted back-cloth. Mr. PAUL SHELVING certainly knows his job.

The Second Act is set in Tara's Hall, complete with harp and chorus of white beaver Druids—a little too solid, these, I thought, for the general air of wanness which, meseemed, ought to prevail. It is the anniversary of the nuptials of *Eochaidh* and *Etain*. Foreboding is in the air. The Druids, having sung their fill, wander out wagging their handsome cotton beards. The *Queen* retires with her maidens. Comes a stranger, *Midir*, a Prince of the faery folk. He craves a boon—to press his lips to the white hand of the *Queen* and sing her a little song he has made. And a right lovely song it is; "How Beautiful are the Lonely Ones that Dwell in the Hollows of the Hills." *Etain* wanders out into the night after *Midir* and goes back to her own folk. 'Tis the end of *The Immortal Hour*. I never quite knew why she had ever left them, but I am glad she did, for she was very pleasant to hear and see.

Technical criticism of the music is beyond my art. It certainly held the large theatre completely silent and something like in thrall—a considerable achievement. The more lyrical passages, such as the song of *Midir* and the call of the faeries, seemed to me of exquisite beauty. The less easily intelligible dramatic recitative needs a better instructed ear or a further hearing. I thought the brass a little uneasy and abruptly explosive, and I shall never reconcile myself to the convention which obtrudes, between audience and most carefully-designed grouping, setting and lighting, the distraction of a vigorously gesticulating black-coated conductor with brilliantly-lighted score.

A very satisfying performance; singing, acting and setting excellent each and excellently harmonised. Miss GWEN FRANGCON DAVIES (*Etain*) perhaps a little miscalculated the size of the Regent as contrasted with the friendly little Repertory Theatre at Birmingham, but she sang and played with intelligence and feeling. Mr. JOHNSTONE-DOUGLAS (*The King*) was hampered by a slight cough, which I do hope was not caused—it cannot have been eased—by our tobacco (I sinned frankly against the light, but felt horribly guilty all the while). The clear tenor of Mr. WILLIAM HESELTINE (*Midir*) was heard to great advantage in the song that called *Etain* to her people, and he seemed by his bearing to express the fact of his faery nature. Mr. ARTHUR CRANMER'S *Dalua* was effective against the awkward handicap of too long stretches of unrelieved recitative.

This Repertory Team, doing justice to composer and poet, have created beauty with their singing, playing and the excellent craftsmanship of their workshop. London should see and applaud this fine thing. T.

Hatter (to eminent artist). "I WOULDN'T 'AVE ONE OF THOSE, SIR—MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE AN ARTIST OR BOLSHIE."

"Professor —— and his 22-year-old son have returned home from the tractless wilds of Chinese Tibet."—*Daily Paper.*

S.P.C.K., please note.

From an account of the Kennel Club Show:—

"Another class that attracted attention were the dainty West Island Terriers."
Evening Paper.

This breed is well known in the neighbourhood of 'Olborn.

"What name?" "Abrahams." "Christian name?" "Moses."

A SLANDERED NATION.

The newspapers I love are not the journals with a circulation of millions. I look at them, but they leave me cold. Give me *The Cirencester Chronicle* or *The Mid-Berks Gazette* and I am interested and happy. I love to read about the extraordinary conduct of a mad cow in the High Street, or of the skittle championship at Exton Parva. There you have the essential England—far away from Fleet Street's hysteric dramas.

Thanks to the excellent habit of reading local newspapers I have made a most surprising discovery. This week I came across a Peebles journal, and in accordance with my rule read every word of it. I was rewarded by finding an account of a presentation to a minister. You would have skipped it, doubtless. I read on, however, and was paralysed to find that it was a presentation to a minister *arriving at a new charge*.

In my time small subscriptions of mine have helped to speed the parting curate. I was with the majority who, when it was proposed to celebrate our Vicar's fifteenth year of service, decided that it was far more appropriate to wait for his ecclesiastical silver wedding. But never have I been asked to join in a presentation to an arriving cleric. We English are careful, cautious, canny folk.

Haven't we all in the past brought accusations of parsimoniousness against the Scotch? I even seem to recall something of the kind in *Punch*. And here we find them rising to heights of liberality undreamt of by us. Let all the gross slanders on the Scotch be withdrawn. Parsimonious! Why, they are a prodigal race.

I see Sir Donald McLean is Member at present for Peebles. I cannot trust Sir Donald if there is the faintest risk of his coming in at the head of a victorious Wee Free party. A man from Peebles? Never! We should find him presenting new Government officials with bonuses the day they took office.

Remarkable Animal Sagacity.

From an account of anti-Government meetings in Dublin:—

"In Sackville Street, where a hackney-car was used as a platform, the horse went asleep and fell down."—*Irish Paper.*

"From Manchester Mr. Lloyd George went on to Blackpool, where he was greeted on arrival on Saturday night by a huge cheering Minister."—*Ulster Paper.*

Unfortunately the name of this gigantic colleague is not given.

"Required, immediately, Gentleman (by birth) or Land Girl (do.), as Useful Help in country house."—*Irish Paper.*

All the Land Girls we have met have been Land Girls by adoption, not by birth.

THE MAN WHO SPARED SIKI.

There appears to be something approaching a dead set against Battling Siki. Half the prize-fighters of Europe appear to be after him—a situation fraught with considerable risk.

Already Carpentier has fought him. It is definitely arranged that Beckett shall fight him. Tex Rickard threatens to make a great fuss if a friend of his in the U.S.A. is not permitted to fight him. Kid Lewis demands hoarsely that he shall fight him. And Carpentier, with singular greed, asks to be allowed to fight him a second time.

Why should this simple son of Senegal, far from his sunny home, be so beset? Is it because he is black of hue that there is so strong a desire to render him blue as well?

Let me say at once for myself that I am not in sympathy with this hounding of poor Siki. I have decided (and I should like him above all others clearly to understand this) that I, at any rate, shall not challenge him.

"To-day's meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva elected six non-permanent members of the Council. The ballot was secret (says Reuter), the papers bearing the names of countries and not of individuals.

A bicycle stolen at Fulham was identified at Portsmouth 24 hours later."

Evening Paper.

We always said that the League would justify its existence sooner or later.

NEW USES FOR MUSIC.

(*By Bertram Kelvin.*)

It is not only from Africa that something new is always swimming into our ken. For richness, strangeness and fruitfulness of suggestion I am inclined to award the palm to America. Only this week have I read of a ten-year-old Chess Champion who has been defeating Masters in New York, and who, *mirabile dictu*, whistles while he plays. Not, mark you, that he performs on an instrument of tin or other metal, for, as Stevenson remarks in *The Wrong Box*, the young of the penny-whistler, like those of the salmon, are occult from observation. No, the sounds emitted by this budding Capablanca are framed by his lips, as they were by Mrs. Shaw, the *belle siffleuse* of late-Victorian days, whom, as a callow youth, I remember hearing in the old St. James's Banqueting Hall piercing the tympana of her hearers by profuse strains of incredible shrillness. But Mrs. Shaw devoted all her energies to sibilation. She did nothing else at the same time.

The American prodigy, however, simultaneously exerts his brain and breathes forth "soul-animating strains." The achievement is remarkable, possibly unique, but it is not incapable of imitation in other fields and may prove of incalculable value in enhancing the amenities of pastime, and, what is of even greater importance, affording to athletic specialists who have to write four or five articles a week fresh points of view—*loca nullius ante trita solo.* For the linking up of pastime and music in a new synthesis places a fresh and inexhaustible reservoir at the disposal of the large and increasing number of highly-educated University men who devote their lives to the literature, the philosophy and the psychology of recreation.

We have heard a great deal, perhaps too much, about the need of brightening our lives, but few specific suggestions of any practical value have been advanced. Golf is as indispensable to our happiness as marmalade to the breakfast table, but so far no one has dared—not even Dr. Crane—to suggest that golf should be humanised by song. Immemorial tradition has prescribed that it should be played in silence, and played in silence it usually is; save for the occasional explosion of a monosyllabic expletive or the ill-suppressed hiccup of a peccant caddie. (On the causes of the peculiar susceptibility of caddies to this distressing complaint I propose to enlarge at some future time. It is a momentous subject and may require more than one article. But for the moment I may content myself with the remark that its symptoms are not euphonious.)

But if the golfer cultivated the practice of singing gently all the time until it became automatic and unconscious, it would eliminate profanity and foster equanimity. I am inclined to think that whistling is out of place on the links, because it is practically confined to the treble clef. But singing admits of a pleasing variety of timbre, and in the case of a foursome four-part songs might be performed before driving off at each tee, or possibly when the players are reunited on the green. Here, however, as in all things, moderation is to be observed, and the musical accompaniment must never be allowed to hold up the green unduly. I have recently experimented with some iron clubs made by Messrs. Hooker and Dunch, which give out a musical note at the moment of impact with the ball. The effect is decidedly pleasing, and, after playing the same shots—a hundred in all—with ordinary clubs, I found that a fractional enhancement of efficiency amounting to about $\frac{3}{17}$ per cent. was attributable to the new invention.

Convinced though I am that golfers would probably improve their tempers and their game by indulgence in timely melody, I am by no means satisfied that it would be expedient to teach caddies to sing during a round. For one thing it would interfere with their smoking cigarettes; for another, unless they were naturally musical and carefully trained, their performance might jar on the ears of fastidious and critical players. To this point I hope also to return on a future occasion, but for the next month I must restrict myself to the discussion of an even more vital problem than the introduction of music on the links: I mean the relation of psycho-analysis to top-spin in ping-pong, in regard to which I regret to observe that both Sir Clifford Allbutt and Lord Dawson of Penn hold reactionary and obscurantist views.

"Si Monumentum Requiris . . ."

"Riverside cemetery lot; use of one-half tombstone."—*Advt. in American Paper.*

"The students of the Cairo schools have decided to bid good-bye to Madame Zaghlul Pasha on Sunday. Each school will have its own wag."—*Egyptian Paper.*

We question the tact of this.

"Canvey Island Hits Back.

Both residents and visitors have finally united to heap 'tu tuoques' on the head of Southend."—*Sunday Paper.*

We presume this form of headgear is a development of the early-Victorian toque.

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IV.—Guinea-fowl.

When Meleager slew the boar
That harried Calydonia's shore,
His uncles on his mother's side
Proposed the trophy to divide;
Indeed so rude their language grew
That Meleager slew them too.

This sudden loss of brothers twain
Proved too much for the mother's brain;
She screamed distraught and stormed
and blubbered,
Rushed to the fastness of her cupboard,
And flung its contents on the fire
To make a decent funeral pyre.

But know you what had gone before?
A flaming brand had burst the floor
At Meleager's birth, and from
The bowels of the earth had come
A voice to say the infant's fate
Was with the brand's commensurate.

The brand, of course, was promptly
quenched,
And, after it had been well drenched,
Hung up behind the cupboard door,
And there for twenty years or more
It stayed, until, with fatal aim,
The mother hurled it in the flame.

For as it burnt her son burnt too;
The frenzied parent promptly slew
Herself; the sisters, bowed with grief,
Soon used up every handkerchief
They had; then each in her distress
Wept pearly tears upon her dress.

In time these poor demented shes
Became the Meleagrides,
Those humpy pearl-bespangled fowl
Who spur and peck and sneer and scowl
And scream in strident monotone
And live their cross-grained lives alone.

For mark how peace is broken when
The leathern-hatted guinea-hen
Invades the yard; how one and all,
The gobbler huge, the bantam small,
With dubious feet, with wary eye,
Prepare to ward their dignity.

Nought cares she; all of them are foes;
She digs straight at the puppy's nose
And sends him howling; whisks about
And puts old chanticleer to rout;
Drives blindly at a sitting duck
And generally runs amok.

"In a few seconds the townspeople and the players from the baseball field formed a bucket brigade with Mrs. J. —— as chief, assisted by Mrs. ——, Miss —— and Mrs. ——. Each of whom with the alacrity of a giraffe took some active part toward smothering the flames."
Canadian Paper.

The giraffe metaphor was introduced, we suppose, to show that with these gallant ladies it was a case of neck or nothing.

THE HONEYMOON.

"Wot d'ye say to a boat, Sir—an' 'ave the ocean all to yerselves?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

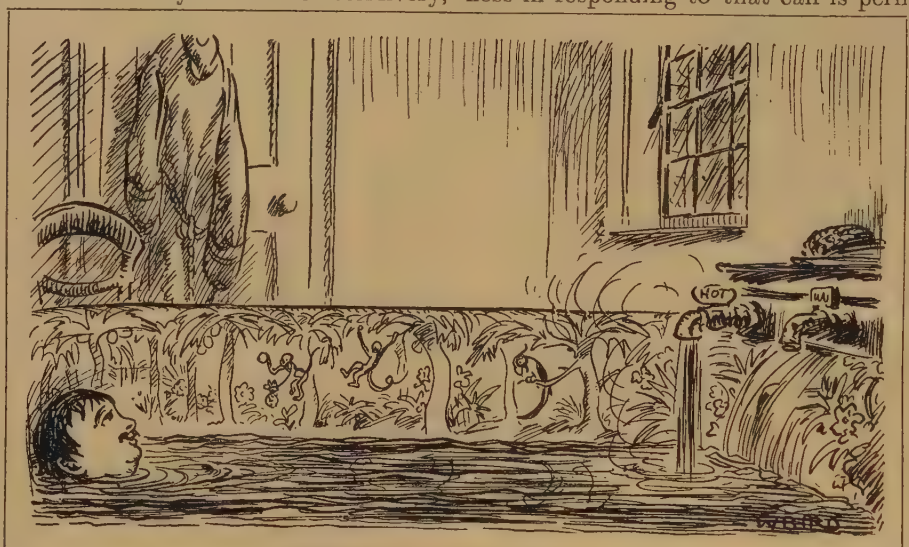
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's *My Life and Some Letters* (Hutchinson) is a quite admirable example of that candour in an autobiography which unconsciously but effectively reveals the subject. "Mrs. Pat" confesses amateurishness, but, writing without effort or affectation, she writes with point and style, giving the vivid impression of a complex personality—generous, incalculable, thorny, mischievous, neither socially nor in her work too easily popular, but immensely attractive to the discerning. It obviously occurs to one to protest that a more discreet hand would have suppressed certain of the letters that appear (perhaps particularly one or two of those from the always freshly amazing "Joey"—Mr. G. B. Shaw); but it is just this unconventional selection that gives the book its life, and to sacrifice taste to truth is perhaps, after all, not so bad a choice. There are many surprising and attractive aspects of the life of this distinguished actress—the long struggle against ill-health with poverty, a certain courage and conscience about money unusual in the type, the long list of eager admirers of her work among the ranks of fastidious critics, her many close and worthy friendships. One of the most charming figures is her much-loved "Uncle Harry," poor and obscure, but of fine character and courage, of whom she could write: "Looking back now, I feel my youth was spent at court in the presence of a king" . . . A fascinating, completely human book.

In both manner and matter *The Cloak of Gold* (Chapman and Hall) is more than a little symptomatic of the already rising school of Hutchinson. It is a cleverish, somewhat staccato novel, in which Mr. John Hastings Turner has traced the revolt of a highly modern young couple against the parental theory and practice of marriage. *Alison Margett* and *Harold Cutman* become engaged at a Devonshire watering-place, under the personal supervision of their parents, assisted by another middle-aged couple and a benedictory bachelor friend. The elders make speeches, drink healths and sentimentally renew their youth. The engaged couple go off for brisk walks to discuss the limitation of their future family. The trouble is, of course, that being bored (as sentimentalists' children often are) with the outward signs of their parents' inward graces, they determine to have none of either; and strip themselves of faith, hope and charity, and not a few of the natural virtues, in a vain effort to evade wedding-cake and the Bridal March from *Lohengrin*. Their subsequent denuded lives are contrasted with the comparatively luxurious deaths of the old people—in particular with the death of *Charles Cutman*, who entrenches his last moments under the imaginary boughs of the laburnum-tree under which he plighted his troth. Mr. Turner has his own felicities of observation and wit; but they neither of them get the chance they deserve here.

Were I one of Mr. Wells's "weary Titans," how I should rejoice at finding *Charles Rex* (Hutchinson) ready to my

hand after a hard day's work. I salute the talented lady who still writes under the name of ETHEL M. DELL. She has all the others beat over this particular line of country that she has selected for her own. There may be nothing in life even remotely resembling the gallant figures that people her pages, but how charming it would be to discover an American trainer like *Jake Bolton*, or *Captain Larpent*, most imperturbable of yacht-commanders. *Saltash* himself—but that is more than anyone could ask. *Lord Saltash* had royal blood in his veins, and a more than royal manner on occasion, which explains the title of the novel. Miss DELL insists that he is ugly; but this is only her subtlety. We refuse to believe her, though his eyes are odd, one black, one grey, and he has a certain monkey-like agility, and is always looking at us in a mocking manner. But that is because he has lived a life of wild and unrestrained pleasure and is beginning to feel the futility of it (see jacket). I tremble to think what might have become of him had he not stumbled upon *Antonio*, the Valrosa hotel-keeper, thrashing *Toby* in an arbour. *Toby* was a fair-haired youth in the hotel livery, and naturally *Saltash* when he returned found him hiding on board his yacht, prepared to serve him with a dog-like devotion. Only somehow, when we meet the pair later at the ancestral castle, "a figure in white, girlish, fresh as the morning, sprang suddenly into view. Her eager face had the delicate flush of a white rose. The hair clustered about her temples in tender ringlets of gold." Heavens! it is *Toby*, now become *Miss Larpent*. Very soon those eyes, one black, one grey, will shine on her with a great tenderness. Love will have performed another miracle, and Miss DELL produced another "best seller."



BRIGHTER EVERYTHING.

THE SOUTH SEA DECORATIVE SCHEME FOR BATHS IN THE WINTER MONTHS.

Our ancestors of the eighteenth century had their faults, but they were seldom dull; and what other period of our extremely variegated island story provided modes of life so vividly contrasted? Consider, side by side with the garish follies of Vauxhall, the decorous, if emotional, society depicted in *Evelina*; the profound tranquillity and the eternal monotony of the countryside in comparison with rout and masquerade in London town, and how great ladies and exquisite gentlemen dwelt unpleasantly close to night-rufflers and footpads and the very orts and heel-taps of poor humanity. And outside England, gay or sordid, virtuous or drunken, English soldiers fought and starved on land, and English sailors fought and starved at sea. You can take your choice. Mr. WYKE SMITH, in his *Captain Quality* (LANE), happily chooses the High Toby, which, as of course you know, means the chivalrous trade of the gentleman of the road; ingeniously implicating the fine old country squire—whose untimely decease I deplore—and the rustic beauty, and the man about town who was no better than he should be, and a schoolmaster who got what he deserved. Whether or not the Naval officer, who had no scruple in cutting out the pretty little craft desired of the pedagogue, got what he deserved, Mr. WYKE SMITH will tell you all in good time. A good book for a holiday, though I could have wished that the author had studied his period and his style a little more carefully.

Mr. GUY RAWLENCE has told an admirable story in *Knighton* (DUCKWORTH)—a place that "had been held by the *Rorkes* since the time of Elizabeth, and one after another had ruled the land honourably." All indeed had gone well with these yeoman farmers until *George Rorke* decided that his son *Oliver* must be educated like a "gentleman." In the result his liberal education taught him many things unknown to his ancestors, and among them was the fascination of gambling. A quarrel with his father followed, and he left his home, not returning to it till his parents were dead and the house and lands had been sold. During these years, in which he had become a rich man, Knighton, it appears, had been calling to him all the time; and his tardiness in responding to that call is perhaps a little difficult to understand. However that may be, he was no sooner back in Wiltshire than Knighton obsessed him, and to recover his old home became the passion of his life. Mr. RAWLENCE succeeds in compelling our sympathy, even though we have to recognize that half of *Oliver's* troubles were of his own making. He writes delightfully of the Wiltshire countryside, and his descriptions of Chelsea Society are cleverly done. Some readers may complain because the conclusion of the story is tragic, but its author would have sinned against the light if he had gone the broad and easy way to a happy ending.

I do not know why novels whose scenes are laid in Sussex are almost invariably good to read, but I have rarely met one that was without charm. Nestling at the foot of the Sussex Downs was the little village which gives its name to *Hornet's Nest* (MURRAY), and Mr. ANDREW SOUTAR has put its tale into the mouth of one *Tony Cobb*, a keen farmer and determined lover. But my attention was rather distracted from him by the amusing activities of his father. By trade a master mariner, *Cobb Senior*, when on land, was so fearsome a character that *Hornet's Nest* once closed a political meeting with "an expression of hope that *Mr. Cobb* would soon get another ship, and give the village a chance to rest in peace." His game, at which he was supreme, was baiting. He baited the squire, the parson, the publican and the blacksmith, and so diverting were his performances that the stage seemed a little empty when he was off it. But in justice I must add that Mr. SOUTAR has shown great skill in mingling humour with romance and mystery, and has also succeeded in surrounding his story with a fresh and delightful atmosphere.

CHARIVARIA.

"I HAVE never had a strong belief in Mr. BONAR LAW," says Mr. LOVAT FRASER. Mr. BONAR LAW is going on as well as could be expected.

***

When leaving No. 10, Downing Street, to entrain for Leeds, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, according to a picture paper, was observed to stumble. The theory at the Carlton Club is that he must have tripped over his halo.

***

"Our countryside is ablaze with berries and hips and haws," writes a correspondent in *The Daily Mail*. Yet another reason why we want "plain answers" from Mr. BONAR LAW.

***

A player, on the St. Leonards links the other day, played a ball which struck a tree and, rebounding, knocked him senseless. The only explanation seems to be that he didn't shout "Fore."

***

"It was impossible," writes a politician in a contemporary, "to have the General Election polling on a Saturday." Any football enthusiast knows that.

***

Mr. LUKE, the Willesden magistrate, last week quoted poetry to a woman in the box. For our part we like to see justice tempered with mercy.

***

Lions and tigers, we are told, are too weak in lung power to run more than half a mile. It must be a great consolation when being chased by one of these brutes to know that after the first half-mile everything will be quite all right.

***

A big nose, it seems, is considered beautiful in Japan. And in America, under Prohibition, a red nose is regarded as an accomplishment.

***

What is likely to handicap the Moslems in the event of their wanting to wage war is that all the poison gas seems to have been cornered by the Christian countries.

***

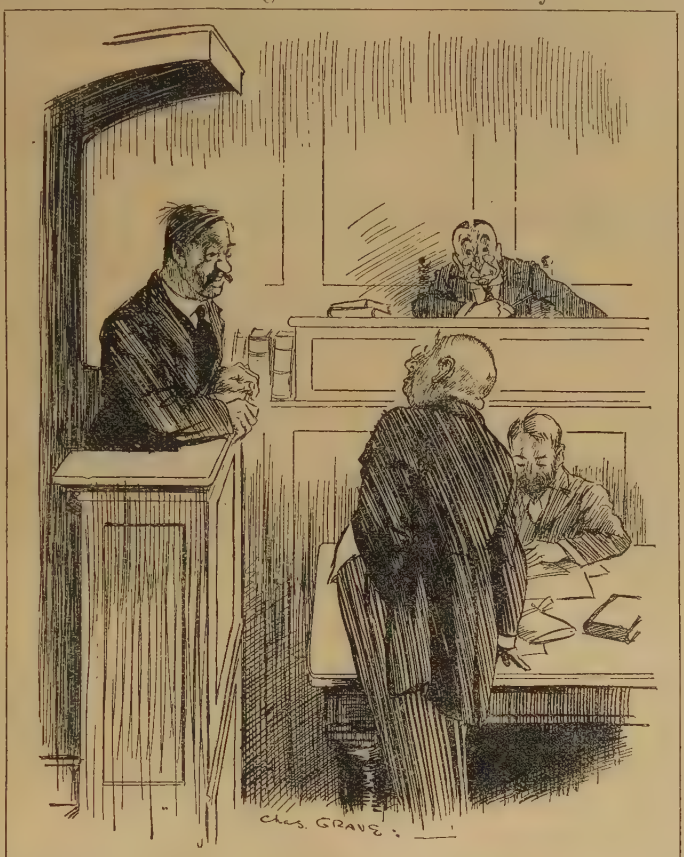
With reference to the Candidates for the forthcoming elections it is said that one famous King Beaver has offered to stand for Ayr, providing the Political Section of the Beaver Defence League will support him.

***

A Russian living in Petrograd claims to be one hundred and twelve years old. We understand that LENIN is making urgent inquiries to find out who is responsible for this oversight.

***

"Every flower has a meaning," declares a weekly journal. We guessed as much when our tailor sent us a bunch of forget-me-nots the other day.



Witness. "THE CAR CAME ROUND THE CORNER AT THIRTY MILE AN HOUR."

Solicitor. "THEN YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A JUDGE OF SPEED?"

Witness. "WELL, I SHOULD SAY SO. I FOUND THE WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE."

"Actresses," said a County Court Judge recently, "are notoriously careless with their jewellery." One actress that we could mention has dropped hers down a newspaper at least three times.

***

"If I don't know a thing I say so at once," recently declared a Cabinet Minister. It sounds rather monotonous.

***

The scheme of decoration of the new Ladies' Carlton Club is described as having the "Adam" touch. The political woman is rather fed-up with the "Eve" idea.

***

Madame SARAH GRAND has discovered that Scotsmen drink whisky in order to enable them to withstand the rigours of their climate. This supports the belief that the earliest immigrants deliberately selected a country with a rigorous climate.

***

"Anyone who encourages agriculture," says Sir EDWARD MOUNTAIN, "is a benefactor to the nation." Even if he only shouts, "Come on, Steve!" at a ploughing-match.

***

A lecturer on "Curiosities of Clothing" has traced the hat-band back for three thousand years. We have seen hat-bands that make this easily credible.

***

Whisky is only six shillings a bottle in Guernsey. But Scotsmen are warned that they charge twopence for landing.

***

Casey was the name of the U.S. steamer that struck Capo Passaro in a fog. It is regarded as lucky for Capo Passaro that it wasn't DEMPSEY who did it.

***

Snow fell in North Wales last week. The local feeling is that, in view of recent political events, it would have been ridiculous to expect rose-leaves.

***

Pittsburg scientists assert that if their device could be adopted, London might abolish fogs. Science may be all right, but we prefer to place our confidence in *The Daily Mail*.

***

There is talk of the formation of a League of Motorists which will be prepared to give pedestrians a "lift." Pedestrians who choose to remain on foot will just go on dodging as usual.

***

The practice of dancing between courses at restaurants is said to be going out of favour. A suggested alternative is that of having courses between dances.

***

The young pygmy elephant which has arrived at the Zoo will, when full-grown, probably not exceed six feet in height. On that scale there doesn't seem much point in being an elephant.

"I wish the Prince of Wales would come out with a low neck and rid us of these sorrible collars."—*Daily Paper.*

These are indeed a nawful nuisance.

ON THE GOOD SHIP "CARLTON," LATE "COALITION."

(Being an attempt by one of his admirers to imagine how the new Captain's attitude strikes the Liberal members of the old crew.)

THE NEW CAPTAIN SPEAKS:—

HERE is the harbour; furl the vessel's sails.
Great seas have we survived that tried to rip her,
Great mountainous seas and most enormous whales,
In one of which we left our dear old skipper;
We threw him over just outside the bar—
A man (I always said) of marked ability,
But, having made the haven where we are,
He might have spoilt our consequent tranquillity.

"Tranquillity!" Ah, what a blessèd word
After the strain of all that dirty weather,
The rocks and shoals that constantly occurred
Which, a united crew, we dodged together;
These hallowed ties I simply loathe to rend,
Yet must dispense with those of you who followed
Too faithfully our late lamented friend
Whom (as I grieve to think) the great whale swallowed.

Observe, we do not make you walk the plank;
Such treatment you might well regard as petty;
Nor would it suit our purpose (to be frank);
No, no, we merely land you on the jetty;
There you will stand by, while the ship refits,
And, if our crew falls short of expectation
In point of numbers or for lack of wits,
You will be handy for co-operation.

Another blessèd word that cheers me much!
For truly I should find it most distressing
If we should fail to keep in friendly touch
After so many years of coalescing:
Ungrateful too (I see this at a glance)
To let your loyal service go unheeded,
To leave you in the soup without a chance
Of rendering further aid, if such were needed.

Besides, I guessed The Old 'un wouldn't stay
For long inside the whale's congested belly,
And feared that his resurgence one fine day
Might start us on a fratricidal melly;
And so, before his figure could emerge
Lightly resilient and effect a landing,
I felt the noblest course would be to urge
This generous scheme of mutual understanding.

O. S.

THE SIGNPOST.

ON the Great North Road, a little beyond the town of Barnet, there stands a white post with arms pointing north and south—to all appearances a signpost; but closer inspection shows that it is only a county boundary, a far less interesting object, and so the passer-by, whether motorist, driver or pedestrian, pays but little attention to it.

But to the writer this post has an unfailing attraction, for unlike the majority of county boundaries this one has a history. For a whole glorious year it was a real signpost, a signpost of magnificent truthfulness, a signpost to make one think! And thereby hangs a tale. The whole tale is as yet unrevealed; perchance some casual reader of these lines may be able to throw light upon it; but that which is known is here set down.

Many of our readers will remember that some years ago there was a thing called a War. Frequently one heard the inquiry, "Don't you know there's a war on?" and almost invariably the answer was "Yes." The country swarmed with strange characters; German spies in countless hosts pried into every nook and corner; hostile aeroplanes and Zeppelins filled the skies. During this period of feverish activity our post was disguised in a coat of spotless white, our County Councils being far too wise to let out the dangerous secret that on one side of that post lay Middlesex, and on the other Hertfordshire. Let peering spies attempt to penetrate it, never should that secret be revealed to them; let Zeppelin pilots turn on all the hundredfold magnifying power of their Zeiss binoculars, never should that post inform them that here was Hertford and there was Middlesex. So for years it stood speechless, and thus was offered the grand opportunity for the boundary to become a signpost.

Mr. H. G. WELLS would picture for you almost instantaneously the grand transformation. Humbler writers can only draw dubious inferences from the bare facts, and the main fact is that on a certain summer's day in the last year of the War the post was transfigured, and, on the arm pointing London-wards, stood the legend "To Hades," and on the arm pointing north, "To Paradise."

The lettering was faulty; the sign-writers were all over in the trenches, labelling them "Piccadilly," "Cheapside," "Hyde Park Corner," and so forth (see daily Pictorial Press); the paint was smudgy, being obviously obtained from the tarred road; but the legends were unmistakable, and there they stood for many months.

One would fain meet the perpetrator of that practical joke. Inference cannot carry us far, but can assure us that he was worth meeting. We picture him of the male sex, for ladies never say "Hades" and they dislike tar; youthful and active, for age fears the wrath of County Councillors, and the arms are some eight feet from the ground; a lover of pastoral surroundings, chained perhaps to a desk in the City for far too many hours a day; a blithe buoyant spirit, no mere hooligan—such would use less cultured terms; a man withal who pondered on the deeper things of life, who questioned the inwardness of our boasted civilization, who compared man's works with Nature's and found the latter infinitely superior; who was indeed a true pointer of directions and thus well qualified to write the signposts of our island.

Many a time during those months we passed that post. They were times of stress and turmoil, and ever the legend seemed truer and truer. To leave the feverish forced rejoicings of London during and after the Armistice, to take the Great North Road, to climb the heights of Barnet Hill and finally to reach this truest of signposts was a joyful release to many a weary soul. Well might the legends have stood for all time in imperishable form as a lasting memorial of those troublous times.

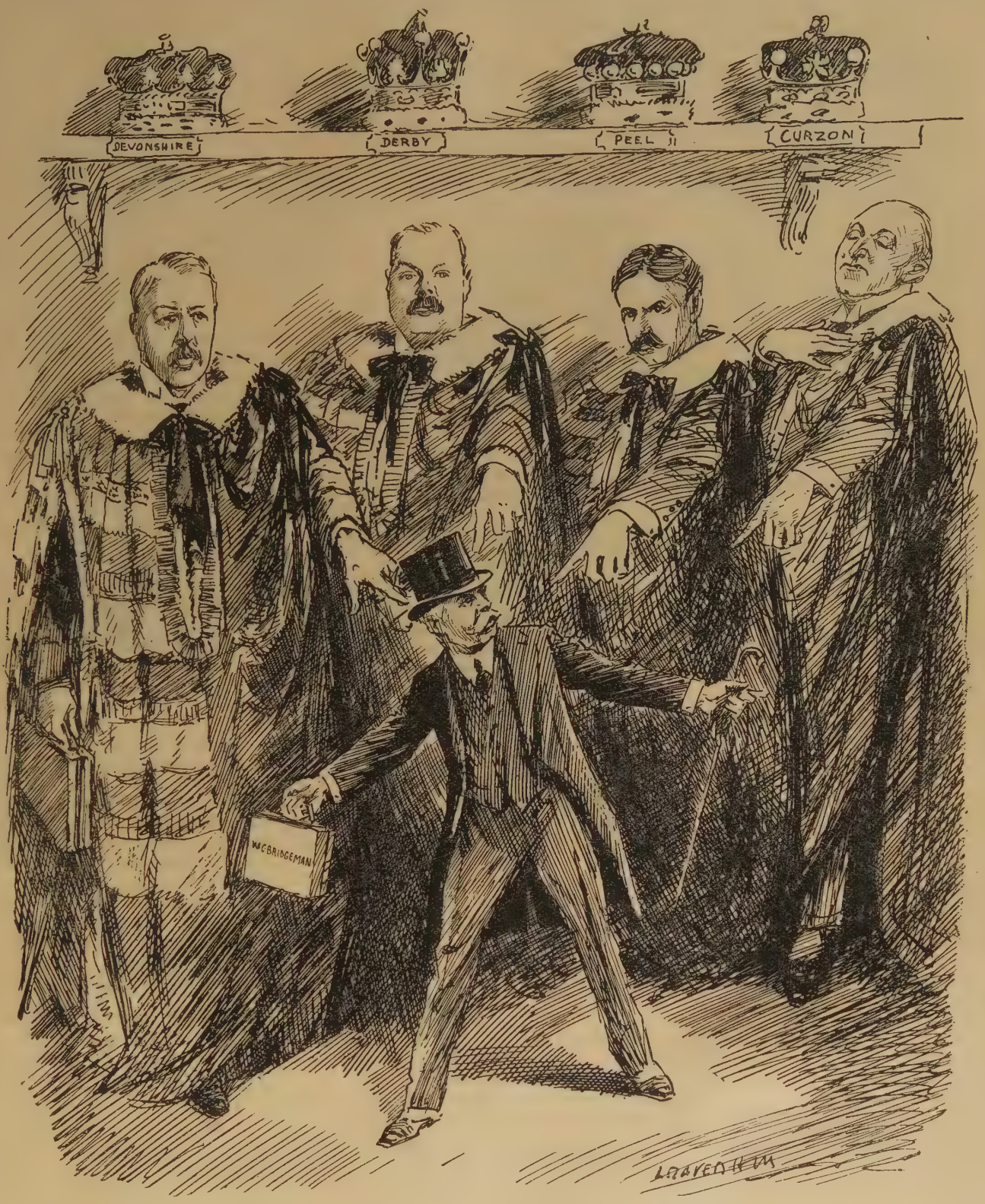
But County Councils are not gifted with a sense of humour. The War really did come to an end (see Daily Press); the sign-writers came back from the Front and were duly set to work. A new coat of paint blotted out all signs of the beloved legends, and in their place were inscribed the prosaic terms, *Middlesex*, *Hertford*.

And yet a quaint turn of fate seems to have decreed that our post shall not lose all its humour, for it is the arm that points north that bears the legend Middlesex, and the southern arm Hertford.

[*Editor.* But this happens to be perfectly correct.
Author. I know it is. But I thought you wouldn't.]

"STOCKHOLM, Monday. — The Swedish steamer Uregrund (?) stranded on the east coast of Sweden yesterday morning."
Provincial Paper.

Give a ship a bad name, and pile her up.



THE SPREAD OF DEMOCRACY.

CHORUS OF NOBLE SECRETARIES OF STATE. "WHERE'S YOUR CORONET?"
HOME SECRETARY. "SORRY I HAVEN'T GOT ONE. BUT I HAVE A KIND HEART."

[Mr. BRIDGEMAN is the only Secretary of State in the new Government who is not a peer.]

FAMILY BRIDGE.

Husband (laying down bad hand, to his wife who has gone "No Trumps"). "DON'T EXPECT ANY HELP FROM ME. I SAID 'NO' IN AS DISMAL A VOICE AS I COULD."

LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

IV.—ELECTIONS.

I OUGHT perhaps to apologise for writing an article about Elections at the present time under the title of "Leaving the Country," for at a General Election, they tell me, one doesn't leave the country, one goes to it. But I don't. I doubt indeed whether I have ever assisted at a General Election in the country since the days of that great Prime Minister who swept the admiring constituencies as a Beavered Egg. (Have you got this?) I remember that I wore a rosette of some colour or other in my button-hole, and on polling day there was honey for tea.

But there was a by-election quite lately in the part of the country that I have just left. Excitement was not very intense, but a rich elector who felt deeply about national affairs and lived in a remote part of the forest had a notice-board on one of his postern-gates bearing the simple legend:—

ALL LIBERALS ARE LIARS.

There was something very solemn and awful about meeting this great thought in the midst of the gigantic beeches and chestnuts, where the jays and woodpeckers were seldom disturbed and a badger could sometimes be seen in the rides. The owner of the next property, however, came to remonstrate with this man.

"Strong and straightforward as your political manifesto is," he said, "it seems to me to be a little tactless to announce it like that. People might come round and tear up your fences. I don't mind that, of course, but they might tear up some of mine too by mistake, and that I should detest."

His friend refused to give way, but promised that when the by-election was over he would turn the board the other way round. He pointed out also that it was not a new board, but the one permanently belonging to the gate, having on its other side the inscription—

NOTICE.—ALL TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
This Path is Private
BEWARE OF THE DOG
By Order

a prose composition which he had thought out with great care and was extremely proud of. It was only the duty which he owed to the nation which caused him to hide it even for a few days.

It was probably on account of this piece of propaganda that the Coalition Candidate was returned by about five thousand votes, for nothing else could have counteracted the effect of the placard in the shoemaker's shop in the next village but one, which said:—

GRIGSBY WILL TAX YOUR FOOD.

Even as it was, if the shoemaker had not been avowedly an atheist and suspected of being a teetotaler, it might have been a near thing.

The unsatisfactory position in the country is that of Labour, for, though there must by this time be many adherents of the Labour party in all our villages, there seem to be very few Candidates who come straight from the furrow. I cannot say why this should be when one considers the precedents of SPARTACUS and WAT TYLER, but the prevalence of cinemas and dancing clubs in villages and the less inspiring quality of modern ale may have something to do with it.

Anyhow, there is an excellent chance here for those of our novelists and poets who spend so much time in getting

behind the brains of the agricultural labourer and attempting to learn his tongue. It does not take them long, of course, to know the mind of the agricultural labourer a good deal better than he knows it himself, and to understand his language better too. By which I mean that where he can introduce by an effort of memory one dialect word into a sentence, they can bring in five or six. Besides, the poets and novelists have the advantage of understanding oratorical language also, whereas the ploughman is not much good at this. Writers of the Sussex school, at any rate, should make a point of standing for Parliament and infusing a richer rustic flavour into the rhetoric of the Labour benches, which at present is too much an echo of the mining and manufacturing towns.

Consider, for instance, the effect on a slumbering House of a speech like this:—

"Mr. Speaker, Sir. Never, I think, within the memory of living man has there been a time when the political atmosphere of this country, and not only of this country but I think I may say of the whole of Europe, has been so swallocky. The avenues which the Government have attempted to explore in order to extricate themselves from the false position in which by their own fault, by their own fault, I repeat, they find themselves, are pithered—nay, I think honourable Members will bear me out if I say that they are more than pithered, they are cluttered—with gubber. Take eggs. Take this Bill about eggs. Every clause in this Bill shows insincerity, shows worse than insincerity, shows a determination to treat flippantly one of the most serious issues of the day. It is in fact, and I say so with a full sense of the gravity of what I am saying, a hem bad boffle. Is it greatly to be wondered at that the people of England, instead of looking towards the Prime Minister with confidence and hope, with that confidence and that hope which he gave them at the time of the General Election, are in this matter of eggs already beginning to snudge?"

There. Perfectly good stuff, all of it. *Swallocky* means thundery; *gubber* is black mud; a *boffle* is a mistake, and *to snudge* is to walk about with a downcast look. You will find them all in any decent glossary, and the poets, particularly Mr. EDMUND BLUNDEN, are always using them.

But where the rustic dialect scores most is in the matter of abuse. It is all very well to call a man a liar and a traitor, a blackleg or a Judas, but none of these words goes home like a good Saxon monosyllable; and the best of the Sussex dialect is that it is full of resonant and annihilating monosyllables, any one of which can be used, if need be, as a term of abuse. If I had been in the country for this General Election I should have put up a placard on my house saying

ALL ARE SLUMMOCKY CHOGS.

A *chog* is really a refuse cutting of the hop-plant, when dressed in Spring before being poled.

So you see how it would flick them on the raw. EVOE.

Mistress. "YOU KNOW, MARTHA, MR. LLOYD GEORGE IS NO LONGER PRIME MINISTER."

Martha. "DEAR, DEAR, MUM! I HEARD SAY THERE 'D BEEN A LITTLE UNPLEASANTNESS."

"'Nearly all writers,' says Mr. Arnold Bennett, 'write for money.'"
Birmingham Paper.

So do most tailors; but they don't always get it.

Fashionable Intelligence.

"Mr. and Mrs. James —— have returned from their honeymoon. The groom is a son of the garbage superintendent."
American Paper.

"Under the new order the Prime Minister is to be Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister Foreign Minister, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer Chancellor of the Exchequer."
Provincial Paper.

Those critics who foretold a reactionary Administration are already justified.

From a racing report:—

"Hoary Tom Steeplechase of £70. Two miles.
Riverside Hermit 5-11-7 . . . 1
Also ran—Riverside Hermit.
Betting—2 to 1 on Riverside Hermit.
Finished alone."—*Welsh Paper.*

A distinctly one-horse affair.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

ALL ABOUT MANNEQUINS.

Park Lane,
October 30th.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There 's quite a little rage for mannequins this autumn. The *jeune fille* and the *jeune femme* who yesterday and the day before were saying they 'd go on the stage or the film are now saying, "I 'll be a mannequin." And of all these big, lovely human dollies the most famous is Vera of Fragolette's. The girl has a *flair* for showing creations that amounts to genius. To see her show a rest-gown, *m'amie*, with a droop and a loll and a stifled yawn, almost makes one say "Night-night" and "Go bye-bye"; and when she changes to a dance-frock and does a few steps of the Gleesome Glide or the Kitten's Pounce, one's own, own toes quite long to get busy.

People who owe ghastly bills at Fragolette's get something off by having Vera to their dinners and dances. Annie Eastshire owed such a mountain that she had the girl, with a fresh toilette for nearly every hour, to Eastshire Park for a week-end, and what with the women's interest in all the pretty-pretties and the men's interest in the girl herself it was a week-end of hectic emotions!

But "a change came o'er the spirit of the dream," as the wise old Psalmist says, when Pond of Neville Row, the only *only* Pond, who has dressed Kings (and Kaisers when there were such things), came into line with the modistes and set up five tall handsome mannequins to show the last shout in men's fashions in restaurants, lounges, theatres and places where they stare. Basil, Bernard, Bryan, Bertie and Bobbie simply *font fureur*. Wives are cutting their husbands dead, daughters are refusin' good offers, frisky won't-be dowagers are proposin' to them! Fragolette's alternate Thursdays—tea and nicies, cigarettes and chatter, and Vera and her sister-mannequins parading—used to be 'mensely *suivis* and were really quite nice little functions. But now all the world and his wife and mother (especially his mother!) crowd to Pond's every other Tuesdays—cocktails, pipes and the absurdly handsome Basil (Stella Clackmannan, Gwendolen Dunstable and dozens more are 'pletely *folles de lui!*) and his brother-dolls on view.

At my Fancy Fair at Egbert Hall, in aid of my pet Fund for Superannuated Referees, your Blanche did the impossible (as usual) and pos'tively secured both the famous mannequins! Talk of crowds, my dearest. The whole thing went with a shriek. There was a fairly mobby mob round Vera from Fragolette's at the Cigar Divan, but far and far the mobbiest mob was at the Cocktail Bar with Basil from Pond's serving.

Mon petit doigt me dit that, in the interests of husbands, mothers of daughters and sons of flighty dowagers, a peerage may be offered the big tailor (Lord Pond of Snipwell), free, gratis and for nothing, on condition he puts down his mannequins.

And now we 'll ring up on a *petit guignol* just played at Widelands House.

"What 's this odious rumour about you and Vera from Fragolette's?" asked Lady Widelands, *mère et veuve*, commonly called "Dotlet."

"We 're engaged, mother," answered Widelands *fils*, generally known as "Bolo"; "and I 'm jolly lucky. A smart mannequin is absolutely It; revue stars and even Russian dancers are down the course. So please don't hand out any Victorian tosh about messy alliances."

"Wretched boy, it 's not that," screamed Dotlet; "but that I—*I* who 've been called 'the best-dressed woman in London,' should have a mannequin as my daughter. She 'll take the edge off all my toilettes. She 'll make me look a *Dowdy*, an *Elderly Girl!*" And poor Dotlet wept and raved and said he 'd bring down her bobbed hair with sorrow to the grave.

A bit later it was Widelands' turn to rave. He rushed to Dotlet with, "Mother, what 's this rotten rumour about you and Basil from Pond's?"

"We 're engaged," was the answer; "and if it weren't for *your* wretched engagement I 'd be a happy woman."

"It shan't be!" shouted Widelands; "I 'll stop it!"

And they raved at each other till Dotlet had hysterics and Bolo kicked little Ming-Ming across the room and rushed out of the house.

So there it is, *ma chérie*. Which of them will suffer more, Widelands *mère* as mother-in law of a *girl*-doll, or Widelands *fils* as step-son of a *boy*-doll, let those clever creatures decide who vivisect us all and call it psycho-something-or-other.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

A Nice Distinction.

"A reader in Hamburg has sent us a copy of the local *Echo* giving the difference between pre-war and ante-war prices of certain commodities in Germany."—*Financial Paper.*

From a description of the installation of the new Lord Justice Clerk:—

"These oaths having been signed, the new Judge was robbed and invited to ascend the bench with the title of Lord Alness. The new Judge shook hands with his brethren."
Scots Paper.

Very forgiving of him.

NEVER AGAIN;

OR, PEOPLE I DON'T PLAY GOLF WITH TWICE.

VI.

PERHAPS we may call Collins the Stormy Petrel of the links. He is as it were a Scourge, an Avenging Sword and the Terror of Evil-doers. And the curious thing is that, whenever he is about, a sort of madness seems to possess mankind. With one accord they begin to do evil. And then there is a row.

And the worst of it is that somehow he usually manages to involve those with him in his rows. So it was a most unfortunate accident that flung him into a foursome with Barber against the Archdeacon and myself—all exceedingly mild men. Barber, I must admit, is rather a maddening kind of golfer, for he is interested in Nature—flowers and birds and all that sort of stuff. So he walks round a golf course just as if it was an ordinary piece of country, looking at things.

Now Collins likes to play very fast. Or rather he likes "going through" people. Or rather he likes coming in and complaining that he has been "kept back all the way round."

Two girls started immediately in front of us, both good players, and one of them the charming but free-spirited Miss Greville, to whose favour Barber was by no means indifferent.

"We shall have to go through these women, I expect," said Collins, fidgeting about the tee. Miss Greville was indeed wandering in the rough, prodding Mother Earth with a niblick.

"By Jove, what a day!" said Barber, looking blissfully out to sea. "Just look at the light on the water over there."

"The late Bishop of Exeter," began the Archdeacon placidly, "was very fond of scenery. He told me once——"

"Look here, we can't stand here all *day!*" burst out Collins. "You 'd better shout 'Fore!', Barber."

"Oh, there 's no hurry," said Barber.

"Well, if *you* won't I *will*," said Collins, and, placing his hands to his mouth, he made a throaty but truculent trumpeting noise, which sounded like the exclamation of disgust so popular in historical novels: "FAUGH!"

The maidens appeared not to hear. He trumpeted again: "FAUGH!"

At that moment Miss Greville found her ball. "Too bad," said Collins, baulked of his prey. "Go on, Barber. You can drive now."

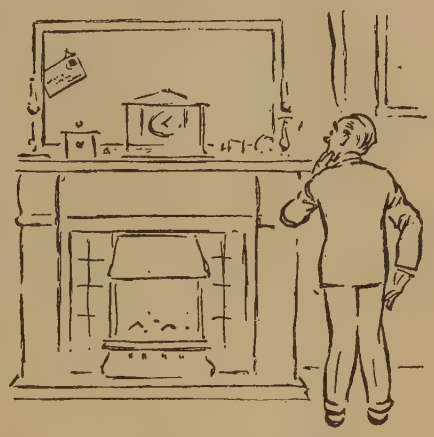
"Better wait a bit, hadn't I?" said Barber timidly, with his eye on the precious form of Miss Greville.

"We 've waited long enough," snapped

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

"A LETTER FROM JONES. H'M, YES—I MUST SEND A REPLY TO-DAY."

"I SAY, THIS LETTER OF JONES'S OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN ANSWERED YESTERDAY. I POSITIVELY MUST DO THAT THIS EVENING."



"GOOD HEAVENS! THERE'S THAT LETTER OF JONES'S THAT I SHOULD HAVE ANSWERED A WEEK AGO. HE *WILL* BE FURIOUS."

"HULLO! JONES'S LETTER, BY JOVE, THAT HE WANTED AN IMMEDIATE REPLY TO THREE WEEKS AGO! I'M AFRAID HE'LL BE RATHER WILD ABOUT IT."

"TUT, TUT! I MUST WRITE TO JONES; HERE HE'S BEEN WAITING TWO MONTHS FOR AN ANSWER. I HOPE HE WON'T MIND."

"OH, YES, OF COURSE—JONES. WELL, ANYWAY, IF HE'S WAITED SIX MONTHS FOR A LETTER ANOTHER DAY CAN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE."

"WHAT A FUNNY THING! HERE'S JONES'S LETTER OF LAST YEAR STILL IN MY POCKET."

"AT ALL EVENTS I CAN'T ANSWER A LETTER TWO YEARS OLD."

"HULLO, JONES! DID YOU EVER GET A LETTER FROM ME IN ANSWER TO ONE OF YOURS? NO? NOW, DO YOU KNOW I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T HAVE—IN FACT I SEVERAL TIMES THOUGHT OF WRITING TO YOU ABOUT IT."

Budding M.P. "OF COURSE MY WORDS MUST BE TAKEN AS SYMBOLIC——"
Gearge. "PIZEN—WOT THEY PUTS DOWN DRAINS."

Giles. "WOT'S THAT, GEARGE?"

Collins. "You won't reach 'em, anyhow."

"That's true," said Barber; "I never get over this bunker;" and, thinking to please the man, he drove.

Alas, how beautifully! The ball whizzed into the wind, soared, hovered and fell heavily a few yards beyond Miss Greville.

"I'm awfully sorry," cried the unhappy Barber into the wind; "I never thought——" The girl turned and looked at us, not, I regret to say, in forgiveness, but quite otherwise.

"Serve 'em right," said Collins.

From that moment he seemed to be possessed by one desire—to catch up "those women" and ruthlessly "go through" them. Barber also at first was anxious to come up within apologising distance; and so the two of them pressed on at a terrific pace, the Archdeacon and I panting astern. Several times during the first few holes Barber began shouting an apology; but it is very difficult to apologise gracefully in a loud voice at long range, and the ladies never seemed to hear.

The fourth, fifth and sixth holes run parallel. While we were playing the fifth Barber walked off rapidly to the right towards the ladies, raised his cap and began again, "I'm awfully sorry——" Just then a yell of rage boomed across the links: "Hi!"

Barber turned round, like everyone else for half-a-mile around, and saw Collins wildly waving his cap at the retreating back of a gentle old man playing the fourth. The man took no notice.

"I say, Sir! Hi! You, Sir! Hi! Hullo!" shouted Collins, beside himself. "YOU 'VE PLAYED WITH MY BALL!" The old man slowly ambled away.

"I'm afraid my father's a little deaf, Mr. Barber," said Miss Greville icily. "You'd better tell your friend." And she passed on.

There was an unpleasant scene with Mr. Greville, and at the end of it the ladies were a long way ahead. However, at the ninth there they were again, poking about in the rough.

"Too bad," said Collins with satisfaction, "holding us up *the whole way round.*" Then he waited patiently for exactly five seconds and trumpeted again: "FAUGH!"

The ladies looked round, like frightened deer.

"May we go on?" shouted Collins with ill-assumed politeness.

The ladies made no reply, but suddenly found their ball and went on themselves.

"Too bad," said Collins. "Your drive, Barber. Let's get past these women, for goodness' sake."

But Barber and the Archdeacon were absorbed in the contemplation of a simple wild-flower by the brook.

"The Lesser Celandine," said Barber; *Ranunculus Ficaria.*"

"Ah! *Ficus*—a fig," chuckled the Archdeacon. "Do men gather figs of the Lesser Celandine, then? Ha! And what is this charming purple blossom?"

"Bloody Crane's-bill, I think," said Barber. "*Geranium sanguineum.* Or else it's Dove's-foot."

"*Will you go on?*" roared Collins in a frenzy of impatience. "We're not

at Kew," he added with scathing irony. And Barber went on.

By a strange chance the same thing happened again—two or three times. The ladies would get well away ahead of us; then one of them would lose a ball; and then, just as Collins was confidently preparing to trample over their bodies, they would find it again and gaily proceed as if nothing had happened. It was extraordinary.

Meanwhile the round had not been without incident. At the eleventh a family party was picnicking on the cliff, and Collins made them re-pack their hampers and walk a quarter of a mile away before he would consent to play the hole. At the twelfth two schoolboys were harmlessly practising mashie-shots, and Collins gave them a dreadful wigging, on the ground that they were under sixteen and had no *locus standi*.

At the fourteenth a motor-car was halted on the cliff-road, almost on "the line." Under the car was a man. Collins shouted at him for a long time without effect, drove furiously at the car, missed it by fifty yards, and then, approaching, said hotly, "Look here, Sir—do you realise this is a *golf course?*"

The man emerged with great deliberation, spat on his hands, rubbed them with an oily rag and replied, "Yus."

"Then why the devil don't you take your beastly car away?"

"'Cos my ignition's all to blazes," said the man. "That's one reason. An' if you want any more you've only got to come under 'ere an' 'ave a look." And with these words the insolent mechanic disappeared again. Collins took the number of his car.

By this time, for some obscure reason, I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself; and the Archdeacon looked as if he had just robbed a church.

At the seventeenth we came up with the two ladies again, sitting on the tee and gazing thoughtfully into space.

"Ha!" said Collins, "going to let us through. About time too. If you hadn't wasted so much time over that confounded flower at the ninth, Barber, we'd have gone through them ages ago."

Just then Miss Greville rose and leisurely teed her ball, remarking audibly to her companion, "Yes, I think that's the prettiest view on the whole course." As she walked off one at least of her beautiful eyes caught mine; and had I not known her to be a perfect lady I could have sworn that the expression in it amounted to a wink.

But, alas, a marriage has *not* been arranged between Miss Mary Greville and Mr. Sidney Barber. And, as for the Archdeacon and myself, we entered the club-house with down-cast eyes, feeling that we had alienated the affections of the entire human race.

"Extraordinary people you get down here," said Collins. "Don't seem to understand the *etiquette* of the game."

A. P. H.

Small Maid-of-all-Work. "A ONE-STEP OR A TWO-STEP I'D TIKE ON WIV THE BEST, BUT THIS 'ERE WANTS A BLINKIN' PUBLOVA."

From the advertisement of a trade-unionist meeting:—

"Come. Don't stop at home and grumble. Bring your wives with you."

It sounds a little ambiguous.

Journalistic Candour.

"ADELAIDE. Tuesday.

Miss Victoria A. Drummond, the first woman ship's engineer, has arrived here . . . She is always ready to assist in dirty work, but she declined an interview."—*Daily Paper.*

Sir WILLIAM BULL at Hammersmith:

"There were times when he had been in opposition to Mr. Lloyd George, but he was not a man to desert him when he was stranded in the trough of the sea."

Sir WILLIAM, we gather, belongs to the well-known Irish family.

Vicar. "EVIL, MY YOUNG FRIENDS, IS LIKE THIS FIRE—VERY ATTRACTIVE; BUT WHAT DOES IT DO IF YOU GET TOO CLOSE TO IT?"
Bright Boy. "SINGES YER TRAHSIES, SIR."

MODERN MINSTRELS.

(*By a Misoneist.*)

O YE youthful music-makers who despise the old wiseacres
And are frank and fearless breakers of each antiquated rule,
Pray your best attention render to the counsel that I tender
If you wish to shed new splendour on the Neo-English School.

Fix your fierce injected eyes on some far tropical horizon,
Shun the mellow light that lies on English landscapes calm and cool,
If you need an inspiration for some noble exudation
Full of negroid syncopation—for the Neo-English School.

Don't be cowed by Mr. HARTY, that reactionary party;
Write an Anthem to Astarte, or a Vampire, or a Ghoul;
Be chromatic and exotic, and erratic and erotic,
But oh! don't be patriotic in the Neo-English School.

Dealing with the age Victorian, ancient hymns and chants Gregorian,
Be dynamic, dinosaurian, in your scathing ridicule;
Emulate the spatial swerver who controls the great *Observer*
And impart a hectic fervour to the Neo-English School.

Cultivate a green or blue sense, in the style of BLISS and GOOSSENS,
And demolish as a nuisance those who petulantly pule
When a piece virile and vital, with a scarifying title,
Is performed at some recital by the Neo-English School.

Be yourselves—that is, hubristic, apolaustic, botulistic;
Shun the broodings of the mystic on the penitential stool;
And remember that the tragic element exerts its magic
Only when it 's hæmorrhagic—in the Neo-English School.

You may hint a Celtic *aura*, or suggest the Burmese flora,
Or an Adriatic *bora*, or a merry Mespot mule;
Limn the Arctic (frozen-mittish), the Equator when it 's skittish,
But you never must be British in the Neo-English School.

Be malignant and mephitic, ultra-psycho-analytic,
Lest some fine enlightened critic write you down a simple fool;
Be voluptuous, volcanic, swift in stimulating panic,
And you 'll add a charm Satanic to the Neo-English School.

From the official report of the County Produce Show:—

"The egg classes in the poultry section were very strong."

This appears to confirm the prevalent suspicion that a General Election is imminent.

Caption from the picture-page of *The Times*:—

"WITH THE BEAGLES AT DARTMOUTH.—Hounds, followed by the whippers, moving off to draw the first covert at a recent meet of the Royal Naval College Beagles."

Where, we hope, a straight-necked dog-hare had found the earth stopped on his return from a raid on the hen-roosts.

"Mr. Alderman —— did a great deal to uphold the dignity of the office and it was through him that they got the Mayor's beautiful chain. In the time before Alderman —— was Mayor, the Mayor simply attended the civic processions in a top hat, a white stick, and nothing more."—*Local Paper.*

The added chain must have seemed quite dressy.

HOW TO REPORT AN ACCIDENT.

(*An imaginary case.*)

Two buses scraped each other as they settled down in a block at the corner of Holborn and Kingsway. One had its paint badly scratched, the other had a piece of its front mudguard chipped off.

The two buses drew up one in front of the other when the block had loosened itself and the traffic had moved on. Two drivers, two conductors and one policeman conferred together and wrote notes in their notebooks. The policeman wrote for thirty-five minutes.

What he wrote was as follows: "I was on duty at 2.35 P.M. on Friday, September 15th, 1922, at the corner of Holborn-Kingsway-New Oxford Street-Southampton Row, being stationed at the south-eastern corner of the crossing, in front of Holborn tube-station and Lipton's tea-shop. It was a fine day, with sun shining. There had been no rain since I reported for duty at 8.0 A.M., six hours thirty-five minutes before. The roads were dry and not slippery.

"Two buses proceeding westwards pulled up alongside each other in front of me. According to the driver, one of them was the 2.15 P.M. bus from London Bridge Station to Ealing, travelling *viâ* King William Street, Bank, Cheapside, Post Office, Holborn, Oxford Street, Marble Arch, Bayswater, Notting Hill Gate, Holland Park and Uxbridge Road. Route number of bus, 17; registered number, LU 9746; driver's name, Driver Thomas Cookson (No. 743); conductor's name, Conductor Charles Robinson 3297.

"The other bus, on the driver's deposition, was the 12.20 P.M. bus from Seven Kings to Victoria Station, travelling *viâ* [here follow corresponding details of bus 25, driver and conductor].

"I verified the numbers of the drivers and conductors from their papers, and took the bus numbers at first-hand from the buses themselves.

"The westward-moving traffic from Holborn was at the time being held up by P.C. James Walker 38975, stationed between the refuge and the kerb, facing west, with right hand extended sideways, shoulder-high. The two buses specified drew up alongside each other. The outside bus (17) drew up too close to the inside bus (25), and its left side came into contact with the right-hand front mudguard of the inside bus.

"Details of accident:—

Dead: None.

Injured: None.

Material Damage:—

Bus 17 suffered slight indentation ½-inch deep and scraping of new paint from side for total length of 16 inches; maximum width of scrape, 2½ inches.

Bus 25 had piece of wooden mudguard forcibly detached and thrown into road a distance of 2¼ feet in front. Splinter measured 9¼ inches long, 1½ inch thick at thickest part.

Time of accident: 2.35 P.M., September 15th, 1922.

Condition of driver of bus 17: To all appearances, sober. On his own deposition had not tasted alcoholic liquor since 12.30 P.M. of this date, when he had half-a-pint of bitter.

Condition of driver of bus 25: Ditto, to all appearances. On own deposition had not tasted alcoholic liquor since 11.0 P.M. previous night (September 14th, 1922). He then drank, according to own statement, two separate half-pints of bitter at the 'King's Arms' (a public at Islington, N. 1).

"The two buses resumed their journeys at 3.10 P.M. of to-day's date.

"(*Signed*) P.C. CHARLES THOMPSON (54672).

"3.11 P.M., *September 15th*, 1922."

ROMANCE.

Famous Novelist. "DOUBTLESS THE SEA IS A HARD LIFE, BUT IT HAS ITS COMPENSATIONS. A SUNSET LIKE THIS, FOR EXAMPLE."

Bo's'n. "THAT SUNSET, SIR, MEANS A GALE TO-NIGHT THAT WON'T HALF GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT."

"WHAT LABOUR STANDS FOR."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Lack of seats, of course.

"NEED I SAY GRACE, MOTHER, IN ALL THIS CROWD?" "P'R'APS NOT, DEAR, JUST FOR ONCE."
"LOOK HERE, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT—I'LL MENTION IT TO-NIGHT AT THE END OF MY PRAYERS, WHERE I SAY MY ODDS AND ENDS."

A GREAT FINISH.

I MUST admit there was considerable excitement throughout the household when I at last "got my ask" to play for old Dogsbury Football Club against Fursley Rovers.

Far be it from me to blow my own trumpet, but let me at once make known the importance of the game. It was a match in the Wotton-under-Edge League! My brother, who has played for the "Old Dogs" three times before, seemed rather jealous, and suggested that I had got at certain members of the selection committee. As a matter of fact I had sent a couple of rabbits to each selector, but, as I said to my brother, "I can't see any connection between rabbits and football."

"Can't you?" he said. What did he mean?

The team included the butcher and the parson, but our strength lay in our goal-keeper, who had won the Wotton Welter Weight Championship, and was especially useful when the opposition forced a corner.

It was raining hard when we got to the ground, and I was very glad I had brought my umbrella. My heart leaped when I caught sight of the parson's daughter on the touchline. She attracts me rather; especially when she goes round with the plate in church. I always feel that if we ever got married she might forget to give it *all* up to her father. You never know.

The referee was a sad-faced little man. He wore a Norfolk jacket, a walrus moustache and a far-away look. He arrived in a Ford car, which he brought on to the field. I noticed that he left the engine running. I gave him a couple of rabbits and he thanked me with tears in his eyes. "Are you armed?" he said.

The first half was practically without incident. One thing puzzled me rather: the referee whistled the whole time—apparently to keep up his spirits—but no one took any notice. It was only when he left off blowing for a moment that the players stopped, to see if he was all right.

At half time there seemed to be nothing in it. I had once passed the ball to somebody, but soon after the left back bit me in the leg, so, as it was still raining, I sheltered under a tree until the interval. Over lemons I asked the opposing captain how he managed to find so much time for football. He said that he mixed business with pleasure. It transpired that he was an undertaker. I offered him a brace of pheasants.

For thirty-five minutes of the second half a thick mist enshrouded the ground, and the game was followed by ear rather than by eye. For example, if you heard, "You beast! You cad!" you knew my brother had the ball; if you heard "Bother! Oh heavens!" the parson was in possession; and, if you heard something which made the mist shiver and change colour, then you knew the butcher was dribbling.

When the mist cleared we had a slight advantage in numbers—eight men to six. Our goalkeeper was tending his knuckles. With no score by either side and a minute to go there occurred the incident which forced me to set this match on record. Their left back kicked the ball high and straight in the air. I was moving away from the danger zone when my eyes met two far more beautiful ones framed in metal pince-nez. From that moment I saw red. I went mad. I ground my teeth and trapped the ball, one of my nails (I was playing in golf-shoes) becoming firmly embedded in it. Wherever I ran the ball was on my toe. A beautiful voice rang out as clear as a bell, "Now, Oscar!" Still fogged by the mist I was not certain which way we were playing, and our goalkeeper only just stopped me running through my own goal. But once

PARTY DISTINCTIONS.

Tax-Payer. "SPLENDID! PITY I CAN'T VOTE FOR ALL THREE OF 'EM."

"I'VE BROUGHT ALGERNON TO SEE YOU, SIR. I WANT YOU TO STOP 'IM CUTTIN' 'IS TEETH AT NIGHT."

over this difficulty it was plain sailing, and after a dazzling piece of work I had only the goalie to beat. I sprang at him and, somersaulting over his shoulder, fell headlong into the net. Quickly removing the ball from my toe I crawled under the net and made a get-away in the referee's car.

* * * * *

We're going to be married next month, and I believe I know which shoe they 'll tie on the carriage.

The Talking Horse.

"Re-Echo's best distance was believed to be rather under eight furlongs; indeed, in conversation with Sir Ernest before the race he had remarked that he feared that nine furlongs would prove a little too far."
Daily Paper.

"Hackney Guardians have asked the Electricity Department to supply electricity for an experimental period of one year at a minimum charge of 10s. per quart."—*Daily Paper.*

"Here's to the good old electricity.
Drink it down, drink it down."

"The Rev. F. —— proposed the re-election of Mr. George —— as secretary, saying he was their Casabianca at chess."—*Local Paper.*

The boy stood on the burning pawn.

CHARLEY.

WET 's the mould
And the glade 's a-litter;
Nights turn cold
And there 's few birds twitter;
Times look sad for us,
Winter knocks;
Here 's the lad for us—
Charles James Fox.

Lowers the morn,
But there 's scarlet showing;
And a horn
In the big wood 's blowing;
Fluster, shy of it,
Pheasant cocks;
And the why of it?—
Charles, Charles Fox.

Song resounds
Where the dead leaf 's lying—
Hounds, hounds, hounds,
And the whole pack trying;
Fern-bed quakes with them,
Thorn-scrub rocks,
Echo wakes with them—
Fox! Fox! Fox!

Head in air
And her heart a-knocking
Stands the mare
With her thin ears cocking,
Statue still, to her
Old white socks;
Where 's the thrill to her
Like Charles Fox?

Wild red stag
In the West they holloa;
Otter's drag,
Or the hare, some follow;
Nobler than 'em all,
Orthodox,
Though you ran 'em all,
Runs Charles Fox.

"The musical talent of juvenile Kilburn runs through whole families of children. Three budding young prima donnas named Ethel, Edward and Alfred —— have exceptionally good voices."—*Evening Paper.*

At a time when women are taking so many of the men's jobs we note that the boys of Kilburn are going in for reprisals.

From the "Laws of Football" as issued by an Indian firm of sports outfitters:—

"If a goalkeeper has been hanged without the Referee being informed, and the new goalkeeper handles the ball, a penalty must be awarded."

Football in India seems to be an even deadlier game than it is here.

THE REFUSALS OF MARGARET.

THE FIRST REFUSAL.

SCENE: *A five-barred gate.* Margaret *is seated on one of the gate-posts. You perceive that she is very young and that her dress is still comparatively short.* Robin *is sitting on the grass, with his back to the gate. In appearance he is an ordinary cadet on leave, with a suggestion that perhaps he finds it a little difficult to look sufficiently undistinguished.*

Margaret (*eating apples*). How many, Robin?

Robin. Five.

M. One up to me.

R. (*admiring her*). You're always one up, Meg. Not only in apples. (*Pause.*) I say, Meg, shall you miss me, do you think?

M. (*evasively*). We've still got three days. (*Brightly*) One can eat quite a lot of apples in three days.

R. That's all you seem to think about this morning.

M. No, something else besides apples. (*He looks more cheerful.*) It's Mr. Peterson. (*He droops.*) I dislike that man.

R. I wondered why we were eating his apples.

M. He bought a field belonging to father, and now he won't let father use it when he goes fishing. It's too ridiculous preventing father using his own field.

R. But you said that Peterson had bought it.

M. Oh, yes, he's *bought* it. I suppose it belongs to him in a *way*. But it's really *our* field. It's been in the family for generations.

R. Is there anything else you're thinking about?

M. Oh, yes. You've improved my tennis tremendously.

R. Do you only like people for selfish reasons?

M. I suppose you think I ought to like you simply because you're Robin.

R. Why not?

M. (*irrelevantly*). It's a nice name.

R. Next leave you'll be miles away.

M. That's the worst of Father being in the Diplomatic. We shall have to spend years in all kinds of places. Of course it's good for languages.

R. (*contemptuously*). What's the good of languages?

M. They're rather useful when you want to talk to foreigners.

R. Who wants to talk to foreigners?

M. Don't be insular, Robin. They're not English, of course, but that's not their fault. I've met some very sensible foreigners. There was Henri. He said once that he wished he was English for my sake. Henri was rather a dear.

Mr. ASQUITH (*to* MARGOT). "WHAT SHALL WE SAY IF OUR PRODIGAL SHOULD WISH TO RETURN?"

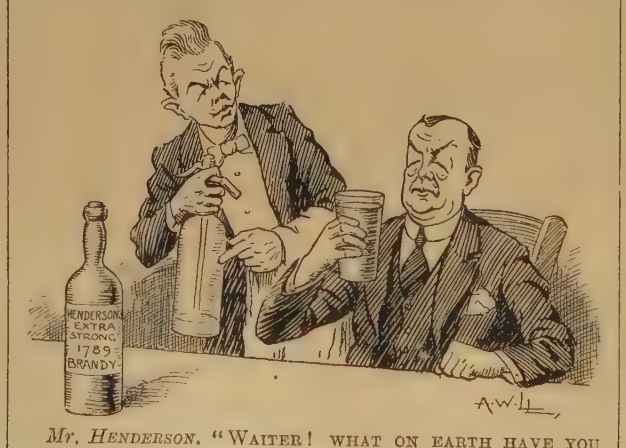
MARGOT'S Voice. "TELL HIM THAT VEAL'S OFF."

He could beat you into nothing at tennis; he had a lovely upper cut.

R. Anything else?

M. Yes. He danced beautifully.

R. All foreigners can dance. That's how they spend their time when a decent fellow would be nursing his average.



Mr. HENDERSON. "WAITER! WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH THIS DRINK?"

The Waiter (*Mr.* CLYNES). "PLEASE, SIR, THE MANAGEMENT THOUGHT THAT FOR YOUR SAKE AS WELL AS THEIRS IT HAD BETTER BE WATERED DOWN A BIT."

M. (*equably*). All men should have something to nurse. Father said that the other day at dinner. He said it to Uncle, who is nursing a constituency. Father often says things like that. He'll be an ambassador some day. I hope it's Paris.

R. Why Paris?

M. It's the only place after London. And it can't be London. I asked Father about it and he said that you couldn't have an English ambassador in London.

R. Diplomacy is a stupid profession. Spending your life in a lot of foreign countries.

M. *You* won't see much of your native land if it comes to that.

R. The Navy's different. A ship's English enough, isn't it?

M. Oh, well, the world's English if it comes to that.

R. Now you're talking. You know, Meg, you always say the right thing sooner or later. I hope you'll say the right thing to Henri next time you meet him. Tell him to mind his own business.

M. I've told him that already.

R. And what did he say?

M. He said he hoped he would marry me some day. Henri was like that; so enthusiastic.

R. But, Meg, you don't really believe in that sort of thing, do you?

M. What sort of thing?

R. Fellows hanging about.

M. (*considering the matter*). I don't know. It might be rather interesting.

R. Look here, Meg, you'd better be careful. You oughtn't to go running wild all over the place. You're much too young, for one thing, especially as you haven't a mother to look after you. It worries me at times. (*He tries to look like an uncle.*)

M. I'm older than Father some ways. He said so the other day. Father's the most sensible man I ever met. I often ask his advice about things.

R. And do you take it?

M. Of course I do. Not because it's Father's—he wouldn't like that — but because it's usually good advice.

R. He wouldn't approve of Henri.

M. I don't think he would disapprove. Father's very sensible about things like that. Of course Henri isn't quite like an English boy. His clothes aren't quite right. He wears a quaint hat and his coat goes in at the waist. Also he notices things.

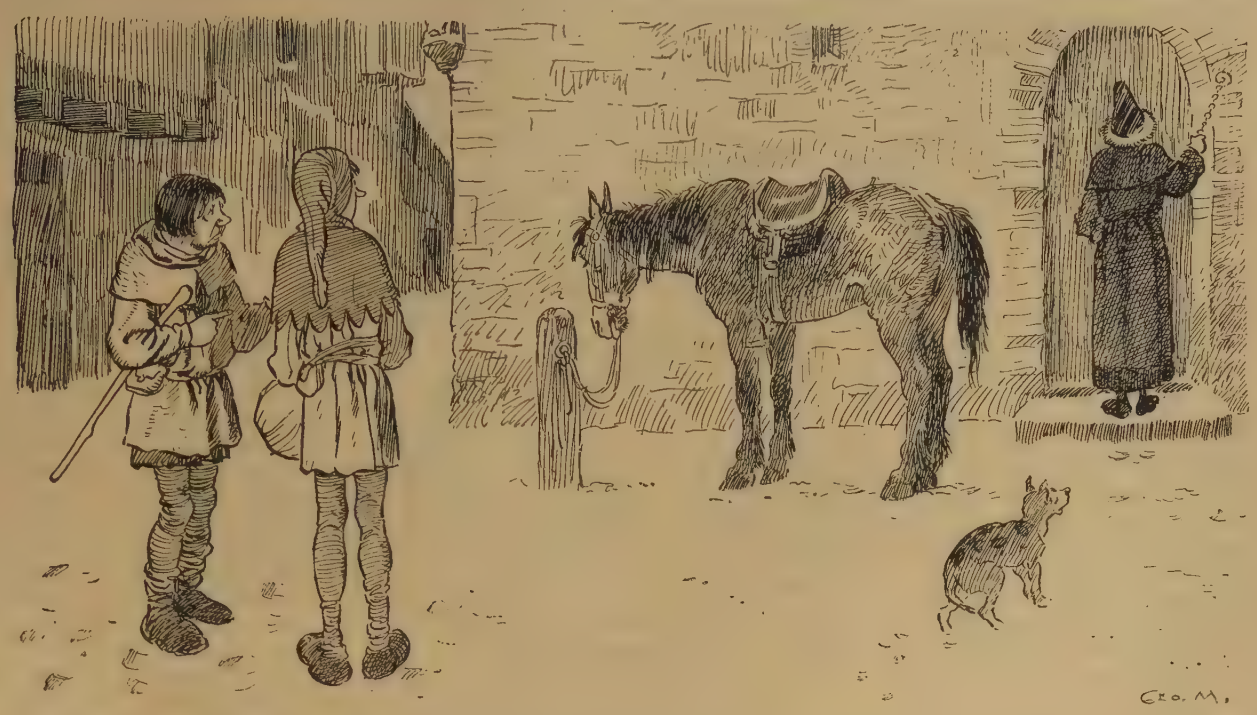
R. What kind of things?

M. When I wear a pretty frock he tells me about it. And he's noticed that I have nice eyes.

R. (*disgusted*). Good Lord!

M. That's where you're wrong. He's not at all like that, really. It's natural for him to notice things.

R. (*gloomily*). Other people notice things, though perhaps they don't say quite so much.



First Varlet. "LET'S STEAL THE OLD NECROMANCER'S HORSE."
Second Varlet. "HEAVEN FORBID! HIS HOUSEKEEPER TOLD ME HE LEAVES IT OUT HERE TO BE STOLEN, SO THAT HE CAN TRY A NEW COMBINED CURSE AND LOST-PROPERTY-DISCOVERY SPELL THAT HE'S INVENTED."

M. You *never* notice.

R. I noticed to-day. I thought you were just ripping.

M. What you *said* was, "What a ripping morning!"

R. Well, English people don't talk about their feelings.

M. But you *did* talk about them. You said it was a ripping morning. Of course I like you to be English, Robin; but not too English. One likes to be sure, you know.

R. Sure?

M. If people always say nothing or something different from what they really mean it's a bit difficult to know where you are. When, for instance, they say it's a ripping morning.

R. That's all very well, but what about you? I hardly ever know what you're talking about.

M. I always say what I mean, but you don't always understand. That's one of the penalties of being a woman.

R. Woman indeed!

M. Well, I'm coming out next season.

R. (*earnestly*). Look here, Meg. If you think you're old enough to come out and all that kind of thing, don't you think we ought to arrive at some sort of understanding?

M. Understanding?

R. I mean we do more or less belong together, don't we?

M. (*cheerfully*). Is this a proposal, Robin?

R. Why not? I mean that then you could tell the other fellows that it was no use hanging about.

M. (*thoughtfully*). That might be useful sometimes.

R. We could be quite sensible about it. I mean it wouldn't really make any difference.

M. You really intend to be quite sensible, Robin?

R. Of course.

M. Quite? (*She challenges him with a suggestion in her manner of the accomplished coquette she will shortly be.*)

R. (*wavering*). Well—— (*He breaks off, looks at her a moment and then adds with conviction*) I say, Meg, isn't it a ripping morning?

M. Yes, Robin. But I haven't really accepted you.

[*And for the moment they are content to leave it at that.*

"The report of the Midsummer Examination of the College of Preceptors has just been issued. The first place in the Kingdom in Book-weeping is taken by ——."—*Local Paper.*

Another instance of the growing popularity of "sob-stuff."

Sir ROBERT FIRTH, K.B.E., C.B., states:—

"Laughter is caused by the sudden liberation of a temporarily increased accumulation of central nervous energy which seeks to discharge its whole force at once in a succession of gradually diminishing shocks."

We shall have to be more careful how we jest.

THE SEARCH PARTY.

[On the subject of lost children a contemporary suggests that "the whole party should sing cheerful songs to guide the little wanderer back to safety."]

My word, 'twas a tragic occasion
That day we mislaid little Jim;
Our merriment suffered invasion
From anxious forebodings and grim;
We dragged every ditch without bringing
To light any trace of his track,
Till at last we remembered that singing
Might wheedle the wanderer back.

Forgetting his many vagaries
And the anger they used to excite,
We warbled in unison, "Where is
Our wandering Bo-oy To-night?"
"Loch Lomond" and many another
Discordantly rose on the air;
John yodelled "Tom Bowling," and mother
Maltreated "The Pride of Kildare."

Our lungs to their uttermost tether
Were strained in a series of glees,
Wherein we were seldom together
And always in different keys;
But we found little Jim at the station,
Where a constable, deeming our din
A threat to the peace of the nation,
Had finally gathered us in.

People we do not play Bridge with.

". . . a beauty salon in the West-end, where Society women can now have their aces 'doctored.'"—*Evening Paper.*

THE STERNER SEX.

I ADMIT that I did not come well out of the affair, but, setting aside the base part played by Charles, I lay the entire blame upon our present-day juvenile literature.

When my sister-in-law invited me for that fatal week-end in August, she made no secret of her motive.

"Now that George is away," she wrote, "we are being eaten out of house and home by the rabbits, and the birds will have every scrap of fruit unless you come to the rescue. Charles is too young and *I* can't do anything. I greatly disapprove of women doing men's work. So come and do what you can for us, my dear Henry."

A thoroughly sensible woman, Edith, and never more so than in her views on women. I am myself old-fashioned enough to believe that these stern and painful duties should be left to the more strong-minded male.

"You did right in sending for me, Edith," said I on my arrival. "Of course we all deplore the necessity for destroying these poor creatures, but men look at these things differently, since Nature has created them the sterner sex. I will start to-morrow morning."

"Do," said Edith, with the satisfaction of one who has delegated an unpleasant but essential task. "If you *could* get out before breakfast; I believe the rabbits invade us in dozens."

At some personal sacrifice I arrived thus early in the kitchen-garden. Certainly the day was exquisite, and suggested thoughts far other than slaughter and sudden death. But I had assured my sister-in-law that men viewed these things differently, and I gripped my gun more firmly and strode on, trying to concentrate upon the grave financial loss to my brother in consequence of these unchecked depredations, not to mention the more personal loss to myself, for Edith was always generous in the matter of hampers.

And then, just as I was working up a most satisfactory condition of mental frightfulness, I sighted him.

Bolt upright in the middle of George's young asparagus, just concluding a supremely adequate breakfast and manifestly thanking Heaven for it, I could not fail to recognise him. The expression, the attitude! It could be none but Robert Rabbit.

Paralysis seized upon me and the gun slipped in my nerveless grasp.

Had I not, during the past six weeks, followed with my infant son the amazing adventures of this intrepid animal, applauding his ingenious escapes from righteous punishment and awaiting almost as eagerly as my offspring the arrival of each instalment which should extricate him from the apparently hopeless predicament in which we had left him the week before? How, then, could I look Philip in the face if I should lift my hand against his hero?

"HE PROCEEDED TO WASH HIS FACE."

[*Inset: Philip (child of above sportsman) and his favourite hero.*]

As I thus meditated the marauder suddenly espied me. My reason began to return. Now, I reflected, he will bolt for the hedge, and a sporting shot is on a different plane from brutal massacre whilst feeding. Besides, there is always the possibility that one may not——

Would you believe it, that rabbit never stirred. He merely gave me his famous smile (*see* title-page of *Robert Rabbit*), and then with an air of perfect confidence proceeded to wash his face with his paws in the engaging manner described in Chapter III.—a passage which, I may mention, it is Philip's never-failing diversion to reproduce.

That settled it. If Robert's time had come let some other hand cut short his gallant career; it was not for me to do the deed. Furtively I crept from the spot. I had not foreseen this difficulty when accepting Edith's hospitality with its moral obligation, and all my hopes now centred in the fruit-garden.

Sure enough there awaited me a feathered plunderer, flapping indignantly in the net which covered the raspberry canes. I advanced firmly, much assisted by the fact that I am particularly fond of raspberries. Here at least I should be able to wipe out my pusillanimous weakness among the asparagus.

Figure, then, my feelings on realising that the pilferer whose career I must immediately terminate was no other than Philip's second-best favourite, Mrs. Speckle. *Her* surprising adventures formed the subject of the book which was engaging our attention when I left home, and which I should be required to resume forthwith upon my return. Again I stood petrified, until a footstep fell upon my ear.

It was my nephew Charles, and his arrival reassured me. A boy of ten—now all would be easy. Everyone knew what boys of that age were in the matter of birds. Philip himself would some day be no exception, despite his present taste in literature. I strove to conceal my relief as Charles appeared, grasping something behind him.

"Hullo, Uncle," he observed, regarding the net without a trace of the natural boy's gleam of bloodthirsty anticipation. "What's that? A thrush. A hen too. I expect she's got a nest somewhere, poor thing."

This annoyed me. Why must he introduce sentiment into the business?

"Yes," I said grimly, "it *is* a thrush, and it is found guilty of stealing."

"Oh," said Charles without enthusiasm, "must you kill it?" (He had now brought his hands into view, and I perceived with a sinking heart that they bore no catapult, but a volume entitled *Our Bird Friends.*) "You know, Uncle, we have so many raspberries that I don't think we ought to grudge the few these birds take in return for their beautiful singing."

Hope breathed her last. Not merely useless as a moral support, Charles had hit upon the very plea so poignantly urged by Mrs. Speckle on page 23, when

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN."

M.F.H. "Hold hard, you four. This isn't the Apocalypse."

she is caught in the cherry-tree and is released by the weeping farmer on reminding him of how greatly his children will miss her plaintive song. The mere sight of this picture is sufficient to reduce Philip to tears, and on more than one occasion the page has only been negotiated after the most earnest assurances on my part that "of course she wasn't *really* killed."

I pulled myself together.

"Well, Charles," I said, feigning a tolerant smile, "if you feel like *that* about it I suppose we must let her off this time."

With this I opened the net. Mrs. Speckle dashed triumphantly into the nearest tree, from which, instead of rewarding me with her sweetest notes, as in the case of the farmer, she merely shrieked a raucous defiance.

* * * * *

"I regret," said I to Edith on taking my somewhat inglorious departure, "that my visit has produced no result."

"Oh! it 's not so bad as that," piped the voice of Charles. "*I've* got something out of it, anyway."

My heart warmed to the child. I never *had* cared for him, but perhaps I had been unjust, and clearly he now sympathised with my embarrassing position, which I thought unusual in a boy of his age. Perhaps, too, he had been more impressed with me than I had realised. Boys are shy creatures.

"Indeed, my boy, I am glad to hear it," I said encouragingly. "Won't you tell us what it was?"

"Well, you see, I bet Mary five bob you wouldn't kill anything."

THE HYPOCRITE.

Of course they play wonderfully well the newest kinds of music, and no one can steer them like Sir Henry, however wild and trackless the wilderness. But give the Queen's Hall orchestra a melody to play and it simply revels in it, from the man with the triangle to the man with the baton.

It is not so with all the audience. The young man near me was very restless during the bright tune with which the concert opened. The lip next but one to his fresh young beard was curled in scorn. He looked pityingly on those who listened happily. Evidently he was one of the really musical ones.

But his demeanour changed for the symphony—one of those advanced compositions in which the French horns moon about until the oboe chips in with a bit of a skirl, and the violins sport chaotically, while the trumpets get on with their own particular business, quite unmindful of what the rest of the orchestra is doing.

I soon found my musical neighbour more interesting than the symphony. He maintained his stance, his two ears cocked towards Sir Henry's back, his eyes fixed high on the small pipes of the organ.

But as the big moments dragged on I noticed that he unfolded his arms, and later he began fiddling with his watch-chain. Then he gently rubbed one of his ears, which were now only at half-cock. He even began to look about him.

It was towards the end of the second movement, when the orchestra seemed to be indicating lost souls barking their shins in the obscurity of a "London particular" against masses of tin cans, that he revealed his true self.

He yawned.

From a report of Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Leeds:—

"My upbringing, my sympathies, my old bent of mind, is democratic."

Evening Paper.

Anti-coalition papers, please copy.

A TRANS-ALPINE PARADOX.

TRAVELLERS in Italy to-day have a new experience; they find themselves in the land of No-tips. Some such proclamation as this:—

"ASSOCIAZIONE ITALIANA ALBERGATORI.

Sono assolutamente proibite le mancie.

Tout pourboire est absolument défendu.

Tips are strictly forbidden.

Das Trinkgeldgeben ist verboten."

is displayed in every hotel lobby and very likely in your bedroom too; and the various friends whom you meet on the road, and who have been in Italy just so much longer than yourself as to give them the right to counsel and to warn, all make the same remark. "I hope," they say, quite earnestly, "you're sticking to this No-tip business. It's perfectly genuine," they say. "It's not like No-tips at home, where you pay no attention. It's the real thing; and remember that the waiters themselves started it. Whatever you do," they conclude, "don't give anyone anything, and particularly so in the hotels."

"I don't," you say; "I won't; but——"

Now what does that "but" mean?

It means that man normally is a tipping animal. It means that we are illogical creatures who adore custom and routine. It means that though in the abstract and in anticipation it is a pleasant thing to have all the annoying exactions of hotel servants removed and compounded for by an extra ten per cent. on the bill, when the time comes we miss them, and are even capable of regretting them.

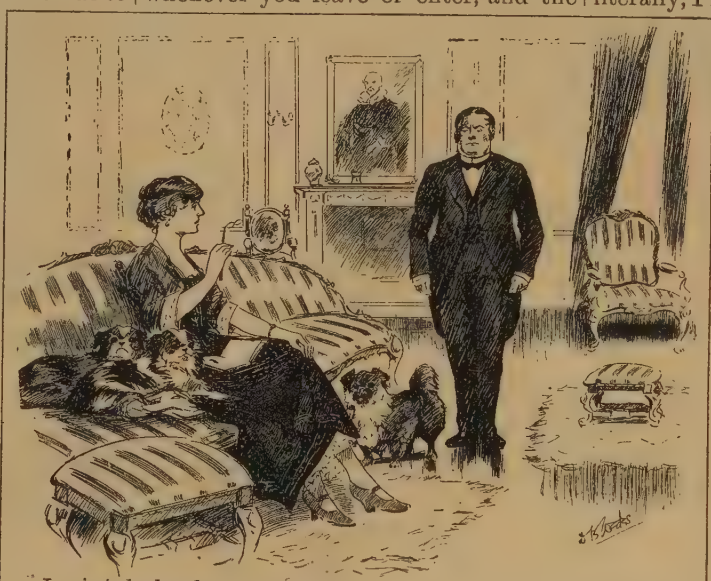
What can be more irritating than, as you leave your room in a French hotel on the last morning, having all ready the varying *douceurs* for the people who have really done something for you—the porter, the lift-boy, the man-chambermaid, the valet, the waiter who brought the breakfast, the page who brought the newspapers—what is more exasperating than the presence, just outside the door, of a woman in a white cap, silent, immovable, smiling, with the faintest suggestion of an open palm and a very strong suggestion of desiring a reward even if she has not earned it? This is the first time you have seen her. You may have tried to get her by ringing, but you have never succeeded; you know that she is the wife of the man-chambermaid and that his tip includes her; but none the less you give her something, and then have to return to the room to correct your whole pre-arranged budget. Well, how delightful to be rid of her!

And how delightful to be rid of all the small buttony boys who are so omnipresent and polite when the time for departure comes! How delightful no longer to have to discriminate between the duplicate officials in whom French hotels specialise—the other fellow who is sometimes in the porter's desk but isn't the porter; the man in livery who stands at the door and takes off his cap whenever you leave or enter, and the other fellow, so like him, who does it too when the genuine one has the effrontery to be eating a meal; the husky luggage-bearers in aprons and waistcoats who multiply so embarrassingly as the bus approaches the door! You would say that the traveller to Italy, after experience of French hotels, would sigh with relief to think that such perplexities were behind him. And perhaps at first he does. But——

Again I ask, what does "but" mean? It means that there is something to be said for tipping after all. Tipping may be a degrading habit; men should not, for doing their jobs, be paid twice over—you know the arguments; yet it can be even more degrading to feel oneself sneaking about with one's pockets buttoned up, merely nodding good-bye where one used to distribute largesse. You know that tips are not expected; you would not have the pluck to break the order publicly; and yet you have a feeling of shame. Your meanness is flagrant. You know that the waiters themselves brought about the new dispensation, yet none the less you enter the bus for the station crimson with a sense of guilt.

Even the impossibility of giving the perfunctory tips is an unwelcome change. What, then, of the loss of the pleasure of rewarding the really thoughtful and friendly attendants? How I should have liked to press a note of some worth into the hand of that nice Joseph at Bologna; and—I said we were inconsistent creatures—how furious I was, and still am, to think that, before realising that the no-tip notice was to be taken literally, I had mechanically given a lira to the careless and indifferent waiter who brought me a cup of coffee on the morning of my arrival in Italy!

With which of us, with him or myself, I was the more angry I find it very difficult to decide: with myself for parting with the money, or with him for not having the common decency to put me right and repudiate it. Every time I saw him after (and with the mind's eye I am glaring at him, across Europe, at this minute) I thought, "You owe me a lira." It is a debt that will never be cleared—even if he were to see these lines he would not repay it—and there is no debt that will rankle so long. Not so much because of the money, although a lira at that date was worth nearly threepence, but because of the gross injustice of the thing. E. V. L.



Jarvis (who has been told to take the dogs for a walk). "BUT THEY WON'T WALK, MY LADY; THEY RACE AND CHASE ALL OVER THE PLACE LIKE MAD THINGS."

Her Ladyship. "WELL, JARVIS, YOU MUST JUST RACE AND CHASE ALL OVER THE PLACE LIKE A MAD THING TOO."

THE BROWN BERRY.

"OH, it's you, is it?" said Betty as I entered.

I looked round. It was.

"I do wish you'd take Margaret out for a little walk before tea," she continued. "I'm so busy, and she ought to have some air. Would you mind dreadfully?"

Betty is the person who is allowing me to marry her, and I can refuse her nothing. . . .

"Well, Margaret," I remarked when we had got half-way, casting about in my mind for a topic to keep the flagging conversation going—"well, I expect you had a good time at Seamouth. You're still as brown as a berry."

"Berries aren't brown," said Margaret. "They're red."

"Nearly all berries are brown," I replied with dignity. "Otherwise what sense would there be in saying 'as brown as a berry'?"

"There isn't any. They're all red. Look at them."

I scanned the hedges anxiously. They were thickly loaded with a luxuriant crop of red berries; there wasn't a brown one in sight. It was an awkward moment.

"I don't mean that sort of berry at all. Look at those nice cows over there. Wouldn't you like to be a cow and lie about and eat grass all day?"

"No, I shouldn't. What sort of berries do you mean, then?"

"What sort of berries? Well, you know——"

"But I don't know; that 's why I asked you. I don't believe you know either. Aunty Betty knows everything."

This was not to be borne.

"Then I 'm surprised that she hasn't told you this story about a brown berry."

"Oh, is it a story? Do tell me."

"Well——"

"You do say 'well' a lot."

"It 's part of the story. *Well*, ever so long ago there was a Princess who lived all alone on a small island in the Transoceanic Archipelago."

"*Where* did she live?"

"Where I said. And as the island was very small (in fact only three feet long by seven inches wide) she couldn't take much exercise. Besides, her hair was bright green."

"Nobody's hair is green."

"Hers was. That 's why she lived alone. You wouldn't like to live with anybody who had green hair, would you?"

"Shouldn't mind."

"Other people did. You see, a horrible old witch had turned it green."

"I love witches!"

"Do you? Personally I prefer princesses, but I suppose it 's all a matter of taste. So when she caught the eagle with the golden beak——"

"I know! He was a Prince in disguise."

"How ever did you guess? Yes, I 'm sure he was; and very well disguised too."

"Who disguised him?"

"A powerful magician called Williclarxon."

"What a funny name! What was the Prince called?"

"Smith."

"Princes aren't called Smith. They're call Prince Charming, or something like that. I don't believe you know much about this story."

"But that was just part of the disguise. You've never met an eagle called Smith, have you? That shows what an awfully good disguise it was."

"O—oh!"

"And so the eagle flew away with the Princess, right across——"

"When are you coming to the part about the berry?"

"Presently. Well, after they had flown three times round the world—"

"Why did they do that?"

"Because they were both absorbingly interested in the critical observation of natural phenomena."

"Oh!"

"—they came to an enormous castle. And right on the very top of the highest tower there was—— By Jove! here we are at home again already. Well, we 've had a jolly walk, haven't we?"

"Not so awfully. Aren't you going to tell me about the brown berry?"

"Oh, that comes right at the end of the story, and I've got to go directly after tea. I'll tell you what to do, though, because it 's really very exciting. You just ask Aunty Betty to finish it for you after I 've gone. She 'll be sure to know it, if she knows everything."

Margaret should go far; but not with me for company. I'm too clever for her.

THE CULT OF SIDE-WHISKERS.

Small Child (at a Prom. Concert on her first visit to London). "WHY IS IT, MUMMY, THAT BUTLERS ARE SO FOND OF MUSIC?"

"Mr. —— uses his caravan as a car. He pays all his calls in it, leaving it outside when he enters the house."—*Sunday Paper.*

Most considerate.

From a Church service-paper:—

"'O where can wisdom be found?' BOYCE. p. 108."

A comparatively simple matter, after all.

ST. PAUL'S.

LIKE the red temples of the evening sky,
Once flamed and faded Paul's proud-pinnacled quire,
And all its ancient pomps of arch and spire
Lay desolate, as stricken forests lie;
Then it was well for England that the high
Unconquered spirit of her trod the fire
And lifted from the ashes and the mire
New aisles where her old dreams find sanctuary.

And it is well that in the clamorous day
Hurrying and disregardful throngs of men
Should catch a glimpse of something past their ken
In the dim dome, the narrowing columns grey,
And dream, though forthwith they awake again,
And pray, although they little think they pray.

D. M. S.

HINTS TO AXED OFFICERS.

BY way of supplementing the official literature which has recently been circulated for the guidance of ex-officers in the various branches of civilian employment best suited to their military experience, Mr. Punch has collected a few hints which he suggests may be useful to gentlemen leaving the Army who were formerly employed in the Survey Department, where drawing, it is understood, is a necessary accomplishment.

His advice is derived from an authoritative source, and he cannot do better than give it verbatim, in the language of the expert whom he consulted:—

"T'ain't a bit of use your takin' up this 'ere Art unless yer 'as intelligence, knows yer chalks and 'ow to buy 'em. Don't be too ambitious at first. Mark my word, you 'll get 'ung up over 'orses, for instance, or the return of the lifeboat, or LASCELLES. They all 'ave their tricky points. Stick to Still Life. A couple o' crossed 'addocks makes a pretty picture on the pavement, and a drop of rain don't spoil 'em. If you 'aven't no ideas, a peep at a second-'and shop will often show you a landscape or a pair of boots you can copy.

"Don't touch LLOYD GEORGE, or you may get 'im rubbed out, and bang goes yer chalk and time.

"The personal touch is useful. The story of 'ow yer saved the baby from the burning stables and got 'urt in doing it, written neat and not too flowery, will often raise the wind. An 'acking cough too, *if lifelike*, is an asset.

"Watch the weather and never start in with the colours if it looks gloomy over'ead. Black and white is different. Rain turns 'em Impressionistic, but makes a mess o' red and blue.

"The Pitch is important. Don't start a bunch o' grapes on that furrin cement stuff. And remember that night-work don't pay without a moon, and full at that. Then 's the time for a churchyard study, or a child at prayer or an escaped convict. Working with candles is a washout, they burns too quick; besides yer 'as to stick 'em in bottles, and that upsets the artistic atmosphere.

"Try what you can do at propagander, when the cops aren't about, with a bit of white. I 've known one chap get as much as four bob a dozen chalking awkward questions like "Where do 'Oundswell rates go to?" on the pavement after dark. That fetches 'em all right. We outed a mayor that way.

"I reckon there ought to be an 'arvest when they gets going with the 'lections. But my advice to you, mate, is to stick to fish an' landscapes to start with; it 's safer. Don't overdo the chalk. An' if yer can sit beside yer work, when it 's done, with a stiff arm and leg, so much the better for the 'at."

THE ARTISTS RIFLES.

SOME time ago Mr. Punch took a modest hand in recruiting for the Inns of Court O.T.C., and he now ventures to put forward the claim of another unit of the famous old "Grey Brigade," the Artists Rifles, 28th Battalion The London Regiment, T.A.

Founded in 1859, this Corps has a great fighting record both in South Africa and France. During the Great War it provided over ten thousand officers for the Regular and Territorial Forces. Its First Battalion landed in France in October, 1914.

Two thousand of its members were killed in action and five thousand wounded. It won eight V.C.'s, fifty-six D.S.O.'s and eight hundred and twenty-two M.C.'s (sixty-nine Bars).

It is to the Public Schools Universities and Hospitals that the Corps looks to fill the gaps in its ranks caused by the War. Public School men could ask for no better Club. Its School of Arms has turned out some of the best Swordsmen, Boxers, Bayonet Fighters and Gymnasts in the Army; witness the record of its achievements at the Royal Tournament. Its attractions include Cricket, Rugby Football and Swimming Clubs; and on the intellectual side it offers to men of education certain advantages that fully justify its motto, "*Marte Minerva.*"

In appealing for recruits for this distinguished Corps Mr. Punch would like to pay once more a tribute to the memory of one of his own writers, ALEC JOHNSTONE, of the Shropshire Light Infantry, who went out with the Artists Rifles in the early days of the War and died a gallant death.

The history of the Corps in the Great War is set out in a recently published volume, entitled *Artists Rifles, Regimental Roll of Honour and War Record, 1914-1919* (HOWLETT AND SON).

Full particulars of the conditions of service and details of all branches of the Corps' activities may be obtained from Headquarters, the Artists Rifles, Duke's Road, Euston Road, W.C.

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

V.—REPARATIONS.

"NOUGHT care I for silver or gold,
Count me your herds," quoth the sheikh of old;
"All that you own is by conquest mine,
All that you pay you shall pay me in kine.

"Kine for the ploughing and kine for the wain,
Deep would I furrow this virgin plain,
Plant it with olive and date and vine;
All that you pay you shall pay me in kine.

"Horn for the goad—or the javelin-shaft;
Hide for the trace—or the scimitar-haft;
Milk from the udder and meat from the chine;
All that you pay you shall pay me in kine.

"Horn for the wakening, hide for the bed,
Horn for the mustering, hide for the dead,
Horn for the beaker and hide for the wine;
All that you pay you shall pay me in kine.

"Cows for the noosing, bulls for the blade,
So is the cowboy warrior made;
Herds! Herds! and the world is mine!
All that you pay you shall pay me in kine."

The Limit in Optimism.

"Tutor required for boy; country; no salary; one that could pay for board preferred."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

HOTEL CONFIDENCES.

Expansive Lady. "NOW MYSELF, I DON'T CARE FOR CLOTHES, BUT IF MY HUSBAND HAD HIS WAY I'D BE JUST A DRESSED-UP DOLL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE opening of *The Cathedral* (MACMILLAN) is a trifle scattered and unimpressive, but once Mr. HUGH WALPOLE warms to his work it is delightful to watch him, like a collie on a Westmorland fell, rounding up a stray character here, heading off a would-be runaway there, and bringing the whole flock compactly downhill to a very well-contrived objective. "Downhill" is doubly the *mot juste* here, for the main theme of this very fine novel is the long moral deterioration and swift social decline of *Adam Brandon*, Archdeacon of Polchester, a commanding and unforgettable figure who stands (but not obtrusively or inhumanly) for that prosperous ecclesiasticism to which the Cathedral, its pinnacles and precincts, etiquette and intrigue, have come to mean considerably more than the worship of God. *Brandon's* rival, *Canon Ronder*, is, significantly enough, a far worse man than *Brandon*—perverse where the *Archdeacon* is blind, ruthless where he is blundering; and *Ronder's* malevolent neutrality over the sordid marriage of *Brandon's* son and over the infidelity of his wife is a greater factor in the *Archdeacon's* ruin than their open antagonism over the St. Anthony Pybus living. The idyllic wooing of *Joan Brandon* by *Johnny St. Leith* relieves the book of undue sombreness; and Mr. WALPOLE'S fine talent for recapturing scenery and weather is triumphant throughout. I wonder, by the way, how many readers will be able to attribute *Ronder's* drawing-room to its original proprietor.

The career of *Adela, Countess of Sellingworth*, who abdicates two great positions—the first of social notoriety and the second of personal prestige—out of shame and generosity respectively, is, as recorded by Mr. ROBERT HICHENS in *December Love* (CASSELL), scarcely less absorbing when viewed as a sermon on feminine vanity than it is if one looks upon it as a mystery of feminine motives. And although, like most homiletic novels, it would do with a little compression, it leaves me quite ready to sit under Mr. HICHENS again as often as he chooses to hold forth on similar texts. His heroine, an Edwardian beauty, loses, when at the zenith of her middle-aged vogue, fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewels in the Paris-Calais express, and thereupon resigns herself, with unaccountable suddenness and apparent finality, to white hairs and a dowager retirement. From this last, however, she emerges, to enter the lists against *Beryl Van Juyn*, a wealthy and brilliant American girl; the spoils of the victor to be the heart and hand of a youthful diplomatist, *Alick Craven*. A stalwart old general who is waiting for the reversion of *Adela's* affections, and a depraved adventurer who believes himself sure of *Beryl's*, together with two excellent American spinsters and a ruthless selection from the *clientèle* of the Café Royal, assist the knitting and unravelling of a complicated and original plot in Mr. HICHENS' most dexterous manner.

The romantic hero, not yet entirely demobilised, of Mr. W. J. LOCKE lives up to his reputation in *The Tale of Triona* (LANE), for "the masculine in him exulted in his physical strength and skill—in the clean straight element-

ary yet scientific left-hander that got the hulking swine between the eyes and sent him reeling and sprawling and asking for no more punishment." "The word swine is used a good deal here," as I read the other day in a letter from a small boy at a preparatory school; and the same thing applies to villains in Mr. W. J. LOCKE's school of thought. But there is a variation in heroes. *Alexis Triona* was really *John Briggs*, who sailed before the mast, became a chauffeur to a Russian Count and subsequently a recognised light amongst the Russian intelligentsia. During the upheavals of revolution he found the note-book of a dead secret service agent full of a most amazing account of tortures and wanderings in Turkestan and Siberia. *John Briggs* read it and re-read it until in imagination he became *Alexis*, and as *Alexis* he published and took the full credit for the tale. He was not exactly an impostor, for he was a genius himself, as his subsequent novels showed; but the dead man's story was his first introduction to fame. The emotional interest turns, as may be guessed perhaps, on his wife's discovery of the secret, after which *John Briggs*, wild with remorse, disappears into the unknown to redeem himself once more by honest toil. It is a good thrilling story; but I wonder whether Mr. LOCKE, in wandering round his study, has ever picked up *The Giant's Robe*, or an earlier work of his own—*Jaffery*.

Something about *Ladies Only* (DUCKWORTH) makes me think that Miss MAY EDGINTON sketched it out first of all as an idea for yet one more successful play. As a novel it is quite well-written, if without its author's usual charm; very light and jolly and even funny, with a nice little moral tucked away in it; but I could not help feeling the need of an atmosphere of footlights and grease-paint for the proper development of the farce. It is the story of one *Hubert*, a kindly suburban soul of apparently sufficient means and no occupation, who, with the noble purpose of brightening the lives of dull and neglected women, started a West End tea-room "for ladies only." He called it "Cæsar's Court," and appeared with his waiters in Roman costume. Upon his doorkeeper, styled *Cerberus*, devolved the choice, for admission, of ladies so obviously unprepossessing, dull or neglected as to be in need of *Hubert's* ministrations. Of course the thing refused to work as he designed it. The staff struck for the right of entertaining ladies of a compensating charm at a later session; his vicar's wife appeared among the customers, and the vicar himself applied for a post as waiter. Finally, the admission of his own wife among the obviously dull and neglected ones teaches *Hubert* a useful lesson and brings the curtain down upon a happy ending.

Mr. GERALD CUMBERLAND is, of course, a modern, and it wouldn't do to end *A Lover at Forty* (GRANT RICHARDS) on too pleasant a note. So *Avril Colefax*, whom, in spite of her passionate error, the seducing of her boyish lover, which leads to his suicide, we like, and, I should suppose, are meant to like, begins rapidly to deteriorate, to hate and thwart the mother with whom she has been on such intimate terms, to trap her friend, *Basil Trent*, her dead lover's guardian, into marriage, so that he may father her child. I take it that Mr. CUMBERLAND means to show us developing in *Avril* her mother's hateful insincerity and callousness. Brilliant is the portrait of *Mrs. Colefax*, with its stark selfishness, all the careful sordid strategy of her matrimonial campaign against the rich, inhuman *Sir Rex Swithin*, and the remorseless sensuality of her pursuit of the young musician, *Mordurant*. A little too bad to be true, one hopes; and one certainly doubts whether so calculating a lady would have risked, at the moment when her victory was won but not consolidated, the discovery which in fact wrecked her position. Mr. CUMBERLAND doesn't seem to find anything like so much fun in making his pleasant characters as in the development of the worst of this strange mother and daughter.

Taxi-driver (who has received the exact fare). "BEST GO IN QUIETLY IN CASE THE MISSUS WAKES UP AN' 'EARS ME DRIVIN' AWAY. SHE MIGHT STOP THE REST OF YOUR POCKET-MONEY FOR THIS HEXTRAVAGANCE."

I am afraid that Miss E. M. DELAFIELD's sense of the ridiculous has prevented her from making a perfect success of *The Optimist* (HUTCHINSON). Her dialogue is as delightful and incisive as ever, but her extraordinary facility in this art leads her on and on almost against her will. She allows *Canon Morchard* to talk until he makes himself so absurd that I felt I was laughing at him too often, and failed to understand his children's adoration for him. But this is my one and only complaint. Miss DELAFIELD possesses a literary style that is the last word in crispness, and her characterisation, when she avoids the rocks of caricature, is consistently good. The *Canon's* family of two boys and three girls live not less by what they do than by what they say. And *Owen Quentillian*, a clever young man with a strong tendency to priggishness, is drawn with uncanny skill.

It is safe to say that no collection of pictures from *Punch* has ever been published in which a higher standard at once of humour and technical skill is reached and maintained than the volume of *Punch Pictures* by Mr. FRANK REYNOLDS which Messrs. CASSELL have just issued by arrangement with the Proprietors of *Punch*. I shrink from making a wider comparison lest I should be rebuked by the modesty of Mr. Punch for flattering him in the person of his Art Editor. But I may at least permit myself to say that Mr. REYNOLDS' work seems to me to have passed, and easily passed, the severe test of collection, and that these pictures afford me a satisfaction as fresh and joyous as at the time when they first appeared in these pages. A delightful gift for the coming season of gifts.

CHARIVARIA.

"Mr. J. D. Hope, of Berwick," writes a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, "has not made a speech in the House of Commons for over twenty years." The others have been told about it, but they will go on doing it.

***

The experimental big explosion in Holland was not heard in England. It was unfortunate that it coincided with the opening of the Election campaign.

***

According to a gossip-writer who watched the removal of Mr. Lloyd George's belongings from Downing Street, several of the pictures represented sunsets. When they arrived there they were believed to be sunrises.

***

An American journalist reports that, although things are quiet in Mexico, the Mexicans are not very polite. It appears that they don't even shoot one another "Good night" now.

***

"The Fascisti," declares *The Irish Times*, "are the cream of Italy's manhood." The Popolari, of course, are merely the ice cream.

***

Russia has promised Turkey her moral support. We can only say that Turkey has been asking for it and now she must make the best of a bad thing.

***

The beer judges at the Brewers' Exhibition, we read, only gargle and do not swallow the samples of beer. Cowards!

***

One of the wedding presents received by the ex-Kaiser is said to have cost twenty million marks. The usual cruet, we imagine.

***

According to an official statement new telephone subscribers are coming in at the rate of six thousand a month. But you ought to see them as they go out.

***

It is just announced by an American actuary that Mr. John Rockefeller's income is larger than that of Mr. Henry Ford. The expert was quite right to leave our name out of it.

***

The musical critic of the Moscow *Izvestia* declares that a piece ought to be rendered quite contrarily to the intentions of the composer. We are bringing the splendid openings in Russia to the notice of the parents of the little girl-pianist next-door.

***

The late Mr. Gladstone was for clearing the Turk out bag and baggage, but the latter always seems to be going back for his attaché case.

***

A resident of Burlington, Iowa, who has just died, has drawn strike pay from his union for thirty-four years. It is believed that he has bequeathed the strike to his eldest son.

***

There is reported to be a woman in China aged a hundred and thirty-one. The same sort of thing has been whispered about many an Englishwoman who refused to confess to being more than ninety-nine.

***

While being driven to slaughter at Coalville, Leicestershire, an ox ran up the stairs leading to a solicitor's office. We can only conclude that it knew very little about solicitors.

***

A correspondent of a contemporary states that it does not injure the roof of the mouth to play a saxophone. The roof of the house, of course, is another matter.

***

"A glass of beer to most people," says *The Evening Standard*, "is just a glass of beer." Indignant beer-drinkers, however, continue to protest that that is just what it isn't.

***

An English missionary in Fuh Kien has been decorated by the Chinese Government with the Order of the Double Rhinoceros. We don't know what he had done, but we hope he will take the lesson to heart.

***

The London County Council has been asked to take steps to prevent worn-out taxicabs from plying for hire on the streets. The present system of working them till they drop and then selling the body to the Soho restaurants has nothing to recommend it.

***

"There is a job for every man in the United States," says Senator Medill McCormick. We have often wondered what kept them there.

***

An evening paper quotes a medical authority as saying that an important factor in the attainment of perfect sleep is the selection of the right pyjamas. We have certainly known some so loud that they would keep even the neighbours awake.

***

Snow fell in the Highlands the other day. Our English summer seems very loth to go.

***

The hours during which marriages can take place at the Registrar's are to be considerably extended. The American practice of selling monthly books of licences at reduced rates to regular customers is under consideration.

***

In the opinion of Dr. W. C. Wilkinson the value of the human nose cannot be over-estimated. We never move out of the house without ours.

Mrs. McTavish. "What's 'Metapheesics,' guidman?"

Mr. McTavish. "Weel, when the pairty wha listens disna ken what the pairty wha's speakin' means, an' when the pairty wha's speakin' disna ken what he's blethering aboot himsel', that's metapheesics."

A Fair Warning.

"Notice.

My wife, —— ——, has left my home for nearly three years. I cannot tell where on earth she is. I therefore notice the public at large that I do not feel like remaining in this condition much longer."—*Jamaica Paper.*

"Gold Wedding Rings, 22 cwt., always in stock. Sold by weight from 30/-."

Advt. in Local Paper.

If your wife is inclined to gad about, make her wear one of these.

Beneath a picture:—

"Racing, the sport of Kings, is resuming its pre-war standard in England. The picture shows Tetrameter, the winner of the Goodwood Stewards Cup, approaching the winning post on which were seated the King and Queen."

Canadian Paper.

Our home papers somehow missed this picturesque detail.

ORATIONS, LTD.

THE walls of the waiting-room of Orations, Ltd., were covered with framed and glazed samples of the firm's special lines, and I was becoming engrossed in a nice little thing in after-dinner oratory, commencing:—

"When I entered this room to-night I had no idea that I was going to be called upon . . ."

when I became aware of the Secretary at my elbow.

"We do everything in the way of orations," he said, "but at the moment, of course, we are concentrating on political brands. A General Election involves the Candidates, in the aggregate, in the making of over one hundred thousand speeches. By working on the mass-production principle we are in a position to turn out, at cut-prices, an enormous number of high-grade speeches in any desired shade of political thought."

A boy in buttons rushed up to him with a telegram.

"An order from an Asquithian client," he confided, as he rapidly filled in some details on a printed card:—

Speech No. F14507
Creed . . . Wee Free
Place . . . Drill Hall, Winklesea
Date . . . November 9th
Duration . 1½ hours.

"System!" he said. "I give this card to the boy, and shortly it will emerge from the other end of our organisation in the form of a powerful speech."

He now invited me to follow him through a double row of cubicles, the doors of which bore inscriptions such as "Genoa," "Protection," "War-mongers," "Capital Levy," "Reparations," "Mesopotamia," "Anti-Waste," and "Palestine." In these cubicles were the experts who deal exclusively with some special portion of the speeches.

We stayed for a moment in the Aspersions Department, where they were working at very high pressure, and there I was shown a specimen which is in great demand:—

"During the terrible period of Britain's peril, Mr. So-and-So and I worked together in perfect harmony. We supported each other loyally through the heat and burthen of the day. I entertained for Mr. So-and-So the warmest affection. He was my friend. That makes it difficult for me to tell you now, as I do with the utmost emphasis, that Mr. So-and-So is nothing but a flagrant impostor masquerading as a patriot."

"And you supply fitting counter-sallies?" I asked.

The Secretary smiled, and for an answer handed me a sheet which a tousled young man had just written:—

"I must express my surprise that Sir X. Y. should consider that he is furthering his cause by indulging in shameless personalities. I regard it as a fresh manifestation of his deficient mental equipment, and only in keeping with the utter futility and pusillanimity which have characterised his public life. I feel that it is beneath my dignity, both as your Candidate and as an individual, to reply in kind. I shall remain mute, merely remarking at this juncture . . ."

The Secretary hurried me quietly past the Metaphor-room.

"Our Metaphor expert is overwrought to-day," he explained. "He is upset because a very original image of his, about the ship of state on a lee-shore in a storm, was mangled by a Wiltshire client, who went on to refer to the hard hands of the Pilot, and the daylight between his seat and his saddle."

We halted in an adjoining room to watch a youth turning out epigrams in between draughts of India Pale Ale. Of his work one example remains in my memory: "It's a wise politician who knows his own party."

Perorations were being prepared in the next room. These, I was told, require very little discrimination, as the same peroration could be used by all parties. The Secretary showed me a specimen in the unctuous style:—

"In the chaos which now reigns, and with causes so sacred to defend, it behoves every man, with his hand on his heart, to declare his faith, to work for that faith and to continue to work for that faith. Let us approach the issue with a single mind. Let us go forward hand-in-hand, nay, cheek-by-jowl . . ."

This, it appears, is in fair demand, but is not so popular as the aggressive kind.

"For it is an extraordinary thing," the Secretary observed, "that even ardent supporters of the League of Nations, or elderly politicians of sedentary habits, or those who were once conscientious objectors, ask for the fire-eating peroration. Consequently we turn out an infinite variety of this sort of thing, plainly marked, you will observe, where the client should await applause.

"That is the issue, on which I stand or fall. My armour is bright [pause]; my good sword is in my right hand [pause]; and I have thrown away the scabbard. [Long pause.] I am going into this fight—a bitter fight, which will be fought to a finish, and from which I shall only withdraw with my shield [pause] or on it. (*Sits down*)."

Presently we reached the place where the component parts arrive from the experts and are assembled into speeches. On a table bearing two huge scrap-books marked "Scotch Jokes" (containing different versions for use in England and Scotland), I was astonished to find Speech No. F14507 for the Wee Free already in being. In the preamble the date of the meeting had afforded a happy allusion to the Lord Mayor's Show, and the industry of Winklesea had furnished an allegory, of special appeal to the electors, in which Mr. BONAR LAW was likened to the homely shell-fish defying the attempts of the Opposition pins to extract from him a definite policy.

I took my leave, deeply impressed. Nothing is forgotten in Orations, Ltd. As I walked away I heard the Secretary say to an assistant:—

"This client has been a good customer. Tell him that, if he can provide his own tame hecklers, we will send him gratis a few of our inspired questions and crushing replies."

SLOP!

[The £3 prize offered by the Incorporated Association of Purveyors of Light Refreshments for the best substitute for the word "slop-basin," an expression which was apt to jar upon tea-room susceptibilities, has been awarded to the competitor who suggested "binette." It is unfortunate that the winner should have hit on an "*argot*" word meaning "*figure laide ou ridicule.*"]

OH no! let 's never mention it,
When up the matter crops;
Let every voice and pen shun it—
That low expression, "sl*ps!"

Though "serviettes" spread gentility
Among the table "props,"
Till now our stale or chilly tea
Has ranked as common "sl*ps."

But see, at length a saviour
This vulgar habit stops;
He 'd drown them in the gravy or
The soup, who talk of "sl*ps!"

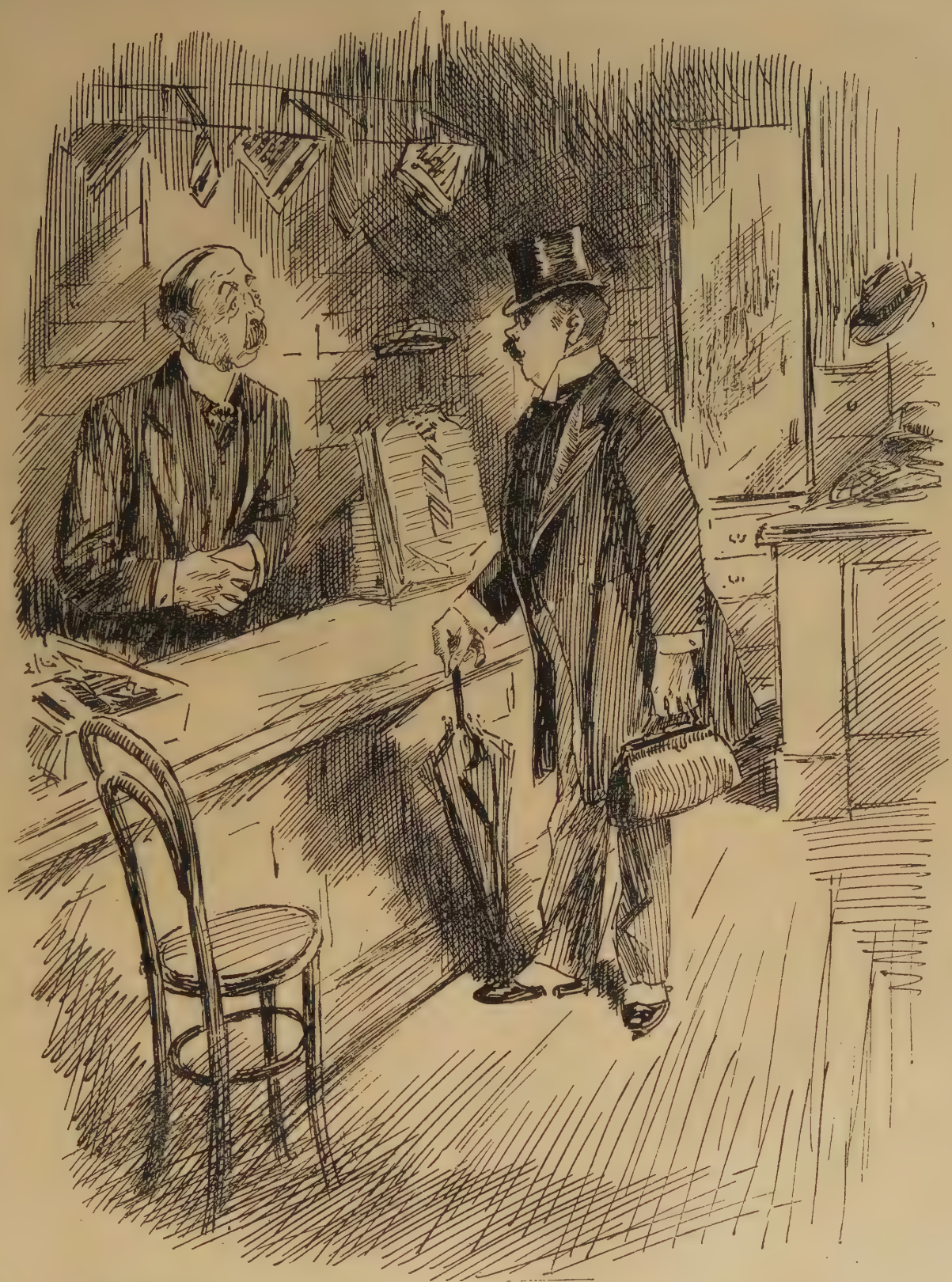
Yet our refined neologist
In a fresh pitfall drops,
When one reveals the hollow gist
Of what he 'd use for "sl*ps."

Binette is slang to specify
A pair of ugly chops;
There 'll be a "mug" the less if I,
For one, adhere to "slops."

ZIGZAG.

Another Impending Apology.

"—— was born on May 22nd, 1879, which means that she was forty-three last birthday. Hardly creditable when you see some of the youthful parts she takes."—*Weekly Paper.*



THE FASCISTI SPIRIT.

Member of Middle-Class Union (*fired by the example of Signor Mussolini*). "I WANT A BLACK SHIRT, PLEASE, SUITABLE FOR A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION."

"LET THE GENTLEMAN KISS YER, MAUD, IF 'E WANTS TO! IT WON'T POISON YER, AN' IT DON'T BIND US TO VOTE FOR 'IM."

A STRAIGHT FIGHT IN THE ANTIPODES.

THERE seems to me to be a lack of definite political programmes in this country, a want of detail in the manifestoes that the simple elector is invited to swallow.

It is not so in New Zealand. I have had by me for some time the printed address of a Candidate for the House of Representatives there, whose name, party and constituency I intend to conceal. I shall simply call him Mr. Barton for the sake of convenience, and I hope that if he ever sees this he will pardon me for making use of his pamphlet, the more so as I find myself in hearty agreement with at least one plank in his electoral platform. And whatever I think about the rest of it I cannot help liking its honesty and straightforward zeal.

Mr. Barton is troubled, it would seem, (as who is not?) about education. He disbelieves in sectarianism and the introduction of Bible teaching (as taught by the Churches) into the schools. At the same time the growth of Communism worries him (as it worries us) quite a lot, and as an antidote to this he makes it the first point in his appeal to the voter "that Genesis science and geology should be taught in the sixth standard of schools."

You might say, "Quite, quite," to that; but Mr. Barton does not mean to let you off so easily. "The necessity for this instruction," he says, "will be seen in the following questions, which can only be answered by a knowledge of this little-known science:—

(1) How does geology disprove evolution?

(2) How does geology prove that man was taken from the ground?

(3) How can science justify the assertion that life was made before the sun?

(4) What is the name of the shells that can be picked up upon our beach that disprove evolution, and why?

(5) What did the experiments of Galileo with a pump prove in connection with Genesis?

(6) What are the two things that mankind has and monkeys have not that prove Genesis?

(7) How does science prove that fish and birds were created about the same time?

(8) How does bacteriology prove the truth of Genesis?"

A pretty exacting questionnaire, all of it, and particularly, I think, the poser in No. 6. I have tried hard to find an answer to that one, but, passing rapidly in review all the men of my acquaintance, I can only hit upon one real point of difference, so that probably, if I were a New Zealand voter, I should not be allowed to plump for Mr. Barton, who goes on to say:—

"Kindly send correct answers in writing to me, so that I may know how many persons in my electorate understand Genesis geology."

One wonders what would happen, say, in South Hackney.

Genesis geology, however, does not exhaust Mr. Barton's enthusiasm for educational reform, for in his main pro-

gramme, which follows, he makes this declaration of principle :—

"I do not hold with the teaching of French in the High Schools. It is a waste of money and of nerve, and is likely to cause disloyalty."

Boys and girls in New Zealand, like Parliamentary Candidates, must take life rather more seriously than they do over here. I cannot remember that any sentiment of disloyalty to the British Crown was fostered in my heart by my early introduction to the beauties of the French tongue. Rather, if anything, the other way. "Slugs" was it we used to call the gentleman (he was Swiss, of course), or "Frog-feet"? Something like that, I feel sure.

But Mr. Barton has not only the moral and intellectual welfare of the children at heart. He is anxious also about their health. Point No. 13 reads: "I am in favour of a better system of school ventilation. Vertical draught-pipes should be placed in the school roofs, coming down to within a reasonable distance of the children's heads, say as low as a gas-chandelier, to draw away impure air from the room."

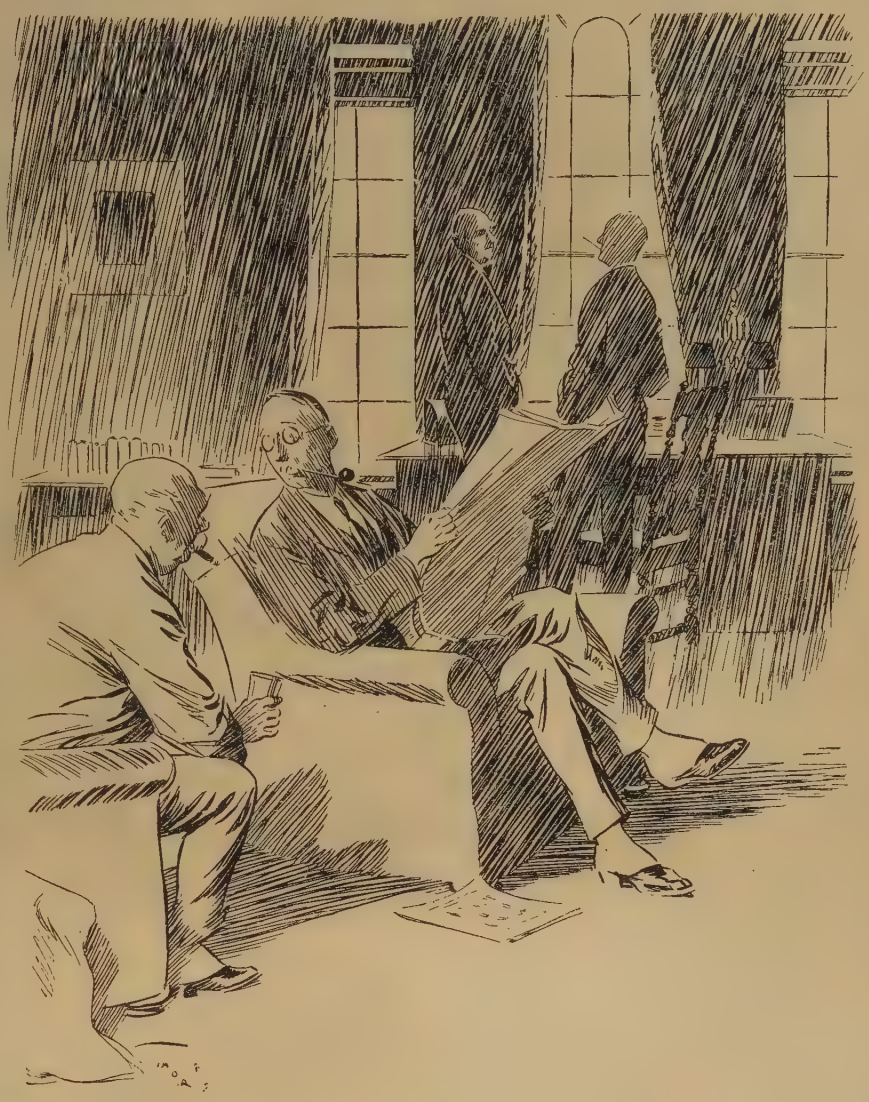
One sees at once that Mr. Barton, though explicit, is not unreasonable. He stands for vertical draught-pipes as low as a gas-chandelier, and he would go, very likely, into the Gas-chandelier Lobby in a division. But in these days of economy, when anti-waste is such a popular cry, he would doubtless be quite open to accept an amendment in favour of vertical draught-pipes which only came down as far as an ordinary bracket or electric bulb.

I wish I had space to follow the programme into all its by-paths of reform, but there are many points in it which unavoidably, at this distance of space, seem to have little bearing on the main trend of our politics at home.

Thus No. 15: "I am in favour of having two sleeping-rooms at Blankton Junction for the use of travellers from Dashville, etc., waiting overnight for the main trunk express," leaves me fairly cold. Nor in my Old World ignorance can I hotly endorse No. 22:—

"I would favour having the Government purchase wheat straw, and with it starting the manufacture of paper for bags, wrapping, etc., also for lining butter-boxes."

Even No. 35, "I am in favour of the Government taking over the Puriri Hot Spring, a sixpence-in-the-slot door admitter being used to cover cost," strikes me as a clause the details of which might be subject to modification when the mellowing influence of conservative thought has been allowed to temper the hot-headed idealism of youth.



The Club Bore. "HOW ON EARTH I ESCAPED I REALLY CAN'T TELL YOU."
The Audience. "NEVER MIND."

But among more general pronouncements on various topics two paragraphs stand out as if they had been written in letters of gold. The first is No. 17:

"I am in favour of any member of the General Assembly who turns upon his constituents and goes over to the opposing side being ejected and another election being held to fill his place."

"Let me catch you crossing that floor and out you go double quick, young feller-me-lad," as the Sergeant-at-Arms, I suppose, would say.

I like that. But I like No. 18 still more: "I am in favour of the adoption of Conscription for all future wars, the rich to be first conscripted, as they are best able to stand the loss. This would save the necessity of drilling the whole nation."

If anything could reconcile the people of this country to the prospect of another war, it would be, I think, the knowledge that wealthy City merchants and financiers would be the first to form fours in public under the direction of some sergeant gifted not only with vocabulary but with spiritual vision. And at intervals they might have lectures on the care of arms, vertical draught-pipes and Genesis geology.

There is nothing negative, you see, about Mr. Barton's policy, whatever may be the truth about Mr. BONAR LAW'S.

We want more Mr. Bartons on our platforms over here. EVOE.

"We understand that the Diwanyah Qadha has been made into a liwa and the Qammaiquam becomes a Mutassarrif."
Baghdad Paper.

What is Mr. BONAR LAW going to do about it? We insist on a plain answer.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(*By our Fleet Street Flâneur.*)

THERE have been casual references in the Press to the fact that Society is taking an interest in League Football this season, but without the evidence of one's own eyes and ears it is impossible fully to realise the characteristic zeal with which Mayfair—or, at any rate, a distinguished and influential section of it—is throwing itself into this new cult.

At last Saturday's great match between Walham and Slagborough United the large and brilliant party which the Countess of Leatherhead had brought along after lunching at the Hyde-Perkeley was resplendent in the red-and-green favours of the home team; while in another part of the grand stand the purple-and-orange of Lady Electra Smelting's hat, repeated in the large rosettes worn by her group of friends, among whom was the Duchesse de la Savate, proclaimed her partisanship of the visiting club, with which, of course, she has a business connection by marriage.

On either side an intelligent appreciation of the finer points of the game was evinced by the cultivated voices crying "Shoot!" and "Send him off, Ref.!" And the whirring of wooden rattles in daintily-gloved hands—which was continued, by the way, in many a luxurious car returning to the West End—bespoke an enthusiasm which was maintained to the bitter end—a goal-less draw.

Altogether, as a fashionable pet, the professional footballer bids fair to put the boxer's nose out of joint.

* * * *

The gap between the Stage and the Platform has been so appreciably narrowed in recent years that it is the more deplorable that a hope of still further reducing it, if not of closing it altogether, has been destroyed by the unexpectedly sudden onrush of the General Election.

I am privileged to divulge that, if *Messalina in a Mess* had not been going strong at the Paregoric at the time of the Dissolution of Parliament, it had been the intention of Cora Morant, who is, of course, the mainstay of the piece, to offer herself as Independent Candidate for any constituency that might invite her. As it is, the famous actress, whose remarkable oratorical powers and shrewd analysis of the vital problems of the moment are appreciated by her immediate circle of acquaintances, has been torn between what she feels to be a call to the service of the nation and what she recognises as her duty to innumerable playgoers; and it is with characteristic modesty that she has intimated her decision not to cut short the run of a successful piece in order to face the risk—negligible in my opinion—of a defeat at the polls.

It is an open secret too that unavailing efforts have been made to induce the one and only George Gravey to stand for a London division, and his refusal—conveyed with the typical witticism that "two-houses-a-night" was beneath his consideration—is a matter for regret, for, with the ideal Parliamentary manner ready made, his speedy promotion to Ministerial rank would have been assured.

* * * *

There has been no more significant feature of the political crisis than the revival, on the eve of what bids fair to be for them a victorious battle, of the activities of those devoted ladies who have kept the Tory watch-fires burning throughout the long, long night of the Coalition.

Prominent among these is the venerable but vigorous Lady "Di" Hardrocke, as she is affectionately spoken of, who is, of course, noted for her fidelity to actual horse-power and her deafness to the blandishments of the motor-dealer, and would as soon think of admitting an electrician to Stonage House as anyone whose Conservative principles were ever so slightly tainted with Liberal-Unionism.

In the present campaign she is throwing her whole weight into the support of General Sir Mavors Bowarrow—one of the little band of stalwarts pledged to the revocation of all measures passed since the last Administration of the late Lord SALISBURY—who is contesting South-West Mayfair with the slogan: "As You Were!"

Socially as well as politically Lady "Di" Hardrocke's influence is subtle but powerful. As one of the few hostesses who have from the first set their faces against such vulgar innovations as the fox-trot, it is largely due to her that the sedater dances have been so well preserved as to admit of resuscitation. Even if one cannot quite see eye to eye with the Stonage House set, it is impossible not to admit that they function usefully as a brake on the wheels of Progress.

* * * *

Just now, if one wishes to keep a finger on the pulse of what is known as Higher Bohemia, it is essential to have the entrée to "The Pork Chop," that exclusive but delightfully informal little club-cabaret within a stone's-throw of the Tottenham Court Road, where the advance guard of the march of intellect is wont to foregather. On special occasions too the stimulating friction of brilliant minds is diversified by the "trying-out"—to use a term of the prize-ring—of some performer who seems likely to contribute to the uplift of the less unenlightened of the outside community.

It was here, for instance, that the now famous Lapp Glee Singers made their first bow in London. And last night, among those who gave an encouraging reception to Caramba, the Balearic Improvisatore, I noticed Aurelius James, the great painter; Arne Olde, the illustrious author; Lady Catherine Wheeler; "Teddie" Swamp, the well-known littérateur-about-Town, and Herbert Lilywhite, the prospective Labour Candidate for Golder's Green.

To an artiste who has emerged successfully from such a test the opinion of an ordinary audience must be of small consequence.

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

VI.—MOLE.

With shovel and pick have you staked your claim,
Criss-cross tunnellings up to your keep,
Spoil from below in each upturned heap
That marks your coming and whence you came.
Well dug, Mole.

Mattock each hand and each tooth an axe,
Heave of the shoulder and grind of the jaw,
Screw of the muzzle and smash of the paw,
And the pebbles fly and the rubble packs.
Well dug, Mole.

Litter behind and litter before,
Head for a hod with the palms close-laid,
Flutter of earth in a soft cascade,
Twenty worms less and a hillock the more.
Well dug, Mole.

Grass and leaf warped under the ground,
Scoop of the paddle and scrape of the teeth,
Tunnels that circle the cavern beneath,
Earth upheaved in a towering mound.
Well dug, Mole.

Through white of the chalk, through soot of the peat,
Through red of the loam, through drab of the clay,
With velvet untarnished you battle your way,
With hands unsullied, with speckless feet.
Well dug, Mole.

THE NEGLECTED SEX.

WHY IS IT, WHEN OUR LEADING MILLINERY EMPORIUMS DISPLAY IN THEIR WINDOWS SUCH LIFELIKE SCENES AS THE ABOVE—

OUR MEN'S OUTFITTERS NEVER SEEM TO RISE BEYOND THIS?

SURELY A REALISTIC SCENE, SAY OF CLUB LIFE, WOULD INCREASE THE BRIGHTNESS OF OUR SHOPPING CENTRES AND ATTRACT MORE CUSTOM!

NEVER AGAIN;

OR, PEOPLE I DON'T PLAY GOLF WITH TWICE.

VII.

THE worst of it is that I *liked* playing with Whistle and Baggage, partly perhaps because it sounds like an old inn. But I did it against my better judgment. And I wish to warn my fellow-sportsmen about them and their kind.

For they are *frivolous* golfers. They are the sort of men who are letting England down at the Olympic Games and losing us our supremacy in every branch of sport. And they have no excuse. For they are both good players, or might be. But, instead of spending their holidays perfecting their game and measuring swords with the very finest golfers they can find, they are always playing foursomes with long-handicap men like myself, simply because they happen to be their friends. They seem to look upon golf as a kind of *game* . . .

Well, I mean, that sort of thing won't do, will it? Not in these days. Besides, Baggage is Captain of the Club, and might at least be expected to set a better example to the younger men. But no; even when he is playing in a competition he can't take it seriously. Only the other day he was in the final for the Willoughby-Graeme Cup, and Simpson was one up at the thirty-fourth. Yet there was Baggage sauntering along as if it was an ordinary single, talking about books and politics and the Lord knows what. Even now he has never troubled to tell us how it was he lost.

Simpson, on the other hand, is a real player, and has given us a pretty clear account of the principal incidents at each hole. Not Baggage—oh! no. But of course we do not need to inquire. No wonder that, when one studies the long and honourable rolls of cup-winners on the wall, one looks in vain for the name of BAGGAGE. No wonder that many fathers have ceased to bring their boys to this neighbourhood at all, rather than expose a young player to such an influence. He is the sort of man who is capable of making a joke about a fellow's handicap.

On the only occasion when I played with these triflers, Whistle and Baggage, the fourth was a large man who has been tersely and accurately referred to since baptism as A. Boddy. This Boddy is a dear old fellow, and belongs to the Historical School of golfers. He is not a good player (not now, at any rate), but he plays with the utmost cheerfulness, because (*a*) every bad stroke he makes reminds him of some far better shot he played at the same hole yesterday, or the day before, or many years ago; and (*b*) every hole reminds him of some humorous or striking episode which happened there in the past. He has an anecdote for every green, and always the same one at the same green; but he is an artist, and never produces more than four of them in the same round.

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
STRONG MEAT FOR MEN.

Well, I played with Boddy, and, I can tell you, I was taking it pretty seriously. But Whistle and Baggage, as they had the impudence to inform me afterwards, had actually made the game the subject of a series of frivolous wagers. Old Boddy, for all his good temper, is fond of winning, and Baggage had bet Whistle five shillings to one that Boddy and I would beat them. Further, Whistle had bet Baggage that Boddy would relate during the round the Heron story, the Winthrop story, the Miraculous Approach at the Eleventh, and Simpson's Worm. He had taken 5 to 1 in shillings about each.

On the first tee, to use a popular and charming euphemism, Boddy did an overswing.* Nothing daunted, he gripped me by the shoulder, pointed far up the course and said, "Do you see that bit of yellow grass on the right there?"

"Yes."

"Well, I drove ten yards beyond that yesterday morning," said Boddy, and stood aside in high good-humour.

At the third the unscrupulous Baggage, in order to reduce Whistle's story-chances, tried to goad Boddy into telling the Cuckoo-Man story, which belongs to that hole. But Boddy was absorbed in other things, for he had just hit his drive through the wind-screen of a motor-car waiting on the road (out of bounds).

"That's funny," he said with a happy smile. "One day last week I did this hole in three."

At the seventh we were four down, and Baggage must have been getting uneasy about his five bob. On the green Whistle began complaining bitterly about the worm-casts, always a good thing to do when playing with the Captain. Suddenly old Boddy gave a huge guffaw. "That reminds me," he said, shaking with mirth. "Do you remember Simpson's worm? Poked its nose out right in front of his ball and jolly well lost him the hole. I'll never forget that. Ho, ho, ho!"

"Five bob up," said Whistle quietly.

At the ninth, many years ago, there was a heron sitting on a post, and Boddy's ball went so close to it that the bird flew right away. This story is a great favourite, and Whistle began seeing herons in all directions.

"By Jove, a heron!" he said excitedly, pointing over the marshes.

"A cow, I think," said Baggage, with more truth.

"No—*surely!*" cried Whistle. "To the *right* of that. *There!*"

* NOTE for the lay reader: *i.e.*, he missed the ball completely; he did not hit it at all; it remained on the tee.

SCENE—*British Museum. Public Lecturer taking a party round.*

First Lady. "WHAT'S YOUR KATE DOING OVER THERE?"

Second Lady. "SHE'S FOLLOWING THE PROFESSOR'S 'GYPTIAN CLASS. SHE FINDS THESE 'ERE IMAGES SO RESTFUL AFTER THE MOVIES."

"Be quiet. Mr. Boddy is trying to drive," said Baggage severely, adding in a vicious hiss, "Liar! Shut up!"

Thus the Heron story was narrowly averted, and at the next hole Baggage extracted the story about Collins and the Monthly Medal; how he went into the field to have a row with a small boy for shouting "Beaver!" at him, and was disqualified under Rule 2 (Stroke Competitions) for interrupting his round.

Boddy is seldom historical at two holes running, and at the eleventh there was never a word about the Miraculous Approach. But at the thirteenth Whistle scored again.

"I never play this hole," said Boddy, musing, "without thinking of poor old Winthrop."

"How's that?" said Whistle eagerly.

"Why, don't you remember? The first time he played on a real course he thought that the numbers printed on the tee-boxes were Bogey for the hole—1 for the first, 2 for the second, and so on. When he got here he reckoned he was twelve down on Bogey, and it depressed him considerably; but this one he halved. It cheered him up no end."

"That's good!" cried Whistle, laughing very heartily. "By Jove, that's a good one! Isn't it, Baggage? Ten bob up," he added.

Shaken no doubt by this blow, Baggage began to play atrocious golf—not that he had played well before; indeed they were now only one up. It wasn't that he failed to hit the ball, but he hit it so extremely crooked. When he should have hit it along the top he pulled it down into the valley; and when he should have stayed in the valley he sliced it with all his might up the nearest hill. Then he would stand and laugh while Whistle clambered after it. A deplorable exhibition.

Meanwhile old Boddy and I were hacking our way from bunker to bunker, Boddy recalling with enthusiasm the occasions on which he had avoided those particular hazards with complete success. But he told no more stories, being short of breath, so Baggage won back two shillings of his losses.

On the eighteenth tee we were all square. Boddy and I were down in six; they were four, and Baggage had only a one-foot putt to win the match and lose his bet.

It is, of course, extremely difficult to miss so short a putt on purpose convincingly, and Baggage took every precaution. He knelt down the other side of the hole and studied the line; he lay down behind his ball and peered over the top of it in the approved style. He took off his cap and scratched his head. He lit a cigarette. The tension was frightful. Then he knelt down again and had another good look at everything. Finally he hit his ball carefully to the right; it hovered on the edge, the wind caught it and it trickled softly into the hole. And serve him right, say I.

"Well, many thanks," said Boddy. "One down."

"Thirteen up, I'm afraid," said Whistle. "Thank you, Baggage."

* * * * *

Well, I mean—that's not golf, is it, old man? And yet—yes, it is just possible that I *shall* play with these fellows again.

A. P. H.

Newspaper Proprietor (to importunate Commercial Traveller). "IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF HERE I'LL KICK YOU DOWN THE STAIRS!" *Commercial Traveller.* "I DON'T THINK SO, SIR. I'M INSURED WITH YOUR PAPER."

THE REFUSALS OF MARGARET.

THE SECOND REFUSAL.

SCENE: *A retired corner in the house of the British Ambassador in Rome. A ball is in progress, invisible and almost inaudible.* Margaret *is in a white ball-dress.* Charlie, *who is nearly nineteen, is sitting beside her on what is known on the Continent as a "canapé."*)

Margaret. Well, Charlie?

Charlie. You mean, I suppose, that it 's up to me?

M. If you really have anything to say.

C. Isn't that rather unkind?

M. I don't mean to be unkind, Charlie.

C. Don't you, Margaret? I never quite know how to take you.

M. I 've noticed that, Charlie. Why do you try?

C. A fellow can't help himself, I suppose, where you are concerned.

M. Oh. I thought for a moment that you were proposing to help yourself to *me*.

C. (*almost blushing*). I say, you know, you *do* say things.

M. Somebody has to say them. And *you* don't seem to be particularly bright.

C. How can you expect me to be bright? You don't seem to realise the effect you have on people. (*Eagerly*) Why did you ever speak to me at all? I 've often wondered.

M. It was your face, Charlie. (*Charlie preens himself an instant.*) You were looking so very miserable.

C. (*a little dashed*). Was that all?

M. And you were looking so very English. It was like a message from home. I thought immediately of Sussex and Piccadilly Circus.

C. Both at once?

M. Yes. It was a kind of Futurist flash.

C. I suppose you do get fed up with the Diplomatic life. I was, frightfully, that evening. The worst of it is that Father is almost certain to insist on putting me into it some day. You see we 've been in the Diplomatic for generations.

M. Don't worry, Charlie. Perhaps they won't have you.

C. (*dismally*). Oh, yes, they will. My uncle is a cousin of the Permanent Secretary.

M. One never knows. Isn't there some talk of a new Diplomacy? They may reform the Foreign Office.

C. Oh, they 've done that. But it never makes any difference. Brains are all very well, but you cannot run the Office on brains.

M. Has it ever been tried?

C. We 've got a sprinklin', you know. But we mostly keep quiet about it. Doesn't do to seem to be too clever.

M. I see. The fox in sheep's clothing.

C. Well, we 're not always such fools as we look. Englishmen aren't, you know. That 's what always puzzles the other fellows.

M. And then they call it hypocrisy.

C. (*admiring her*). You 're frightfully clever, Margaret,

M. No, Charlie. I only notice things.

C. What have you noticed about me?

M. Nothing at all, Charlie, except that you 're a thoroughly nice boy.

C. Boy be dashed! I 'm nearly nineteen. That 's old enough, isn't it?

M. I know what that means, Charlie. You 're going to propose.

C. (*bravely*). Well, why not?

M. Too many people get married

because somebody says "Why not?" They discover the reason afterwards.

C. I see what it is, Margaret. You don't believe I'm in earnest.

M. (*kindly*). You're in earnest for the moment, Charlie. But it will pass. I'm not at all the kind of woman to make you happy.

C. They all say that.

M. (*quickly*). Then I'm not the first?

C. (*guiltily*). Well, you know, a fellow does get carried away now and then.

M. (*reproachfully*). I thought I was an event in your life. It seems that I'm only a habit.

C. This isn't at all the same thing. I've never been so dreadfully keen.

M. These attacks will probably get worse as you grow older. Till at last one of them will finish you off.

C. Finish me off?

M. You'll be accepted, Charlie. Some nice girl will spend six days in making you propose to her and the rest of her life in preventing you from proposing to anybody else.

C. It's all very well for you to make light of all this (*struggling with his feelings*). But I haven't slept a wink since meeting you.

M. Poor old boy! Tell me about the others, Charlie.

C. Well, of course, now and then one is inclined to be sentimental. You know how it happens.

M. Partly. I like to be sentimental myself sometimes. There's a lot to be said for it in moderation.

C. You think so?

[*Puts his hand on hers.*

M. (*looking at the hand*). That is very nice of you, Charlie.

C. (*a little awkwardly*). You don't mind?

M. Of course I don't mind. It's one of those nice friendly acts which make things pleasant all round.

C. (*removing his hand quickly*). Thank you for that.

M. Wasn't it a nice friendly act?

C. Of course; but——

M. (*holding out her hand to him*). Take it again, Charlie. It was a nice friendly act which we're not going to spoil by pretending that it was anything else.

C. (*taking the hand with conviction*). By Jove, Margaret, you're simply splendid. And I hope we're going to be friends.

M. And you don't want to be sentimental any more?

C. I've done with that, Margaret. One doesn't often get a friend like you.

M. Whereas you can be sentimental with almost anybody?

C. Well, I wouldn't put it quite like that. But as a matter of fact there *is* a girl—she's here to-night. I'm most frightfully keen, and it's rather jolly having someone to whom I can talk about it. I want you to advise me what to do.

M. Well, I think the first thing for you to do is to let go of my hand. She might not like it.

C. Er—yes. I suppose so.

[*He slowly lets her hand go.*

M. The next thing for you to do is to go into the conservatory.

C. (*alarmed*). Is she in the conservatory?

M. Yes, Charlie. She has been watching us for the last quarter of an hour.

C. Perhaps I'd better go to her.

M. Yes, and quickly. There's another partner looking for her. Good-bye, Charlie.

Loafer. "'TAIN'T NO GOOD YER COMIN' TO ME FER A VOTE. I'M AGIN THE 'OLE BLOOMIN' LOT—TORIES AN' LIBERALS. THEY'RE ALL THE SAME! 'BLOOD-SUCKERS' I CALL 'EM. I'M FOR LABOUR, I AM!"

Canvasser. "SO GLAD! I'M THE WIFE OF THE LABOUR CANDIDATE—SIR ALGERNON EYEWASH, YOU KNOW."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"There is a possibility that the London Liberal Association—or even the Labour Party working from its headquarters—may send down someone to try conclusions in this division. The appearance of opponents would only add zest to the fight."—*Local Paper.*

"Mr. Lloyd George's train only stopped at —— for three minutes and spoke for one. Mr. Chas. —— monopolised the remaining two in his address of welcome."—*Local Paper.*

Between the two of them poor Mr. GEORGE didn't have much time to blow off steam.

"Mr. —— said he would stand as a Liberal, without any qualification whatever."

West Country Paper.

Well, to judge by the newspapers, he won't be the only Candidate in this position.

Small Girl. "DO YOU MIND MY WHITE MICE SLEEPING WITH YOU TO-NIGHT, AUNTIE? I'VE GOT A COLD AND I DON'T WANT THEM TO CATCH IT."

For the Day of Remembrance.

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1922.

WE said, "Though many men forget,
  We will remember; there shall be
No fading of the laurels set
  About the shrine of Memory;
Nor dust shall dim nor time efface
The solemn splendour of that place."

We said, "Though many men have died,
  Young men that loved the earth and sky,
The noble dream they sanctified
  By dying for it cannot die;
Nay, even as they were blithely sure,
It shall prevail, it shall endure."

This was our faith; we held it fast
  While yet the new-turned sods were grey,
And when the pitying Spring had cast
  Her mantle o'er the battered clay;
Still unforgetting, could we guess
That there might come forgetfulness?

Then, are we other than we were,
  Or have we lost the power to dream?
Is Love, the soul's remembrancer,
  Only an echo and a gleam?
Is Honour but a brief wild breath
Blown in the reedy pipe of Death?

Then happy, happy were the dead,
  The dead who knew not what we are;
And we were thrice unhappy, led
  Through darkness by no steadfast star;
For when we lose the faith they bore
We dare remember them no more.

But, still remembering, we are still
  Urged by a vision and a call;
The faltering hope, the laggard will,
  That stay us shall not make us fall,
Not while before our lifted hands
The high hushed shrine of Memory stands.

D. M. S.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch has more than once appealed to his readers on behalf of the Kensington War Hospital Supply Depôt. During the War it devoted itself to the practical assistance of maimed service men by the construction of surgical instruments for their relief. This national work is carried on to-day at 23, Upper Phillimore Place, W.8, under the new name of the Surgical Supply Depôt. In aid of its funds a Competition Bazaar and Fair is to be held at the Kensington Town Hall, on Thursday, November 16th, from 2 to 7, and on Friday the 17th, from 12 to 7. It will be opened on the first day by The Lady AMPTHILL, and on the second by Miss EVA MOORE. The public are invited to help by sending gifts, by buying their Christmas Presents at the Bazaar, and by entering for the many and various prize competitions. Mr. Punch appeals earnestly to his readers to render aid to this good cause, with whose aims and success he is very closely acquainted.

AN OLD FORMULA FOR A NEW FOLLY.

Doctor. "YES, I THINK SHE WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW WITH THESE GLASSES."
Mother. "I SHOULD HOPE SO. THEY COST ME SEVENTEEN SHILLINGS, AND SHE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY AS CAN SEE THROUGH 'EM."

IN THE INTERESTS OF ECONOMY.

WALKING into my favourite Tube station the other evening I found the usually inviting mouth of the box-office occupied by a board which said:—

> CLOSED. PLEASE GET YOUR TICKET FROM THE LIFT-MAN.

When this gentleman, in response to my third ring on the bell, finally emerged from the bowels of the earth, I found that, in addition to those jolly little handles with which he makes the gates at the other end fizz and crash, the Company had provided him with an erection which looked something like the pay-box of an A.B.C. shop and something like the bar of the Savage Club. Behind this he retired and played at being a booking-clerk, until there were no more passengers who would play with him, and then he came out and turned into a lift-man again.

This new game delays the downward plunge of the lift even more than the old system of waiting till the lift-man has finished telling his pal exactly what he said to the inspector; but it enables the Tube people to get rid of one employé, an indication of economy which must be very refreshing to the shareholders.

Why shouldn't the same system be applied in national and municipal affairs, so that we could abolish a few, at any rate, of the parasites, limpets and Cuthberts who batten upon us? (See Anti-waste Press, *passim.*) After all, this is much more important, especially to people like you and me who haven't got shares in the Underground.

Think of the convenience, when you have been trapped on the Portsmouth Road, of being handed a printed notice like this:—

> In the interests of economy the judicial machinery of the country is partially suspended. Please pay your fine at the next Police Station.

Again, how many thousands of pounds we should save on our prisons if burglars and racecourse pests and the people who speak to other people in Hyde Park were made to "do time" in their own homes, under the supervision of their wives. Only then, I suppose, we should have the Howard Association or the Humanitarian League or somebody like that protesting against "this return to the methods of barbarism."

But the innovation I most look forward to is the receipt of the familiar half-yearly buff slip—or even the blue one—with this note stamped on it:—

> In view of the financial position of the country, the Collectors of H.M. Taxes have been entirely disbanded. Kindly pay this account next time you are passing Somerset House.

Subject to any copyright held by the Underground people, I make Mr. BONAR LAW a present of the idea.

Latest U.S. "Gargle."

From a recent American novel:—

"'The reason,' he continued, clearing his throat with a stiff smile, 'is not quite as important to me as the fact.'"

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

ONCE upon a time there was a black cocker spaniel mother. She had been a mother before and would probably be one again. In fact it was her business to produce at regular intervals puppies which her owner, a breeder with model kennels and a large *clientèle*, might turn into pounds, shillings and pence; and she performed her task punctually and with satisfaction.

As the day drew near for each new litter to break up and depart to their various new homes, it was her habit, being a good mother, to tell them something about what the great world was like and what might be awaiting them there.

On the occasion which I have in mind there were four puppies in all, and only the most highly trained eye could tell them apart. Four London smuts settling on a new chamois-leather glove are not more alike; but of course no cocker pup would do anything so dull as settle, especially when just on the point of entering adventurous life. I don't therefore pretend that everything that the mother said was listened to; but this is what she said.

"There are," she observed, "all kinds of different people to whom you may go; but my wish for all of you is that real sportsmen may want you. All dogs should work, and a cocker in particular."

"What is a cocker's work?" asked No. 1. They had no names as yet. Names would come later, and they often wondered what kind of names they would get.

"It's one of the disappointing things about human beings," the mother had told them, "the names they give dogs. Of course cockers are luckier than some of the others, because we're serious. But there's a dreadful monotony about even our names. It's our colour—they can never forget we're black. 'Nigger' and 'Nig,' 'Topsy' and 'Sambo'—you'll meet them everywhere and perhaps be called those names yourselves. You might all be 'Nigger' if you go to different homes. But, at any rate, that's better than the toy dogs—the Poms and the Pekes and the Yorkshire terriers—they're called 'Fifi' and horrible things like that . . ."

"Nothing would induce me to be called anything so idiotic," interposed No. 1, who was of an independent and assertive character. "Never," he added, "never," sinking his teeth well into No. 3's left ear by way of emphasis.

But this is a diversion.

"What is a cocker's work?" asked No. 1.

"A cocker's proud duty," said the mother, "is to follow the gun and obey his master. But nowadays there is so much shooting without dogs that I'm afraid some of you will lead frustrated lives. But you must try to be obedient none the less. And not only obey your master but adore him. There is no harm in your being friendly with the whole family, if it's not done to excess. And of course you must never be cross with the baby, if any."

"CHUCK US A VOTE!"
[*After "Mudlarks," by* PHIL MAY.

"Not even if it hurts?" asked No. 2.

"No, not even if it hurts, and no matter how much. That's a point of honour with cockers."

"But you must never," she went on, "be more than commonly civil with strangers or visitors, not even if they feed you. In fact, however greedy you feel, I want you, if possible, to refuse any food that visitors and guests at the house offer you. Will you try?"

"We'll try," said the puppies, but not with any confidence.

"Well," the mother continued, "perhaps that is rather a lot to ask; and if you were to fail it would not mean the end of the world. But if you were to fail in putting your master first—ah! Always put your master first. You will be devoted to your mistress, but you must always put your master first—especially you girls."

"Yes, mother," said the girls. Two of the cocker puppies were girls.

"If you go to an honest shooting man, as I hope and pray," the mother resumed, "you will not only be more likely to get good names, you will be properly looked after. You will live hard. But if you just go to be a companion there will be temptations to live soft, and I want you to withstand these. It is the cockers' cross that they get too fat. All do. I am too fat myself."

"Oh, no, darling," said the puppies.

"Yes, it is true. I am already too fat and soon I shall be much too fat. But one can postpone this calamity by eating sparely and not sleeping too much—although sleeping is very sweet, especially where they keep good fires and soft hearthrugs—and taking plenty of exercise. For this reason I hope you may go to a district where there are plenty of hares. You are not likely to overtake one, but it is fun to pursue, and it helps to keep the figure. The hares I have pursued!" She sighed.

"Did you ever catch one?" asked No. 4.

"No, my dear," the mother admitted. "And I'm very glad, for I'm sure I shouldn't have known what to do with it; but it was fun to pursue." She sighed again.

"And so," she said, "you will all do your best, won't you, to keep fit and be a credit to your father and to me?"

And they promised.

"But by the way, mother," said No. 3, "why don't we ever see father? We've never seen him. One would almost think that cockers don't have such things as fathers."

"They have them," said the mother, "but they rarely know them. Very few dogs are on terms with their fathers, and well-bred dogs almost never.

"What I most wish that any of you may not do," she continued, "is to be sold to a city owner. It is dreadful for a cocker to have to live in London. You would be led about on a string, which is most humiliating and against nature."

"London? What is London?" asked No. 1.

"London is a great place, made of stone and asphalt, where there are no rabbits and no partridges, except those that hang dead in poulterers' shops. It is full of hurrying impatient people on the pavements and cruel rushing wheels in the road. It is no place for a dog."

They all shuddered and drew closer.

Nervous Passenger. "WHAT'S THAT QUEER SOUND?"
Irish Chauffeur. "'TIS THE FOOT-BRAKE, SORR, IS OUT OF ORDER AND THE HAND-BRAKE WON'T WORK. BUT DON'T BE ONAISY, SORR—THE HOOTER IS ALL RIGHT."

"I'll never go there," said No. 1 firmly.

"If, however, any of you are fated to become Londoners," the mother went on, disregarding his outburst, "I most earnestly wish that you won't be sold to an actress, because then your lot would become uncockerly indeed."

"What is an actress?" asked No. 2.

"An actress," said the mother, "is a beautiful lady, in the public eye, who, if she has a dog, likes to carry it—"

"No one shall ever carry me," cried No. 1.

"—and when she is photographed for the papers—as she is every day—is careful that her darling little doggie is photographed too."

"How hateful!" said No. 1.

"So you see," the mother went on, "why I don't want any of you to belong to an actress: you would always be under her arm and always facing the camera for *The Sketler* and *The Tatch*. Not that I mind your being famous characters, but if you must be photographed I would rather you were at the heels of a real master with a gun. Wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, mother," said they all, while No. 1, who, as we know, never minced his words, went on to affirm that nothing would ever induce him to become an actress's property under any provocation whatever.

At this moment the dog-breeder appeared at the kennel door with a beautiful lady who filled the air with strange perfumes and talked with silvery tones. It was an actress bent upon buying the tweetest and darlingest little black cocker for her very own, no matter what it cost! After a long period of mind-changing and ecstatic dubiety, she made her choice. Need I say that she chose No. 1, and that No. 1 was borne away under her arm?

The last thing that the others heard as he passed out of their ken was the actress's voice of silver saying, "The pet! I shall call him 'Tou-tou.'"

E. V. L.

"LORD DERBY'2 STEP."
Headline in Evening Paper.

But have you seen the Lord BIRKENHEAD Fox-Trot?

"We are informed by the —— Post-waster that a weekly half-holiday will in future be granted to the postmen."—*Local Paper.*

While congratulating Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN on his appointment as Postmaster-General may we call his attention to this obviously redundant official?

TO A SUBURBAN OWL.

O OWL, alone, aloft, aloof,
Who perch upon my neighbour's roof
Tu-whitting and tu-wooing,
I wonder if you fancy here
You 'll find a sympathetic ear,
Or what you think you 're doing?

In rural parishes, no doubt,
The bumpkin may be put about
To hear you in the twilight;
But do you dream that Jones will care
However long you linger there
Lamenting on his skylight?

Poor unsophisticated bird,
Think you some poet may be stirred
When in our local steeple
You take up residence and mope?
I can but comment, "What a hope,
Among us prosy people!"

No ivy-tufts our villas cloak,
We cannot boast one blasted oak
To serve you as a billet;
So if you know, misguided fowl,
Some likelier opening for an owl,
Just glide away and fill it.

W. K. H.

"Daniel coming unscathed out of the furnace was an abnormality."—*Chinese Paper.*

That, no doubt, is why historians have hitherto refrained from recording it.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

[According to *The Daily Chronicle* the American Syndicate who now own Devonshire House have "loaned" it till the middle of January to the organisers of a Dance Club in aid of the Combined Hospitals Appeal, and dancing will begin about the middle of this month.]

IT has been now practically decided to convert the Albert Hall into an Aquadrome, to be used for water polo and other aquatic pastimes in connection with the appeal on behalf of distressed Natationists who have vainly attempted to swim the Channel.

Mr. Leander P. Trudgeon, the famous expert, who has been working on the scheme with Miss Dolores Diver, frankly admits that the Albert Hall is not an ideal building for the purpose, owing to its defective acoustics. "The water pageant of Ulysses and the Sirens," he observed to our representative, "with which we propose to open our season, presents considerable difficulties. All the same I am convinced that as a swimming-club the Albert Hall is destined to enter on a new and immensely popular phase of its history."

* * *

Pending the necessary repairs which must be executed in the concrete bed before the lake in St. James's Park can be refilled, we understand that the new First Commissioner of Works has granted permission to Lord Blethermere to use this commodious site as the scene of a series of impartial Demonstrations, at which the principles, policies and opinions of all the contending Parties will be expounded and advocated in turn during the week previous to the General Election.

Indignant Driver. "HI! 'OW MUCH MORE O' THE BLINKIN' ROAD D'YER WANT?"

To-day, Wednesday the 8th, the fall of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will be shown by stentorphone to be the greatest blessing that has ever befallen our beloved country. To-morrow, the accession to power of Mr. BONAR LAW will by the same means be proved to be a danger of the first magnitude. On the 10th the prospects of the return to office of the EX-PREMIER will be sympathetically considered, and, in virtue of his magnetic personality, indicated as the best solution of the crisis. On the 11th a poignant appeal will be made to the electors to vote for the Free or Independent Liberals as the only way of securing immunity from the perils of a Bolshevistic Labour Administration. On Sunday the 12th, the urgent necessity for returning a sweeping Conservative majority, under the leadership of Mr. BONAR LAW, will be insisted on with all the sonority and sincerity at the command of Lord Blethermere and his devoted assistants. On Monday the 13th, the batteries of persuasion will be directed to convince the public of the urgent need of increasing the Labour Representation in the new House of Commons to at least three hundred, as the surest guarantee of peace and economy. The programme for Tuesday, the eve of the polls, has not yet been formulated, and will doubtless depend on careful and intelligent study of the problem familiar to the mediæval Schoolman—*quorsum felis saltabit?* As the park is free no charge will be made for admission within earshot of the speakers, but a certain number of reserved tickets will be issued for the bed of the lake.

Lord Blethermere, on being interviewed by our representative, admitted that the spot chosen was not ideal, owing to the possible breaking loose of the pelicans and other exotic poultry. With this reservation he had no sort of hesitation in predicting that the experiment would be a resounding success. The English were an athletic race, and he proposed to offer them a gratuitous exhibition of agility unprecedented in the annals of journalism, and only partially and dimly foreshadowed in the legend of Proteus.

* * *

It has long been felt that Kew Gardens have ceased to fulfil their recreative functions in a spirit attuned to the needs of the age. It is therefore a matter for general rejoicing that the project for reviving at Kew the glories of the old Cremorne is shortly to be realised. But the new directorate have shown a wise magnanimity in inviting the co-operation of the leading representatives of horticulture throughout the kingdom. How cordially these overtures have been welcomed may be gathered from the splendidly representative list of names appearing on the new Council of Management. They include Lady Laura Stinus, Dame Carrie Opteris, Sir Solly Dago, Sir Sam Bucus, Sir Christopher Anthemum, and those fine old chieftains The Macrocarpus and the O'Dontoglossum.

* * *

We regret to learn that the negotiations which were recently entered into with the view of transforming the Reading-Room at the British Museum into a Dancing Saloon in connection with the Rotary Club movement have been broken off owing to the uncompromising attitude of the Trustees. The scheme, which was initiated by the company of Paramount Tarantulators, was thoroughly well thought out and contained many attractive features, including the establishment of a first-class restaurant. Old frequenters of the Reading-Room, who remember the celebrated British Museum hash daily served up in the 'eighties, have heard of the collapse of the negotiations with serious concern, and consternation reigns in Bloomsbury, where the scheme had aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

Small Expectations.

"WHAT A CAPITAL LEVY WILL DO. ONE PENNY."
"Daily Herald" Poster.

Victorian Customer. "I WANT A DAINTY SCARF FOR A LADY, IN SOME PRETTY COLOUR."
Assistant. "CERTAINLY. WE HAVE THEM IN MUD, RUST, CLAY AND OLD BRICK."

IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

(A Cold's Compensations.)

I COULDN'T see 'twas Autumn as
I stayed to-day in bed,
Blue sky was in the looking-glass,
White clouds across it fled
As silver-white as blossoms bright
On cherry-trees in May;
Now wasn't that a pretty sight
Upon an Autumn day?

And presently the mirror seemed
A magic glass to be,
Where banks of cherry-blossom gleamed
About a summer sea;
"How nice," thought I, "as here I lie
With only sky to scan,
To call some pleasing dream a-nigh;
I'll magic old Japan!"

No sooner said than done it was;
Blue mountains clambered up;
A little tea-house too, because
One might require a cup;
And little lines of blue-green pines
Were raised all in a row,
And shook their spindly needle spines
On sun-splashed swards below.

So blue, so blue, so blue and bright,
Blent azure main and air;
So white, so silver, silver-white
The cherry-blossoms were;
That magic thing, an Eastern Spring,
It seemed had come to pass;
I'd called it for my pleasuring
And framed it in the glass.

But man's a discontented brute
E'en when he makes believe,
And "Where's an Eden of repute,"
Thought I, "without an Eve?
Eve to revere I won't ask here,
A little Eve and gay
I'll make, and she the prettiest dear
That ever plucked a spray.

"And she shall move with petal ease
All clad in rainbow silk;
Her neck (although she's Japanese)
Shall be as white as milk;
And she'll have two *such* eyes of blue
(Yes, *blue*) a-dance like elves;
And, if you do not like her, you
Can make an Eve yourselves."

At once she came (as specified)
In answer to my call,
Swift running through a vernal ride
In rainbow silks and all;
All in between the pines' blue-green
She sped, azalea-decked,
Then stopped, the littlest Eve e'er seen,
And bowed in mock respect.

"And now," said I, "it would be fun
To take her out with me
To that red lacquer house I've done
And drink a cup of tea;"
Her eyes said "Yes" (I quite confess
I wondered how I'd go);
"Give me," said I, "a chance to dress;"
I moved; Japan fled—*so!*

The mirror now was mirroring
In customary way,
The usual thing, the humdrum thing,
The same as every day;
Alas, Japan, alas, my plan,
Alas (between ourselves,
Ten times alas) for Eve, Eve San,
Whose blue eyes danced like elves!

"A blacksmith was cycling past and the car went over him and smashed the bicycle. Lady —— and her friends were alarmed, but not hurt."—*Daily Paper.*

That must have been a great relief to the blacksmith.

Mr. CHURCHILL on the new Government:—

"It is absurd to suppose . . . that Lord Salisbury has the poise and sagacity which Lord Balfour lacked."—*Provincial Paper.*

The latter is now praying to be saved from his friends.

THE COMPLEAT ETIQUETTER.

SIGNING on the dotted line has not hitherto, I may say, been one of my hobbies, and one day I shall possibly regret it when, through neglect of the modern system of correspondence tuition, I find myself unable to chat familiarly with a Spaniard, to do my own plumbing or to recognize at a glance the eggs of the sea-urchin.

Yet, after reading through a full-page advertisement of *The Encyclopædia of Etiquette* in an American magazine, I find myself sorely tempted to fill in the coupon and take the first steps that are going to teach me "how to conduct myself with the cultured grace that commands admiration."

By the way, aren't those American advertisers just too clever for words? Calmly but ruthlessly they point out your weaknesses to you until you feel that your life has been utterly misspent. Then joyfully they indicate the remedy.

For example, how ignorant and uncouth must the average man feel when confronted with a problem like the following:—

"Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith have met at your house for the first time. Would you say 'Mrs. Brown meet Miss Smith' or 'Miss Smith meet Mrs. Brown'?"

I don't know what the answer is, but I am certain it is different from what you or I expect. There 's always a catch in the question, even when the problem appears a sitter.

By the way—it has just struck me—if Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith have met at the house, how can you ask them afterwards to meet? Can it be that the correct answer is "Mrs. Brown meet again Miss Smith," or the other way round?

Anyhow it 's a frightfully interesting problem, and I shan't enjoy myself a scrap until I know the solution that is contained in the answers at the back of the book.

Even still more fascinating and—yes, I will say it—intriguing is the following series, "What Would You Do?":—

(1) If you were not asked to dance at a ball and wished to avoid being a wallflower?

That is, of course, a question that a woman can best answer for herself, but in all humility I would suggest grabbing a waiter or a saxophone-player and insisting on his tripping the light fantastic at trade-union rates.

(2) If you received a wedding or birthday gift from someone who had not been invited to the entertainment?

Is this, I wonder, the correct answer: Write to the donor and enclose an invitation for the next affair of the kind in which you figure as a principal? Of course the odds are against another wedding, but you will have done your best and the kindly thought will not be forgotten.

(3) If you were introduced to a noted celebrity and were left alone with him or her?

That 's a poser. Would you ask Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, as man to man, to strike you off the list of income-tax payers for a year or two? Would you ask Mr. E— P— not to read one of his poems to you, and you would promise to go quietly? Would you ask Lord Otterstream, the newspaper magnate, for his photograph? It 's awfully difficult to decide.

Now you can see for yourself that if *The Encyclopædia* contained nothing more than full and authoritative solutions to the above problems it would be well worth the paltry three and a-half dollars demanded.

But there are heaps of other good things. The correct etiquette of funerals, for instance, a difficult subject to do justice to; and "the proper way to eat corn on the cob." How would you solve this last problem? No use your evading the issue by a note, "*vide* Spaghetti." The real point is not how to eat corn—that is easy. But eating corn when you 're on horseback, and doing it in a manner that will not spoil the onlookers' appetite for dinner—that is infinitely more complicated and difficult.

This book will ease your mind once and for all.

More than that, the advertisement says, "Send no money."

Therefore I will send none. But the coupon, duly filled in, will be despatched forthwith, and I shall have the books free for five days at least.

Watch me then leading and guiding the social throng at Tooting during the coming winter.

To the New Ministry.

(*After* CHARLES KINGSLEY.)

Be good, sweet Sirs, and let F. E. be clever.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

At a Fancy Fair :—

"The followers of Walt Whitman could angle to their hearts' content."—*Local Paper.*

"Perhaps it is because Mr. Lloyd George, too, does not know exactly where *he* is, that he has not yet said: 'Et tu, Brutus.'"
Liverpool Paper.

We attribute it rather to his taste in Latinity.

THE FIRST MISSION.

A FORGOTTEN EPISODE IN AFRICAN HISTORY.

A *Times* Correspondent writes: "When Mr. A. C. HOLLIS, Acting Governor of Tanganyika territory, was touring the part of his territory adjacent to Kilimanjaro, one of the features of the welcome by the township of Moschi was a congregation of thousands of Masai warriors, who carried on a continuous dance for five days and nights. Leading the extraordinary concourse was an individual garbed, like a traditional Irishman. He had breeches, a tight-fitting blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons and a shillelagh, complete. They are heirlooms of his family, and he cannot tell their history."]

WHIN SAINT PATRICK had med out of Erin
An island of scholards and saints,
An' the ind of his days was a-nearin'
An' no one had anny complaints,
For the snakes was all quinched in the ocean
An' the counthry was howly within,
There wasn't a hint of commotion,
There wasn't a taste of a sin.

So says he to his bishops, "The fact is
This place wouldn't suit ye for long;
Me lads, ye are quite out of practice,
There 's nobody here doing wrong;
Go! bring to each downthrodden nation,
To Sassenachs, haythens an' slaves,
The blessings of civilization,
An' show thim how Ireland behaves.

COLUMBA, be off to the Highlands,
An', AIDAN, go south of the Tweed;
If ye shtay for the most part on islands
Ye 'll probably live to succeed;
And to you, he says, riverind Mikey,
I hereby prisint an' assign
The counthry of Tangany-iky,
Beyond the equathoral line.

In Britain, for all their endeavour,
The progress was not very great,
An' the people 's as savage as ever,
But Mike in the South was a thrate;
He taught thim to wave a shilleley,
He bred the potaty an' pig,
An' paraded the warriors daily
To practise the shtips of the jig.

He died in the scene of his labours;
They buried him down by the lake,
An' even the haythenish neighbours
Were proud to attind at the wake;
An', be token they owe to ould Erin
A kind of a national debt,
The niggers of Moschi are wearin'
What 's left of his uniform yet.

After the great explosion in Holland :—

"Some reporters came within 500 yards and one had his hat blown off. The sight was magnificent."—*Daily Paper.*

But it can be seen in Fleet Street any windy day.

BROWNIES DEMAND JUST TREATMENT
GIVE THE OLD GIANT A CHANCE
LIVE. AND LET LIVE. FAIR PLAY FOR GNOMES
ARE WE TO BE OUSTED BY ANIMALS?
THE PIXIES PROTECTION SOCIETY AND FEDERATED FAIRIES UNION
LET THE FAIRIES COME INTO THEIR OWN
MORNING BUGLE
ANOTHER BIG CHILDRENS PAGE TO DAY
HARRISON

FAIRY PROPAGANDA IN THE NEWSPAPER WORLD.

DEPUTATION WAITING ON EDITOR TO PROTEST AGAINST THE NEGLECT OF FAIRY LORE IN THE CHILDREN'S SUPPLEMENT.

AT THE PLAY.

"CAT AND THE CANARY" (SHAFTESBURY).

FROM *Bat* to *Cat*—this elementary change symbolises the development of a vogue for plays of which the Press and the public are requested not to give away the secret. This appeal was here set forth in the following brief and arresting poem, printed on the programme, and recited by Miss MARY GLYNNE in case it should have escaped our notice:

"If you like this play please tell your friends,
But, Pray! don't tell them how it ends."

I have a tender heart, easily moved by such appeals, and I should hate to spoil sport. I promise therefore to be discreet, even at the risk of obscurity.

At first your suspicions may fall upon the title, *Cat and the Canary;* not *Cat and Canary*, as you will note, or *The Cat and the Canary*. Surely in this so marked distinction in the matter of the definite article there should be some significance. Well, you must try again.

In that rather over-rated play, *The Bat*, it will be recalled how the last Act was played in almost total darkness, and nobody knew what was happening to anybody. When the leading villain was ultimately exposed in the person of about the least likely character in the play, no intelligible explanation was offered of this arbitrary selection. The identification of *Cat* was a shade less improbable, and we could always see what was going on; but, as usual, the passage in which the mystery should have been made clear was gabbled off at so fierce a rate that we were still left guessing as to the motive of a murder which to the end seemed purely wanton, a mere flourish of "creative art," to use DE QUINCEY'S phrase.

I am bound to admit that we were lavishly supplied with thrills. But nothing is easier than to produce an uncanny atmosphere on the stage if you start by announcing that the house is congested with spirits, and confine your business to the watches of the night, and have a secret door opening in an innocent bookcase, and a sliding panel in a gloomy bedroom with shivery shadows cast along the walls, and other recognised properties and effects of a scare-play. Add to all this the assembling of a variety of possible heirs to hear the reading of the will of an old man exactly twenty years after his death (they seem to manage these things differently in America, where the play comes from); a clause requiring that if the heir named in the will should prove to have any taint of insanity the property should go to another whose name is contained in a sealed envelope, not to be opened except in that event; add, further, the reported proximity of a homicidal maniac with long nails, who has escaped from an adjacent lunatic asylum, and you have all the requisite conditions for conveying his madness (with or without method in it) to the young heroine (the *Canary*), who is caged in the gloomy bedroom.

But it is difficult to be properly scared if there is too much humour in the air; and in *Paul Jones* the author had given us a character whose jumpiness under the most inadequate provocation was a frequent source of diversion at moments when we ought to have been taking things seriously. In consequence we began before long to laugh at the wrong places. I hope I am not breaking faith with the Management if I reveal the fact that *Paul* turned out to be the hero; though a lady behind me, no doubt with experience of *The Bat* in her mind, and determined to direct her suspicions to the most improbable quarter, had audibly spotted him as the villain.

DUTCH COURAGE.

The Timid Mouse. "WHERE'S THAT CAT?"
Paul Jones . . . MR. FRANK DENTON.

In the part of this comic coward, who rose to the occasion (mostly *off*), Mr. FRANK DENTON was excellent. Miss MARY GLYNNE, as the *Canary*, played prettily and naturally under the most unusual and trying conditions. I was very sorry that she was apparently done out of her supper in her own house. But the author wanted her in another room just then for the more sinister purposes of his plot; and when you need your hostess elsewhere to witness the inexplicable disappearance of somebody who has got to be murdered behind a secret door, you can't bother about arranging meals comfortably.

Miss AURIOL LEE, as a silly garrulous woman (though, "on the other hand," to use the tag which the author worked so hard, she may have been meant to be more knave than fool), contrived by means of a well-observed American accent to help out a part which was not good enough for this clever actress. The rest, all but one, dispensed with this aid to local colour.

Miss ESMÉ BERINGER, as a West Indian "Mammy," was very earnest (and perhaps a shade too portentous) in her efforts to induce an atmosphere of eeriness by allusions to spirits which never materialised, and by constantly making an apparition of herself in dark corners and doorways and other unexpected places.

Mr. AUBREY, as *Hendricks* (whose description I suppress), played easily and soundly; and Messrs. WARMINGTON and EVAN THOMAS conspired to serve the secretive ends of the author, Mr. JOHN WILLARD, by being sufficiently colourless. On the other hand, Mr. CALEB PORTER, as a doctor, promoted the same object by deliberately leading us—— but hush! hush!

I could say more, but as I write I have before me the programme with the couplet (quoted above) imploring me not to say too much. I do hope I haven't said it already. O. S.

A new film, *East is West*, will be shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion on November 13th, at 8.15 p.m., in aid of the funds of the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.2, of which the Duke of YORK, who has promised to attend, is President. Application for tickets (at a guinea and half-a-guinea) should be addressed to the Secretary of the Hospital.

A Matinée in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund will be given at His Majesty's Theatre on November 13th, at 2.30 P.M., when *The Noble Spaniard*, a comedy (period 1850) by Mr. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, will be presented.

Our Cynical Preachers.

"—— CHAPEL.
Rev. R. ——, M.A.
11 a.m. What is man?
6.30 p.m. Woman's Career.
Local Paper.

"Mrs. —— read her report as follows:—
NONP A
The Chairman said this most interesting and illuminating report must afford the greatest satisfaction to all."—*Local Paper.*

Certainly its terseness is a great attraction.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

"PATRIOTISM? WHAT'S PATRIOTISM GOT TO DO WITH IT? THERE ISN'T A WAR ON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SIR JAMES RENNELL RODD offers the world, in a handsome volume entitled *Social and Diplomatic Memories, 1884–1893* (ARNOLD), a first instalment of what he pleasantly calls "the many experiences of a crowded and interesting life"; and let me say at once that he is hereby authorised to get his next volume ready as soon as may be. He has made excellent use of his opportunities. And what opportunities he has enjoyed! He was at JOWETT'S Balliol in the 'seventies, joined the Berlin Embassy in 1884 under Lord AMPTHILL (ODO RUSSELL), and was subsequently transferred in turn to Athens, Rome, Paris and Zanzibar. That is as far as the present volume takes us; in the next we hope to read of his experiences in Egypt under CROMER, at Stockholm, and as our Ambassador at Rome during the War. But a mere catalogue of the positions he has occupied gives no hint of the charm of his book. The author has known almost everyone who was worth knowing, and has something illuminating to say about them all. He can recall the figure of THACKERAY, who was his cousin; he met GLADSTONE and LOWELL, BROWNING and TENNYSON, OUIDA and RHODA BROUGHTON; he was intimate with WHISTLER and BURNE-JONES; he had the crowning fortune to be one of those who came under the spell of "that radiant little being . . . who was known as Laura Tennant, and who for one short happy year became Laura Lyttelton." It is not easy to see how he is going to get material of equal interest for his next volume; but he has got out of so many tight places that I have every confidence in him. He is something of a believer, by the way, in the Old Diplomacy. So am I—after reading this book.

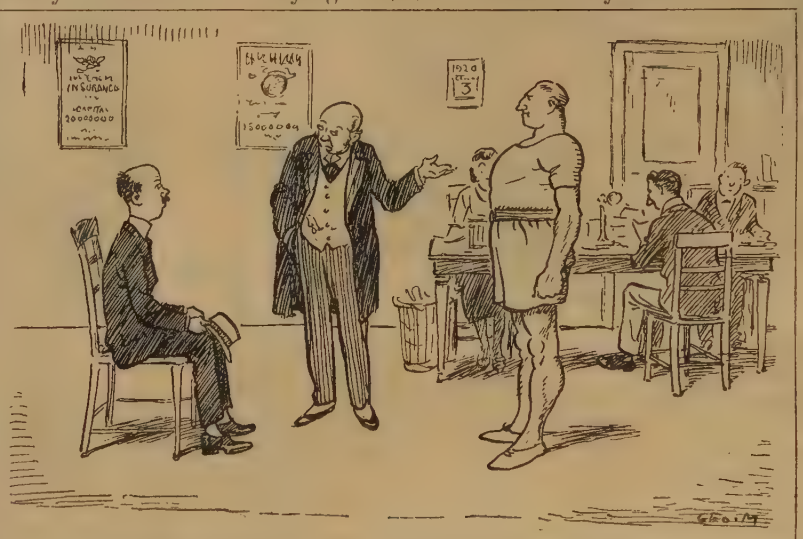
Mrs. ALLEN HARKER has displayed a delightful and well-justified audacity in providing *The Really Romantic Age* (MURRAY) with a hero of four months old and a heroine of over forty. *Mellory Upton*, a sensitive little gentlewoman who has outstripped her youth without encountering any love-affairs of her own, has never lacked tenderness, enough and to spare, for the idylls of others. So when her favourite munition-girl dies soon after the loss of her Australian husband, *Mellory* adopts their baby and instals him, after a highly embarrassing home-coming, among the aristocratic tranquillities of "Thatches." So dramatically does *Joe*, the baby, dominate the first half of the book that I was almost tempted to believe that the "really romantic age" was *his*. But romance, after all, is in the mind that responds to adventures rather than in the limbs that enact them, and *Mellory*, at once generous and receptive, has really a far more vivid career than the excusably self-centred baby or his less excusably self-centred critics, her admonitory relations. The letters of these last are excellent comedy; and so are the intrigues of *Mrs. Boase*, the bland adventuress whose departure from "Thatches" is so difficult for her sympathetic hostess to compass. How it is compassed, and how *Mellory* attains a first-hand knowledge of the romance she has so long enjoyed vicariously, is the appropriate crown of a winning and original book.

Babbitt (CAPE) is, I say it confidently, a work of genius. Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS contrives to put his mordant criticism

of Zenith, a second-rate American town, into the mouths of its admirers. He indulges in no such biassed soliloquies as delight our Mr. H. G. WELLS. The method is amazingly subtle and skilful, and the portraiture superb. We get to know, through and through, this middle-aged real-estate-agent, *Babbitt*, booster, pitiful snob, occasional grafter, wonderfully loyal friend and fundamentally honest fellow. We see him giving himself away in his bath, his sleeping porch, his parlour, his new car, his noisy club; we follow him in his quest after whisky and other prohibited delights, or escaping to the woods and the simple life with his friend *Paul*, or talking business cant with a leaven of sincerity at the annual conference of the estate-agents or at the Boosters' Club. And then again we see him torn by the horrible doubt as to whether it 's all worth while. Mr. LEWIS's burlesque of the extravagances of American advertising and the welter of correspondence classes for the credulous-ambitious are extraordinarily likely—and sharp-edged. But these are garnishings. The feast is his astonishing skill and his economy of means in conveying his atmosphere and summoning the real man, *Babbitt*, his family and his fellow-boosters, before the enchanted reader. Thoughtfully the publisher provides a glossary, from which you may learn the English for a bat, a bean, a bone and a buck; a hick, a hootch and a hunch; a tightwad, a tinhorn and a tux—and much beside.

I have always imagined that it was meant unkindly when reviewers said of a book that the "young person" might read it with no diminution of those qualities which we are supposed to wish to preserve in her. Now I want to say it of Miss JOYCE COBB's pleasant pretty first novel, *Jane and Herself* (DUCKWORTH), with intent to praise. That she has chosen for her weaving, from the threads that life has so far put into her hand, nothing lurid or unpleasing, promises well for her future if later on she can choose as wisely but fashion them into a stronger web. It is a simple, too simple, perhaps, little tale of a charming girl named *Jane*, and how she laid innocent siege to the heart of an older man, incidentally disappointing the tenderest hopes of her friend, *Christine*, and found, after all, that she wanted a very different love and life from what *Giles Leedham* had to offer her. Being a young woman of some character and very fortunate, she was able to break off her engagement in time, and find her own happiness with the right man; and that *Christine* and *Leedham* were left more or less broken by her transit through their lives soon ceased to bother her—and very naturally, for she was young and happy. I am not sure that Miss COBB was really quite ready to make her curtsey to the public, but, though it is a little hesitating, it is quite a pretty one.

Sir HERBERT RUSSELL, in *With the Prince in The East* (METHUEN), is too busy cataloguing the fire-works and the acclamations to have much left of either space or attention to give to the human side of that most successful tour in India and Japan from which the PRINCE OF WALES recently returned. The "wonderous" spectacles ("wonderous" is a favourite word of the writer), the cities that "reared an imposing appearance," the parades, inspections and ceremonial performances were undoubtedly quite thrilling to witness, but become just a thought monotonous in the recital, particularly as Sir HERBERT has concentrated the beams of his limelight on the central figure to such an extent that the other characters are not even shadows in the background. No doubt it is true, as the writer repeatedly emphasises, that the East does not readily try to be on familiar terms with the "great, great ones," and so the constantly recurring "incidents" of Colonial tours did not often arise; but none the less one feels that if His Royal Highness were himself telling the story—which certainly, were it possible, one would very much prefer—there would be a good deal about the doings, for instance, of those friends and comrades who relieved the tedium that even Princes may feel. But I suppose that an official chronicle must chronicle officially, and a more intimate story might have run to unwieldy lengths. It seems a pity, all the same, that so brilliant an expedition should have so stilted a memorial.



House Agent (to House-hunter). "YOU THINK IT MORE THAN EIGHT MINUTES FROM THE STATION? NOT AT ALL, I ASSURE YOU. WHY, OUR MR. SPRINTWELL HERE, WHO ACTS AS DEMONSTRATOR, CAN DO IT EASILY IN SEVEN MINUTES FORTY-THREE SECONDS."

"The Duchy," says *Grandfer Rennell* in *Red Heritage* (ALLAN), "well, she's the Duchy, and no more about it. There's no manner o' use in trying to teach a foreigner what she means to the Cornish born." I commend Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE for putting these words of wisdom into the mouth of *Grandfer*, and there, so far as this story is concerned, my praise ends; for I do not care for its theme (hereditary alcoholism), its setting, which is insufficiently observed, or its style, which savours of affectation. If a man takes snuff, let him *take* it, and not "hold communion with" his snuff-box. In spite of frequent references to Lyonesse and a valiant attempt to produce a Cornish atmosphere, I could never persuade myself that Mr. SUTCLIFFE has any real knowledge of the Duchy. My faith in him, however, is too deeply rooted to be anything more than slightly disturbed, and, after all, he is by no means the first novelist to make an unsuccessful invasion of Cornwall.

His Reward.

"Mr. Hall Caine, son of the novelist, has been adopted Labour candidate for reading."—*Liverpool Paper.*

It does not say what books, but presumably his papa's.

"With Page the scheme originated to have a company of distinguished Americans, including Mt. Taft, visit England to explain to the public what the United States was doing in the war."

Canadian Paper.

The title accorded to the EX-PRESIDENT may seem a trifle unconventional, but should be regarded as a tribute to his size and eminence.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE are fourteen hundred Candidates standing for Parliament this Election. And if we are not very careful some of them will get in.

***

Signor D'ANNUNZIO has dubbed Signor MUSSOLINI "The Greyhound of Hades." Among aspirants to the poet-patriot's favour it is considered something even to be called a "Whippet of Purgatory."

***

The number of moderately cheap motor-cars on exhibition at the Motor Show seems to suggest that the year 1923 is going to be a bad one for pedestrians.

***

We are asked to point out that on November 9th it was only at the last moment that the LORD MAYOR'S coachman decided to take the LORD MAYOR with him.

***

Another contemporary supports the statement that COLUMBUS did not discover America. Can it be that America was never discovered, and the whole thing is a hoax?

***

The Rev. JOHN MOORE, of Brooklyn, advises women not to marry a man who has no sense of humour. But surely the mere fact that a man wants to get married in these hard times is ample evidence that he has some humour concealed about him.

***

The Standard Oil Company of America has just declared a dividend of two hundred per cent. This trade slump is just terrible.

***

Warm sunshine in the West of England and a blizzard in Manchester have been reported on the same day. These must be The Last Throes of Summer.

***

The Soviet Government has decided to publish nineteen volumes written by LENIN. What a country!

***

Burglars have entered a house at Godstone, Surrey, by smearing gooseberry jam on paper, placing it on the window, and smashing the glass. At last a use has been found for gooseberry jam.

***

We read that a picture entitled "Less than the Dust" has won a prize at the exhibition of the G.P.O. Arts Society. This must be the first time the official view of a telephone subscriber has been depicted.

***

The Kitchens of the Fellows' tea-pavilion at the Zoo are being enlarged. In this connection it is desirable to repeat that, as the Fellows are fed by their own attendants, visitors are requested not to offer them buns or nuts.

***

The Prohibition Press reports the presence of over a hundred ships laden with whisky just outside the three-mile limit off the coast of New Jersey. Residents who open their windows when the wind is off the sea are regarded with suspicion.

***

Three Powers have promised to support Bulgaria's claim to access to the sea. They may take her to the water, but they can't make her wash when she gets there.

***

At a meeting of the Zoological Society, Dr. ELLIOT SMITH exhibited photographs and a cast of a fossil tooth, which, some scientists contend, proves America to have been the home of the oldest type of the human race. It will be remembered that this belief has always been held by the First Families of Boston, Mass.

***

The London General Omnibus Company claims to have perfected a device by means of which buses can stop without a jerk. Some uncertainty prevails as to whether the device is to be fitted to the bus or to the passengers.

***

A scientist computes that to enumerate the electrons passing every second through a sixteen-candle-power electric-lamp would take two million five hundred thousand people, counting continuously at the rate of two a second, twenty thousand years of twenty-four-hours working days. This enterprise will therefore not be put in hand.

***

A recent Army Order draws the attention of Commanding Officers to the necessity of ensuring the destruction of adult flies. It is thought that this will necessitate the creation of the rank of Sergeant-Entomologist, in order to minimise the danger of destroying immature insects.

***

A medical opinion is that since the war we are slower in action and thought. It is certainly years since we saw a plumber whizz by.

The Plumber (*Lord CURZON*). "NOW THAT MY RECENT SO-CALLED FOREMAN CAN NO LONGER OBTRUDE UPON MY LABOURS, I SHALL BE FREE TO ADJUST THE LEAKAGE IN MY OWN WAY AND TO MY OWN SATISFACTION."

The Seamy Side of Chiropody.

"The Aman Sabha has undertaken to appoint men in villages where peasants anticipate that their corns would be cut by thieves or ruffians."
Indian Paper.

Our Modest Journalists.

"If any such crude conception were brought forward in the name of British statesmanship, we would engage to deal with it at once, whether as a political or commercial proposition, and to demolish it so completely in a single article that nothing would ever be heard of it again."—*Sunday Paper.*

"The effigy of Pasteur affixed on a blue 50 centime postage stamp has been approved of by the Cabinet."—*Daily Paper.*

We hope it will help the postman through his daily difference with the house-dog.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"Delia was in her own room, sitting looking out of the window with closed eyes."
Evening Paper.

From a magazine-story:—

"The short, foam-capped waves broke right on board, heeling the yacht over, down, till she could see nothing but the shrieking wind and the thunder of the sea."

The modern heroine has wonderful eyes.

MARRIED VOTERS.

THE MAN TO HIS WIFE.

"ONE flesh, one vote, and that vote mine."
So said I once on entering wedlock,
For fear our union might decline,
Through party difference, to a deadlock;
But you 've exposed, these many days,
The error of my anti-suffrage ways.

And now with you the issue lies
Of this high drama set before us,
Whose end, which no man may surmise,
Turns largely on the ladies' chorus;
We have in you and your great sex
The unknown quantity, the beauteous *x*.

I am not of the curious kind;
Throughout our long domestic history
The motions of your female mind
I have accepted as a mystery;
Nor do I now inquire, you 'll note,
How you intend, dear Sphinx, to use your vote.

I bring no pressure on your choice,
To make you see as I, a man, see;
Unmenaced you may give your voice
To any Candidate you fancy;
Be he a Bolshie, I shall still
Continue to discharge your milliner's bill.

Your principles, and yours alone,
Shall be your guide; I ask not whether
You choose him for his moral tone
Or for his taste in patent leather;
Please do exactly what you wish;
I blindly trust a woman's intuish. O. S.

UNCLE JOSEPH ASSISTS AT A COUP D'ÉTAT.

Via Innominata, Borgo Sant' Ignoto,
November 5th, 1922.

MY DEAR ANGELA,—You are my favourite niece and have always—I recognise the fact with gratitude—prided yourself on condoning the years and sympathising with the whims of the oldest and most eccentric of your uncles. Therefore it is only natural that, when I have anything momentous to communicate from this Italian seclusion of mine, you should be its auditor. And to-day I address you in a novel *rôle*—as the modest eye-witness of very great doings indeed.

You know I always thought I should like to assist at a *coup d'état*. Not, of course, as one of the principal actors, or even as a conspicuous subordinate, but as an onlooker. "Assist" in its religious sense; like a prudent devotee behind a large pillar, who can see all the candles and smell all the incense and slip quietly away—if he or she thinks fit—before the sermon or the collection. This, thanks to the Italian genius for politics, I have at last been enabled to achieve; and if I did not send you my impressions in the first flush of gratified desire it was only that I might give them time to settle down into that poetic residuum so aptly labelled (by WORDSWORTH, I think, but you will be sure to know) "emotion recollected in tranquillity."

I am fully convinced that the final plans for the establishment of the MUSSOLINI Ministry were matured in my favourite *trattoria* at the end of this inconspicuous street. There may have been other inns in Italy—I don't say there were not—where groups of sable-shirted youths in attitudes of romantic defiance have foregathered during the last few weeks, hanging up their rifles and black fezes among the harmless hats and cloaks of the normal customers before settling like locusts round all the available tables. But nowhere, I am sure, outside this particular inn was such heroic resolution evinced over the toothpicks and *vino nero* on the eve of the crisis.

Not that I understood much of the conversation. My slight knowledge of our local dialect and my total ignorance of what is happening in the daily papers—one of the foibles you used to twit me with in England, my dear Angela—led me more or less astray as to details. There was, in particular, a lady of the name of Stéphanie—mentioned so frequently and with so much ardour that I took her to be a kind of CHARLOTTE CORDAY of anti-Bolshevism—whom I rediscovered, two days after the Revolution, as DI STEFANI, the indubitably masculine Minister of Finance of the MUSSOLINI Cabinet.

That I found Stéphanie out after all was owing to the posters—those delightful manifestos of party feeling printed in all the colours of the rainbow and posted on all the pillars with which the Middle Ages have so thoughtfully adorned the streets of Borgo Sant' Ignoto. From these manifestos I subsequently gathered—what might otherwise have escaped not only my notice but the notice of half the town—that we had been captured by the *Fascisti*; one silent machine-gun and three highly-audible brass bands being—if I may believe the evidence of my own eyes and ears—the final arguments of our submission.

Since the Revolution nothing out of the way has happened. We had octopus for dinner at the *trattoria* last Friday—octopus in white wine. You, my dear Angela, who take your foreign meals in the spirit of the motto on BEN JONSON'S bookplate, "*Tamquam explorator*," would have found it excellent—particularly the feelers.

Ever, my dear Niece, your devoted UNCLE JOSEPH.

A USEFUL PRESENT.

[According to a contemporary, a well-known pugilist has poetry read aloud to him when training for his boxing contests.]

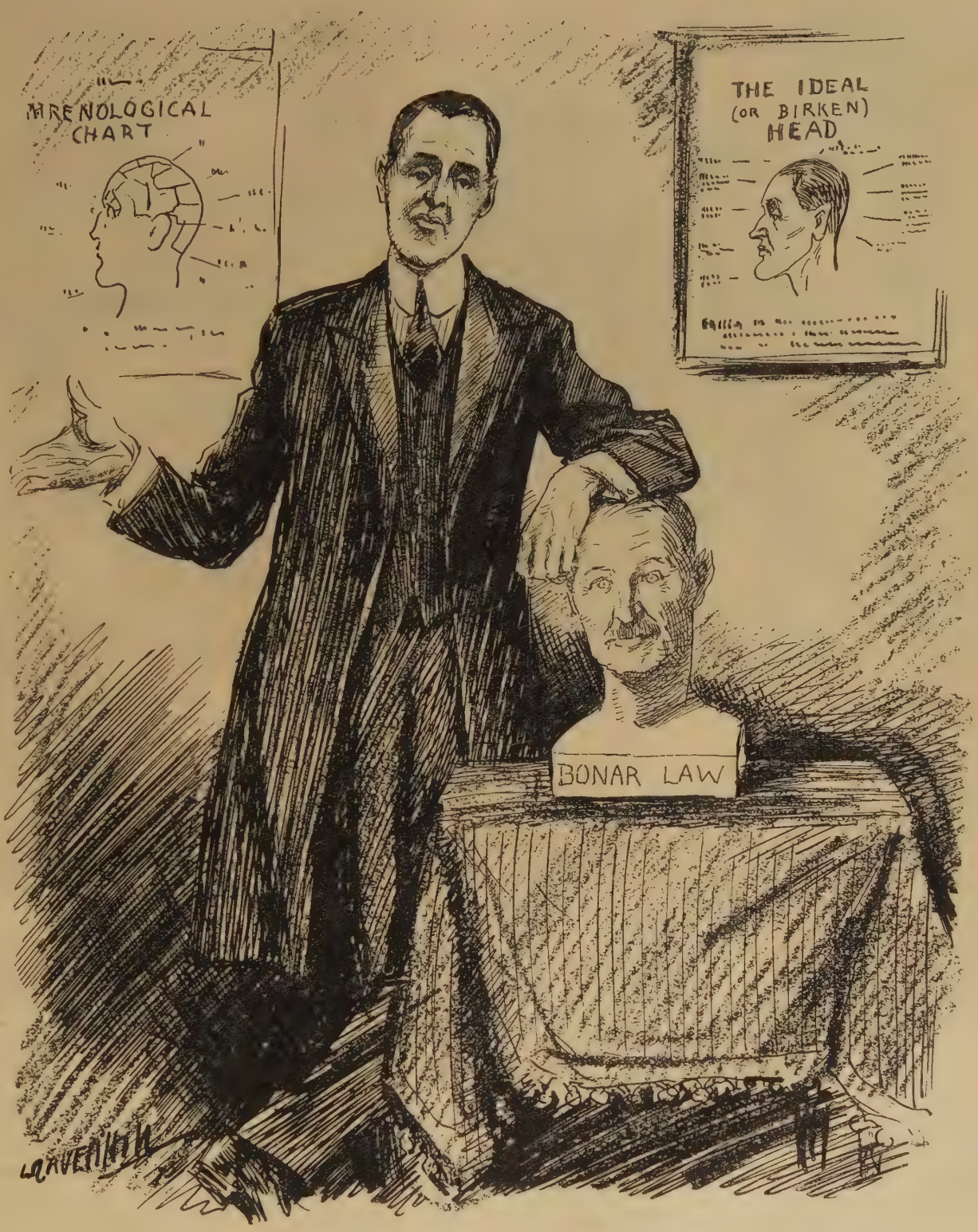
Phyllis, dear heart, upon the sole occasion
I brought my offering of verse to you,
You showed a spirit of polite evasion
To all my pleas that you would glance them through;
Odes to your hair and sonnets to your eyebrows
Found you in unresponsive mood and chill,
Nor could one product of your faithful scribe rouse
In you an answering thrill.

But now, I think, your mood may grow more gracious,
Now you have heard how verses have a way
Of helping pugilists to wax pugnacious
And gather fitness for the coming fray;
Though still they seem too tedious for your reading,
My gift of songs may prove of some avail
If I recite them in the days preceding
A frenzied bargain sale.

A correspondent has sent us an Irish postal notice which goes well with the Scottish postal notice quoted here the other week. He got it from a box outside the old General Post Office, Dublin: "THIS BOX IS INTENDED FOR LETTERS TOO LATE FOR THE NEXT DESPATCH."

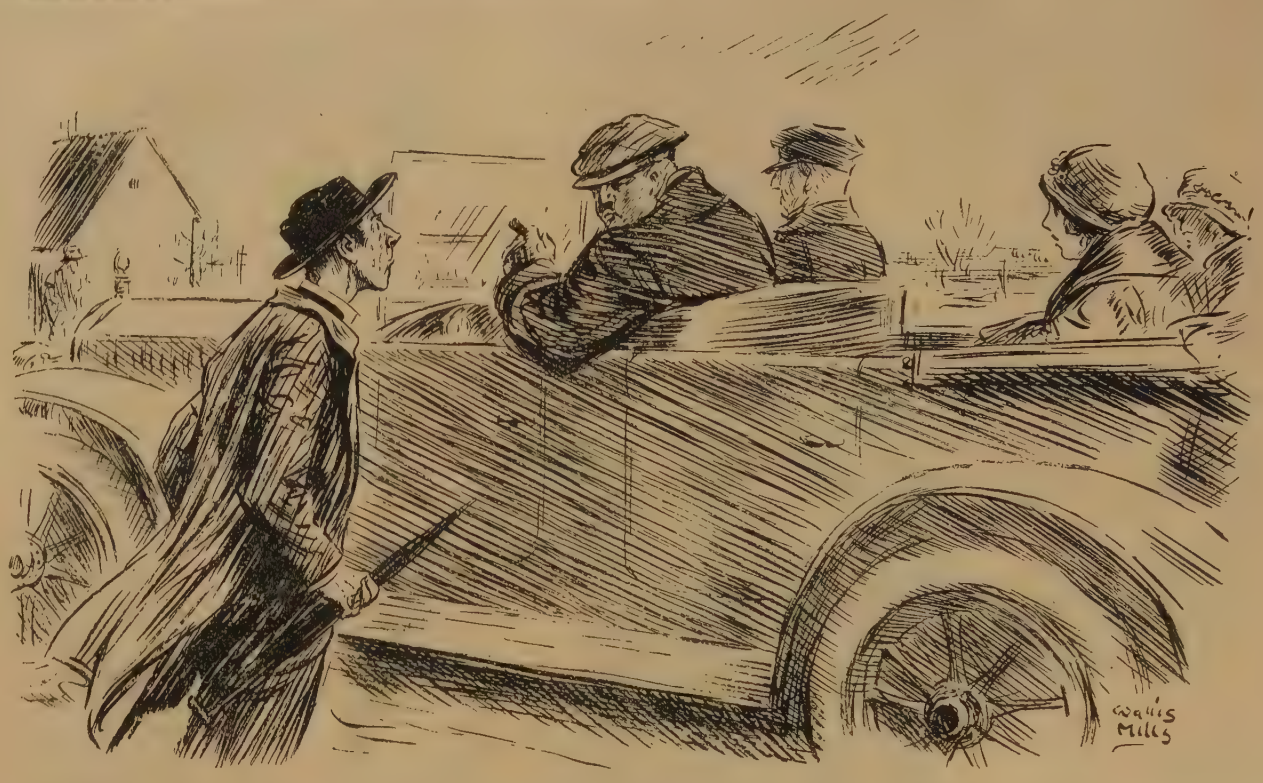
"Sir,—The poem ending: 'With sombre sea-green gaze inscrutable,' asked for by 'A Lover of Cats,' is a sonnet by Graham R. Thomson, and is, I think, to be found in Mr. E. V. Lucas's Anthology, 'The Friendly Tom.' "—*Letter in Weekly Paper.*

"E. V. L.," we regret to say, disclaims in a most unfeline manner all knowledge of this sympathetic title.



ALAS! POOR BONAR.

Lord Birkenhead (*Phrenologist*). "WE HAVE HERE A SAD CASE OF ARRESTED INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT. I FIND PUGNACITY LOW; INVECTIVE POOR; CRAVING FOR TRANQUILLITY EXCESSIVE; EXUBERANCE *NIL*; AND WHERE I SHOULD EXPECT A BUMP OF LOCALITY, OR WHEREABOUTS, I FIND A DEPLORABLE DEPRESSION."



Candidate. "I SAY, RECTOR, I DO WISH YOU 'D TALK TO YOUR WIFE. I HEAR SHE 'S ONE OF THE DOUBTFUL WOMEN."

[Election Agents divide Electors into "O.K.," "Dead" and "Doubtful."]

WHY I SHALL WIN.

(By our Special Candidate.)

DEMOCRACY is a big thing. While I walk round my constituency (to be) and reflect that all these men and women I see about me (except such women as have failed to reach the age of thirty and so may be regarded as half-witted) are earnestly addressing their minds to the problems of Empire, I sometimes halt in the street and, raising my hat, utter a silent cheer for the principle of Democracy.

Sometimes I halt before a hoarding and regard with ill-concealed satisfaction my handsome countenance on a poster. An old photograph, taken ten years ago at Hastings, yet my agent tells me it is a perfect likeness. "HADDOCK FOR HOTLEY," says the poster, "AND BETTER BEER FOR ALL."

Next door is a likeness of the egregious Jelly—a gross and stupid-looking man in the flesh; but this photograph makes him look ten years younger. Absurd. "UP WITH JELLY," is the unscrupulous legend, "AND DOWN WITH THE PRICE OF BEER."

The issue before the electorate is clear. Jelly stands for Peace, Retrenchment and Reform at home, for a sane Foreign Policy, for the Preservation of our Empire, for the League of Nations, for Industrial Peace, for a Reduction of Taxation and for the Encouragement of Agriculture.

I stand for Peace, Retrenchment and Reform at home, for a sane Foreign Policy, for the Preservation of our Empire, for the League of Nations, for Industrial Peace, for a Reduction of Taxation, and for the Encouragement of Agriculture.

But I have more than that up my sleeve. And Jelly has made a false step. This is an agricultural constituency, but it contains two or three considerable small towns. At his very first meeting, at the end of a stirring peroration, in which mountains, valleys, cloudy skies, rosy dawns, ships coming safe to the end of tunnels, and trains winning home to harbours were inextricably entangled, a man of rustic aspect and indistinct speech rose at the back of the hall and inquired: "What wull 'ee do consarnin' this 'ere Soomer Time?"

Jelly, who is simple to the verge of honesty and had imperfectly heard the question, replied with some asperity:—

"I should act in that matter, as in all others, as was just and right."

This answer, naturally, was thought to smack of insincerity.

The same question is constantly put to me, but I invariably reply:—

"I should abolish Summer Time in the country districts, but retain it in the towns."

This answer has given general satisfaction and turned many votes. But that kind of blunt, down-right common-sense is my principal weapon. All Britishers love it. I am standing as a Constitutional Common-Sense Candidate, and I have the support of the Mothers' Union, the R.S.P.C.A., the Anti-Confiscation League and the Amalgamated Society of Artists' Models. The excitement is intense. The people of this part of the country seem to have a genuine *flair* for politics. They are weighing carefully the merits of our respective programmes, but Common-Sense, I find, carries them away at last. Only yesterday I addressed a meeting in the village school at Monckton Sicca. In the front row sat the Vicar's wife and a friend, the schoolmaster and his wife, and a small boy; in one of the back rows sat an aged labourer, stone-deaf. No one sat on the others. But at the far end of the hall sat a number of youths with their backs to the platform roasting chestnuts at the stove.

"What we want in Foreign Politics," I said, "is more common-sense, more frankness and more sense of humour. If America refuses to admit ships carrying liquor into their ports, we should refuse to admit ships *not* carrying liquor into ours. If we feel that France is behaving like a toad, we

should say so, adding however that she is quite a nice toad. If you return me to Parliament and we have a difference with Turkey on a matter of right and wrong, I shall not be swayed in their favour by the argument that we have many Moslems in our Empire. No—a thousand times no!" Three chestnuts went pop in quick succession. "No, Ladies and Gentlemen, I should act on the principle that right is right, and if some Mussulman in Calcutta doesn't like it he can do the other thing."

How the boys cheered! Jelly had spoken there the previous night, and caused intense dissatisfaction with his programme by referring to the place throughout his speech as Monckton Parva, which is quite a different village. My agent tells me I've nobbled the whole place.

Thus do truth and justice triumph in our land.

There has been a great deal of clever wit on both sides. "WOBBLY AS A JELLY" is one of our slogans, and we have a telling poster of a jelly, quivering and flabby, outside every polling-booth. True, the other side have issued another poster depicting a very dejected haddock with its tail in its mouth; but to this we retorted, simply but effectively, with a picture of a shapeless jelly-fish.

And of course, between you and me, Jelly's private life is not all that it should be. In the last few days some really alarming rumours have got about. "No personalities," we agreed at the beginning of the campaign, but the British elector expects to have a man of character to represent him, and, once suspicion goes abroad about a Candidate, his rival, with the best will in the world, can do little to suppress it.

I have done my best. Many years ago it seems, after a visit to America, Jelly wrote an article in *The Independent Thinker* on the Mormon community at Salt Lake City, in which he said, "Whatever we may think of their moral code, there is no doubt that the Mormons are an honest, industrious and well-organised community. There are no sluggards and no poor, etc., etc." Reading between the lines, no fair-minded man could avoid the conclusion that Jelly is at heart a polygamist or, at any rate, is not sound about bigamy.

Well, I told my agent quite clearly that no use whatever must be made of this material. "No personalities," I said. "We're going to win this fight on our merits." I have done more. I have lost no opportunity of contradicting publicly the censorious reports which have somehow leaked abroad. At the Town Hall, at the very opening of my speech, with real earnestness I said, "Before I proceed to outline the policy to which I subscribe, there is a rather painful matter to which I feel it my duty to refer, if only in order to dismiss it absolutely from your minds. I speak of the scandalous attacks which are being made on the personal character of my friend and rival, Mr. Jelly. Let me say at once that I will have nothing to do with them. *I will not be a party to them.* I do not believe for a moment that the charges are true—nay, I *know* that they are not true—and, if they were true a thousand times over, I would rather find myself at the bottom of the poll than be returned to Parliament over the ruins of another man's character." (Cheers.)

I have used these words at every meeting for a week, and my generous attitude has been applauded by everyone.

Voter (to Canvasser). "ARE YOU FOR THE WORKING MAN?"
Canvasser (cautiously). "I—I'M CERTAINLY NOT AGAINST HIM."
Voter. "WELL, I AM. ME 'USBAND'S ONE OF 'EM."

Except, curiously enough, by Jelly. This morning I received a curt note:—

"Mr. Jelly would be glad if Mr. Haddock would discontinue his testimonials of character, which are distasteful."

Such is human gratitude. No matter; I have done my duty. And if people still persist in believing that Jelly has two or more wives—well, it is not my fault.

In any case I am convinced that Hotley will speak with no uncertain voice for Peace, Retrenchment and Reform at home, for a sane Foreign Policy, for the Preservation of our Empire, for the League of Nations, etc., etc.

Q. What is the difference between Coalition and Co-operation?

A. One is a sick family and the other is a facsimile.

THE DAFT TOURNAMENT.

So all day long the stout electors polled
Amongst the numerous constituencies,
But not as erstwhile, when the King let cry
A joust, and Liberals at Tories flung
Charge after level charge beneath the noon,
And caught their countercharges.

For to-day
In that dense fog that shadowed all the land
By reason of old waste and thriftlessness
A fashion of a phantom came to be,
A vision of a fire called Anti-waste,
Till all men followed after Anti-waste
And heeded not the punier party cries;
As when an old man, bald and with a beard,
His hat blown off along a wandering wind,
Cries "Halloa! Halloa! Halloa!" and pursues,
And hears, yet scarcely hears, so stiff the chase,
The moon-wit hoots of unregenerate boys—
So all men followed after Anti-waste,
And all men plumped for Anti-waste alone,
Saying "We needs must have it or we die."

But some cried, "Surely the old names are dead;"
And some, "Look yonder where the Red Knight reins,
Scheming to hurl his levies like a wave
On this our many-towered Capital
Knitted with golden chains by Magog's hand.
What boots it that we fight amongst ourselves?
We do but tilt with shadows in the mist;
Far better to unite against the foe
In every siege that may be perilous
Than burst the would-be soldered votes in twain."

And in the street a minstrel sang this song,
An old old stave, by memory handed down,
While still the voters crowded to the poll:—

Ay Love, if Love were Love, not mixed with Hate,
Ay Love, if Love on Love were only buoyed,
Ay Love, if Doubt, if Fear might only wait;
What will they do about the Unemployed?

Ay Love, if Love were more than song of birds,
Ay Love, if Love were made of more than foam,
Ay Love, if Love were Love, not merely Words;
When will ex-Service Men receive a Home? *

Till someone shied a turnip at his head,
And he passed, singing. But the polls went on.

Then DAVID placed himself upon a barge
In the wide Ship Canal at Manchester
And bade one tell him how the jousting fared
With ASQUITH, how with BONAR, and how with them
Still loyal to the loyal in himself.
And as he sat there passed on him a mood
Of fancy and prophetic mournfulness,
Such as of old had made the Tory Knights
Gape when he spurred against them, and declare
"What is he? I do not mean the face alone,
The grace and versatility of the man;
Surely he speaks to us with fairy tongues."
(Nay, some did hold that DAVID might not speak,
But that he passed into a fairyland).
So now he spake, half rising in the barge,
To those three Knights who were his secretaries:—

"The Coalition changes, giving place
To party Caves and Heaven alone knows what,
Lest one good coupon should corrupt the world.
We have fallen, we have fallen. Long ago,
In spirit at least, methinks, the YOUNGER Knights
Broke off and held with CARSON and his peers,
And I was lifted up in heart, and thought
That most of them would follow wandering fires,
And chode them, jesting, 'Wild and of the woods,
What would ye? Surely ye were wood enow.
Die, then!'
"But they, 'Then dying, we die hard.'
And so they filled the world with poisoned tongues,
Intriguing with my followers till they left
Not even CURZON loyal nor AMERY true.
Then came the Battle of the Carlton Club
And all that breaking of the Cabinet
That drave me forth into the wilderness
To fight with ghosts and were-wolves of the dark,
While one brought word to him, mine ancient friend,
My BONAR whom men termed my *bon ami*:
'Rise, follow! thou art sent for by the KING.'
But still I have my sword ex-Coliber,
Studded with topaz lights and jacinth work,
Ex-Coliber, that some call National,
The same, yet not in all respects the same.
Seven times I thought to cast it in this flood,
And seven times thought better and refrained,
And cast the scabbard, but the blade withheld.
For surely there is work for me to do
In this new Parliament, whate'er betide,
To smite the heathen and to tilt again,
And somewhat help, mayhap, the weaker cause
Remoulding hazardous majorities."

Thereat the Secretaries wept aloud
Till all the barge heaved on the shadowy tide,
And the newsboy came bringing the late *News*.

EVOE.

* This is the kind of song that for some reason or other they always used to sing at Camelot. There was no snap about them.

THE FIFTEENTH OF NOVEMBER.

(*An Anticipation.*)

I.

Jones hung up his coat and hat in the hall and sank into an easy-chair by the fire. He experienced that pleasant feeling of elation which springs from the consciousness of duty well done. He had voted for the Prudential Candidate. The party was pledged to establish an era of prosperity and tranquillity, of justice and liberty, throughout the land. If everyone had acted as he had, every Member of the new Parliament would be a Prudential, and all would be well. He felt that he at least had done his bit.

II.

Smith hung up his coat and hat in the hall and sank into an easy-chair by the fire. He experienced that pleasant feeling of elation which springs from the consciousness of duty well done. He had voted for the National Provincial Candidate. The party was pledged to establish an era of prosperity and tranquillity, of justice and liberty, throughout the land. If everyone had acted as he had, every Member of the new Parliament would be a National Provincial, and all would be well. He felt that he at least had done his bit.

III.

Brown hung up his coat and hat in the hall and sank into an easy-chair by the fire. He experienced that pleasant feeling of elation which springs from the consciousness of duty well done. He had not voted. If everyone had acted as he had, there would be no Members of Parliament whatever, and all would be well. He felt that he at least had done his bit.

THE ARCHWAY FASHION.

DESIGN FOR A SCHOOLMASTER'S WEDDING.

THE REFUSALS OF MARGARET.

THE THIRD REFUSAL.

SCENE: Margaret *is sitting over coffee at a dinner-table, which is supposed to be on the balcony of the Castello dei Cesari, with* Eustace, *a very exquisite youth of twenty-three.*

Eustace (*exalted*). Margaret, this is the happiest evening of my life!

Margaret (*severely*). Now, Eustace, count up to twenty and say something sensible.

E. Look at those shadows on the Palatine and the light on the Alban mountains, and, to crown everything——

M. (*hastily*). The best fried sole I have tasted for twelve months.

E. (*not to be turned aside*). To crown everything, Margaret, *you* dining with me here alone and, I must say, wearing a very beautiful frock.

M. (*evasively*). One must dine somewhere.

E. But not necessarily in a balcony upon the Capitol and with someone you met only a few weeks ago.

M. But, Eustace, you're my cousin.

E. Of the third degree. But that's not why we're dining here. At least I hope not. There's only one thing rather worries me; you're afraid that I'm going to propose to you.

M. Well, aren't you?

E. Of course. It's the only possible thing. Will you marry me, Margaret?

M. No, Eustace.

E. Then that's settled. Now we can talk. It's a great relief to get it out of the way. It cast a sort of cloud. By the way, how did you know I was going to propose?

M. We always know.

E. And why did it bother you?

M. It's hateful having to refuse people.

E. I'm afraid, Margaret, that you'll have to do a great deal of that sort of thing.

M. Then I hope that they'll all take it as well as you do.

E. How else should I take it? I knew it was hopeless. But it had to be done. This will be a great comfort to me in the future. When I see your engagement in *The Morning Post* I shall be able to say to myself, "At any rate, old man, you had a shot."

M. And suppose I had said "Yes"? I'm not teasing, Eustace. I just want to know. You're not a bit unhappy about it really, or I wouldn't ask.

E. Unhappy? On a night like this? With all Rome down there and you talking to me intimately here like a human being—how could I be unhappy?

M. Well, I *have* refused you, you know.

E. Don't let that worry you, Margaret. I couldn't possibly be happier than I am to-night.

M. Not if I had accepted you?

E. I wonder. Suppose you had, Margaret. Let's imagine ourselves engaged. Horrid word, "engaged." We shouldn't be talking here in this delightful way. We should be feeling just a little—solemn. I should be frightfully proud and pleased, but I should be wondering how on earth I was going to make a career for us both on seven hundred a year. You would have been thinking perhaps of your wedding and a hundred-and-one things connected with it. Instead of living just in this perfect moment we should have found ourselves distracted in all kinds of ways. And what should we have had by way of compensation? I will speak for myself only. I don't think it would please me immensely to know that you were going to be mine. I'm lamentably deficient in the sense of property. I prefer to see you as you are at this moment—altogether free, and to know that you like me just enough to be happy here.

M. Eustace, you make me almost sorry that I refused you.

E. Perhaps that is my object.

M. How old are you, Eustace, and where did you get your philosophy?

E. My philosophy, Margaret, is simple. I'd write a poem about it, only, like most things that are worth writing about, it's been written about before.

M. Quotation, please.

E. Perhaps my favourite: BROWNING'S "Last Ride Together."

M. But, Eustace, I hope it isn't our last dinner together.

E. I'm going to behave just as though it were. That's the real secret of existence, to behave as though the present occasion were never going to repeat itself. That's the spirit in which I'm sitting here with you. I am like the man in BROWNING, riding with the woman he loves for the last time (perhaps), not thinking of her refusal but only of the moment that is really his, and thinking it better worth while than the best thing that any man had ever done before.

M. (*wistfully*). Aren't you just a little bit like Pygmalion, falling in love with his own art? It isn't really me that is making you so happy. It's an image you've made of me with the help of all the poets you've read.

E. (*protesting*). No, Margaret, I'm not using you as a mirror.

M. I said Pygmalion, Eustace, not Narcissus.

E. Well, anyhow, I'm not thinking of myself; I'm thinking of you—how wonderful you are.

M. Then I'm glad I'm not going to marry you, Eustace. It would be so very disappointing—for *you*. What we are feeling at this moment . . .

E. Then *you* are feeling it too?

M. My dear, I'm not made of stone, even if you are a little like Pygmalion. I was going to say that what we are feeling now would not do at all for every day. I'm normally a very ordinary, homely and impatient sort of person. Like most women I like to be thought about as you are thinking to-night; but I shouldn't like it always.

E. Haven't we said pretty much the same thing? At any rate we both agree that to-night is much too good to last, and that nevertheless I did quite right to propose to you.

M. And that I did quite right to refuse. The fact is, Eustace, you'd be rather a risk. Life is full of ups and downs. You'd be splendid for the ups, but I'm dubious about the downs.

E. With you, Margaret, it would be all ups. That's just the difficulty. I probably shouldn't be equal to it.

M. If *you* couldn't stand it, Eustace, what would happen to an ordinary man?

E. Are you going to marry an ordinary man?

M. Yes. They're the best when it comes to getting married.

E. Perhaps you're right. An ordi-

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH POOR PEKI? HE DOES LOOK SAD."

"I'VE HAD TO BE VERY CROSS WITH HIM. HE DELIBERATELY BROKE HIS FINGER-BOWL."

"WOT D'YE SAY TO BUILDIN' ANOTHER WING, SELINA?"
"AY—BUT T' PLAACE LOOKS SO DISMAL SINCE WORKMEN LEFT."

"BUT, JOSHUA, WE GOT FORTY-SEVEN ROOMS ALREADY."

nary man mightn't feel the strain. He probably wouldn't realise how extraordinary a thing it was to be married to you. But I don't quite like the idea.

M. You would prefer me not to marry at all?

E. (*considering the matter*). No, Margaret. I should honestly hate to think of you as an old maid. Besides, the thing's impossible. You *must* marry, if only for the reason "that thereby beauty's rose may never die."

M. Eustace, you certainly have a delightful way of putting things.

E. Not mine, Margaret; SHAKSPEARE'S. That's the worst of living in the twentieth century. Life has to be full of quotations.

M. And so it doesn't worry you to think of me as married?

E. Why should it worry me? This is the present. The future belongs to itself.

M. Most men want the future to belong to them—and the past as well. Instead of being delighted when a woman likes them, they want to know how many people she's liked before and how much. You are rather remarkable, Eustace. You've known me several weeks and you haven't hinted a single question about my past.

E. I know all that really matters, because you are at this moment a result of it.

M. That's very transcendental, Eustace. Still, there's something just a little disappointing in an attitude of pure chivalry. Women like men to be jealous about them. They like to make men curious and assertive. A touch of the proprietor is rather agreeable now and then.

E. It will have to be a pretty light touch with you, Margaret. I may be —er—transcendental, but, having been refused myself, I'm just sufficiently human to hope that the man who gets you will have his hands rather full—very full indeed, in fact.

M. I can safely promise you that, Eustace, if it's any consolation.

E. Keep the consolation for afterwards. I don't need it to-night. Look! The moon is on the gardens of the Palatine, and I have the key. I coaxed it out of the Syndic himself this morning. We will pay the waiter, Margaret, and walk for an hour among the palaces. The roses will be full of dew, and the way of the Cæsars will be black between edges of silver. And you, Margaret, shall do all the talking and talk only of yourself. There is only one thing that troubles me.

M. What is that?

E. That after to-night life can only be one long anti-climax. But it shall not trouble me to-night.

[*He beckons the waiter.*

"WHERE OUR WEATHER COMES FROM."
Daily Paper.

Unfortunately the address was not given, or we would have gladly returned it.

"Everyone possessing a motor-car, motor-cycle, push-bicycle, or, failing these, two pairs of legs, is asked to take part."—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. Punch regrets that under these conditions he will be unable to attend in person, but he hopes to send Toby.

"I never could understand myself why the champions of total abstinence chose alcohol as the stuff from which we must abstain. It is quite obvious that greater sin and suffering has been caused by errors in eating my acquaintances."—*Daily Paper.*

Even cannibals have their troubles, you see.

Specialist. "ONE MORE QUESTION BEFORE YOU GO. WHAT DO YOU DRINK?"
Patient. "THANK YOU KINDLY, DOCTOR—JUST A SPOT OF WHISKY."

MINISTERS WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE heroic renunciation of office by the Hon. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, M.P., because the PREMIER foolishly declined to guarantee the evacuation of Mesopotamia and Palestine, is very far from being the only tragedy brought about by error in judgment on the part of Mr. BONAR LAW in the task of framing an Administration.

It is an open secret that Lord CAVE was not originally designated for the post of Lord Chancellor. Overtures had been made to Lord HALDANE with the view of his reascending the Woolsack, and the negotiations seemed to be proceeding smoothly when he delivered an ultimatum, insisting on the fulfilment of the following three conditions before he could accept the offer: (1) The appointment of Professor EINSTEIN as Astronomer-Royal. (2) A guarantee that no legal students should be called to the Bar without satisfying a board of examiners that they were versed in the philosophy of SCHOPENHAUER. (3) The suppression of the official Parliamentary Debates in the Lords for the first half-year of 1914. Mr. BONAR LAW did not see his way to comply with this modest request, and, as Lord HALDANE remained as adamant, was obliged to look elsewhere.

The attempt to secure Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE as Home Secretary was equally and unnecessarily unsuccessful. As the eminent publicist was without a seat in the House of Commons, it was arranged that he should go to the Lords as Baron Baskerville. But Sir ARTHUR very properly stipulated that, if he undertook the responsibilities of this office, the Criminal Investigation Department must be reorganised on an ectoplasmic basis and fairy photographs accepted as evidence in all cases. Mr. BONAR LAW, with the prosaic dourness which unfortunately characterises him, refused to give the requisite pledge, and the prospects of establishing a "Spiritual Home" Office were abruptly terminated.

Another tragic blunder was the failure of the PREMIER to avail himself of the services of Mr. H. G. WELLS as President of the Board of Education. Nothing could have been franker or more straightforward than Mr. WELLS's action in the matter. He was prepared to grapple whole-heartedly with the whole scheme of elementary, secondary and University education, but as an indispensable preliminary he insisted that a monument to ASOKA should be erected in Westminster Abbey. But when he found to his horror that Mr. BONAR LAW had never heard of "the Buddhist Constantine," he peremptorily declined to serve with or under a Premier of such colossal ignorance.

Lastly there is the case of Sir JOHN LEIGH, Bart., the proprietor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, who signified that his acceptance of the post of Secretary of State for War was conditional on the appointment of Dr. FRANK CRANE as Professor of Moral Aeronautics at the Staff College. With a prejudice that is almost incredible, Mr. BONAR LAW would not yield an inch, and to the deep indignation of Lancashire, where Sir JOHN LEIGH is almost idolised, fell back on Lord DERBY.

A Case for the Axe.

"Mr. ——, official deceiver, presided."
Provincial Paper.

MUD.

SOME years ago I was introduced to a man who boasted that one day in 1871 he was walking along the front at Southend when he saw the sea, but I have never heard what really happened to him, though he was obviously the kind of fellow to whom anything might happen.

And now comes Mr. H. J. MONSON, the scientist, who has discovered valuable medicinal properties in the mud of Southend. It further appears that Madame CURIE has reported favourably upon samples of the mud obtained there, and Mr. MONSON is so fond of it that he takes a spoonful three times daily.

I am quite sure it has medicinal qualities; indeed I am so confident it would cure me of eating any other mud (and there is a good deal of it about just now, what with Ministers and Ex-Ministers) that I have great pleasure in giving it publicity.

MUD! MUD! MUD!

Keep that Schoolboy Feeling by Eating

SOUTHEND MUD.

Worth a Guinea a Bucket.

HOW TO CURE THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Can be done with the Patient's Knowledge.

SMOKE SOUTHEND MUD.

A MODICUM OF SOUTHEND MUD KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

Take thrice daily as much as will cover a sixpence.

Borrow a sixpence and start now.

Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD writes: "It is just the thing to take the taste of Sunday dramatic criticism out of one's mouth."

Mr. LOVAT FRASER writes: "*Mud is thicker than water.*"

Policeman. "HO, AN' WHAT MIGHT WE HAVE IN THE BAG?"

Vagabond. "TO TELL YER THE HONEST TRUTH, MATEY, I DON'T KNOW. I AIN'T LOOKED YET."

HANDEL IN PALL MALL.

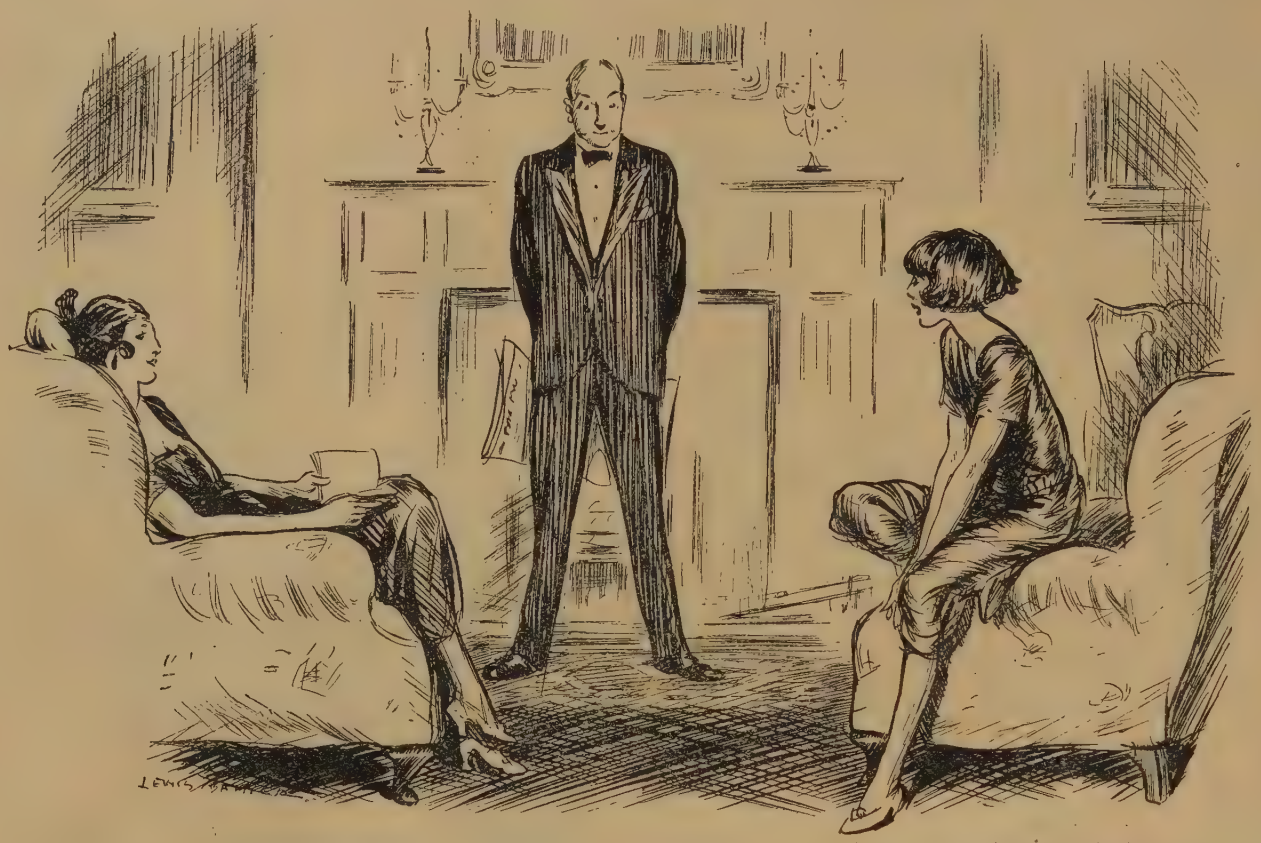
(*A Memory of November 9th.*)

THE bands that everywhere compete
For contributions in the street
At times, I must admit, inspire
My soul with homicidal ire;
But when, to-day, after a spate
Of melodies all up-to-date,
Vivacious, gushing, sickly-sweet,
And "featuring" the cornet's bleat,
There stole upon my ravished sense,
Harassed by raucous violence,
And bored by all this modern *argot*,
The strains of HANDEL'S famous *Largo*,
I listened for the thousandth time
To the great air, serene, sublime,
And found the magic of the song
As fresh as ever and as strong.
Nay, more, uplifted by the strain
Out of the dull world's drab domain,
I grew oblivious of the cries
That now insistently arise;
Deaf to the gibes of BIRKENHEAD;
The raucous clamours of the Red;
The strident accents of the sect
Who claim to own all intellect;
The quips of Lady BONHAM CARTER,
Less solid than her sire, but smarter;
The voice of vanity and spite,
The voice of bounding blatherskite;
The tranquil notes of BONAR LAW,
The squeals of WELLS and BERNARD SHAW;
All, all became as good as dumb
And failed to reach my tympanum;
While even Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS,
The Sisters TALMADGE, Sisters TRIX,
And all the plays and all the books
In praise of scamps and vamps and crooks
Faded and vanished from my view,
Thanks to the air *Ombra mai fù!*
'Twas but a glimpse of calm divine,
Yet while it lasted it was mine
To reach the paradisal zone
Where politicians are unknown
And films are not released or shown,
But HANDEL teaches mortal ears
The immortal music of the spheres.

Notice in shop window:—

"There is only one Australian Field boot. We have it."

We do hope the other will turn up soon.



Father (who has been reading the political news). "IT SEEMS AS IF WE ARE GOING TO HAVE AT LEAST FOUR PARTIES IN THE HOUSE."
Daughter. "OH, DADDY, HOW LOVELY!"

THE VOTE: A WAY OUT.

Ada has got a vote. And when I tell you that Ada is my wife, and that she has never had a vote before, you will realise that we have recently been passing through a period of great excitement and tension. All her other interests, even golf, have gone by the board.

In vain I have pointed out that a General Election is one of those casual hazards of civilised existence which your true philosopher regards with stoical calm. I have even gone to the length of suggesting that this particular General Election practically amounts to nothing more than ground under repair. It has made no difference. Metaphors are wasted on Ada.

At first all was plain sailing. Ada came back from her first Election meeting with a mind convinced, eager to vote for the right man. When she told me about it I was sorry that I had missed the meeting myself. It seemed to have simplified the issue enormously. The whole political situation had been quite kindly but firmly explained to Ada, the butcher's boy, seventeen assorted children and a police constable. Ada could not be expected, of course, to tell me word for word what was said, but she understood it all the time, and obviously there was nothing for it but to vote quite early for Blenkinsopp.

She received with faintly concealed scorn my suggestion that it might be a good thing to hear another point of view, but finally consented to drop in at one of Clutterton's meetings and see what sort of a case the fellow could make out for himself.

She returned in a subdued state of mind, but handsomely ready to admit that she had been wrong about Blenkinsopp. It was naturally ridiculous to expect her to be able to report Clutterton's speech verbatim, but she had understood it all at the time, and it was quite clear that, unless Mr. Clutterton and his friends were returned to power, England would rapidly sink to a position of wretched dependency upon—the exact country mentioned by Mr. Clutterton she had forgotten, but somewhere like Czecho-Slovakia. It was a matter which affected not West Bramblebury alone, but the whole Empire. It was a solemn responsibility. Ada was indignant nearly to tears when she thought of the poisonous effect of the Blenkinsoppian oratory on the unspoiled minds of the seventeen mixed infants, not to mention the constable. The butcher's boy was, of course, notoriously beyond all hope.

A few days later she set forth in a militant frame of mind, her most attractive hat, and the company of a couple of enthusiastic Cluttertonions, to ask our third Candidate, one Simpkinson, a few questions. Everyone knew, of course, that Simpkinson was practically a Bolshevist, but there was always danger unless these people were publicly shown up, and it behoved all honest followers of the Clutterton standard to rally to the good work.

That evening Ada returned home frankly angry. The precise arguments used by Mr. Simpkinson had slipped her memory, but she understood it all at the time, and it was a public scandal that men like Blenkinsopp and Clutterton should be allowed to take advantage of people's faith in human nature in the way they did. There could be no doubt that they were both nothing more nor less than clever but unscrupulous charlatans.

But Ada's experiences were not confined to attendance at political meetings. Our modest house soon became a sort of club for the canvassers of the neighbourhood. Ada has charm; she is a delightful person to persuade. I

VOTING PAPER
BALLOT BOX
GENERAL

?

Customer. "I WANT A GOOD LEG OF PORK, MR. COGGS."
Mr. Coggs. "YOU WOULDN'T GET A BAD ONE FROM ME, SIR, NOT IF YOU WAS TO ASK FOR IT."

well remember that during the seventeen weeks which it took me to persuade her to accept—— but that hasn't really anything to do with the Election. Anyway, when the enthusiastic young men representing the respective interests of the three Candidates had once come and seen and been conquered, Ada's vote became the most sought-after in the constituency.

First of all a nice boy called on behalf of Blenkinsopp to explain the essential difference between coalition and co-operation. He stayed to tea. Then came an equally nice boy from the Cluttertonian camp, who explained the essential similarity of co-operation and coalition. He took a little dinner with us. The next evening the two of them magnanimously waived their political differences and were kind enough to drop round for a quiet rubber. In fact they made a habit of it until we had to make it poker patience instead in order to accommodate a charming young Simkinsonian who took to dropping in at odd times without prejudice to his political convictions. They all brought their friends to help them to argue, and we made it dominoes. Then *their* friends took to looking in, in order to see them home, and we opened a permanent buffet.

By this time Ada was being persuaded in all sorts of directions, but the difficult problem of the disposal of her vote remained. Her mind really did not seem to get properly made up, or rather it got made up too often. The trouble was it wouldn't *stay* made up. In the circumstances there was really nothing for it but to go on being persuaded. It was very difficult.

Besides, by this time the nice boys who so assiduously attempted to guide Ada's tottering political footsteps had become quite like members of the family, and Ada felt that to give pain to two-thirds of them in order to give pleasure to the other third, whichever it should turn out to be, would never do. The position was not only difficult, it was positively delicate.

Late one night, after the politicians had gone, Ada sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

"Twopence for your thoughts," I said.

I know it used to be only a penny, but everything has gone up since the War.

Ada looked round slowly.

"I was thinking about my vote," she said.

"Have you decided?" I asked.

She nodded slowly.

"I think so."

"Splendid! Who is it to be?"

"Well, I've been thinking. Mr. BONAR LAW said that what the Government and the country really needed was peace and quietness and no interference, didn't he?"

"He certainly said something of the kind. Well?"

"Well, I'm not going to interfere, that's all."

"You mean—?"

"I'm not going to vote for anybody. Isn't that what Mr. BONAR LAW means?"

Mr. BONAR LAW may have meant that or he may not; but it is at least a way out.

Young Nurse (in whisper). "PLEASE, MA'AM, MASTER DICKIE'S BEEN *so* GOOD ALL DAY. OUGHTN'T I TO TAKE HIS TEMPERATURE?"

THE HUSBAND OF MRS. BRIGHT-SMITH.

I AM not sure whether the children being conscious of my presence were thereby stimulated to higher efforts of invention, or whether, like great actors, they were so lost in their parts that they forgot their audience; but in any case I thought it worth while to lie low and say nothing, especially as the game began by Marigold's announcing: "I am Mrs. Bright-Smith." I have my own opinion of Mrs. Bright-Smith and I naturally wondered how Marigold proposed to represent her character.

Phyllis responded readily. "And I am Mr. Bright-Smith," she said.

"No, you can't be, because we're going to talk about him. You be Mrs. Baker."

"All right."

Phyllis sat down with an air of being rather stout, and added, "Now I'm Mrs. Baker. You begin."

And Marigold, resting her cheek delicately on a small forefinger, began.

"*Thank* you—*one* lump. And what do you think of your husband, Mrs. Baker?"

"He's very nice," answered Mrs. Baker loyally.

"Oh, well, he *would* be, wouldn't he?"

"Why would he be?"

"I don't know, but that's the sort of thing Mrs. Bright-Smith says," explained Marigold; adding abruptly—"Being married isn't much fun, *I* don't think."

"I love my dear little kitchen," said Mrs. Baker.

"Oh, have you *got* one?" asked Mrs. Bright-Smith. "Don't answer that; it's not the kind you answer."

"Why not?" asked Phyllis.

"Because I don't really want to know, and besides you've just told me."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Baker. "Why isn't being married much fun?"

Mrs. Bright-Smith took a deep draught of imaginary tea, set down her imaginary cup daintily and then replied, "I mean, not if you marry Mr. Bright-Smith."

"Is he so ugly?" asked Mrs. Baker.

"Very," said Mrs. Bright-Smith gloomily.

"That's a pity. My husband is 'mensely handsome; but you can't have him. You can't have only one."

"Except unless they die," amended Mrs. Bright-Smith. "Then you can have them one after another, like Bluebeard and HENRY VIII., only they were wives. But I don't want mine to die exac'ly, but if he went into Parli'ment or something it would be jolly."

"How do you go into Parli'ment?" asked Mrs. Baker.

"It's time," her visitor rebuked her, "that you asked me if my tea was quite all right."

The docile Mrs. Baker made the necessary inquiry.

"It's not so nice as it is at home," replied Mrs. Bright-Smith discourteously; "but what can you expect in these days?"

Mrs. Baker lifted the lid of her invisible tea-pot and remarked comfortably, "Then if you don't like it I can

have a second cup. If Mr. Bright-Smith went into Parli'ment wouldn't he never come out again?"

"I don't know. But anyway it's very difficult to get in, so I suppose it's very difficult to get out."

"Why is it so difficult to get in?" asked Mrs. Baker. "Won't you have one of these perfec'ly lovely cakes?"

Mrs. Bright-Smith extended an elegant hand.

"Thanks *so* much," she drawled, and went on briskly: "It's difficult because so many gentlemen are trying to get in at once."

"Like when the bus comes up full," commented Mrs. Baker.

"*My* husband *never* goes in buses," said Mrs. Bright-Smith.

"Does getting into Parli'ment cost a lot of money?"

Mrs. Bright-Smith looked down a little nose temporarily transformed into aquiline by an overwhelming wave of arrogance.

"Nothing costs too much for us," she said. "We have ices whenever we like, besides motor-rides."

"Swank!" murmured Mrs. Baker.

Mrs. Bright-Smith continued coldly: "It isn't him that wants to get in, it's me that wants him to."

"Perhaps he'd try if you asked him politely," suggested Mrs. Baker.

"I'm afraid not. You see, he's so old."

"How old?"

"Dreadfully old. About thirty. So I'm afraid he's no good."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Mrs. Baker, with that easy philosophy often reserved for other people's troubles. "And perhaps to-morrow you won't think him so ugly."

Mrs. Bright-Smith, smiling complacently, rose from her seat.

"He will always be ugly compared to me," she said. "Now let's play 'Happy Families.'"

"FROZEN MEAT
QUIET, BUT FIRM."
Headlines in New Zealand Paper.

Just as we should have expected.

From an Irish Free State military report:—

"In the house of Leonard —— the troops discovered the following:—2 st. D.N.T.; 1 st. Irish cheddar; 5 st. other explosives."
Dublin Paper.

We refrain from comment.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S latest biographer credits the EX-PREMIER, according to an evening paper, with a "string memory." We presume this is an elaboration of the "knot-in-the-handkerchief" system.

Father (to small son who has been watching him shave). "WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER?"

Small Son. "YESTERDAY YOU LET BETTY LOOK ON AND YOU CUT YOURSELF; AND TO-DAY YOU DIDN'T."

THE FAUN.

THE Faun piped in the coppice,
He piped a plaintive strain;
I called on him to stop his
Sweet Summer, come again!
Said he, "I pine for posies,
For June in wood and wold;
The nymphs have got red noses
And all the world's a-cold!"

"Come, ring a ring of roses,"
Quoth I, "my bonnie lad;
Though nymphs have got red noses
There's balm in Gilead;
Though frosty breezes rack us
Through forests all forlorn,
I know a nook where Bacchus
Fills high the jolly horn.

"Come, though the rude North bellows,
I know a rosy inn
Where certain sound good fellows
Sip sunshine from the bin,
True knights of malt and vine,
Faun,
Who'll reck not of attire
In any friend of mine, Faun,
About the tap-room fire."

He came, he drained the rummer
Of friendship and accord;
He swore 'twas always summer
When Bacchus is the lord;
And, ring a ring of roses,
He didn't care a jot
If nymphs had got red noses
Or whether they had not.

BLOB AND THE HELL-HOUND.

Blob (his full name is Benjamin Lobb, but we all call him Blob; you can too, if you like)—Blob used to be a dog-sentimentalist. You know what I mean—the sort of chap who squanders infinite pity upon a dog sheerly for *being* a dog; calls it "Poor wee thing," or "Poor big fellow," or, if it is neither wee nor big, just "Poor old dog."

He does not do that now. He calls all sizes "hounds," and the noun is generally preceded by a petulant epithet, such as "miserable," "dirty," "treacherous," or, in collie cases, "hell-" (with a hyphen).

Blob's change of outlook upon the dog world was wrought by Bruce. Blob called all collies "Bruce," just as he called all Irish terriers "Pat" or "Paddy," and all retrievers "Dash" or, on rare occasions, "Rover."

"DID *YOU* LET THAT INFERNAL BRUTE INTO MY GARDEN?"

Blob met Bruce one morning at the tradesmen's entrance to a desirable residence in Potiphar Road, Tootney (the road is, I believe, called Potiphar because the husbands living therein are away all day). Blob was on his way to the station; Bruce was standing quivering on the pavement outside the gate, barking in a very penetrating way; his red-brown eyes were fixed, his ears were cocked, and his ruff raised to a height almost Elizabethan in its altitude.

Instantly Blob's heart turned to syrupy custard within him.

"Poor big fellow, poor big fellow," he murmured, stopping. "What is it, then? What is it, poor old Bruce?"

Bruce dropped his ears, lowered his ruff and infused a fawning expression into his eyes. Blob nearly cried. Dear old Bruce trusted him. Dear old Bruce hailed him as a friend.

"Poor dear old Bruce," whispered Blob huskily.

Bruce waved his tail and whimpered sycophantically.

"Tell me," urged Blob, aglow with sympathy, "what is it you want, poor old fellow?"

Instantly Bruce struck the closed gate with an urgent forepaw and barked on an extremely high note. A flood of light broke over Blob.

"*Have* they, then?" he crooned soothingly. "Have they shut poor old Bruce out of his home? Too bad, too bad. There, then." And Blob, unlatching the gate, flung it wide for Bruce's ingress.

"Run along," encouraged Blob. "Run along home, Bruce." Bruce ran along. But he did not quite kill the cat, which, feeling secure behind the closed tradesmen's entrance, had calmly proceeded with its toilet in maddening contempt of Bruce's notes of warning, grave remonstrances and finally unequivocal ultimata. Bruce did, however, destroy, in the heat of the chase, one magnificent row of gladioli, one circular bed of charming begonias, and what was evidently a well-tended border of choice geraniums.

"WHAT THE DOOCE D'YOU MEAN BY SHUTTING OUT MY DOG FROM ITS LAWFUL HOME?"

Suddenly Blob was aware of a voice.

"Did *you* let that infernal brute into my garden?" inquired the exasperated owner, gripping Blob by the shoulder just as he was about to close the gate after the flashing exit of Bruce (with a large tuft of feline hair in his mouth).

"I—I'm afraid I did," stammered Blob. "I—I thought he lived here. He—he seemed so anxious to—to get in."

The owner of the gladioli, the begonias and the geraniums released his grip.

"Oh," he said, in a tone of sickly resignation, "if you're the sort of fool that does everything a dog asks you to do there's no help for you. You ought to be under restraint. You may go."

Now Blob did not like being told that he ought to be under restraint; he did not like being called any sort of fool. Therefore, when the next morning, on his way to the station, he encountered Bruce barking excitedly outside the gate of another house higher up Potiphar Road, he paused to remonstrate gently but firmly with the poor big fellow who had so played upon his heartstrings the day before.

"Now, now," said Blob chidingly, "this won't *do*, you know, Bruce. You're at it again. Naughty, naughty."

Bruce denied it emphatically.

"Oh, yes, you are," asserted Blob, pained at Bruce's duplicity. "Go home, Sir; go home at once."

Bruce's red-brown eyes began to smoulder suggestively and his bark acquired an ominous timbre.

"It's no use," said Blob doggedly; "I'm not going to open that gate for you. You got me into trouble yesterday, you know, and I'm not going to give you another chance. Go home. Go home immediately."

For answer Bruce cast himself at the gate and the latch shook and jerked. Blob, now thoroughly roused, sprang to the gate and buttressed his back against it. I like to think that HORATIUS, taking a hand at the bridge of his period, must have looked something (not much, perhaps, but something) like Blob.

A yelp of baffled fury from Bruce.

Blob, looking hurriedly over his shoulder, observed a beautifully-kept flower-garden, and on the gravelled path no fewer than three kittens play-

Friend. "YOU'VE HAD A WONDERFULLY VARIED LIFE; YOU SHOULD WRITE YOUR REMINISCENCES."
Octogenarian. "NO, NO, MY BOY. REMINISCENCES DATE YOU AT ONCE. PEOPLE BEGIN TO THINK YOU'RE OLD."

ing attractively with a rubber ball. Blob turned again to Bruce. "No—and again no," he said sternly. Bruce with a low growl flung himself down in a lonely mood to think. Blob, knitting his brows and frowning heavily, swung back his arms until they encircled the top bar of the gate; he then thrust his hands into his coat pockets; he had put the strangle-hold upon the gate. Bruce, realising this, rent the morning air with the loudest bark Potiphar Road had ever heard. The next moment Blob was conscious of someone the other side of the gate who was doing violence to his collar.

"What the dooce d'you mean," inquired a full-sized man with a marmalade-coloured moustache of vigorous growth and of rambling habit, "by shutting out my dog from its lawful home? If it can't come in here, where can it come in? How would *you* like to be shut out from your home—if you've got one?" (Here the gate was wrenched back, and, of course, Blob with it.) "Let me tell you that I don't trust you, Sir; I don't trust anyone who is wantonly cruel to dogs. Moreover, what do you mean by swinging on my gate like that? Stop swinging, do you hear? Oh, you won't, won't you?" (Blob couldn't get his hands free of his pockets quickly enough.) "Stop him, Mac!"

Mac (late Bruce) obeyed with a cry of triumph. And that is why Blob arrived late in the City that morning; open-work trousers being regarded in Throgmorton Street as a breach of the conventions. And that is also why Blob, when referring to collies, always now makes use of the term "hound," distinguishing it by that terrible prefix "hell-" (with a hyphen).

Headline to a Bishop's complaint of the increased cost of living:—

"DEAR DEER."
Daily Paper.

For the moment we were afraid that the printer had made a mistake.

"THANET LIKES INDEPENDENCE."
Headline in Daily Paper.

We always feared that with the amount of prominence given to Thanet, the island would get a bit above itself and demand Dominion status.

"'FOOLISH WIVES'
LAST 7 DAYS."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

In some cases, unfortunately, even longer.

"SAILORS FOR NURSES.

Here will be found an extensive line of Sailors in all colors, shapes and prices. THERE IS ONE FOR YOU."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

But, alas! it was only a milliner's announcement.

"Witness said that Yong You had only been at the Chinese restaurant a touch with Fong. He regarded Yong touch with Fong. He regarded Young You as an agent for Fong.

The defendants said that they did not understand English."—*Evening Paper.*

Do you?

THE INTERMEDIARY.

ONCE upon a time came unexpectedly a very cold October day, which upset the plans of a good many people who had made no provision for the winter, and in particular one swallow. This bird, which no doubt had its own reasons for delaying its departure for the South until almost all its companions had gone, found itself more than incommoded by the weather; it was positively hurt. And when the first cold day was followed by a second its plight became pitiful indeed; for not only did it shiver and sigh from the temperature, but it suffered pangs of hunger because none of the insects that it was accustomed to devour were to be found. Either the frost had killed them or they were prudently in hiding. The result was that the poor bird, after flapping miserably over the lawn, fell near the sundial in a ghastly swoon.

Now this lawn belonged to a hospitable noble, who at that time was entertaining a number of guests, among them a young lady of great beauty and the tenderest susceptibilities, and an American gentleman of outrageous wealth and a consuming desire to endow her with as much of it as she wanted, by making her his wife. Hitherto, however, she had treated his very marked attentions with little seriousness: he appeared to be merely one of her many friends; no more.

Such was the position of affairs when, as they left the house on their way to the golf links on the morning of the second cold day, they came suddenly upon the body of the frozen and famished bird.

In a moment Ermyntrude—for such was her incredible name—was on her knees beside it, warming it with her pretty hands and murmuring a thousand endearments, one alone of which would have made her other companion happier than the happiest. She then ran with it indoors, called for restoratives, and sat with it before the fire until it opened its eyes and then its beak and gradually began to live again, while the millionaire stood or crouched beside her, divided in feeling between an ecstasy of admiration for such solicitude and the regretful knowledge that no injury that might befall himself could, at any rate at the moment, lead to such devotion and service. Had he thought that it could he would cheerfully have undergone any pain.

Meanwhile the patient was being offered every kind of food that (as a grim man of science, who was also in the house-party, remarked) swallows don't eat—even to hemp and rape borrowed from the canary. But all in vain. And then suddenly, to the astonishment of everyone—not least the man of science—it fluttered from the hearth and flew softly towards one of the windows, where it settled on a ledge and began furiously to catch and consume the flies gathered there. It seemed little less than a miracle!

But unfortunately there was no miraculous multiplication of flies, which soon gave out, and so for the next hour or so everyone in the house, with the exception of the man of science, who maintained stoutly that the only really kind act possible was to put the poor creature out of its inevitable misery, was engaged in the unfamiliar task of seeking for more of the desired refreshment. Old and young alike were to be found perched precariously on chairs and ladders, endeavouring to snatch flies from pane or ceiling: to be conveyed, alive if possible, to the invalid; such was the strength of a suddenly awakened humanitarianism or else the potency of Ermyntrude's charms.

And the swallow meanwhile was also working to ingratiate itself, for it would settle like thistledown on the arm of a chair in which one of its entertainers was sitting, or on the table beside another, and now and then even on their heads. And nothing is so flattering as to receive such attentions as these from a little bird.

"If only," Ermyntrude exclaimed towards the end of lunch, "it could be got to sunny climes! But how?" And her beautiful features were clouded by grief.

"Hm!" said the American thoughtfully, and left the room. . . .

The swallow slept in Ermyntrude's bed-chamber, under an inverted waste-paper-basket near the fire, and next morning it was still alive and apparently hungrier than ever. How it would have got through this day, with the supply of flies so low—for yesterday's *battue* had practically cleared the house—I cannot say; but the problem did not arise, for there suddenly appeared from London a quiet man with a specially-warmed case and a box of living gnats, who packed the bird up and hastened off with it to catch the noon aeroplane to Paris, and so on to the South of France, at the command of his employer, the American millionaire.

"How wonderful of you to think of it!" said Ermyntrude as they watched the car vanishing towards the station.

"I'd have taken it myself," he replied, "but that I should have been away from—from here."

When, later, the man of science was told of the expedition extraordinary, he uttered a characteristically sardonic sound.

"Monte Carlo!" he exclaimed. "Why Monte Carlo?"

"Don't swallows go there for the winter?" the millionaire asked. "I always thought that was the place."

"They might as well stay here," said the F.R.S.; "Monte Carlo is thousands of miles too far north. They go to the Congo."

"Very well," said the American; "then I'll cable my man to go on to the Congo." And there is no doubt that he would have done so if a telegram had not at that moment been brought to him. "Regret," it ran, "to have to inform you that on arrival at Paris aerodrome the bird was found to be dead."

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed Ermyntrude, her lovely eyes brimming over as she laid her hand gently on the American's. "But how can I thank you for all your kindness?" she added.

"There is a way," he whispered.

And some time after dinner she took it, and we all offered our congratulations.

Who says that sick swallows are no use? E. V. L.

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

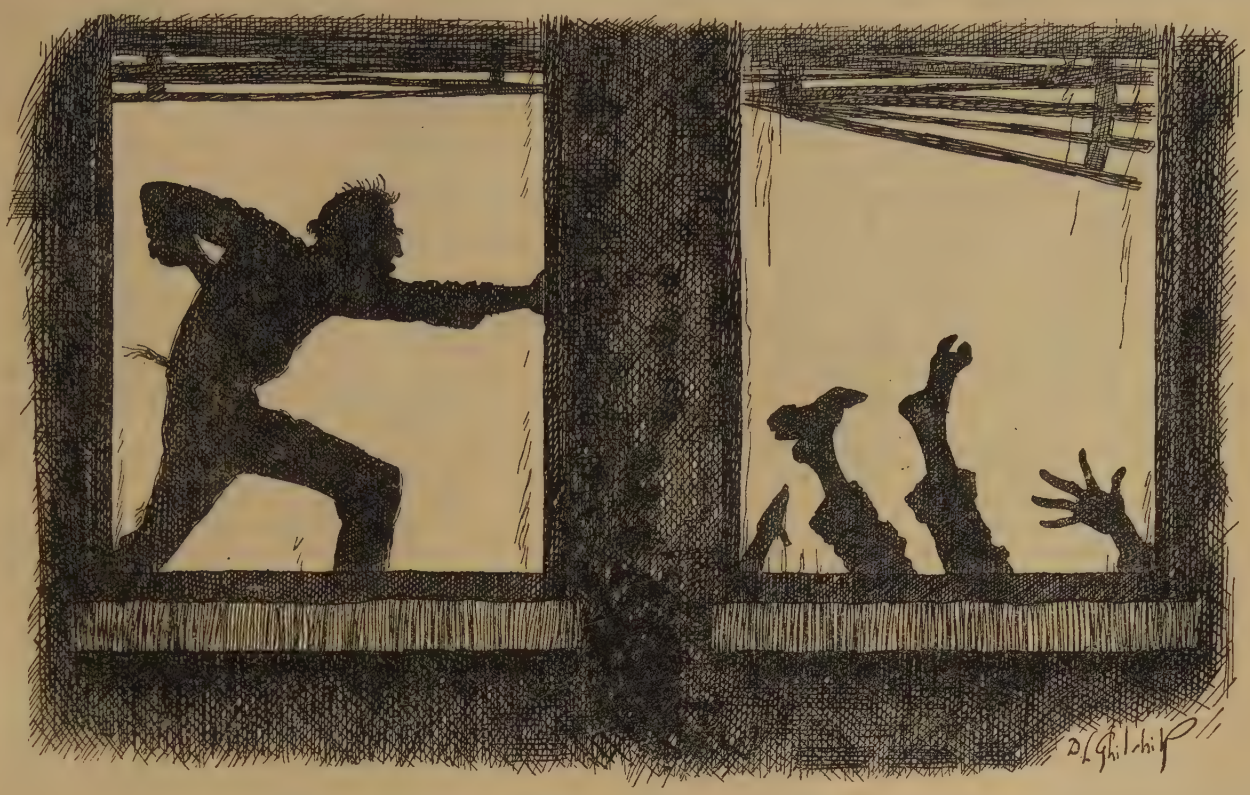
VII.—REYNARD.

WHAT are you scheming,
Dreaming, scheming,
You with the smirking mask?
'Twas mole, maybe,
Or a mouse for tea;
But would it be rude to ask
If you've noted the drain in the nettle-bed
And the gap in the wire where the ducks are fed?

Why are you sneering,
Leering, sneering,
You with the yellow eyes?
Was it your cunning
That checked the running
Just as we topped the rise?
Were ever you pressed so hard before?
Were ever your pads so swollen and sore?

Why are you grumbling,
Mumbling, grumbling,
You with the white-tipped brush?
Did ever you spare
The screaming hare
At the end of your lightning rush?
Did ever you hunt? Did ever you thrill
With the joy of the find or the joy of the kill?

Why are you mewling,
Puling, mewling,
You with the limbs of steel?
You've home and wife
And a sporting life,
With never the want of a meal.
Then strive and hope to your latest breath—
After us all rides Huntsman Death.



NO, THIS IS NOT A QUARREL'S VIOLENT ENDING. THE GENTLEMAN ON THE LEFT IS MERELY DOING EXERCISE NO. 4 FROM "FITNESS FOR ALL," WHILE THE NEXT-DOOR LODGER HAS REACHED EXERCISE NO. 5.

THE LOST FOLLOWER.

THERE are two people in this country who are in a state of uncertainty as to their position in these elections. One of them is Mr. BONAR LAW, and the other is me. We, Mr. BONAR LAW and I, simply don't know where we are. Mr. BONAR LAW, as chief of the Coalition-Conservatives, used once to be my leader, but since he lost himself I think he must have lost me too; or else I lost myself. Anyhow, somebody lost me. I think of advertising for myself, then I might find out to what party I belong now: "Lost—an elector; tall, dark and exceedingly handsome. Anyone returning same to headquarters in good condition will be suitably dealt with."

I wish I were like Henry; he knows all about himself. He is a Die-hard. Every day and in every way Henry dies harder and harder. Edward, on the other hand, is a pronounced Socialist; he already wears a red tie, and I am daily expecting him to burst in upon us waving a red flag. These two do, at any rate, know where they are, and the things that they say to each other are simply terrific. But it doesn't help me much, for while I have no particular taste for dying hard I am quite certain that I have nothing to do with Socialism. It is one of the few things that I am at all certain about, but I am fearfully certain about that.

You see, what I *really* am—or used to be—is a Coalition-Conservative, and the Coalition-Conservative party appears to have vanished into thin air. As far as I can make out, only I and two or three ex-Ministers seem to be left of it. Naturally this is very awkward for me. I am convinced that a continuance of the Coalition is essential to the interests of the country, but, on the other hand, I have always been, probably am, and hope I may still be, a staunch Conservative. Must I then abandon my faith in Coalition and become a Conservative pure and simple? Or shall I turn my back upon a life's devotion to Conservatism and identify myself with the Coalition-Liberals?

My constituency is one of those in which there are two Candidates standing who were once of the same party, a Conservative (late Coalition) and a Liberal (still Coalition). When the Conservative in me is uppermost I have no doubt at all which way I ought to vote. But, on the other hand, when Coalition emotions are surging over me I feel that I must vote, against my party principles, for the Liberal. Why did the Conservatives ever break up the Coalition and stick me on this dilemma? I feel very sore about it.

Of course I know what the trouble really is; it's my chin. If I had a chin that looked as if it had been chiselled in granite (as I see with envy in the papers that Signor MUSSOLINI has), I should never be worried by this sort of perplexity. I should see my way lying clear before me and march straight along it, pushing people out of it like anything. It is a fascinating picture; but my chin won't work like that; it lets me down every time.

Meanwhile here I am. As matters stand, and if my rightful leader doesn't find both of us very soon, either side can have me for the claiming, for I hate to be lost like this. Being already more or less convinced of the merits of each, I shall be quite tractable whoever comes for me. All I ask is that someone comes quickly, or else Henry will get me; and I do *not* want to be a Die-hard. It sounds so dangerous.

The Bright Side of Mortality.

"ARE YOU DEAD?

Of course you are not. But someone connected to you may be, and you will require COFFIN WARE.

We have just opened an assortment of Coffin Ware of a class and description never yet seen in Jamaica.

—— BROS.,
The Home of Reliable Goods."
Jamaica Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BEATING ON THE DOOR."
(ST. JAMES'S.)

IT is not easy to conjecture why the Management should have chosen this precise moment, when Communism is shouting its gospel from the hustings, to give us a play in which Russian Bolshevism is made to cut a very plausible figure. The author, Mr. AUSTIN PAGE, may have meant it for an exposure of this sanguinary system; but, if it was so designed, it is at least equally an exposure of the luxury and rottenness in high places which furnished Bolshevism with its chief excuse. Indeed there were passages where the revolutionaries seemed to have the best of the moral argument; certainly the *Head of the Executive Committee* (played with admirable restraint by Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL) showed far more self-respect and dignity than the waster, *Count Nikolai Palitzin;* and, in contending that the old order stood for reaction, while the new one stood for light and progress, he so imposed himself that we were almost persuaded to overlook his plea that the end justified the means, even if they had to destroy a million lives to get at it.

Apart from being inopportune, it was not a good play. For one thing the alleged hero, an aristocrat with leanings towards democratic ideals, never really secured our sympathy. This was to some extent the fault of his interpreter, Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER. The moment he entered upon the opening scene, in which Mr. SCOTT-GATTY, Miss MARY JERROLD and Miss DORIS LLOYD had been looking and behaving just like real people, he seemed to introduce, by voice and gesture, an element of artificiality. He acted sincerely and intelligently, but he acted. Later on he had less chance of being natural, for he was asked to say and do things which nobody but a person in melodrama would be expected to do or say.

In the First Act we were shown the fall of the KERENSKY *régime* and the rise of the extremists. In the Second, an excellent woodland scene under snow, we saw the aristocrats being set to axe their own forests. It reminded me a little of *The Admirable Crichton*, for one of the *Prince's* flunkeys had gone Red and was keeping the family busy. It was also rather like a section of musical comedy without the music. What music we had was given while the curtain was down—the most delightful Russian folk-songs by the "Grigori Makaroff Singers;" far the best feature of the evening's entertainment.

In the First Scene of the Third Act the aristocrats are caught red-handed (everything was red) in a reactionary plot and told off for execution. The leading property in this scene was a door which kept coming open when it ought to have remained closed. There was so much knocking to be done on it that we naturally took it for the subject of the play's title and were greatly embarrassed because it was impossible to do "the beating on the door" properly when the thing was open.

THE BEATING ON THE FLOOR;
OR, THE FIRST TIME OF AXING.

RUSSIAN ARISTOCRATS COMMANDEERED BY THE BOLSHEVISTS TO MAKE LOGS OUT OF THEIR OWN FORESTS.

But we were in error. The door of the title came later, in the closing scene. Here we saw the escape of the aristocrats from prison, their guards having been corrupted. Then followed a finale whose humour can hardly have been designed. While on the point of emigrating to some more favoured land, at 6.25 A.M., *Prince Arnielef*—the one with leanings towards democratic ideals (now disillusioned)—was surprised by the executioner, punctually arriving to do his job which had been scheduled for 6.30. Him the *Prince* shoved into one of the vacated cells, knocked him silly and turned the key on him. He then resumed his attentions to *Princess Tatiana*, who had remained behind, running the risk of execution for the pleasure of his company.

Suddenly the authentic "beating on the door" began. It was the executioner, who had come to and naturally wanted to get out. Inspired by this noise, which in a fine spasm of poetic feeling he found symbolic of Russia's struggle for freedom, the *Prince* struck an attitude, in which the figure of the girl was included, and expressed the pious hope (I give but a rough impression of his remarks) that at a safe distance they twain would be in a position to devise some scheme for the regeneration of their beloved native land. It was a superb effort.

Two nights earlier I had assisted at the performance of Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD'S play, *The Secret Agent*, but was thwarted in my design of writing a notice of it by its sudden withdrawal. I pray that I may be in time with this one.

O. S.

A SPOT ON THE SUN.

[In one of his speeches Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declared that he "was all right with a niblick."]

DIFFICULT lies completely fail
To make the Wizard wilt or quail;
Hazards his hopes can never blight,
For with a niblick he 's "all right."

But, though as golfer-politician
He owns himself a great magician,
One virtue he appears to lack:
He doesn't put the divots back.

"Mr. —— is not seeking re-election owing to advancing ears."—*Irish Paper.*

Every day, and in every way, they grow longer and longer.

"Not one, but *two* girls were pillioning on a motor-cycle as it passed through Weybridge."—*Daily Paper.*

The cyclist, careful fellow, was evidently keeping a reserve in the sad event of one lady falling off.

From a music catalogue:—

"THE WATER-BABIES.
Robert Louis Stevenson's Popular Fairy Tale set to music."

The composer might now consider the possibilities of CHARLES KINGSLEY'S *Treasure Island.*

Underneath a picture of a man and a fish:—

"A splendid salmon, weighing 51½ lbs. and measuring 50¾ ins. in length and 27 ins. in girth, caught on the Tweed by Dr. —— (right)."—*Daily Paper.*

Personally, we were able to distinguish the angler from his capture at the first glance; but our contemporary was taking no chances.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

Yokel (in return for half-a-crown). "I BEEN ALONG 'ERE EVERY DAY 'OUNDS BE THIS WAY THE LAST TWO YEAR, AN' YOU BE NOBBUT SECOND BLANKETY FOOL 'S TRIED TO JUMP THAT PLACE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT continues what promises to be a series of a-moral guide-books to the unconventional life for which we have hitherto had mainly to go to the French. *Lilian* (CASSELL) is an employée in *Mr. Felix Grigs'* Bond Street typing office, and succeeds rapidly to the positions of his mistress, wife, widow and sole legatee—a brilliant career which makes her fellow-typists green with envy and abject in approbation. Why indeed bother to hammer away at a silly old machine when there is a world of diamonds, crêpe-de-chine, caviare, yachts, casinos and other noble and expensive things to be had if you have the proper talent for entering it? Many a book has been banned by the anxious libraries for much less disturbing matter, though, needless to say, there is not a passage which could not be read aloud with the utmost decorum. *Felix* is by no means the mere esurient and possessive male, but unselfish according to his lights, genuinely anxious to give the girl—a creature of possibilities—a chance, as he estimates chances; always thoughtful, courteous and generous. *Lilian* appears, as she is intended to appear, a rather *gauche* fledgling, but perceptibly developing. Mr. BENNETT certainly has the power to let you see into the secret places behind the eyes of *Lilian* and others of her kind. It is all part of this skilfulness that there is nothing exciting or unusual to be found there; there is nothing particularly base about *Lilian's* calm unmitigated materialism as there is nothing fine about her dreams or desires. And I don't suppose the moral is really that every typist carries in her reticule the feminine equivalent of the field-marshal's baton.

Future critics, looking back in their bilious fashion over the first half of the twentieth century, may possibly be found wondering whether it was quite necessary for Lord BIRKENHEAD to collect and print in these two handsome volumes the papers and speeches which he calls *Points of View* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). It is, of course, only the critic of the future who will carry his nose at such an angle of elevation. Readers of the present day are interested in anything the late LORD CHANCELLOR may have to say, whether he discusses the burning question of our divorce laws or that knotty point, "Should a Doctor Tell?" It must be admitted that the greater portion of his book appeals rather to the lawyer than to the layman. I like the opening paper on Lord ESHER and Lord KITCHENER, and that in the second volume dealing with Lady GWENDOLEN CECIL'S *Life of Lord Salisbury*; also the account of the growth of the Oxford Union and the charmingly sympathetic notices of friends who perished during the War. I think they would have made admirable articles in the pages of a monthly review, but they do not in my opinion cross the boundary that separates capable journalism from literature. In the more purely technical papers, as in his notes on Codification, Lord BIRKENHEAD stands beyond my criticism. But on the whole I venture to doubt whether these two volumes will increase the reputation of the most variously gifted Lord Chancellor since the days of BROUGHAM.

Eight short stories dealing with the exploits of *Horne Fisher*, a very novel kind of sleuth indeed, together with four other fantasies of the same criminological type, make *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (CASSELL) a very happy

sample of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's perhaps most popular vein. Of course all twelve tales have virtues far above their station, from the descriptions of Thames-side landscape adorning that absurd piece of atrocity, "The Fad of the Fisherman," to the epigram describing the Palladian country-house—"a sort of public building sent into exile in the provinces"—which graces that noisy political melodrama, "The Fool of the Family." Noisiness, by the way, is still Mr. CHESTERTON's besetting sin. His most awful silences are louder than other men's uproar, and it is this boisterous mood and manner that blunt many readers to the subtleties that distinguish his most ingenuous work. In the present case I should like to record my own delight in the consummate characterisation of the urchin in "The Soul of the Schoolboy;" of the mystified gallant in "The Tower of Treason;" of the three members of the *Crane* family (a Stevensonian trio) in "The Five of Swords;" and of *Horne Fisher* himself, the man who knows so much about his own motives and everyone else's that it takes a series of abnormal crimes to keep him interested in life at all.

Peregrine's Progress (SAMPSON LOW) was, as far as I can gather from the pages of Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL's latest novel, from the state of being a little ninny to that of being a tolerably sensible young man. Such as his progress was it seems to have been made by his leaving home to rough it in the lanes and highways at a time in our island story when people wore frilled shirts on best occasions and fought duels without too much fear of outside interference; when "gentlemen of the road" were still plentiful, and like (this is Mr. FARNOL's way of saying things) to swing for it if they happened to fall into the hands of the Bow Street officers. *Peregrine* was certainly lucky in the number of his adventures. Apparently in those days you could hardly walk a mile without encountering a tinker-poet or a retired-pugilist-become-evangelist, or seeing a carriage in which a fair one was being abducted, or a gibbet or some such thrilling object. Quite early in his travels our young hero, not fully aware of what he was doing, purchased a gipsy wife, and Mr. FARNOL has much to tell of their wooing and waiting, and how she became the adopted daughter of an earl and a toast in high Society before her purchaser claimed her in the last chapter. It is a pity that Mr. FARNOL has let *Peregrine* himself be his mouthpiece, for the story would have come with a better grace from almost any other of the characters; but in spite of that it is a pretty tale with many nice open-air touches and jolly tramping characters and camping meals; though, for myself, I must confess to prefering my BORROW neat.

I am inclined to bless *The Ring Valley* (HODDER and STOUGHTON), because it is one of those tales of pioneering such as I loved in my boyhood and find (to my pleasure) that I can still like. Here we have a story of Australia in its early days, and Mr. JOHN D. FITZGERALD puts it into the mouth of a youth whose simplicity and innocence seem almost too sublime to be true. But *Maurice Lowther* is not the hero of these exploits. That *rôle* is given to one *Zebbeo*, who is as complex a character as *Maurice* is simple. *Zebbeo's* origin was uncertain, and no attempt is here made to trace it. For this abstinence on the part of Mr. FITZGERALD I beg to thank him, since it relieved me of the fear that *Zebbeo* might turn out to be the son of a belted earl. Mainly, this is a story of adventure, and it is told in a straightforward style greatly to be praised. An excellent present for a boy in his 'teens who is capable of thinking, because, in addition to its palpitating excitements, it contains a warning for those wise enough to see it.

If I had not known that Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN was the author of *Ovington's Bank* (MURRAY), I think I could have guessed him after a couple of chapters. His hand has lost none of its individual cunning. The scene of his story—a sound one and told in excellent style—is laid in Aldersbury, which I take to be in Shropshire, and the date is some hundred years ago, when the whole country was swept by an epidemic of gambling. Mr. WEYMAN'S chief theme, however, is the antagonism that the old aristocracy of the county, as represented by *Squire Griffin* of Garth, felt for men of the type of *Ovington*, who by successful banking or what not were winning their way to wealth and position. After reading several novels about the infidelities or, at any rate, the infelicities of husbands and wives, I was more than ready for a tale as wholesome and invigorating as this. And I am thankful to Mr. WEYMAN for providing it.

LE MOT JUSTE.

Candidate. "YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE NATION'S RECKLESS EXPENDITURE MUST BE CHECKED. THAT IS THE WORK BEFORE US. AND INTO THIS GREAT TASK OF DAMMING THE STREAM OF WASTE I WILL THROW MYSELF HEART AND SOUL, LIKE A—ER—LIKE A——"

Student of Natural History (helpfully). "BEAVER?"

In *More Authors and I* (LANE), Mr. C. LEWIS HIND goes on incorrigibly making bright copy out of his many acquaintances in the worlds of art and literature, occasionally, as a skilful journalist is inevitably tempted to do, making a very little go a long way, but on the whole producing a very agreeable and readable volume of chatter. After all we are most of us incurable gossips, greedy for snippets of news of our half-known people, and this genial egotist caters for us with the hand of a master. His general method is "to say it with flowers." Here, frankly, is gossip rather than criticism. An occasional sprinkle of malice serves for seasoning. There are also devices to add to bulk, legitimate in the trade. Fifty authors are dealt with. The inclusion of HERBERT SPENCER, "whom I may have seen," will show that the writer does not claim close acquaintance with all his subjects.

Our Full-Blooded Orators.

"'Beware of these plausible impracticabilities,' is Sir ——'s slogan. He has nailed it to his mast, dripping with the gory possibilities of social upheaval."—*Scots Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

BATTLING SIKI has told a newspaper representative that he is glad to have been relieved of the Championship title. If he could only keep up that sort of talk he might do well as a politician.

***

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, speaking at Newcastle, promised relief for the over-burdened taxpayer as soon as possible. Of course a real electioneering politician would have promised it earlier than that.

***

A report reaches us of a plumber who was not allowed to have the assistance of his mate when marking his ballot-paper on November 15th, and was carried out of the polling-booth in an exhausted condition.

***

A mechanical toy motor-bus is now on sale, which not only goes when wound, but stops at intervals when required. In the catalogue this is rightly described as a novelty.

***

If all the followers of Mr. DE VALERA were placed end to end, we are informed, they would reach about seven miles out to sea. A lot of people are in favour of this scheme.

***

"Beavers are renowned for their extraordinary dams," states an article in a children's magazine. We think it only fair to add that they showed considerable patience before they broke out.

***

The Indian Bureau of the United States Government is offering high prices for one hundred sets of sea-lion whiskers. Several Walrus Cascaders have been greatly heartened by this news.

***

A policeman risked a penny in an automatic machine in the Wood Green Police Court and the penny was not returned. Policemen, like other persons, must learn to pay for their experience.

***

It has been estimated that GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO has written more than twenty million lines of prose and poetry. We have repeatedly pointed out that in cases of this sort nothing can be done.

Miss MARY GARDEN, the famous American beauty, wishes she had been born a man. How like a woman!

***

A man charged at Marylebone Police Court admitted that he struck his wife's mother with a hammer. It is curious that some men seem never to have heard that the mother-in-law joke has long been *démodé*.

***

A correspondent in a contemporary suggests offering a prize for saxophone-players. But surely that would only encourage them.

***

"The average intellectual man can find very little comfort in the daily papers of to-day." Such was the opinion of Dr. MATHSON recently expressed at Birmingham. We are confident that *Pip, Squeak* and *Wilfred* will not take this nasty slur lying down.

***

According to an authority on Beauty, "the ears should not be placed higher than the eyebrows nor lower than the tip of the nose." Ladies, when making themselves up, should bear this in mind.

***

Primroses are reported to be blooming in Thanet. Still, we are not letting this glad news blind us to the fact that there is a Peace on.

***

"It is a curious meteorological fact," says *The Evening News*, "that, while the rest of the country is almost invariably buried in fog at Christmas-time, Thanet enjoys a brilliantly sparkling and exhilarating atmosphere." We feel that our esteemed contemporary is too modest in claiming no credit for the popular Press in connection with this phenomenon.

***

According to a well-known music publisher "Mammy" songs will be sung in all the pantomimes. It is hoped that this warning will not be forgotten before the Christmas shows open.

***

"A cat having a fur coat was seen in Piccadilly to-day," reports a contemporary. If the cat had been without one it might perhaps have been worth writing about.

***

Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, in a contemporary, urges the repeal of the mediæval Witchcraft Act. For our part we should badly miss the fun of burning a witch occasionally.

***

Water, according to a medical writer, is the only drink of which one never gets tired. This is corroborated by a Scotsman we know of, who has made a life-long practice of putting a drop or two of it in his whisky.

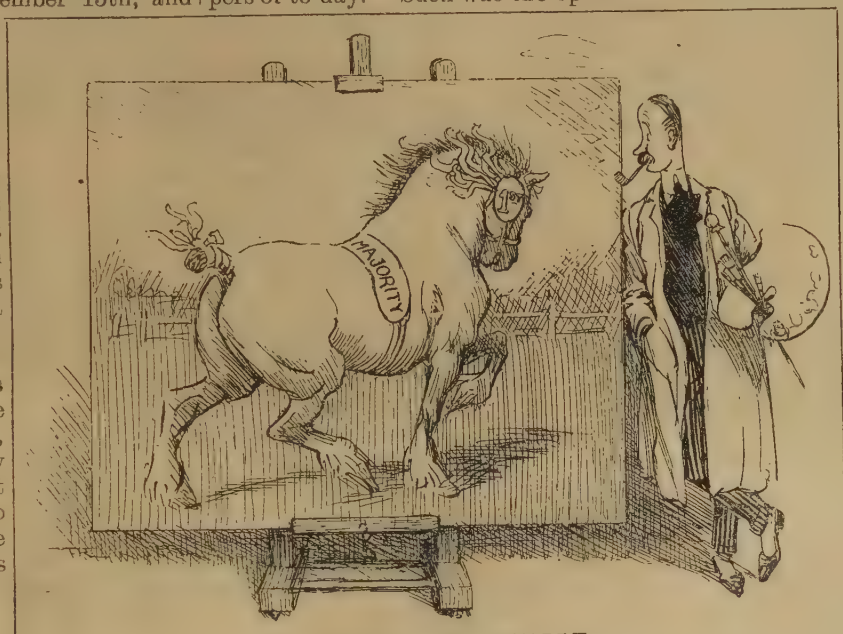
***

Lecturing at the Horniman Museum, Forest Hill, Dr. W. A. CUNNINGTON stated that the crab periodically changes its inside. It is only when it meddles with ours, however, that we take an interest in its habits.

***

A gentleman in New York State has exchanged his wife for a second-hand Ford car. As the poet said:—

"For men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell."



MY CHEVAL DE BATAILLE.

(By the famous artist, ROSY BONAR.)

Our Erudite Authors.

From a recent novel:—

"'*Ars est celase arteur*,' he said.
'What do you mean by that?'
'Life is short, art eternal.'"

From an article on the social side of football:—

"The Irish F.A. . . . entertained us royally, and the visit wound up with a bouquet, memories of which must surely linger in the minds of all who were present."—*Daily Paper.*

Though some of them, we daresay, would have preferred a square meal.

THE GREAT EVENT.

I PASSED by night through Nelson's Square
Seething with crowds that choked the traffic;
The paper trumpet's hideous blare
Revealed a tendency to maffick;
Some greeted from the lions' lair
The verdicts of the Voice of Freedom,
In silence some possessed their souls
When distant screens announced the polls,
Largely because they couldn't read 'em.

Within my club I sought retreat;
There at the tape's mouth I would savour
More privily than in the street
The breath of proletariat favour;
And scarce I 'd noted how a seat
Was gained by Lab. (which left me shirty),
When lo! with such small items mixed
I read: "THE BOAT RACE HAS BEEN FIXED
FOR MARCH THE 24TH, 4.30."

Ah! what was all this other news
Of which the wires so idly chattered
Beside the date when those true Blues
Would fight a fight that really mattered?
Oh, much it thrilled my heart to muse
That while, to one aim constant never,
Electors play at drakes and ducks
THE BOAT RACE, in a world of flux,
Remains immutable for ever.

O. S.

AN INCOME-TAX APPEAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Last March I found an occupation I want you to recommend to your lady readers. It is more exciting than golf, bridge or fancy-work, and far more absorbing than teaching in Sunday-schools or reading about surplus women.

It started one day when my mother told me how impossible she found it to pay her Income-Tax demand, and I, with an inspiration I can only attribute to undiscovered genius, exclaimed, "Appeal!" Suiting action to words I bought a flame-coloured book entitled "Income-Tax," and wrote a note in my best Miss-P-requests-the-pleasure manner to the most misunderstood man in England. Four days later I was summoned to an audience with the Inspector of Taxes. I had heard him called a shark, a devil, a skunk, an ugly scoundrel and other ill-sounding names. Imagine then my surprise when, instead of being sent to a small dark room occupied by a man of saturnine countenance, I found myself in a large untidy room full of wandering sheets of paper and manly voices in happy chat over football results and cigarettes.

Now, Mr. Punch, I must confess to you I have been to college and studied mathematics, and that I sometimes check the butcher's bills with a slide rule, and consequently some people think I can feel no thrills when a handsome young man like Horatio gallantly springs forward to offer me a chair. You, Sir, probably know better.

I should like to describe Horatio—he has such wonderful curly hair—but I feel that that would be unfair to Augustus and Roger and Algernon, and besides the real thing I am trying to tell you about is the Appeal.

Well, when I had sufficiently recovered from my surprise, I explained to Horatio that it appeared from researches into the flaming book that my mother's income-tax was being charged on an imaginary quantity, and that I was in need of his assistance to have the same corrected. No one could have been more courteous and helpful than Horatio. "Yes," he murmured, "you want a Schedule B form," and then he explained things. I thanked him and took the form he gave me (a primrose-coloured sheet), and promised to come again whenever I was in need of help or advice.

Filling in the form was great fun. Of course it drew largely on the imagination—Government forms always do—but that was part of the pleasure. I gave a short story of the orchard—the trees that died and the new ones planted. I recounted a little of the hopes and fears of the rabbits in the orchard hedge. I gave the painful story of the death and funeral of an old cart-horse and explained how the other two horses missed him and tried to take his place. (The story of the horses was a long one and ran right off the primrose form on to a common piece of white paper.) Then a little had to be said about the Parson and his tithes, and the rates, and the hay that was mown on the lawn and in the meadow. Sometimes I branched off into complicated mathematics, because I knew that Horatio would like them, but mostly I kept my story to homely details which would appeal to all the young men who had smiled at me so kindly. When all was completed I despatched my manuscript and, with anxious heart, waited to hear what Horatio thought of it.

It was some time before I again received a summons, and when I once more climbed the dusty stairs it was Augustus of the clear blue eyes who brought forth my primrose form. He asked me to fill in the birthdays of the two living horses, and then said I had satisfied all requirements and he would forthwith deduct £223 from my mother's income (the theoretical one, he meant). Unfortunately Augustus seems to be weak at arithmetic; he only deducted £30. When I returned to point out this inaccuracy it was Algernon of the melancholy countenance who received me. He promised to put things right, and before very long he subtracted a further £92.

With every intention of being helpful I did the sum myself, setting it out in that clear and obvious way I once learnt when teaching very young children. I then took the paper with Algernon's faulty figures and my correct answer and gave it to Roger. (Roger's chief characteristic is roguish rotundity.) He understood it at a glance and assured me that Algernon's faults should be corrected.

A few days later I received a reproachful letter from Horatio saying I had mixed up Land Tax with Income Tax. My feelings were hurt, so I took sheaves of forms and receipts and made Horatio take back his unkind remarks. He then made a great effort and subtracted £204 all at once. It was a splendid gesture.

I pointed out to him that only £19 still remained to be deducted, and he agreed, but did nothing.

I have been to see Horatio once a week lately. He is very worried, and each time he has a different answer to the subtraction sum he is trying to do. He knows he can't get it out right, because when he looks at my simple explanation his naturally quick intelligence tells him that that is right; and I expect the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would court-martial him if his sums looked as simple as mine. However, even Chancellor's arithmetic ought not to have different answers every time.

It is now November, and the great Appeal started in March and the Income Tax is still waiting to be paid. I shall be sorry when it is over; I shall miss the friendly arguments with Horatio, Algernon, Augustus and Roger; but no doubt next year's Appeal will begin as soon as this year's finishes.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Your adoring Reader, PENELOPE.

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

Mr. Lloyd George (*wistfully*). "I SHOULD HAVE LIKED TO ADD LAUSANNE TO THE COLLECTION. A EUROPEAN PEACE CONFERENCE WITHOUT ME! IT SEEMS UNTHINKABLE."

Producer (showing cast how distressed damsel should be carried off—to bored leading lady). "GOOD HEAVENS, MISS DESBOROUGH, CAN'T YOU TAKE ANY INTEREST IN ME?"

ELIZABETH ON THE ELECTION.

"MY new young man," remarked Elizabeth, "never *did* like LLOYD GEORGE."

This abrupt excursion into politics, when we were in the middle of a discussion regarding the transformation of the remaining cold meat into curry, startled me.

"I am sorry Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has managed to offend your young man," I returned politely. "Now, about a pudding——"

"Wot 'e always says is, the country 's been an' 'ad quite enough o' 'im," pursued Elizabeth.

"Did LLOYD GEORGE say that?" I inquired absently.

"No, 'm; my young man did. You see, 'e 's like that there Mr. BONEY LOR—orl for erconermy. That means savin', doesn't it, 'm?"

"That 's the idea, Elizabeth."

"An' 'e does keep on torking about erconermy does my new young man. 'E ses without it a Govinmint can bring the country to ruin; an' that 's why we 're ruined to-day. They say Britons never never shall be slaves, but——"

"Master likes suet dumplings for a change, Elizabeth," I interposed desperately; "suppose we decide on that for a pudding."

"Suet dumplings orl right, 'm. But when you think," continued Elizabeth, drawing up her lank form while the fire of oratory shone in her eye, "that it 's *us* wot keeps the Rorl Family, *us* wot keeps the Govinmint, 'aven't we enough to do without keepin' the Turks as well?"

"Certainly we have," I said soothingly, feeling that Elizabeth's ideas on the political situation had better remain unchallenged. Evidently the new young man was a rabid agitator. I hoped, however, that he would not too greatly agitate Elizabeth; as it is, my remaining crockery is much cracked.

* * * * *

"Well, is your young man satisfied with the result of the Election?" I asked a week later, seeing Elizabeth about to sally forth arrayed in all the arresting finery of her night out.

"'E isn't my young man no longer," remarked Elizabeth tartly. "'*Im* an' 'is erconermy—I got fair sick o' the word! If I ses, 'Let 's go to the music-'all,' 'e 'd up with 'A walk is more like erconermy.' 'E wouldn't even take me to the picters. 'The Govinmint 's goin' to set us a noble example in erconermy,' 'e ses, 'an' we orter profit by it.'

"'I ain't arskin' the Govinmint to stand me a seat at the picters,' ses I, just like that, sharp out, 'but p'raps it 's no objection to me buying' myself one, an' you too, if you likes,' I ses, for lor, 'm, that there young man was too mean to enter a cinema except to stand inside the entrance to shelter 'isself from the rain. Mean! W'y, to see 'im gettin' a free 'bus ride by standin' on the step argyin' with the conductor for nearly a mile an' then pretendin' as 'ow 'e 'd got onter the wrong 'bus——"

"He seems an undesirable young man," I interposed. "I shouldn't see him again, Elizabeth, if I were you."

"See 'im! I'll never get the charnce, 'm. 'E torked so much about erconermy that, silly-like, I gives 'im ten shillings to put inter the Savings-Bank for me. Larst Sunday 'e wos to meet me, but 'e never turns up—an' I know wot that means!"

"Why, surely you don't think you 'll never see him again," I began, aware, however, that my tones lacked conviction.

"I don't think, 'm—I *know* young men," said Elizabeth, and her voice rang with the confidence of one who speaks from a wealth of experience. "This larst young man 's the worst I ever 'ad—'im and 'is Govinmint tork. Orl I can say is, if ever I goes to vote I 'll see myself dead afore I plumps for any man 'oo talks to me about erconermy!"

CASSIDY'S BATTLE.

WHIN Cassidy wint for a soldier
To larn how to dhrill an' to shoot,
Wid his Mullingar grace an his stir-about face
He wasn't a tasty recruit.

They gave him a dhrink an' a rifle;
They dhressed him up tidy an' neat
In a uniform green, an', whin fit to be seen,
They turned him out into the street.

The moon was his only companion;
The wind was uncommonly raw;
He met not a soul on his lonely pathrol
Till a shadow forninst him he saw.

"Who goes yondher?" says he to the shadow,
But the shadow says niver a worrd;
So he ups wid his gun in the hopes it would run,
But divil a bit of it stirred.

He pressed wid his thumb on the thrigger
An' shut both his eyes for the shock;
But he wasn't in luck, for it seemed to be shtuck,
An' he hadn't been towld of the lock.

He shook it, an' blew down the barrel,
An' gev it a bit of a kick;
He lit up a match to examine the catch
An' this, it appears, did the thrick.

For the silence was suddenly shatthered
By a genuine murdherous shot,
So splendid an' loud that it gathered a crowd
Before ye could wink to the spot.

An' some of thim fired their revolvers,
An' those that had rifles replied;
But Cassidy lay like a bundle of hay,
For he didn't know where he could hide.

'Twas a terrible battle entirely
Wid bombs and artillery shells
An' rifle an' gun—while those that had none
Set fire to adjacent hotels.

Till at last 'twas agreed at the dawning
The inimy forces was broke;
'Twas plain they were bate an' had made a rethrate
Be dint of the tumult an' smoke.

An' Cassidy, findin' it quiet,
Recovered an' wint to his bed,
No longer afeard, for whin daylight appeared
The shadow was sartinly dead.

Another Impending Apology.

From a description of Cambridge:—

"EDUCATIONAL.—Excluding the University the facilities for learning are exceptional."
Business Paper.

MANNERS AND MODES.

THE RED BADGE OF VACCINATION.

BELITTLING THE BOOTY.

["The brass stopper from the ancient font in which Shakspeare was baptized in Stratford-on-Avon church is missing. The Vicar states, in case a visitor has taken it as a souvenir, that it is quite modern."—*The Times.*]

WHETHER the Vicar recovers his brass stopper or not, his clever counter-thrust has been much admired, and already he has had many imitators.

* * *

While standing in the crowd watching the Lord Mayor's Show, Mr. Capel Court, a prominent City man, was surreptitiously deprived of his watch. Mr. Court wishes it to be widely known that he can in no way hold himself responsible if any person should miss a train or be late for an appointment by relying on the said watch. It always has been a bad time-keeper. Moreover, he cannot too strongly emphasise the fact that all is not gold that glitters.

The Marquis of Chinchilla, whose overcoat disappeared yesterday from the Dives Hotel, is much concerned lest the person who appropriated it should mistake for genuine coney seal its lining of Ostend rabbit. His Lordship would add that the garment in question has always been a danger to the rest of his wardrobe, owing to the high esteem in which it was held by moths.

* * *

The EX-LORD CHANCELLOR feels it his duty to warn the gentleman who has recently supplanted him that the Woolsack is no longer the comfortable seat it used to be, the wool therein having been replaced by straw in accordance with the late Government's well-known policy of Anti-waste.

Our Temperamental Preachers.

"WANTED.—D.D. Mood, reasonable price."
Church Paper.

THE MAGIC HAM.

ALTHOUGH Jimsy is only six he was rather worried about the General Election. And now that it is all over he is not so much worried as mystified.

In their single apartment house in Drumly Street, Jimsy and his sister, Mary Ann, had a ham which, in its day, had probably been one of the largest hams in the East End of Glasgow. But, although Jimsy didn't realise it, the ham was nearly finished now, and that fact influenced Mary Ann's political views considerably.

"It's thae capitulists," Mary Ann would say, pronouncing the word with a vicious accent on the second syllable and looking ruefully at the dwindling ham—"it's thae capitulists that keeps up the prices an' makes the bad trade. You an' me'll vote for the Socialists, Jimsy."

But then Jimsy had to give some consideration to the views of Constable Alister Maclachlan. Maclachlan paid him frequent visits during the day, when Mary Ann was away with her fruit barrow. And Maclachlan was a strong Conservative.

"Here's me, Chimsy," said Maclachlan, "putting past money effery day to marry Mary Ann, and take her and you away to live with me in a wee hoose at the back of Ben Lomond. But if these Socialists gets in with their capital levy, they will take all my savings off me, and hand them over to some idle riff-raffs that hass neffer had any. The Socialists iss chust robbers, Chimsy."

All this, as you will see, put Jimsy in rather an embarrassing position.

Then one morning Mary Ann made the dreadful announcement about the ham. It was after breakfast on the day before the General Election.

"An' that's a' the ham gone, Jimsy," said Mary Ann.

"Nae mair ham?" exclaimed Jimsy incredulously.

"It's feenished, Jimsy."

"Can we no' get a new ham, Mary Ann?"

"Trade's bad, Jimsy," said Mary Ann, looking at him solemnly. "It was a long time ago that Mr. McPhail gave us a present o' the ham, an' he's deid noo."

"Is it the capitulists that keeps a' the ham?" asked Jimsy.

"Ay, the capitulists," said Mary Ann bitterly.

When Mary Ann had gone off with her barrow Jimsy took his stand at the door of the single apartment house and stared gloomily at Drumly Street. Thus he was found by Maclachlan when the constable came round on his morning visit.

"Well, Chimsy," said Maclachlan briskly, "there iss some grand speeches in the *Herald* this morning. The capital levy hass been getting a fine showing up."

"The ham's feenished," said Jimsy.

"Iss it now?" said the startled Maclachlan. "Do you tell me so?"

"Ay," said Jimsy. "It was Mr. McPhail that gave us the ham."

"Who iss this McPhail?" asked Maclachlan sharply.

"He's deid," said Jimsy.

"Dear, dear; that iss bad," said Maclachlan. "What sort of a ham wass this ham, Chimsy?"

"It was the breakfast ham. Hoo can ye get ony breakfast if ye've got nae ham? An' the capitulists keeps a' the ham. An' tred's bad. An' Mary Ann'll cry aboot the ham, as weel as aboot the bad tred. An' she'll always be cryin'."

"Wass it a big ham, Chimsy?" asked Maclachlan. "How long did you haf this ham?"

"We've always had it," said Jimsy. "It was the biggest ham—it couldna be ony bigger."

Maclachlan scratched his head and pondered.

"If you're votin' for the capitulists," said Jimsy, looking up at him anxiously, "maybe you could get them to give us anither ham?"

Maclachlan bent down and spoke in a confidential whisper.

"Don't tell Mary Ann anything aboot it, but chust you wait, Chimsy; maybe you will find that Mr. McPhail wass not the only one that could gif you a ham."

* * * * *

About six o'clock that night Jimsy and Mary Ann were startled by a loud knock at the door. When they opened it they found Constable Maclachlan standing outside. Beside him stood a seedy-looking man, carrying under his arm a large cylindrical object wrapped in sackcloth.

"My goodness!" cried Mary Ann. "Has that man been pinchin' something?"

"That man," said Maclachlan with a mysterious smile, "iss a porter."

"A porter?" queried Mary Ann.

"It is chust a little bit of ham that I wass buying for you and Chimsy," confessed Maclachlan.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mary Ann. "It's as big as a lamp-post. It must have cost ye pounds an' pounds."

"Auch, what iss a few pounds?" said Maclachlan grandly.

By this time Jimsy had mounted a chair and was feverishly clearing a place on the dresser.

"Put it here," he cried. "This is the ham's place."

Taking the ham from the porter, Maclachlan carried it into the house and laid it on the dresser.

"Oh, it's a rare ham!" exclaimed Jimsy rapturously. "Who will we vote for noo, Mary Ann?"

Mary Ann laid her cheek against Jimsy's curls and surveyed the amazing dimensions of the ham.

"I think, Jimsy," she said, "you an' me'll vote for the capitulists noo."

"An' that'll be the same as Maclachlan," sighed Jimsy thankfully.

Maclachlan took from his pocket a slip of paper that looked suspiciously like the invoice for the ham, and studied it thoughtfully. Then a far-away look came into his eyes.

"Well, I wass chust thinking," he said, "that maybe, after all, it would be better for me to vote for the capital levy."

TO AN EMINENT PUBLICIST.

GAZOGENES, who serves our daily needs
With his superb kaleidoscopic screeds,
Has now achieved a feat beyond all praise,
And backed four different policies in four days.
Matched with this rich inconstancy of aim,
Bifrontal Janus' self is put to shame,
The poor chameleon hides its minished head,
And swift quicksilver turns to sluggish lead;
While quivering jellies, which a breath can shock,
Seem solid as Gibraltar's famous Rock.

"A BALL
Will be held in the —— Hall on Friday. All are Welcome. Lunch during the Night as usual."—*Irish Paper.*

Personally, we never find these late luncheons agree with us.

"Irishman stying in Bristol, wishes to Purchase a Holding, of about 20 to 40 acres."
Local Paper.

If this, as we gather, is "the gintleman who pays the rint," he is apparently weary of the process.

"The newly-married couple left the Church amidst the showers of confetti to the familiar strains of Mendelsshon Wedding March from 'Lohengrin.'"—*Local Paper.*

We infer that the reporter also attended the wedding breakfast.

From an election-speech:—

"This idea of the capital levy, ladies and gentlemen, is very palatable as far as the first glimpse is concerned, but when you come to digest it you find it is a horse of quite another colour."—*Country Paper.*

So the electors very wisely nipped it in the colt.

ART AND COMMERCE.

IN a recent advertisement a company which controls a large number of fish-shops stated that their aim was to make the calling of the fishmonger artistic.

And why not? It is a laudable ambition. May not even the despised and hated tax-collector be an artist in the manner in which he extracts the money from his unwilling victims? May not the municipal dustman express his ego as he slops the mud soulfully into his cart? Then stand back and let the artistic fishmonger deliver his message to the world.

You can picture him. He has a soul above his plaice, so to speak. His fish for him are not as they are for the rest of us—not cold wet slimy corpses, not articles of diet to be fried for breakfast or boiled for supper, rich in vitamines, or ptomaines, or whatever food-values lurk in fish. They are the means by which he expresses his psychology—his romance, his art.

It is always a pleasure to look into his shop. There is no heaped-up profusion of herrings or cod. He works on the theory that one choice bloom alone is more effective; just a splash of colour against a neutral ground. The delicate creamy curves of a flake of turbot, a few pieces of chastely-carved ice for leaves, and you have his bouquet. Possibly when he woos the lady of his heart he does not present her with roses, but with a bunch of roes, all pink and symmetrical.

Sometimes he will find his artistic sensibilities in conflict with the base mercenary side of his calling. A lady will ask for salmon.

"Salmon!" he will say. "While you are wearing a puce hat! Good Heavens, Madam, NO! My soul revolts at the idea. You can have a dried haddock. That will harmonise with it perfectly."

Or a customer will demand a dozen oysters. "Must I?" he will say. "Twelve oysters will just break the rugged sweep of that rocky pile. Look at it. Is it not reminiscent in its grandeur of the sublime coasts of Cornwall? Can you not imagine the waves beating against that magnificent heap in vain? And you want me to break the spell for a miserable dozen natives at two bob. But stay—I have a large family. I am a father first and an artist second, more's the pity. Make it two dozen and we'll let the withers of my soul be wrung."

Truly, a soul for art may not always be an asset to the owner. Consider the artistic tailor. He staggers home to his wife at the end of the day, saying, "Oh, woe! ever since I marked down that line of cheap plus fours a fat man with a red nose and a bald head has come and breathed on the window. No fat man with a bald head and a red nose can resist the fascination of a pair of loud plus fours. To-day he came in and ordered a pair, and, Heaven forgive me, *I fitted him out!* I have let loose on the world a worse monstrosity than a purple Beaver."

Or the artistic bookmaker. He attracts his crowd by playing RACHMANINOFF's Prelude on a mouth-organ.

"Six-to-four the field!" he will say. "But no. Four is an inartistic numeral, all lines and angles. It is more like a problem in EUCLID than a figure. Let's make it five to two. Give you tens about Speardragon? My good Sir, I'll lay you a hundred to one. I hate that horse. It's all out of drawing."

He will be in the workhouse inside a week, of course; but what does that matter? He has vindicated his temperament. He is an artist.

"AND WHO DID YOU VOTE FOR, GEORGE?"

"WELL, SIR, 'TWERE TOO FAR FOR ME TO GO TO THE VOTING-PLACE. BUT IF I 'AD 'A VOTED, 'TWOULD 'A BIN FOR THAT THERE POLL EARLY, ME BEING PARTIAL TO THE WIMMIN."

"Good Reward.—Lost, large Rough Airedale Dog, with double collar."—*Provincial Paper.*

We trust he doesn't wear it with his evening clothes.

Lady Heckler (*after asking six questions without getting an answer*). "WELL, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD TELL ME THE RIGHT TIME?"
Harassed Candidate (*incapable to the end*). "I'M SORRY, MADAM, BUT MY WATCH HAS STOPPED."

THE ADVOWSONEER.

"THEM advowsons is funny things," said Sir William Bunlip, K.B.E., rolling his friendly forget-me-not eyes across the links. "Did you ever 'ave one?"

"No," said I. "I used to keep newts, and once I had a salamander—but it died."

"Advowsons isn't animals," said Sir William in a superior tone. "It's religion. Won't you 'ave a drink?"

"Yes," said I. I do not often golf at Goldbridge-*prope*-London, but when I do I am ready for any devilry. I like to sit on the verandah before lunch and watch the rich men recovering from their round, drinking in the peerless English air and the priceless Italian Vermouth. And that morning I had had a wearing game behind two extremely seedy and unskilful youths, whom we "went through," not without unpleasantness, at the thirteenth.

"I see a piece in *Punch* about 'em not long ago," said Sir William, "but the feller didn't know what he was talking about. All the same 'e did me a good turn," said the Red Knight. "Well, 'ere's luck. Funny sort of gin, this. You see, I 've been collectin' advowsons a long time."

"By the way, what *is* an advowson?" I inquired innocently.

"An advowson is the right of presentin' a parson to a spirituous livin'. And you can buy 'em in the open market, like you can manor-'ouses and Old Masters and all that. Well, I 've been collectin' 'em ever since I retired after the War. I did my bit, like the rest of us, as perhaps you know."

"Yes," said I with emotion.

"Well, I wanted somethin' to do," he went on. "Most men 'as an 'obby of some kind when they retire. Sometimes it 's butterflies, sometimes it 's beer; or cut-glass. Mine 's advowsons. First I bought slowly—I 'ad to. You see, it 's like manor-'ouses—these things belongs to a lot of stuck-up landed gentry——"

"Swine!" said I.

"You 're right—swine, some of them—and I 'ad to go careful. But they 're feelin' the breeze, my boy, they 're feelin' the breeze. I keep a good lawyer, and what they wouldn't sell to me man-to-man they 'll sell to a lawyer with a good name through the three-'alfpenny post. Any'ow, in three years, one way 'an another, I collected about twenty, some 'ere, some there, some rich, some pore, but all good stuff. I don't buy trash. And I 'll lay you any odds there isn't another man in this country 'as twenty first-chop spirituous livin's to give away. There 's one in the West of England, now—sixteenth-century church, vicarage as large as this club-'ouse, fat income, old parson dyin' in a year or two, and I don't know 'ow many acres of globe——"

"Glebe?" I suggested diffidently.

"Glebe—you 've 'it it. Well, then, this writin'-feller puts 'is piece in the paper about advowsons, and since that there 's been 'igh old doin's on the market. I don't know if you read the Agony column in *The Times*?"

"I don't read much else," said I.

"Same 'ere," said Sir William. "I was never much of a one for books myself. But I know a good advow. when I see it, and just lately there 's been a 'ole flood of 'em goin' in *The Times*. Other papers too. One day there was

six in one ad. *I bought the lot!*" he finished magnificently.

"Well done," said I. "Have another drink?"

"Well, I don't mind if I do—another of the same, only more gin. You see these landed stuck-ups 'ave been feelin' the breeze for some time, as I told you. But just now they 've got the wind up proper. You see it 's a funny sort of a thing, when you come to think of it, all these advow-thingummies bein' bought and sold in a daily paper like furnished flats—only most people don't know nothin' about it and care less. But that piece in the paper was fit to frighten a military 'orse, and these fellows *is* frightened. They think per'aps one day there 'll be trouble in the 'Ouse of Commons and the Government 'll step in and kick 'em out. So they 're sellin' out while they can. *And I 'm buyin'*. 'Ere 's luck!"

"The Fates preserve you!" said I heartily. "But what *good* does it do you?"

"Well," said Sir William, "for one thing it 's a 'obby, as I told you, and cheap as 'obbies go. You can get a first-class, 'Ome Counties, old-established advow. for a couple of thou. or less. And, for another thing, it 's my experience that you never lose by cornerin' a market. The Government might kick these tin-pot squires out for nothin', but they won't kick William Bunlip out for nothin'—see? And I could afford it if they did. Besides, I 'm a man with a lot of nephews on my 'ands——"

"Excuse me, Sir," said a voice at my elbow and, looking round, I saw dear old Phineas P. Sexton, of Chicago, who has been having a few games at the club—"excuse me, Sir," he said, "but right here is where I 'd be reel glad to butt in, if you 'll pardon the liberty——"

I introduced the two.

"How do?" said Sir William.

"Glad to know you, Sir," said Phineas. "Now, Sir, I couldn't help hearing some of the powerful exposition you 've been giving of your old English customs. I 'm a collector myself. In my home on Michigan Avenue I have two first editions of the poet KEATS, one genuine GAINSBOROUGH and a lock of hair from the head of Lord NELSON. But I 've not gotten one of these ad-what-is-its—no, Sir, not any. And I 'd be tickled to death to take one home with me to Mrs. Sexton in the *Carbolic* next week. See here, Sir, I 'll give you fifty thousand dollars for that crackerjack you were mentioning in the Middle West. Is it a deal, Sir?"

"It is not," said Sir William. "I 'm sorry——"

"I 'll make it sixty thousand—seventy! I have a cheque here, and I 'm crazy to get it. Name your own figure, Sir."

"No," said Sir William, "I won't sell that one. I 'd like to oblige you, and there 's a little one in Lincolnshire you could 'ave for nothing, and another one in the North—but not Fishton. Don't think me mean, Mr. Sexton. I 've got my reasons. And here they are."

Just then the two seedy young golfers tottered in from the last green.

Sir William called to the seedier of the two. "Well, Walter, 'oo won the game?"

"*I* did, Uncle," said Walter.

"Then that settles it," said Sir William. "Mr. Sexton, these are two of my nephews. This is Walter—Walter Bunlip, the future Vicar of Fishton. And this is Stanley—and now e 'll 'ave to be content with Little Mugberry."

A. P. H.

IN DARKEST LONDON.

"ARE YOU THERE, SMITH? JOHNSON SPEAKING."

"'Exactly,' was the monosyllabic reply."
Recent Novel.

"Quite" is our polysyllabic retort.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

I.—THE AMAZING PRECINCTS; OR, QUEER SCENES FROM CLERICAL LIFE.

*By H*gh W*lp*le.*

Prelude.—THE CLOUD.

GREY towers and a rosy mist. When the sun set behind Lynchester Cathedral there was sometimes a pink glow in the sky with one pale-green cloud, and sometimes a pale-green glow with one crimson-and-orange cloud, shaped like a ship. Very occasionally there would be a plain puce glow with nothing in it at all. To-night was one of the pink nights with a green cloud in it, circular, semi-opaque. The cloud hung over the monstrous main tower and seemed to float from it like a child's balloon; as if the ogre of stone which crouched brooding over the huddled sea-coast town held the string of this tiny toy in his machicolated teeth.

Within the Cathedral Evensong was being sung. There was always a large congregation at Evensong in Lynchester Cathedral because of the lights that came through the great rose window on the west front. They were amethyst and green and amber and crimson and orange and umber and the darkest violet-blue. They fell sometimes in broad slabs and sometimes in misty streaks. One never got this effect at Matins, or at Choral Celebrations, or at the midday Lenten sermons or at the popular services on Sunday nights. These minor services had therefore been dropped, and Evensong alone remained.

Archdeacon Tallboys roared out the Eighty-eighth Psalm and felt exalted to the heavens. Long shafts of light struck the rosy marble monument of the Red Bishop (*flor. circ.* 1111 A.D.) and chequered it with brighter patches of tango, amethyst, mauve and cerise. The Archdeacon felt as if he were made of marble himself, tremendous, stately and strong. He read the Second Lesson like thunder. He bellowed the *Nunc Dimittis*.

Book I.—THE PRECINCTS.

Archdeacon Tallboys was the leading Churchman in our town of Lynchester. (I am speaking now not of the present day but of the year 1910.) It was Lady Cumberbatch, I think, or else Mrs. Upottery, who first called him "a Viking in gaiters." He stood six feet four in his socks, and even at the age of fifty-eight had light yellow curling hair and a finely chiselled face. For ten years everyone in Lynchester had sung his praises. *Crockford* was eloquent, even lyrical, about him.

It said, "Educ. King Edward's School, Mevagissey, and Oriel Coll. Oxon. *ægrot* Lit. Hum. 1874; B.A. 1874; M.A. 1876; St. Columb's. Theol. Coll. Bude 1874-6. ð 1876. ₱ 1880. Can. Res. Lynchester Cath. 1900; Archd. of Lynchester 1902. ℣ St. Ethelburga's Chapel of Ease, Polperro 1877; Ass. Chap. Bp. Suff. of Fowey 1882; P. C. St. Hubert's, Paignton-on-Sea 1883; Hon. Can. Lynchester Cath. 1890."

He was proud of his family, proud of himself but particularly proud of the Cathedral, every stone of whose fabric he loved. To-night, as he walked across the green-turfed space of The Precincts, he was even more boisterous than usual. He struck his chest alternately with each hand and sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Half-way across The Precincts he noticed the Sub-Precentor hunting for moths with a butterfly net. Both the Dean and the Sub-Precentor were moth-collectors, and both of them were nonentities. Tallboys frankly hated them.

"Good evening," said the Sub-Precentor. "It's going to be cold to-night. Have you seen Canon Roundhead yet?

"Ugh," snorted Tallboys contemptuously, and went on.

The Sub-Precentor crawled back on all fours into the Sub-Precentory.

Looking up at the sky, Archdeacon Tallboys saw the green cloud. It was round, he thought. Like Roundhead. As he gazed at it it seemed to change its shape, flattening itself and sending out wisps at the side. It looked first like a camel, then like a weasel. Afterwards it took on the shape of a man's hand. There was a loud crash. A gargoyle had fallen off from the roof of the north transept almost at his feet.

"Roundhead," thought the Archdeacon.

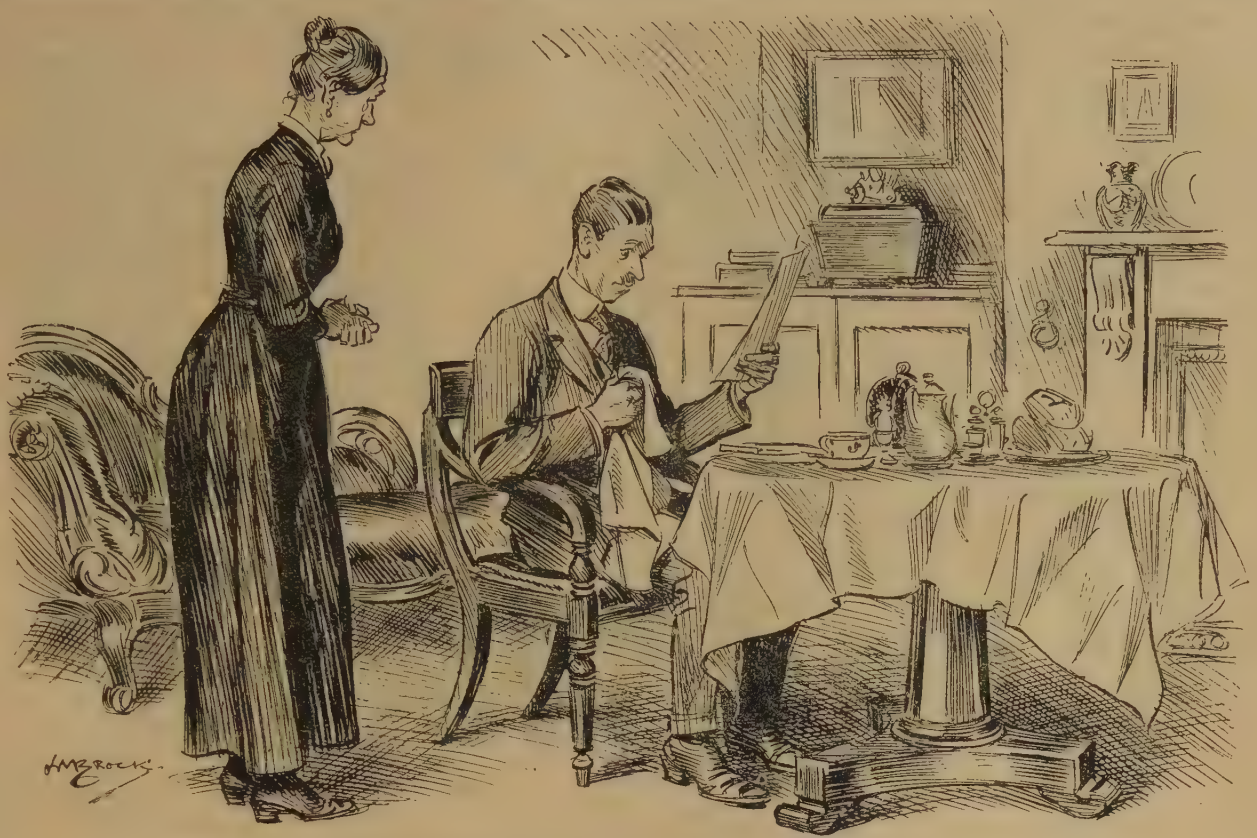
Book II.—THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

Every day the grim Gothic giant seemed to squat more heavily over the red-tiled roofs at its feet. As the Canons came out of their little houses to attend the Chapter they looked like little ants. A vexed question lay before the meeting. One of the handles of the Choir School mowing-machine had come off and been mislaid. The Headmaster had applied for a grant to replace it, and in the opinion of Canon Buster, usually the only progressive element in the Chapter, the request was a reasonable one. Canon Buster was lean, shabby, a zealot if there ever was one, and a brilliant scholar. He voted against the Archdeacon on every occasion. The Archdeacon held that all funds in the Cathedral treasury should be applied to repairing the roof of the north transept, which had lost two more gargoyles in as many months. Canon Buster did not care how many pieces fell off the roof of the Cathedral. When he saw a gargoyle fall he danced with pleasure. He believed that the Cathedral was a prison-house, in which true religion was fettered and bound, and that progress could only be made when all that pile of intricate masonry had crumbled to the earth. He was suspected of sawing off gargoyles by night.

Canon Roundhead was an enigma. He was the new Treasurer, and Tallboys had disliked him by reputation and disliked him still more on sight. He had a round face with round spectacles, a

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

WALTER-SUPER-MARE (*with soft pedal*) GREETS THE DAWN.



Lodging-house Keeper (after presenting bill). "I 'OPE YOU 'VE ENJOYED YOUR STAY, SIR."
Lodger. "WELL, ANYHOW I CAN SEE THAT *YOU* HAVE."

round body and round legs. At school he had bowled round arm. His hands were podgy and white, and he wore a perpetual smile. One felt that if he had been placed at the top of the High Street, just under the Cathedral, and given a push, he would have rolled to the bottom by the station. But one felt also that he would have come up again. There was something subtle behind his spectacles, something deep behind his smile; he had already ingratiated himself with Lady Cumberbatch and most of the important ladies of Lynchester. As the Archdeacon came into the Chapter-house he looked involuntarily at him, as if to pierce the defences of his smile, but in vain.

"There is nothing much before us, I think," said the Dean in his gentle voice—he had just succeeded, with the help of the Sub-Precentor, in trapping a strayed red admiral under his black velvet cap—"except this matter of a grant for the school mowing-machine."

"It should be allowed," snapped Buster.

"It should not!" roared the Archdeacon.

"What does the Treasurer think?" asked the Dean mildly, turning to Canon Roundhead.

The Canon blinked modestly.

"I have gone into the matter very thoroughly," he said, folding his podgy hands together, "and obtained estimates from all the leading sports outfitters in the United Kingdom; and I think we can afford the grant."

It seemed to Tallboys that a chill breath of hostility swept through the Chapter-house and blew upon the back of his neck.

"I am afraid, Archdeacon, that I must put it to the vote," said the Dean.

The Sub-Precentor, who had fallen asleep, was wakened, and voted for the Archdeacon; Canon Roundhead and Canon Buster voted against him.

"I feel I must give my casting vote," said the Dean timidly, "in favour of the school."

With a howl of agony the Archdeacon hurled himself from the room.

About ten minutes later Canon Roundhead, strolling out of the Chapter-house alone, met Wilkins the emaciated verger.

"What colour is the glow behind the Cathedral to-night?" he asked pleasantly.

"Verdigris, Sir," said Wilkins. "One topaz cloud."

Canon Roundhead smiled.

Book III.—THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Mrs. Tallboys hated her husband. She had always hated him, although she had never told him so. She hated his habit of singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" while he was shaving, and "O Happy Band of Pilgrims" in his bath. As she went down to the circulating library under Boltgate, near Fazackerley the confectioner's, she kept saying to herself under her breath, "I hate him, I hate him, I hate him!"

In the musty gloom of the library sat Miss Trevenna as usual, sharp-eyed in her little black shawl, at the receipt of custom.

"I don't like *The Altar Steps*," said Mrs. Tallboys, putting it down on the table. "I want to go and look for something else." Her squat and rather ill-dressed figure vanished from Miss Trevenna's sight, and the little librarian, having entered the book as returned, went on with her knitting.

It was by the merest chance that Canon Roundhead, hidden in a deep embrasure, where he had found a copy of *Erewhon Revisited*, observed over his round spectacles that Mrs. Tallboys had not come to the library merely to exchange a book. Quite unmistakably, emerging from the haze into the filtered biscuit-coloured light, Canon Buster had clasped her in his arms. EVOE.

(*To be concluded.*)

Lady. "AND WHAT SORT OF PERSON IS MRS. ROBINSON, COLONEL?"
Colonel. "OH, THE SORT OF PERSON WHO CALLS A TABLE-NAPKIN A SERVIETTE."
Lady. "BUT I ALWAYS CALL IT A SERVIETTE."
Colonel (undefeated). "THEN YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT SORT OF PERSON SHE IS."

THE ELECTION POSTER.

I AM not a superman; that is, unless a strong common sense, combined with a remarkable insight into things in general and a sterling integrity of character can be said to warrant that description.

When, therefore, William, who was standing for Parliament, came round to see me, with the view of drafting a really powerful election poster, I was for the moment at a loss.

"C-c-c-can you give some striking reason why the people should elect me?" he asked with that preliminary stutter which is his most arresting characteristic.

"No, William, I cannot," I answered. "I have known you now for thirty years, and I cannot think of a single reason why the people should elect you."

"S-s-s-sorry you think that," he said mildly.

"Still, we will see what can be done," I said, taking up a sheet of paper. "Now, in the first place, are you in favour of efficiency of administration combined with strict economy?"

"C-c-c-certainly," he answered.

"Are you in favour of improving the lot of everyone without increasing taxation?"

"C-c-c-certainly."

"Are you in favour of elevating Great Britain to a unique position among the nations, so that it will shine like a candle in a naughty world?"

"I-I-I-I am," replied William.

"That 's a pity," I said, "because all the other Candidates are in favour of these things."

"I-I-I-I feel that, too," answered William sadly; "that is why I came round to see you."

"Then let us get on with it. Having regard to the fact that you can't make a speech for nuts——"

"'T-t-t-toffee' is the word my wife always uses."

"It is immaterial," I said. "Having regard to this fact, then, the importance of drawing up a powerful poster is enormously increased."

"Y-y-y-yes."

"It must be intimate, personal and appealing."

"M-m-m-my own idea exactly," said William.

"Then what do you think of this?" I asked, holding up the sheet on which I had been writing.

ELECTORS, you are tired to death of the facile speaker, the fluent orator, the exploder of verbal fireworks. It is this type of man that you elected last time because he carried you away on a sea of words and phrases; and in return he has squandered your money. Vote now for the man who has no gift of tongues. Vote for the man who has to think before he speaks. *Vote for the man who stutters!*

"A b-b-b-bit personal," said William.

"But a winner," I answered.

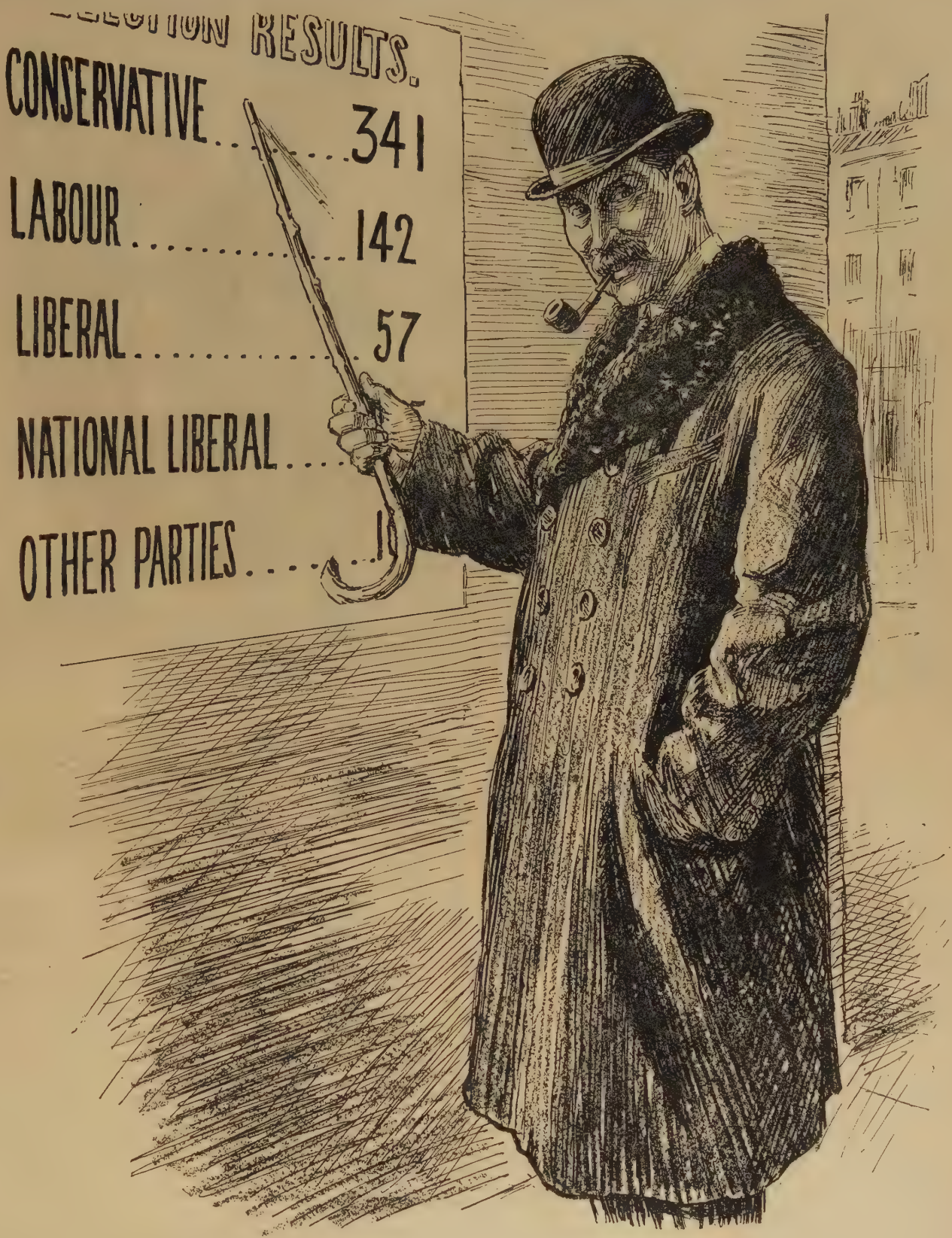
And I was right, for William headed the poll. Perhaps when I said I was not a superman I erred unnecessarily on the side of modesty.

"At the conference yesterday between Allied Generals and Rafet Pasha, the latter expressed a desire to reach Mordus Vivendi."
Provincial Paper.

We can't find this place on our map.

"Thirty-six Labour gains, and more than half the House still to be elected. Might it not be the beginning of an avalanche, under whose burning fire Mr. Bonar Law's ambitions would be destroyed for ever?"—*Morning Paper.*

Or even a flow of lava, beneath which they would be plunged into cold storage.



THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF.

A FIRST STEP TO TRANQUILLITY.

REVIVAL OF THE PARTY SPIRIT.

Vicar. "I'M SORRY NOT TO HAVE SEEN YOU IN CHURCH LATELY, WILLIAM."
William. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I'VE PAIRED WITH ONE O' THEY FELLOWS FROM THE CHAPEL."

COMRADES IN HARMONY.

How is it decided behind the scenes at a ballad concert whether the next song shall be accompanied by Mr. KIDDLE or Mr. LIDDLE? Is the singer allowed to have his choice? Or is a coin tossed or a folded paper drawn from a hat? This is one of the secrets of the profession which continue to remain a mystery to the public.

Personally I should be content with either accompanist. Usually my singing is hardly up to ballad-concert pitch; but with Mr. LIDDLE's kindly encouragement, or Mr. KIDDLE's strong, silent, purposeful backing, I am convinced I could be at my best.

For whether the ballad be about faded violets (in a minor key, with a sob at the end) or about Roughneck Joe (two verses of very rough neck, and the third pathetically concerned with Joe's flaxen-haired baby), both the IDDLES (K and L) know just how to help the singer to get the stuff over the footlights or the chrysanthemums, as the case may be, and how to check him when he shows a tendency to wander too far out of his crease.

Best of all are they heard in combination. When the singer is followed on to the platform by Mr. LIDDLE, smiling meaningly, and up in the organ loft a light is switched on and Mr. KIDDLE is seen swinging his legs over the bench, one may know that here is to be something that will require a repetition. That organ touch can lift a song that is only just a song into music of the seventh heaven. At first more of a throb than a tone, it steals gently in and out among the crisp notes of the piano. In the second verse it asserts itself a little more firmly, encouraging the singer to greater effort. Finally, piano and organ together sweep both song and singer upwards and onwards until the audience is overwhelmed, and struggles to the surface to expend its remaining breath in crying "Encore!"

May many ballads be sung and many pianos be worn out before the programmes cease to contain the line:—"Accompanists: Mr. S. LIDDLE and Mr. FREDK. B. KIDDLE"!

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

VIII.—WOODMOUSE.

WHERE dock and ivy curtain round
The nooks and crannies of the mound,
I pause and, stooping low, descry
The lively challenge of an eye.

Nor shell-pink ear nor fluttery nose,
Nor dainty fan of milk-white toes,
Nor taper tail betrays where she,
The little woodmouse, watches me.

She needs no stouter barricade
Than ebb and flow of light and shade
To veil her form; but how disguise
The diamonds prisoned in her eyes?

"Sale.—Silencer and Gas-bag, £2 5s."
Advt. in Trade Paper.

Thanks; but could we have the silencer without the gas-bag?

From an Indian tobacconist's catalogue:—

"Russian cigarettes (Brown paper flavoured)."

How it recalls one's schooldays!

THE REFUSALS OF MARGARET.

THE FOURTH REFUSAL.

SCENE: Margaret *is sitting alone on a large settee which is supposed to be in the small Napoleon Room in the Palais du Petit Luxembourg. It is eleven o'clock on the morning of an International Conference. There is a heavy table beside her and on the floor at her feet a solid block of documents about half as high as a man. A noise of typewriters is heard in the rooms adjoining.* Margaret *is daintily gloved and exquisitely hatted. She is reading a document with a wry face.* Percy *suddenly appears as though looking for something. He goes rapidly towards the documents. He is a square-featured man with a stern jaw and a decided nose.* Margaret *looks over the edge of her document and recognises him.*

Margaret. Why, Percy, what on earth are *you* doing here?

Percy. Good morning, Margaret. That should be my question, I think.

M. I said it first.

P. I'm attending the Conference.

M. Then I presume they are talking about money this morning. I came with Father. He's advising the Conference about the Adriatic. It's amazing the amount of advice that Conferences always seem to require.

P. Organisation, Margaret. There are only two kinds of people in the world—the organisers and those who are born to be organised.

M. Which am I, Percy?

P. (*cumbrously gallant*). Present company, you know.

M. I hope so. I'm certainly not an organiser. Your nursery used to irritate me even before I could walk. It was always so tidy. And I don't think I was born to be organised.

P. But, my dear Margaret, let me repeat . . . .

M. You always do, Percy. I hope the habit isn't growing upon you. (*Yawning.*) Father's a long time.

P. Naturally. They won't settle everything in five minutes.

M. I thought that was what Conferences were for, to settle everything in five minutes. I hope they're not ill-treating Father. He hates to be organised.

P. (*earnestly*). I say, Margaret.

M. Yes, Percy?

P. Have you ever thought, seriously I mean, of what I said to you the last time we met in London? (*Sentimentally*). It was at a meeting of the Statistical Society.

M. I remember your telling me a lot about yourself, Percy. I have wondered since whether it was meant as a kind of proposal.

P. (*outraged*). Why, Margaret, I asked you quite explicitly to marry me.

M. When did it happen? Was it when you told me you had five thousand a year? Or was it when we were discussing the birth-rate?

P. (*playfully*). You will always have your little joke, Margaret. But I want you to consider the question carefully. I think we should get on very well together. I know I'm a bit on the serious side; but I can relax too on occasion. There is another thing. I may be going into Parliament soon. I've already got the offer of a seat. You would be splendid as the wife of an M.P. Think how you would amuse my constituency.

M. Yes, Percy. But would your constituency amuse me?

P. I'm sure it would, Margaret. You always contrive to see the funny side, even of serious things.

M. (*considering the matter*). I don't think I should like to be married to a constituency.

P. But you wouldn't be married to a constituency, Margaret. You would be married to me. And really I do admire you very much indeed. I'm afraid I don't put it very well. You see, I've had very little to do with women. To tell the truth I don't find them very sympathetic as a rule.

M. Never mind, Percy. Some day you'll find a nice girl who'll admire you very much. And then I'll come to the christening.

P. You mean the wedding, I suppose.

M. Did I say the christening? I always do rush to conclusions.

P. I shall never marry, Margaret, if it isn't you.

M. Nonsense, Percy. Some men are born married; some achieve marriage; and some have marriage thrust upon them. Father said that the other night at dinner. You were born married, Percy. You're the sort of man who marries to found a family. I know that that's the right reason; it's in the Prayer-Book. But some of us, you know, even when aware of a fact, don't like it to be too obvious. You'll marry somebody who won't mind how obvious it is. She will marry you in a different spirit.

P. In the proper spirit, I hope.

M. Yes, in the proper spirit. That's why it won't be me.

P. (*reproachfully*). You're taking this very lightly, Margaret. You might have a little common sympathy.

M. You can have as much of that as you like, Percy, if you really need it.

P. Of course I need it.

M. I can never quite believe that a man really minds being refused. Men can't help proposing. At least I find it so. But I can't believe that they actually want to be accepted. Personally, whenever a man proposes to me, I feel that it would be hardly fair to take him at his word. Like hitting a man when he's down. You ought to be thankful that I refused you, Percy.

P. No, Margaret; I asked you to be my wife because I meant it.

M. (*responding kindly*). I'm sorry, Percy. I'd take you but for one thing. There are other things, of course; but there's only one thing that matters.

P. What is that?

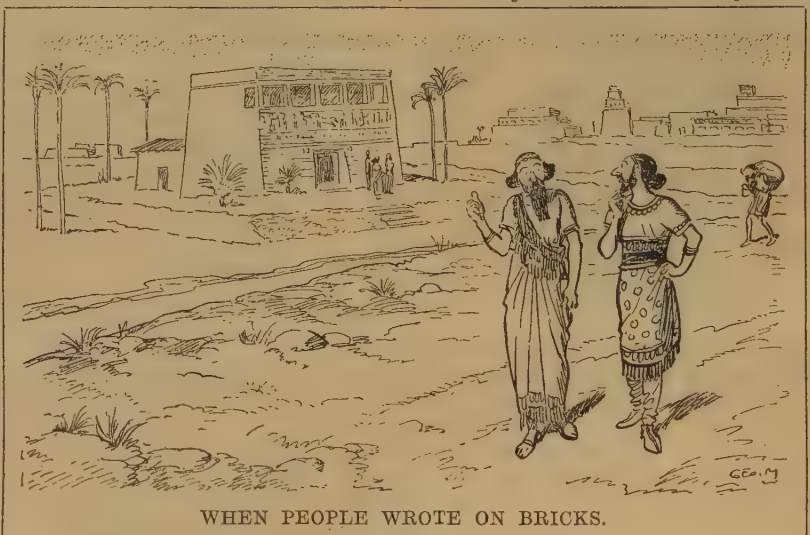
M. You never know when things are funny, and I don't always know when they're serious.

P. That wouldn't matter—not if we were really fond of one another.

M. It's much more important to be able to see one another's jokes.

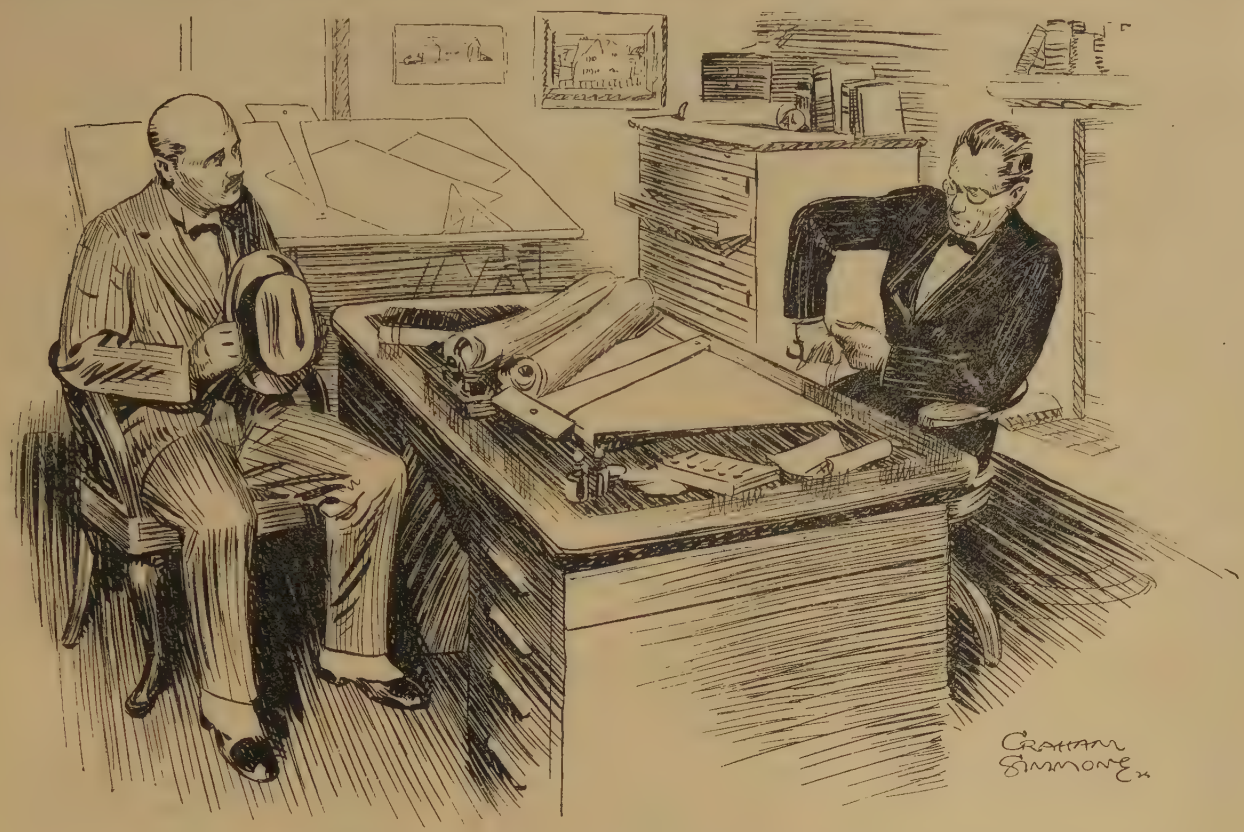
P. Jokes are like anything else. They can be explained.

M. No, Percy. Nothing that needs to be explained is worth explaining.



WHEN PEOPLE WROTE ON BRICKS.

"THAT'S A FINE HOUSE. WHOSE IS IT?"
"IT BELONGS TO CYRUS, THE POET."
"BUT I NEVER KNEW HE WAS A BEST SELLER."
"HE ISN'T. HE BUILT THAT HOUSE WITH HIS REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS."



Client. "I'VE GOT A THOUSAND POUNDS AND I WANT TO BUILD A HOUSE."
Architect. "I'M AFRAID IT CAN'T BE DONE. YOU'LL REQUIRE AT LEAST FIFTEEN HUNDRED TO BUILD A HOUSE AT THAT PRICE."

P. I'll persuade you yet, Margaret. I have lots of arguments in reserve.

M. Wrong again, Percy. Love is like politics. No one is ever convinced by arguments.

P. (*obstinately*). Sooner or later, Margaret, you'll listen to reason.

M. I love listening to reason—as long as I'm not expected to behave reasonably. Ah, there's Father at last. (*She rises and collects her sunshade.*) We will continue this conversation some other time, Percy. Unless you forget all about it.

P. (*grimly*). I shall never forget, Margaret.

M. (*sighing*). I suppose not. You're one of the men who insist. But don't drive me too far, or I shall feel obliged to marry someone else to save us both from disaster.

[*She holds out her hand with a kind smile. He takes it a little uncertainly, as though he did not quite know what to do with it, and finally shakes it in a friendly way.*

At Brooklands:—

"Mr. —— accomplished a speech of 114·74 miles per hour."—*Provincial Paper.*

We understand that he has been offered a retainer for the next General Election.

"COLANTHA."

(*The three-thousand-gallon Cow recently celebrated in "The Daily Mail."*)

QUEEN of the lowing herd,
Of thee I sing;
For thee the sounding word,
The thrilling string.
Colantha! we shall see thee set
In countless dairy shops, a golden statuette.

To thee all mythic kine
To-day must bow,
As Lakshmi the divine,
The cosmic cow,
Hathor of Egypt, and the shade
Of her that Argus watched, Io the hapless maid.

The glittering galaxy,
The Milky Way,
Shall take its name from thee
This wondrous day;
And in alliterative sport
Astronomers shall call its light Colantha Court.

What are the myths to us
But bygone dreams,
When more miraculous
Thy glory seems?
For in the circle of a year
Thou gavest to the world three thousand gallons clear!

In vain that daring man,
HENRY J. FORD,
Of cars American
The wealthy lord,
Would seek thy well-earned fame to bilk,
Framing some base machine to make synthetic milk.

Thy chronicler am I,
And in my rhymes
Daily thou shalt supply
(Four mortal times)
The flood to overfroth the pail,
Exhaustless as the ink that prints *The Daily Mail.*

Up the Pole—A Successful Prophecy.

"The reports on Rochdale are all to the good. Mr. Ramsay Muir has had the biggest and most enthusiastic meetings in this contest and is expected to be top of the pole."
Liberal Paper.

Result: BURGESS (Lab.) 15,774; LAW (U.) 13,006; MUIR (L.) 11,894.

From a recent manual:—

"On the other hand, wooden buildings, trees and human beings are poor conductors and when dry are almost non-conductors of electricity, and when the lightning tries to follow such objects to ground, the resistance is so great that serious damage is done."

This point must have been overlooked by the Prohibitionists of America.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—SYMBOLIC BEDS.

HITHERTO, when the time has come for sleep, I have been in the habit of sleeping, without giving thought to the bed. I mean to the framework of the bed. The mattress, yes; the texture of the linen, yes; the number of blankets, yes; but whether the structure was wood or iron mattered little. Henceforward, however, all will be changed, for I have been reading the catalogue of a new firm of furnishers whose beds have meanings and who keep a tame mystic to explain and extol them.

The first bed illustrated in this catalogue—The Norse—is of very solid wood, and, save for a scroll pattern along the end, it is not so different from other solid wooden beds as to arouse any curiosity. "Just a heavy sort of bed," one would think, and pass on; and I too was passing on when I caught sight of the description beneath:—

"Summarizing the Runic tradition, a tradition of things at once simple and massive, of the inherent charm of wooden things and of long twilights in the Kingdoms of gods and men."

Here was a discovery: a firm of furnishers who have thoughts; more than thoughts, fancies; in short, poetry. To think of a little line of scroll-work indicating all that! And I, clay-souled, purblind, earth-groping, hadn't an idea of it. "Just a heavy sort of bed," I had murmured, poor Peter Bell that I am.

Turning over the page and coming to the picture of another bed, I determined no longer to be so prosaic. I too would enter the lists of fantasy. Covering the name, I studied it. It is made partly of wood and partly of cane, and the legs are slightly straddled and the top line slightly curved, with overlapping ends. But again I was at fault. "A nice bed," was all I could say, and then uncovering the name I saw that it was called "The Torii," with the following description:—

"Here the ancient Shinto symbol of the Far East is dominant. The Torii, the guardian gate of sacred groves, foreshadowing in its form the drowsy precinct of the Temple, its Buddhas and its Lotus ponds."

Of course! How silly of me! But oh, to sleep on such a couch! Mr. BONAR LAW of course has one, and the whole Torii party. Nowhere else can they find such tranquillity.

I would try once more and then give up the struggle. Again I concealed the name and examined the picture. Again, although smaller and simpler, the bed found me wanting. "Just a cot with turned legs," was the verdict; "probably meant either for a dwarf or child." In so far as the child was concerned, I was right, for this was the Wee Bear (not Wee Free) Bed. But how could any ordinary person guess the rest?—

"A child's bed, conveying in its design the atmosphere of the fairy tale and the oddity of elfland. Its bubble legs, its four stout posts like hatted sentinels, its skittle rails—a well-turned muster; all are redolent of fun and mimic make-believe, linking the nursery with the Land of Nod."

So there you are! One man's repose is another man's poetry. But how I wish I could write like that!

* * * * * * *

I have just been upstairs to look again at my own bed—that triumph of insipidity—and wonder what the catalogue-writer would make of it. My own description would run something like this:—

"THE HACK.—A littery bloke's bed, where sleep has to be wooed, often refuses to arrive and seldom remains long, linking one day with the next far too brokenly."

Alas!

II.—NEVER UPON A TIME.

Once upon a time there was a man who with his family stayed in a hotel *en pension*, which for the benefit of the very comfortable or very extravagant or very fastidious I may say means inclusive terms for three meals a day, bedroom and attendance.

Upon the features of most hotel proprietors there dawns a smile of beatific satisfaction when they see their *pensionnaires* going out to lunch or dinner; but never upon a time there was a landlord of another description.

When the holidays were over and the bill was presented, the man went to the bureau to pay it. He was there met by the hotel proprietor, who, taking the bill from him, first consulted a little pocket-book, and then said, "I have notes here of five occasions on which you all lunched out and four on which you dined out. The bill therefore"—and he made a calculation—"will be eleven pounds, twelve shillings less."

The fact that the man, an old traveller, on hearing these words, had to be removed in an ambulance to a nursing home, has nothing to do with the story. E. V. L.

TO A COCK PHEASANT.

GOOD morrow, Good morrow, Sir Knight of the mail
That 's bronze and that 's copper, that 's collared a-ring;
From the tip of your beak to the tip of your tail
You 're splendid as Autumn ablaze in the vale;
KING SOLOMON'S glory before you would pale
As you strut in the ride like a king.

A whistle behind you, a whistle, d' you hear?
And, anon, a tip-tapping of stick upon stock?
Will you slip (in strategic retreat) to the rear?
Well, you haven't been shot at, I fancy, this year,
So you 'll act in the royaler way, never fear,
And rise with a raucous *cok-cok!*

A phœnix you 'll rise through the tops, still afire,
Still aflame with the season's resplendent decay;
A phœnix that springs from a funeral pyre
Of oakwoods in ember, and straight doth aspire
To the frosty bright blue, to the blue you require
To show off your fireworkish way.

Then forward you 'll swing (like a comet at need
Of Olympian Zeus), gaining pace as you go;
High, high o'er the branches (*cock forward!*) you 'll speed
Till you 're clear of the cover, a screamer indeed,
And out o'er the meadow; but, mark you, take heed
Of those odd little groups far below.

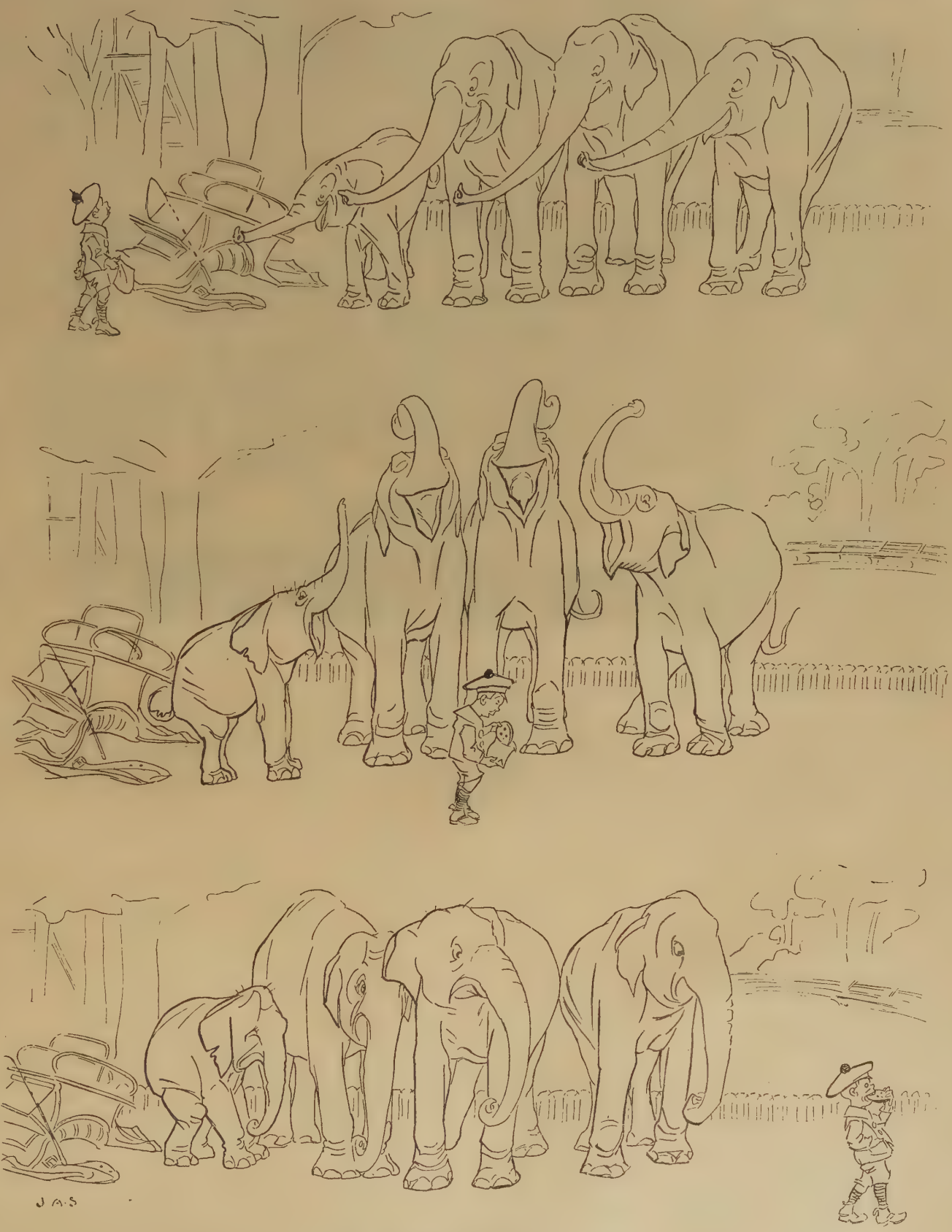
They 're the Guns, the adepts, as you 'll presently see;
Myself (on the flank) cut a figure to mock
With artists of *their* sort; at full apogee
Approach them, professors in highest degree,
Accomplished to "larn" you most deftly to be
A pheasant and, more so, a cock!

But beaters are coming; *tap, tap* down the breeze,
Their sticks get the nearer, so up in your pride
In Autumn's gold sunshine, high o'er her gold trees,
Till, tall as the tallest, you sail at your ease;
And 'tis best to be tall, tall as Troy an you please,
When those batteries open outside.

A Monster Turnip.

From the report of a shipping case:—

"She proceeded on her way until 7, or rather later, when a noise was heard as of a heavy body like an anchor or a chain being dragged along the deck from about the funnel aft. It was the mate's watch."
Liverpool Paper.



THE PASSING OF THE BUN.

Acolyte (to newest genius of the ultra-moderns). "I'M ALWAYS FINDING MYSELF BRAGGING TO PEOPLE THAT I KNOW YOU."
Genius. "AND DO THEY BELIEVE YOU?"

STRAW DOWN.

As I lie here, with a temperature running well into three figures, I am reminded of my far-away early boyhood days, when I used to go for walks with a very jolly nurse, whose greatest joy in life was the discovery of a road with straw laid down. I remember the fascination of it, and how, when we had found one, we would rush there eagerly every day until the straw was cleared away, standing solemnly outside the house we had selected as the one where someone was frightfully ill, gazing with awe at its first-floor bedroom window, our minds filled with emotions too deep and varied to express.

Yes, I am reminded of this as I lie here to-day; sadly, for it occurs to me that no little boy and his nurse will ever stand on straw staring at my bedroom window. This is not because I am not ill enough for straw, or don't know anyone who could fix me up with straw, or cannot afford to pay for straw, or am not sufficiently important to have straw; it is because the straw days are gone; it is because straw makes no difference to the noises of the motor-car.

Outside my window is a fairly busy London street which, just after it has passed my window, runs slightly uphill slap into a very busy London street. Most cars, as they mount this slope, have to change gears, and every car has to hoot; and, lying here, I have been amusing myself by speculating as to the type of their owners from the noise of their hoots, and the type of their make from the noise of their gears.

[*Editor.* I won't have this if it's a Ford story.

Myself. Such a thing never entered my head.]

Well, as I was saying, that's how I have been trying to amuse myself. It is better to say, "Quick, Margaret, is that a Rolls-Royce full of a very large red-faced financier?" than it is to keep on saying, "Oh, confound those selfish blighters with their horrible noises! It ought never to be allowed; really it oughtn't."

But to go back to the straw. Now and then a good old-fashioned horse goes by, dragging a cart behind him. And it makes me wonder what the straw used to be for. The pair of them —horse and cart—travel pleasantly and rhythmically along, always in one gear; the horse doesn't moo or cough or bark or choke, and the cart never makes a noise like someone kicking a bag of tools about in a Tube lift.

[*Editor.* It's exactly like a Ford story.

Myself. But I tell you it isn't.]

What I feel is that, if people's lives had to be saved by putting down straw for this comforting little sound, what earthly chance have we of pulling through nowadays?

Hark at that! I'll bet that's a two-cylinder 1904 Bust—— Margaret, quick! Tell me——"

"Now, now," says Margaret, "that will do; it's time you went to sleep."

"But how can I," I ask, "with all this row going on?"

I tell her about the straw and ask her if she knows of a modern substitute for the stuff. Her reply has been to take my temperature, which, judging by her expression and the fact that I can't get out of her what it stands at, has probably marked the highest figure on record. She has tiptoed out of the room. What's the use of tiptoeing, I ask you?

She has come back with two extra-hot hot-water bottles, put one at each end of me and tucked me tightly up in bed.

"But, Margaret," I wail, "do stop and play motor-cars. I can't possibly go to sleep."

"Sh!" she says. "It's all right, old boy; I've got the modern substitute for straw;" and she has plugged a couple of wads of wool into my ears.

I am deliriously happy. I cannot hear a sound, not even a beastly F——

[*Editor.* I knew it was going to be a Ford story.

Myself. Sorry, but I can't hear a word. And, anyhow, I'm going to sleep.]

A MALE BEAUTY OF THE FILM.

Place aux dames—of course. But without disparaging the claims of the fortunate Miss MARGARET LEAHY or the Talmadginative enterprise of her sponsors, we are glad to be in a position to report an equally appreciative effort on behalf of masculine good looks and charm.

We are now able to state that Mr. James ("Jimbo") Jeudwine, the super-"knut" of the Suburban world, selected by the Earl of BIRKENHEAD and Lord ROTHERMERE out of the Handsomest Hundred in the country, is about to make a triumphal tour of England and Scotland before he leaves for America.

That the tour has been arranged in response to requests from Lord Mayors, ex-Lord Chancellors, archbishops and bishops, leading Nonconformist divines, charitable and philanthropic institutions and organisers of whist-drives, all of whom are eager to welcome the Prince Charming of the Screen and wish him godspeed at the outset of his arduous career.

That the itinerary of the tour includes not only Liverpool but Bootle, not only Manchester but Chowbent, Oldham and Heywood; and that it will be extended to take in the islands of Mull, Rum and Muck.

That Mr. Silas Squintzschler, the famous film-producer, has already told Mr. James Jeudwine that he is so convinced that he (James) will return to this country as an Arcturus of the film firmament that he (Silas) is already preparing his (James's) own first production.

That James is to receive a hundred pounds a week, exclusive of extras for cigarettes, liqueurs and face massage.

That, subject to the consent of the Bishop of LONDON, the Rev. B. G. BOURCHIER is to accompany him as private chaplain at Mr. Squintzschler's expense and remain at his side always.

Detective. "THE CAPTAIN TELLS ME YOU KNEW THE MAN. CAN YOU DESCRIBE HIM?"

Quartermaster. "THE ONLY THING I CAN RECOLLECT ABOUT 'IM IS THAT 'IS EARS WAS STEPPED WELL AFT."

That James's salary is to be rapidly increased. When he stars in his own production he is to receive a salary equal to that of the most influential of America's corporation lawyers. After that no one can tell to what height he will rise with the aid of Silas Squintzschler, Amos Stoot, Alcestis Woglom and the Rev. B. G. BOURCHIER. All the Presidents of the Central and South American Republics have pledged their resources on James's behalf.

That Boole is busy building "bags" and dinner jackets for James. That the collective hat-craft of London is concentrated on providing him with head-gear.

Finally that James has been offered the post of principal political editor of *The Daily Janus*, at a salary to be fixed by himself, but has reluctantly and heroically declined the post on the ground that a wider field of beneficent activity is opened to him in the film world.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"In yesterday's article on Rostand Mr. Gosse mentions the 'unforgettable' performance of Guitry in the part of Flambeau in 'L'Aiglon.' The performance was, in truth, unforgettable, but it was not M. Guitry's. The part was created by Coquelin *aîné*."

Letter in Sunday Paper.

The mother, of course, of COQUELIN *φιλς*.

AT THE PLAY.

"DEVIL DICK" (APOLLO).

I AM not even yet *quite* sure whether Mr. A. SCHOMER'S play was meant as a satire on soft-headed philanthropists or a serious attempt to make the quite arguable case that the criminal is only a creature of environment and always amenable to treatment. I am afraid the latter—afraid because I should like to see the case reasoned with greater plausibility, and because I think it against public policy to leave an impression that the criminal even at his worst was a more tolerable creature not only than himself reformed but than his reformer.

The problem was succinctly and ingeniously enough stated in a prologue which shows the Criminal Reform Society of New York debating the question as to whether the confirmed criminal is hopeless, as the three experts among the speakers—judge, district attorney and doctor—maintain, or is readily and immediately and permanently responsive to decent treatment as the millionaire philanthropist believes with easy optimism. The latter lays a heavy bet with his opponents that inside of twelve months *Devil Dick*, New York's hardest case, will be made into a confirmed law-abiding citizen. An ingenious scene, well put on, which brings the audience into the game, and which in the brevity and directness of the speeches was a perfect model of what such meetings might be, but, alas, are not.

Then we get a sight of our *Devil*, who has just left "college" (*i.e.* quod), in his tenement lodging. Bully, gambler, sneak-thief, burglar, rent-dodger, wife-deserter, blackmailer, he has no compensating qualities of rough good fellowship or of open-handed generosity, even to his mistress.

To him enter the affable millionaire, appointing him his almoner, with the run of his library, in which is his safe. *Devil Dick's* job is to interview the applicants for charity. And here, I conceive, the author might (and should) have shown us some gradual effect of contact with suffering that he can relieve, or, possibly, of devotion to the millionaire's wife, a foolish dear, or of the trust which has been reposed in him; or of all three. But the author wants to lighten his pattern and vary the star part with a little fooling, and with the seriousness goes the interest. *Devil Dick* so obviously disbelieves in the whole thing (for which I don't blame him) that it is difficult to see how the reforming dope is ever to take effect.

The routine of the philanthropic office is for an applicant to be shown in, to be asked name and address, to be told (with much drollery and many a wink to the assistant manager, also an ex-thief) that the case will be looked into. Just that and no more. As a method of bending tough crooked citizens straight it certainly seems a little unlikely. When the inspired millionaire and his wife convert his mistress to a respectable life and hand back to him his own true wife and child, *Dick* is emphatically fed-up with it; and (with no disrespect to Miss MURIEL PRATT, who played the part of the mother excellently) I don't wonder. He resigns his job, reluctantly agreeing to wait a month till his successor be found—an unnecessarily long time, as he not unreasonably thinks, seeing the qualifications he had himself brought to the arduous task.

The eve of the last day of the month finds him playing poker, and the morning of it sees him still at play, having lost all his own money and staking the last of the philanthropist's eight hundred dollars, which he carried in the Fund's wallet. That same night he robs, and is quite prepared to shoot, his disappointed but still hopeful benefactor (who is shamming sleep in his library); but, bursting into tears and eloquent self-denunciation, hands back the plunder. The philanthropist—good simple man—claps him affectionately on the shoulder, explains to us and his wife that now and for ever is the devil exorcised, and (I presume) supposes he has won his bet. I wonder what the doctor and the judge and the district attorney will think about it.

Mother. "WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING, DARLING?"

Peggy (who has just buried her pet kitten). "WE—WE JUST FOUGHT WE'D RING UP HEAVEN, MUMMY, TO TELL THEM KITTY'S ON THE WAY."

Of course Mr. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH has been seduced by a rich part to put on a poor play, as so many of his profession have done before him. It is not the bits, but the putting of the bits together into a coherent design, that is the difficulty; not blowing up the football, but keeping the wind in it while it is kicked about from Act to Act.

The playing was distinctly better than the play. Mr. MOSCOVITCH himself gave us a powerfully grim and at times humoursome performance and contrived in a manner rare to-day to get outside his own personality into that of his part. Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE contributed one of those bizarre character studies for which he is justly famed. Miss MARY MERRALL'S little portrait of *Dick's* mistress was capably done, as was that of his accomplice, *Jack* (Mr. NAT MADISON). They were both more interesting in their unregenerate characters than when sicklied o'er with the pale cast of reform. This is regrettable, perhaps, but true.

Mr. ROBERT HORTON played the loquacious millionaire with enormous gusto. I thought I detected an occasional twinkle of scepticism in his eye. I hope not. That would be unseemly. Miss MARY LINCOLN skilfully enough indicated his gracious, kindly ineffective wife. All the gentlemen who took part in the prologue did their turns well. At the fall of the curtain the Booers had a brief contest with the Clappers, and the cause of courtesy won.

T.

Commercial Obscurantism.

From a sale-catalogue:—

"Braces 6/-. Usual price 5/6. Braces Better quality—3/6."

New Sportsman. "AS SOON AS I LIGHT ONE OF THESE 'ALF-CROWN SMOKES A FOX IS SURE TO GO AWAY. FUNNY, AIN'T IT?"
Lady. "I WONDER YOU GIVE SO MUCH FOR THEM IF THEY SMELL AS BAD AS THAT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I HAVE reconsidered my first impulse to share my copy of *Mystery at Geneva* (COLLINS) with all the connoisseurs of good reading I know. Firstly, because I hope they will all buy the book on their own account; secondly, because I shall want to read it again and again myself. It shall live (in the rare moments when I am not so engaged) on a shelf hallowed by a first edition of *The Napoleon of Notting Hill;* for in my opinion Miss ROSE MACAULAY has produced the wisest and wittiest extravaganza which has appeared since that cherished masterpiece. From the moment when *Henry Beechtree*, accredited correspondent of *The British Bolshevist*, descends from his Genevan garret to take part in "the fourth —or was it the fifth?"—assembly of The League of Nations, until the same *Henry Beechtree* (but "*Henry Beechtree*" no longer) creeps down the same crazy stairs for a last row on the moonlit lake, there is not an unadventurous page in the book. The gist of the plot is the kidnapping of the noblest delegates of the League—lured *seriatim* into the underworld of Geneva by appeals to the well-known principles of each—in whose interests and by whose agency it is not for me to divulge. *Henry* is excellently drawn. So are the delegates. And so is *ex-Cardinal Franchi*, a type usually treated with such excess of tenderness or scorn as to stand no chance of credibility.

I have been reading the first volume of Sir WALTER RALEIGH'S official history of the Royal Air Force, *The War in the Air* (CLARENDON PRESS), with pleasure and with grief: pleasure in the style, so distinguished, clear and noble; grief, that death should have carried off the author in his prime and inflicted upon his friends and Literature an irreparable loss. We can, however, be very grateful for what Sir WALTER RALEIGH had time to do, for it is his finely-tempered pen which supplies the admirable account of the genesis of flying, with its just distribution of honour where honour is due but not always is given; and it is he also who defines so characteristically the quality of the airman in the War. I wish there was space to quote several superb sentences; but this must do. After saying that critics have sometimes blamed the Air Service for lacking in decorum, the historian replies in these memorable words: "The Latin poet said that it is decorous to die for one's country; in that decorum the Service is perfectly instructed." It is not announced who is to complete the unfinished work; but I envy no one the task. He will find himself with a giant's robe to fill.

I hope that the clever lady who forbids me any neater way of referring to her than as "the Author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*" will not feel aggrieved with me when I say that her newest book, *The Enchanted April* (MACMILLAN), reminds me of something else. As the something else is *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, perhaps she really ought to feel that I am paying her a compliment. I suppose the connecting link exists in the fact that her story is a thing of gossamer too—gossamer woven into the shape of every-day modern coats and skirts and trousers, but gossamer of the finest quality for all that. *Mrs. Wilkins* and *Mrs. Arbuthnot* rent an Italian castle for one April and

get the hard-shelled *Mrs. Fisher*, with her reminiscences of the great Victorians, and the beautiful *Lady Caroline*, with her strong objection to meeting anyone to have reminiscences about, to join them and share expenses. Each in her own fashion is an unhappy woman, and for each the month at San Salvatore provides the cure for her hurt and a key to a new beginning. It is extraordinarily well written—that goes without saying; it is witty, human, often very beautiful—again I need not have mentioned that; but what is surprising is that there is no bitterness in it, no serpent under the flowers of San Salvatore—and what flowers they are!

Mr. E. T. RAYMOND differs from Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY in preferring to deal with his people of eminence while they are still before our eyes, so that we can compare the portrait with the original in comfort. And he performs his task so skilfully that even the victims who have been subjected to his scalpel have little cause for complaint. Mr. RAYMOND can write; he can also assume at will those airs of remote detachment and impartial candour which are so invaluable to the composer of appreciations. His book on *Mr. Lloyd George* (COLLINS) is excellent reading. He handles "the most brilliant and picturesque Welshman since Glendower" with all the zest of a worker who thoroughly enjoys his task. I should say he liked dealing with Mr. GEORGE (as he persistently calls him) even more than he liked analysing his more philosophic colleague—"that island surrounded with urbanity." Mr. BALFOUR'S character may have been more subtle, but there is a charm in Celtic unexpectedness. Mr. RAYMOND is always ready with his illuminating phrase, whether he writes of Limehouse and the anti-ducal days, including the famous controversy about the pheasant and the mangold, the pacific LLOYD GEORGE of the Boer War era, or the fiery organiser of victory, who is represented here opposite page 280 with the Duke of ATHOLL leading his pony. He deals faithfully too with a host of other "uncensored celebrities" who march across his printed page—except perhaps when he comes to the type of Balliol product represented by Lord MILNER. A case of imperfect sympathy, I suppose. It is a good book, and the author earns my gratitude for refusing to admit the word "Pacifist" within his covers.

PUNCHIUS CONDUCTING THE SOULS OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL SUITORS TO LIMBO.
After the design by FLAXMAN.

A plain London citizen of the prosaic reign of Dutch WILLIAM, who finds among his late partner's effects a priceless fan, the pledge of some gallant lady's borrowings, and sets out to return it to its owner—what more appetizing overture could you desire to a romance of Jacobites, highwaymen, pursy tradesfolk, skinflint squires, lovely ladies (of indifferent reputation) and vagabond retainers (of fantastic loyalty) than this of Miss UNA SILBERRAD'S? Once astride on the highway to York with *The Honest Man* (HUTCHINSON)—*John Feast*, that Bayard of the counting-house, is known even to gentlemen of the road by no other appellation—you are no more likely than he was to slack saddle-girths until you have rescued *Lady Amelia Otterby* from the desperate intrigues into which her own heedlessness and her husband's villainy have entrapped her; seen the husband himself (in the most suitable and timely manner) scraped off the canvas; and restored into the lady's impoverished hands the original moorland manor-house in which you first learnt to appreciate her sweetness. This, of course, is by no means an exhaustive list of *John's* accomplishments; but, like himself, it is highly representative of a very attractive class. My only quarrel with his able chronicler is that she has aimed at the idiom of her period a thought more conscientiously than is needful in anything short of an avowed autobiography.

It is no easy task to reconstruct a picture from the memories of one's childhood, but Mr. PERCY LUBBOCK, in *Earlham* (CAPE), has vanquished the inherent difficulties. So pleasant indeed is his description of Earlham Hall and its surroundings in the summer that I should like to know how it stood the test of winter; but this—for a most excellent reason—Mr. LUBBOCK does not tell me. As a small boy he was in the habit of spending only his summer holidays at Earlham, which for three generations was the Norfolk home of the GURNEYS. It must surely have been an ideal spot for a child; the house itself, the grounds, the garden (not forgetting the kitchen garden) were of the kind that appeal straight to children; but its chief delight was the most gracious presence of his grandmother. Mr. LUBBOCK is good enough artist not to permit his grown-up self to obtrude in these reminiscences; and it is to this that they owe the atmosphere of reality which gives them their peculiar charm.

I must confess that I found the two neat little volumes of *A Kipling Anthology* (MACMILLAN), prose and verse, not very satisfactory. It gives little comfort or enlightenment to read a mere dozen lines out of *The Maltese Cat* or *Love o' Women*; and the prose passages generally, ranged under the headings, "East of Suez," "Further East," "Adventure," "Servia," "Reflection," "Making of Things," "England," are too short for effective sampling, whether of opinion, incident or style. As to the verse the selection is perhaps a little fairer to author and reader, though it would surely have been more satisfying to have even a few complete poems than such short snippets. They may serve, however, as a reminder for the unwise folk who don't keep by them the collected works, that that's an omission which should certainly be remedied.

"Princess ——, in2 an2 exquisite bridal gown of shimmering satin, was followed by the bridesmaids."—*Daily Paper.*

We like to see the aristocracy setting an example of economy.

CHARIVARIA.

"UNIONISTS defeated by sheer weight of numbers" is a Belfast paper's comment on the Tyrone Election. Irish Elections have never been what they were since the question of mere brute numbers was allowed to intrude.

***

At a luncheon given by Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, M.P., one of the guests found a pearl in his oyster. No political significance is attached to this occurrence.

***

Sir ROBERT HORNE has joined an iron and steel concern. It is expected that, after his experience with taxpayers, he will have no difficulty in squeezing the juice out of these minerals.

***

Sir THOMAS LIPTON has issued a challenge for a race in 1924 for the America Cup. This, it will be remembered, is the cup that cheers but never emigrates.

***

According to "One Who Knows Him," in *The Daily Mail*, the new Caliph of Islam is fifty-four years of age and prematurely bald. By the time he is a grown-up man of about ninety this absence of hair won't be so noticeable.

***

Signor MUSSOLINI is said to allot the doormat to journalists and interviewers. With "*Vale*" on it, of course.

***

According to a weekly paper a Kentish man has been found who can recite eighty poems straight off. Our contemporary acted wisely in not giving the name of the man who discovered him.

***

The conductor and motorman of a South London tramway have not spoken to one another for fourteen years. When he wants the tram to stop the conductor simply rings the bell.

***

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* to say that he heard a skylark singing most cheerily in Somerset last week. We have promised not to mention the glad tidings to Mr. HENDERSON.

***

"Walk if you would live long" is the advice of Dr. BUNDESEN, of Chicago. An optimist who is insured under a newspaper scheme says the advice would be all right if coupled with a few hints on how to have a railway accident while walking.

***

There is this to be said in favour of the pedestrian. The motor-car always wins, but the pedestrian keeps coming back for more.

***

A news item from Allahabad contradicts the recent reports of ENVER PASHA's death. It is said that he is now arranging a series of farewell deaths.

***

In the present House of Commons there is one Communist and one Prohibitionist Member. Among other games permitted at St. Stephen's are dominoes and halma.

***

Laundry charges are to be increased again, it seems. It is possible that some of us will be driven to stropping our own collars.

***

So much liquor has been thrown into the sea by U.S.A. Prohibition officials that ships' officers are now navigating in the neighbourhood by smell.

***

Somebody has discovered that cannibals are very proud of their table manners. It is said that they never think of eating missionary without a fork.

***

Twenty thousand pounds worth of plums and cherries preserved in brandy were destroyed by fire at St. Etienne. Volunteer snap-dragon parties arrived on the scene too late.

Last week at Warwick races the judge gave the wrong horse as the winner. This sort of thing is supposed to be the prerogative of tipsters.

***

"A Medical Man," writing in an evening paper, explains that fogs are detrimental to health. This decides us to give them up.

***

It seems that the hornbill, when its digestion is impaired, is able to get rid of its old crop and grow a new one. This process is known to ornithologists as the rotation of crops.

***

With reference to the rumoured disappearance of Easter Island it is pointed out that this is by no means the first case of the kind. Among islands that have never vanished, on the other hand, is Ireland.

***

We note that one of the new M.P.'s was formerly connected with the swings-and-roundabouts business. The political pendulum should have no terrors for him.

***

A London magistrate has ruled that playing chess for cups of coffee is gambling. Still, we fear that some dashing sportsmen will continue to risk the consequences.

***

"I could not smoke a cigarette for a five-pound note," says Sir JAMES CANTLIE. Anyhow there is not a great deal of money nowadays for this class of event.

***

"Expletives, when used moderately," states a medical journal, "tend to relieve the nervous system and undoubtedly prolong life." This accounts for the large number of clergy who play golf for their health.

***

An American shopkeeper recently obtained a *decree nisi*. Nothing was said however as to who was to have the custody of the Ford.

QUESTIONS THAT REQUIRE NO ANSWER.

The Burglar. "WHAT WOULD YER SAY NOW IF I WAS TER BLOW YER 'EAD ORF?"

Another Headache for the Historian.

At the State opening of Parliament:

"The Prince of Wales walked briskly in a minute before the King and Queen. He has lost all traces of lameness."—*Daily Paper.*

"He was quite lame—the result of his recent injury—and all the ladies gave a sympathetic sigh as he passed on."

Another Daily Paper.

THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH.

["The rivalry of the two parties may lead to an unseemly struggle."
The Times, November 23rd.]

RARE in these restless days of shove and grab
(Each for himself and for the rest perdition)
The picture I had formed of Lib. and Lab.
In the official seats of Opposition—
A happy family, their peace unclouded,
Though possibly a little overcrowded.

Alas! that from the canvas of my dreams
I must erase that transcendental image,
And substitute a sketch of rival teams
Locked nightly in a devastating scrimmage,
Where Liberals play, at hopeless odds with Labour,
That most unseemly game of Squeeze-my-Neighbour.

O, what would GLADSTONE, if returned to earth,
O, what, I ask, would PITT and PEEL and PAM say,
To see an ex-Prime Minister's hallowed girth
Pushed out of shape beneath a battering RAMSAY;
See him allowed in that congested bed
A bare six inches for his massive head?

I do so hate to think of WEDGWOOD BENN,
His breath by HODGE'S ample bulk deflated;
Or simple SIMON (from the Vale of Spen)
By J. H. THOMAS' boot evacuated;
Or ALF reduced—this fills me with despond—
To the dimensions of a semi-MOND.

Ah! could we but retrieve the Age of Gold,
Or duplicate our SAMUEL'S earthly Zion,
The Liberal lamb should couch, as in a fold,
At large amid a thin red line of lion;
And infant ASQUITH—O it *would* be nice—
Should play with little CLYNES, the cockatrice. O. S.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(*By our Fleet Street Flâneur.*)

IT may well be that next week will witness the inauguration of a new era in the theatrical world with Clarence Buskyn's presentation of ——, the play without a title, at the Wychway.

The producer's original intention was not even to give the name of the theatre selected for this audacious experiment; but on consideration he decided to concede this point rather than put the public to the inconvenience of discovering the house for themselves, and perhaps even to the mortification of not finding it at all. As it is, not only the players, but also the dramatist, the costumiers and the scenic artists, will be anonymous. And it will be left to the intelligence of the audience to discern whether the piece is a comedy, a tragedy, a problem-play, a fantasy or a farce.

By these means, Buskyn tells me, it is intended to give —— a chance of running entirely on its own merits, unhelped and unhampered by names and reputations, and playgoers an opportunity of exercising their own unprejudiced critical faculties upon what may be, for all they know—or I either, for that matter—the latest and greatest work of A. W. Dorset Shaugham.

Another daring departure is that the professional critics are to be invited, not for the first night, but for the last, whether it be days or years distant. Buskyn is one of those who take the view that these gentlemen, who have killed so many plays by erroneous diagnoses, would render more useful service to dramatic art by holding *post-mortems*.

* * * *

In these dark days, when every minute between breakfast and tea-time—not counting the sixty or so allotted to luncheon—is very, very precious, the studios are already feverish with preparation for the Spring shows; and it speaks well for the vitality of British Art that there is no sign of slackening effort on the part of our foremost sitters.

The indefatigable Lady Shockravage, for instance, is busily concerned with no fewer than three important works just now. Of these, I hear that the one upon which Argent's brush is employed will be known as "Lady Shockravage from the South-East;" that Lathery's laurels will, if possible, acquire a fresh lustre from a masterpiece to be called simply "Lady S."; and that the name of Phil Gluepot will be associated with a speaking likeness bearing the, to my mind, needlessly evasive title of "Portrait of a Peeress."

Hardly less of a galvanising force in the Art world, in spite of the incessant demands upon her time and energy in other spheres, is Lady Catherine Wheeler, ever an experimentalist; and, as instances of how various types of the modernist mind react to her complex personality, I may mention that she has inspired both Lewisham Wynd's Vorticist abstraction, "Whizz!" and Chipstein's life-size statue in his pre-Assyrian manner, "Dynamic Repose," which is, I hear, approaching completion.

The activities of these ladies may provide food for thought for those who still believe that having one's portrait painted consists of sending along one's photo for a coloured enlargement to be done in oils.

* * * *

Everybody who has participated in them will be delighted to hear that the "Paul Jones" Suppers at the Cricadero have proved so popular that not only are they to be continued there, but, if rumour does not err, the idea is likely to be taken up at most of our prandial resorts.

For the benefit of the uninitiated I should perhaps explain that at a "Paul Jones" meal, if you see at another table a man whose companion or supper seems preferable to your own, you may—being of the male sex—cut in and take his place. In this way some amusing scrimmages take place, and it often happens that one supper has several consumers, or one lady several partners, in the course of half-an-hour.

At the "Crike" last night, for instance, Cora Morant, the famous actress, who philosophically went on with her bird-and-bottle through it all, was squired in rapid succession by Sam Nosenblum, the impresario, Admiral Sir Alderney Prawle, "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation, Major "Hammer" Rhodes, the well-known hunting man, and Captain Alaric Binge, the heavy-weight dancing champion of the Brigade of Guards. I don't know who paid the bill in the end, but from the dishevelled condition of their collars it was evident that none of them had surrendered the privilege without a struggle.

Breaking it Gently.

"Mr. —— said, when his maid brought up his early cup of tea, she placed a note upon the tray stating that there had been a burglary. He then found that their silver had been taken."—*Local Paper.*

"SHALL CASH RULE?

INDIGNATION AGAINST THE FOOTBALL £EAGUE."
Headlines in Sunday Paper.

Our contemporary seems to have caught the commercial spirit of it.

From a review of a recent volume of reminiscences:—

"There is no mention in this book of Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Bonar Law—not even in the index."—*Evening Paper.*

Where one would naturally expect to find anything that had been omitted in the text.

FAREWELL TO THE UNION.

The Accompanist. "I don't know how this piece is going, but, anyhow, *I'm* sticking to the notes all right."

"THERE Y' ARE, BILL—YOU SEE THE GROWLER'S GOT OFF. THAT GIVES YER SOME IDEA OF WHAT TO EXPECT FROM A TORY GOVERNMENT."

A NEW USE FOR RED TAPE.

EVERY Government servant has a warm corner at the bottom of his heart for the Office of Worry and Interference. For him it takes the place of the mother-in-law joke on the stage. To the outsider the behests of the Office might appear likely to cause considerable annoyance, but the initiated know that these behests are seldom capable of practical execution. If an order really looks like business the alternatives are (1) to write and say so, in which case it is at once withdrawn ("error regretted"), or (2) to carry on a correspondence by minute regarding the possibility of its application until circumstances have so changed as to make it palpably absurd.

On the other hand, not everyone knows what red tape is, and, of those who know, not many have ever seen it in the roll. The strain of the War destroyed its hitherto robust constitution and reduced it, through chronic anæmia, to a shadow of its former self. Accustomed to its new pallor, we had never thought to see its rubicund face again. Yet I have to record the history of its reappearance and of the great occasion on which the Office of Worry and Interference nearly won.

The first outward manifestation of up-to-date activity was a circular headed "Vaccination," which set out that "All the staffs of all Government Departments will be vaccinated forthwith." Not much of a loophole there, and the arrangements for the execution of this categorical imperative left no room for doubt that the Office meant business. You can imagine the commotion. Those who had recently been scratched (medically), and had ever since been itching (and trying not to scratch vulgarly) to see others victimised, were, of course, exempt. These dwelt on the horrors they had gone through, and this, combined with the inexorable attitude of the Office of Worry and Interference, induced throughout my department a state of irritation (mental) almost as unpleasant as the similar physical state which was shortly to be expected.

Distraction, however, was provided by a strange human touch, to be applied by the Office, so to speak, to the tender spot. This was the provision, according to a supplementary circular, of "material for brassards for the vaccinated female staff." Much discussion centred round this. Why was the male, whose arm might be just as bad as his female subordinate, to be thus left unprotected against excruciating impacts? Some darkly hinted that it was an election move to influence the women's vote; some, more darkly still, viewed it as an insidious Bolshevist plot.

It was not until afterwards that I learnt the true inside history of the brassards. Miss Pinkerton, my confidential secretary, who should go far as a journalist, has a sister in the Office of Worry and Interference who is engaged to the head messenger there, from whom, under pressure, Miss Pinkerton got the story.

It seems that when Government tape finally went off colour and assumed for good its present pallor, the Permanent Secretary of the Office of Worry and Interference (who was so permanent that he remembered the time when Ministers took less than three hours for lunch) had two large rolls put aside to be deposited at the British Museum as a memorial to posterity of the good old days.

But he could not bear to part with them, and whenever he was feeling low he would totter to the cellar and commune with the relics of a more virile age. On his recent demise (from cumulative shock at the substitution of white slips for buff and the abolition of green ink) his successor found himself burdened with this secret hoard of red tape. Burdened indeed, for no one would now requisition "Tape, red," and he could not destroy it without causing a grave scandal.

Seeing one of his clerks wearing a small red ribbon round his left arm, he was on the point of dismissing him for transgression of Rule 97,381 (Wearing of Political Badges and Favours). The culprit, however, invoking the protection of Rule 852 (prevention of overcrowding and distinctive marking of infected swine) mentioned vaccination. Vaccination—red brassards! The Permanent Secretary's agile mind jumped the intervening steps and fixed on the red tape in the cellar. At last a chance to dispose of it. On a rapid calculation, based on the numbers of Government servants, minus the number of those who could wangle out of it, it was clear that the two rolls would just about suffice for all the female clerks and secretaries.

Not a moment was to be wasted, and such was the astonishment of the Permanent Secretary's immediate subordinates at the unprecedented rapidity of action that no one questioned whence the red tape originated.

And so we come to the arrival of the great day and of the consignment of red tape, ready cut in lengths of 13½ inches at my department. Miss Pinkerton was charged with the duty of distributing the strips as each victim left the hands of her tormentor. She was to set the example by presenting herself as the first candidate at eleven o'clock. At five minutes past eleven Miss Pinkerton entered my room, obviously rather shaken but bearing up bravely. No red tape, however, adorned either arm.

"What is wrong, Miss Pinkerton?" I asked. "Have you failed to set an example to the staff?"

"Oh, no! I've been done all right," she replied with admirable self-restraint, "but I'm afraid the tape will be wasted on us. We—er—hardly—it would—I mean—you see, we're being vaccinated on the leg."

Anyone who wants several thousand strips of tape, red, 13½ inches long, should apply in strict confidence to the Permanent Secretary of the Office of Worry and Interference.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"NINE PORTIÆ CALLED."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Wilfrid (having been warned that he will be fined a halfpenny if he calls his sister a fool again). "MUMMY, I'VE JUST CALLED DORIS A FOOL BECAUSE SHE IS ONE. CHANGE, PLEASE."

IT ALL DEPENDS.

ONE martin's more
In clamorous March
Than swifts ten score
On June's blue arch.

When fog wraps earth
In swathes of grey
A candle's worth
The Milky Way.

When Fortune's struck
And spared us not
A little luck
Looks quite a lot.

When dead leaves throng
The silent dells
A robin's song
Seems Philomel's.

So 'twill be seen
That, great notes mute,
There's hope for e'en
The littlest lute.

Our Modest Critics.

"There is Miss ——, in the last Act so marvellously dressed as to require a notice from less competent hands than mine for that alone."—*Evening Paper.*

"Music-lovers are reminded that the —— Philharmonic Society are now practising Rossini's 'Stubat Hater.'"—*Local Paper.*

We ourselves have always disliked Stubats.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

I.—THE AMAZING PRECINCTS; OR, QUEER SCENES FROM CLERICAL LIFE.

(*Concluded.*)

*By H*gh W*lp*le.*

Book IV.—THE SPIDER'S WEB.

THE new residentiary Canon had more than one visitor that afternoon. He believed in comfort, and usually lay in bed until mid-day, smoking cigarettes and reading the last really good novel from the circulating library. He liked everything that was good, and the interior of his small sixteenth-century house in The Precincts reflected a discerning taste. The study was surrounded by low white-painted bookshelves in which were conspicuous the works of SWINBURNE, RABELAIS, Mr. EDWARD CLODD, RENAN and WALTER PATER. On a writing-table stood an exquisite statuette in bronze, a Ganymede by EPSTEIN. There was only one picture on the wall, a fine study by PIZZARO representing "Fog." The satin cushions on the sofa were striped apricot and black. On the tea-table were muffins and tea.

Canon Roundhead had changed his lilac frieze dressing-gown for a cassock and was wrinkling his smooth forehead over a half-sheet of notepaper which he had picked up from the floor of the circulating library two days ago. It read:—

"DEAR CANON BUSTER,—I love you passionately.

Yours to the end, SOPHY TALLBOYS."

Canon Roundhead was not surprised by the letter, for he had seen enough with his own eyes to be sure that the Archdeacon's wife was in love with her husband's chief adversary in the Chapter. Only he wondered what to do. To be thoroughly comfortable at Lynchester, he reasoned—and comfortable he had been wherever he went and comfortable he always intended to be—it was necessary to get rid of the Archdeacon. The man hectored, and Canon Roundhead did not like being hectored. The Archdeacon had got to go. But would Canon Buster be any more comfortable? If Tallboys was a bigot and a reactionary, Canon Buster was equally zealous for reform. Canon Buster wanted to pull down the Cathedral and hold Evensong in a barn or on the rocks by the sea-shore. Canon Roundhead felt that either would be draughty, and he dreaded draughts.

His meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Canon Buster himself.

"You saw us in the library the other day," he began in a loud querulous voice and without any preamble. "I am in love with the Archdeacon's wife."

"I admire the Archdeacon immensely," replied Roundhead with caution. "Does he approve?"

"I don't know and I don't care. I came here to say that I consider my work in Lynchester far too important to leave. I trust you to reveal nothing of this to anybody."

"Won't you anyhow have a muffin?" asked Canon Roundhead. But Buster was gone.

Scarcely a minute later Lady Cumberbatch filled the room with her staccato voice, her cheerful presence and her three Bedlington terriers.

"Oh, you've got muffins!" she exclaimed. "Let's eat them all and have more muffins! What about the Archdeacon now?"

"I admire the Archdeacon immensely," said Roundhead; "I consider him the leading Churchman in Lynchester."

"A white elephant has just taken off his hat in the High Street and hung it on a hairdresser's pole. You should just have heard the crowd yell."

"A white elephant?" said Roundhead, blinking.

"A circus elephant."

"Did the Archdeacon approve?"

"No, silly man, he swore. I want you to lend me a book before I go."

"Have you read *The Way of all Flesh*?"

Somehow or other as he passed it to her the note beginning "Dear Canon Buster" managed to slip itself in between the leaves. Lady Cumberbatch was then as now the most notorious news-carrier in our little town of Lynchester. In a swirl of Bedlingtons she went away. Canon Roundhead heard her cheery greeting and the diffident response of the Sub-Precentor at his garden gate.

"I say, look here, the Archdeacon——" began the Sub-Precentor, stumbling into the room.

"I admire the Archdeacon immensely," interrupted Roundhead.

"But he won't let me have a new hymn-book."

"Tut, tut," murmured the Canon, folding his fat hands, "how can that be?"

"He says that five lights have been knocked out of the rose window, and that nothing can be taken from Cathedral funds till they have been put back. As a matter of fact, the Dean and I don't mind the glass being out; it lets the butterflies in. So I came to you, because you're Treasurer, to see if——"

"I am sure, with the admiration we all have for the Cathedral music, my dear Sub-Precentor, the Archdeacon must have shown a little haste in this matter. Possibly in a day or two——"

"It's to come up at the next Chapter meeting," said the Sub-Precentor. "I shall have Buster on my side, of course."

"Well, well, we must see what we can do," said the Canon, rubbing his hands softly together. But he reflected as the Sub-Precentor turned to go that it was at least doubtful whether Canon Buster would be there.

He looked out of his window at the fading sky. It was amethyst, without a cloud.

Book V.—AT BAY.

The Archdeacon sat with his fine curly head buried in his hands, his strong back bowed with grief. For some time past he had begun to feel that things were going against him in Lynchester. He was getting less popular. His luck was right out. There was first of all that affair of the elephant. Undoubtedly he had looked a fool. He had been beaten too in the Chapter meeting over the handle of the mowing-machine. And then there was his son, Hulk. Hulk had fallen in love with a barmaid at the Moon and Mackerel, and had run away and married her. The Archdeacon did not mind that so much, but her father, who was always drunk, kept coming to Evensong and making a noise in the nave.

After that came the affair of his own wife.

"I am not going to Evensong," she had said to him quite simply one night.

"You are not *what*?" he had gasped.

"I am not going to Evensong."

"What *are* you going to do, then?"

"I am going pilchard-fishing with Canon Buster, if you must know."

"Then Canon Buster will not be at Evensong either?"

"No, he will not."

And now she had run off to Monte Carlo with the Canon, and he was alone. Her umbrella with the pheasant's head in the hall-stand was the only thing she had left behind.

And then there was that time when he had attempted to slap Canon Roundhead's face in the Bishop's donkey-carriage and had fallen over the back into the road. Roundhead had bested him again. Always Roundhead. Probably it was at Roundhead's instigation that he had been set upon by roughs at the Lynchester Fair and thrown into the Black Dyke. And the Fifth of November, when they had first beaten him and then tried to burn him as a guy in the Market Square . . .

Taking a sheet of foolscap paper he jotted the items down in tabular form. Like this:—

I. Chapter-house. IV. Wife.
II. Elephant. V. Donkey-cart.
III. Hulk. VI. Ducking.
VII. Flogging and burning.

It was almost as if the dice had been loaded. And now, last of all, came this

Visitor. "I WAS SO INTERESTED TO HEAR THAT YOUR SON IS ENGAGED TO THE DAUGHTER OF A CLERGYMAN."
Hostess. "WELL, HARDLY A CLERGYMAN, MY DEAR. MY SON'S FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW IS A BISHOP."

matter of the Sub-Precentor's hymn-book. It was the final throw. If he failed here, thought Tallboys, he could no longer be considered the leading Churchman in Lynchester. Roundhead—ugh!

He decided to go and examine the lights in the rose window for himself. The Chapter was meeting in half-an-hour, and if he could present a report on the urgent need for their restoration he might be victorious yet. A gallery ran under the rose window, and it was even possible to climb up on the tracery round the window itself. He took the key of the triforium and strode out of the house.

But he did not sing.

Book VI.—THE CHAPTER-HOUSE AGAIN.

The Cathedral seemed to hurl itself up into the green sky like a dark dragon of stone, above whose nostrils hung the fiery breath of a single flame-feathered cloud.

There were present at the Chapter meeting Canon Roundhead, the Sub-Precentor and the Dean. The Archdeacon had not arrived, and they waited anxiously for him. The Dean and the Sub-Precentor discussed Bolivian lepidoptera in an undertone, while Canon Roundhead blinked behind his round spectacles and smiled. After about twenty minutes the Dean began in a nervous voice—

"I think, gentlemen, we had better proceed to business. The only matter of importance before the meeting is the Sub-Precentor's hymn-book. Mr. Treasurer, I should be very glad if you would give your opinion."

"I have gone very carefully into the finances of the Cathedral," began Canon Roundhead in a low voice, "and I am inclined to think——"

From somewhere outside came the noise of a rending crash.

All three leapt to their feet. A minute later, Wilkins, the head-verger, burst into the Chapter-house with a face like clouded alabaster.

"The Archdeacon!" he cried. "The rose window! Fallen! Dead!"

They ran into the Cathedral. There by the pink-flushed marble tomb of the Red Bishop lay Archdeacon Tallboys, grasping in his right hand a piece of carved tracery and in his left hand his favourite pocket edition of *Barchester Towers*. Another piece of tracery detached in his fall had struck the recumbent figure on the tomb and broken the mitre from its head.

Chill gusts of air blew in through the open lights of the rose window. Outside the evening had clouded to purple, with one pale green star.

FINALE.

Archdeacon Roundhead, who is taking such a prominent part in the restoration of the rose window, was described to me only the other day by Lady Cumberbatch as the leading Churchman in our little town of Lynchester.

EVOE.

"All the Liverpool candidates in Liverpool were returned with triumphant majorities."
Local Paper.

While congratulating Liverpool, we believe that Manchester (and other cities) can advance a similar claim.

"Lady Shorthand-typist required, in the office of a clerk to the guardians. Must be well educated, and an efficient shorthand-typist. Salary £3 10s. weekly, and dinner daily (subject to deductions under the Poor Law Officers' Superannuation Act)."
Daily Paper.

We hope the P.L.O.S. Act leaves enough dinner to feed the lady.

Cousin Martha (wishing to show intelligent interest). "IS THIS A THREE-DAYS' MATCH?"

THE REFUSALS OF MARGARET.

THE FIFTH REFUSAL.

SCENE—*A secluded hillside which is supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Tusculum. It is a hot summer afternoon.* Margaret *is seated on a boulder designed by Nature in a fit of kindness to form a comfortable resting-place. She has gathered a bunch of wild rosebuds and honeysuckle.* Gerald *is at her feet. He is a handsome man of about thirty-two, who obviously makes the most of his good looks.*

Margaret. Do you really mean to say that we're lost?

Gerald. Hopelessly.

M. Not a moment ago you were sure we should find CICERO'S theatre at the top of the hill.

G. (*calmly*). Apparently it was the wrong hill.

M. (*rather crossly*). But aren't you worried about it?

G. Not particularly. Frascati must be somewhere down there (*he waves his hand vaguely in the air*) and the carriage can't be very far away.

M. Don't be exasperating. I insist on dining in Rome to-night, and I don't propose to wander up and down hills, apparently the wrong hills, for the rest of the evening. You must please discover at once where we are.

G. Please, not at once. I'd much rather sit here and enjoy the sensation of being lost.

M. But I don't enjoy it. This is most incompetent of you, Gerald.

G. We must have neglected to notice a fork in the path. Perhaps it was when you were botanising.

[*He takes up the flowers.*

M. Are you accusing *me*?

G. I'm trying to explain how it happened. Looking for wild-flowers is rather distracting.

M. You were not looking for wild-flowers.

G. I was looking at you. That was still more distracting.

M. (*severely*). Please understand that I'm not at all in that kind of mood.

G. You're taking this badly, Margaret. I assure you we needn't worry about being lost. We shall find our way back to the straight path. One always does. Meanwhile this is very agreeable, don't you think?

[*He looks at her winningly.*

M. (*shortly*). No, I don't.

G. (*pained*). Are you trying to pick a quarrel with me?

M. The quarrel exists.

G. Then don't you think we might make it up?

M. (*inflexibly*). Please don't be foolish, Gerald.

[*They look at one another for a moment and Margaret wins.*

G. Very well, Margaret. But do you think it was quite fair?

M. Fair?

G. Why did you bring me out here?

M. To look for CICERO'S theatre.

G. Come, Margaret—since when were you an archæologist?

M. CICERO was a very important person.

G. That was many years ago. And he wasn't nearly so important as he imagined.

M. No man ever was.

G. I suppose that's one for me.

M. How did you know that?

G. Intuition. I follow your train of thought and pay no attention at all to what you say. I always do that.

M. Yes, Gerald. That's why you're rather dangerous.

G. (*sighing*). Not to you, Margaret, I'm afraid. That brings me back to the point. Was it really fair of you?

M. That precisely was my object. Fair play, Gerald.

G. I don't understand.

M. You will if you think a moment.

G. I've thought a moment, Margaret. No result.

M. What were you doing when I met you the other day?

G. I don't exactly remember. I was probably amusing myself.

M. So I inferred. She was a thoroughly nice girl and I thought it was rather a shame.

G. So you intervened.

M. I'm sorry, Gerald, but it had to be done.

G. Why assume that my intentions were unbecoming?

M. I know you too well, Gerald, and you've had too many intentions.

G. She was very pretty.

M. Was that your only excuse?

G. And she made the most of her prettiness. In fact, it was the old dilemma.

M. Dilemma?

G. Well, what is one to do? A young person deliberately makes herself as attractive as possible and obviously desires to be noticed. Either one notices—in which case, if it happens rather often, one gets a bad reputation; or one refuses to notice, which is even more dangerous. You remember what happened to JOSEPH.

M. I never had much sympathy with JOSEPH.

G. (*drily.*) No, Margaret, I never yet met a woman who had. That's why I couldn't bear to be like him.

M. I suspect, Gerald, that the dilemma is often of your own contriving. Why not try to be a little less fascinating?

G. That doesn't come very well from you, Margaret. There's too obviously a beam in your own eye.

M. I never *try*. People must take me as they find me.

G. But they usually find you rather better dressed than the other women. I run to socks myself.

M. Keep to the point, Gerald. I'm talking to you for your good.

G. Take care, Margaret. It usually begins like that.

M. This is different. Usually they want to reform you for themselves. I'm going to reform you for your own sake.

G. And how are you going to do it?

M. By taking a sympathetic interest.

G. Have you also a bad reputation?

M. People have been seen to shake their heads about me. But I always know when to stop. That's where I shall be able to help you.

G. I see. Every now and then, when I think I am doing rather well, you'll just breathe it into my ear—"Beware the Ides of March," or something like that.

M. Or I might just take you for a walk.

Shopkeeper. "A PICTURE POSTCARD OF BONAR LAW, DEARIE? LET ME SEE—'E'S A JOCKEY, AIN'T 'E? OR AM I CONFUSING 'IM WITH OWEN NARES?"

G. And get lost in the Alban Mountains?

M. No. Next time we'll bring a map.

G. But tell me, Margaret, what have we in common that makes you take a sympathetic interest in me?

M. We're neither of us wicked by inclination. It's because so often there's nothing else to do. One's first idea on meeting a new acquaintance is just to be harmlessly intelligent. One talks about literature and the arts. One discusses people and things. One gets bored.

G. And we find that our companion prefers to be told that she is charming.

M. Or that he wants to propose.

G. And before one knows quite what has happened one has said something rather foolish.

M. In fact the real reason people behave badly is that they can't think of anything else to say.

G. It's due simply to a lack of conversation.

M. And the remedy is obvious. I said I was going to reform you, Gerald.

G. (*ardently*). I'd gladly spend the rest of my life in being reformed by you.

M. (*severely*). Can't you think of anything else to say?

G. No. And it's not that I'm bored—not this time. You're different from the others.

M. (*inflexibly*). I suggest that you now make an effort to find the carriage.

G. (*with a profound sigh*). Very well, Margaret. It's down here on the right. We shall be there in just a quarter of an hour. [*And they rise.*

"The bride went away in a nigger dress."
Provincial Paper.

Surely this is carrying the modern movement too far.

DEMOCRACY AT WORK.

(*Advance Extracts from "The Memoirs of a Private Secretary."*)

I.

I HAVE been studying those bulwarks of Democracy, the Solemn Weeklies. And I see now that when a General Election is held in Great Britain there can be only one result. Our people will invariably return to power by a large majority a Government which they cordially dislike. The Solemn Weeklies have proved it.

One of them proves that no Conservatives were elected—not really.

Another proves that no Labour Members were elected—not really.

A third proves that the whole thing was a farce from beginning to end. It never could have been anything else.

My only regret is that these organs didn't contrive to make this plainer a few weeks ago, when they were clamouring for a Dissolution; then a good many of us might have been spared the futile and exhausting labour of electioneering.

Nevertheless I am inclined to agree with the Democratic Weeklies that Democracy in practice is a farce—a French farce, rather shocking and not very funny. The more I see of it the more I pine for a benevolent Dictatorship; and the more I marvel that any man can still be found to go through the humiliating shattering process of inviting the suffrages of that childish body the Electorate.

Take "Questions," for example. In the old days a Candidate was expected to answer a few questions at the close of his meetings, and that was enough. Nowadays, in addition, every society and organisation in the kingdom sends him a list of questions, varying from five to fifty. The London newspapers send him questions by telegram, and every constituent sends him questions by the post. If there *are* any honest Candidates left, it is no fault of their constituents.

For example, you will admit that it takes a strong man to answer honestly the pathetic cry of the British Society of Undertakers:—

"Will you press the Ministry of Transport to reduce the charges for licences on Motor-hearses and Handies, on the grounds that they are used only for one specific purpose?"

To this an honest Candidate can make but one reply:—

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Slott asks me to say that, while he is in general sympathy with your position, he has not at the moment the exact knowledge of the subject which would justify him in giving a definite pledge.

Yours faithfully, P. HICKS,
Private Secretary."

But, if the other Candidate answers unhesitatingly "Yes," then it is all up. As like as not the two answers are flung upon the screen, twice nightly, in every picture-house for miles around; and you can imagine with what hearty cheers that manly "Yes" is received, and with what boos and hisses the evasive wriggling of Mr. Slott.

That is Democracy. And every post brings the Candidate a sackful of similar pistols—heavily loaded.

The National Poultry Council inquires:—

"Is the Candidate prepared to urge upon the Government the desirability of an inquiry into the collection and preparation of dried and liquid eggs in the country of origin?"

"Will he support the claims of the air in the coming General Election? (*Air League of the British Empire*). Will he consistently support horse-racing as it is at present conducted? (*National Association of Racehorse Owners, Breeders and Trainers*). What does he think about the proposed Registration of Dealers in Salmon, the Futility of Birching, the Legalisation of the Chasuble, about Synthetic Perfumes, Decrepit Horses and ill-regulated Adoption? And will he support the abolition of War, Vaccination and the Safeguarding of Industries Act?"

Best, and most assiduous, was the dear, dear *Daily Excess*. On the Monday a telegram arrived:—

"Slott Puddleton are you in favour clearing out Palestine and Mesopotamia bag and baggage reply editor *Daily Excess*."

Mr. Slott at that moment being engaged with a deputation from the Zionist Association, I ventured to answer it myself:—

"Editor *Daily Excess* London it all depends have you a vote in this constituency SLOTT."

On Thursday we received another telegram in the same terms. We replied:—

"Editor *Daily Excess* London careful scrutiny of register discloses neither you nor your proprietor Lord Otterburn has vote here mind your own business all further telegrams should be reply paid SLOTT."

Three days later we received another telegram:—

"Slott Puddleton in view of Prime Minister's speech at Camberwell are you in favour bag and baggage policy Palestine and Mesopotamia reply editor *Daily Excess*."

It was reply paid. We let ourselves go:—

"Editor *Daily Excess* London as principal bulwark of anti-waste suggest you fritter less money long reply-paid telegrams people who don't know you and don't want to it is very warm for time of year have you read if winter comes SLOTT."

Alas! none of our telegrams were included in that honourable column of sycophantic "replies" which adorned

Small Child. "AUNTIE, WHY DO UNCLE'S LEGS GET SO THIN DOWN BELOW?"

The Daily Excess that fateful week. But we heard no more from that quarter.

Of the inquisitive constituents I like best the ladies—God bless 'em!—the ladies who, having taken no steps to attend any of the Candidate's meetings, having read none of the literature which he has been pumping into their homes for a fortnight, write to him on the day before the poll, when there is no longer time for a reply, and say:—

"DEAR SIR,—I should *like* to vote for you as I do not think Mr. Doolan has a nice face, but will you *promise* to do something for the dear *birds*? . . ."

And most of all I love Mrs. Spindle. Mrs. Spindle wrote five crowded pages in a tiny, spidery, illegible hand, to show (*a*) that she was not one of your foolish gullible female voters, and (*b*) that in no circumstances could she vote for Mr. Slott, much as she would like to do so. She began:—

"DEAR MR. SLOTT,—I have received your Election Address, but I am afraid I am not one of those women who will vote for a man simply because he has a handsome face or because their husbands tell them to. My husband is a civil engineer, we lost all our money in the War through no fault of his own, and when I think of all the *Profiteers* who made money out of *us*, I don't see how I can vote for *you*, not that I mean that *you* are a Profiteer, I don't mean that at all, but I couldn't vote for a *Conservative* again; besides my husband has read your Address and he says it doesn't sound as if you were a *real* Conservative *at all*. We are interested in spiritualism—you don't say anything about that, I *do* think it is important that it should be kept on the *right* lines, we have a medium living next door, and she is *wretchedly* paid; if the Government can afford to spend fifteen *millions* on the persecution of Jews in Russia, as I hear they are doing to this *very day*, I *do* think, *etc.*, *etc.*"

As I say, she began, and continued, thus for five wholly unanswerable pages, dealing not only with the excessive persecution of Jews in Russia, but with the excessive toleration of Jews in England, the League of Nations, the price of butter, the conduct of a missionary in West Africa, the sale of Honours, the sale of Drugs, and other matters.

She concluded thus:—

"Mr. Slott, I feel strongly about these things, so unless you can satisfy me I am afraid I shall have to vote for Mr. Doolan.

Yours truly, MARGARET SPINDLE."

P.S.—My husband has convinced me that you are a really *good* man, so I have decided to vote for *you*."

The darling! A. P. H.

"YOU 'RE SURE THOSE CIGARS ARE ALL RIGHT—QUITE GOOD ENOUGH TO OFFER ONE'S FRIENDS AND SO FORTH?"

"OH, QUITE, SIR. IN FACT YOU COULD *PRACTICALLY* SMOKE THEM YOURSELF."

"SOCIETY ITEM.

On Friday afternoon of this week Mrs. Judge — assisted by some friends will pour tea on her spacious veranda."—*Canadian Paper.*

Very wasteful of her.

At Lausanne:—

"On several occasions yesterday Lord Curzon did not hesitate to make use of the words 'our friends' when referring to the Turks. Thus the distrust of the Turks is being dissipated."
Daily Paper.

Another triumph for the old diplomacy.

"DRAINING BROOKS TO GET BEST OF MOSQUITOES."—*American Paper.*

But who wants 'em?

"FOG IMPRESSIONS.

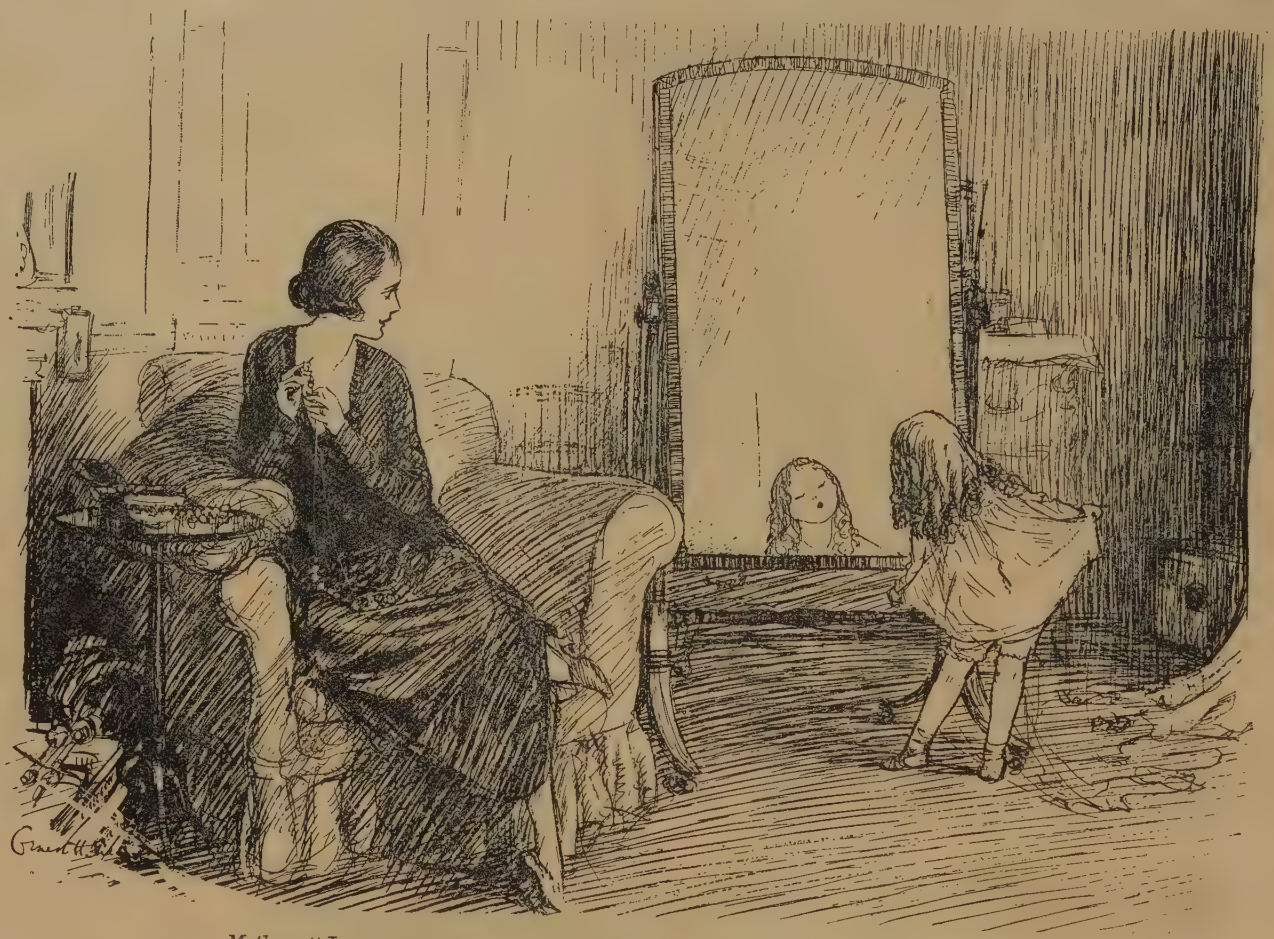
At midday London might readily have been mistaken for the 'City of Beautiful Night.'"
Liverpool Paper.

London must not retaliate by calling Liverpool the "City of Dreadful Nonsense."

"CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

COURT 1.—Before the Recorder, at 10.30.—Calling of Grand Judy."—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. Punch (who has had some experience of the lady's ways): "But will she come when they do call for her?"



Mother. "JEAN, DARLING, YOU MUSTN'T BE VAIN. NOBODY WILL LIKE YOU."
Jean. "OH, WON'T THEY? WELL, *I* SHALL."

THE OLD MAN'S SHOP.

WHEN I am old and pensioned and retired
And permanently laid upon the shelf,
With nought expected of me or required,
Wot ye how I shall occupy myself?

Not golf, not golf, for that way madness lies;
Not books or music or the insipid joys
Of cards or chess; nay, vastly otherwise;
I shall acquire a little shop of toys.

Toys, only toys, and me and only me;
No hireling shopmen there shall condescend;
I shall be master in my nursery;
I shall be seller—sometimes also spend.

There shall I keep unending holiday,
Drawing delight from children's happy eyes,
And, dealing fair, shall earn the right to play
Myself of evenings with my merchandise.

There never shall set foot within that door
Rich *blasés* children sated ere their time,
Sad aged things who find their toys a bore
And yawn in durance through the pantomime;

Nor other sires than, striving, can retrieve
(As I) the lore of childhood in their heart,
Who have not lost the land of make-believe
Or seen the fairies finally depart.

But, when the right child comes with eager tread,
Heart-set on some most costly toy of all,
And the right mother sadly shakes her head,
I shall make magic and the price will fall.

And, when small grubby faces at the pane
Proclaim the envious waif or wistful stray,
These shall be made to enter my domain
And shall not go unsatisfied away.

Then for myself shall follow nights of joy,
The shutters up, a comfortable fire,
Engines and soldiers, every kind of toy,
And mine, all mine, to play with till I tire.

The old enchantment shall again be caught
In youthfulness of heart that setteth free
A magic rare as ever China wrought
Or bearded djinn drew out of Araby. H. B.

Fallen Grandeur.

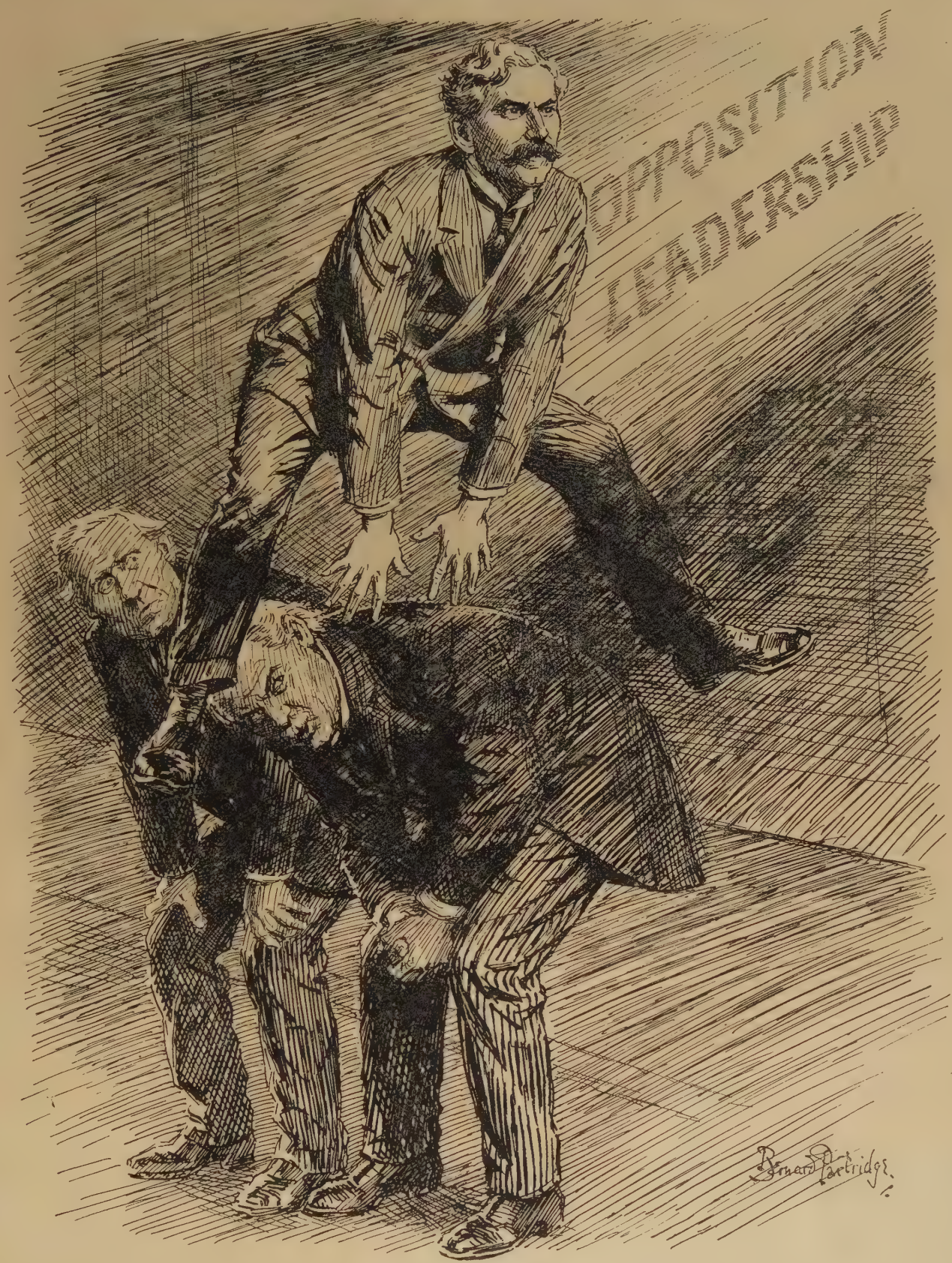
[In his recently published *Short History of the World* Mr. WELLS speaks slightingly of the achievements of the Romans.]

Let Rome with all her laws and learning die,
But give us still our new PUTEOLI!

From the Personal Columns of *The Times*:—

"McW.—Ha! ha!—McT."

It has been suggested that this is a Scottish joke, but a glance at our contemporary's advertising rates has disposed of the theory.



INTO THE LIMELIGHT.

Liberal Lady. "OO'S CHANGED 'ER COLOURS? TURNCOAT!"
Conservative Lady. "TURNCOAT, INDEED! I'D 'AVE YOU KNOW ME AN' MY 'USBAND WAS *BORN* BLUE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 20th.—The best joke of the Elections was provided by the *soi-disant* Communist, Mr. NEWBOLD, who, having been returned for a division of Lanarkshire by less than a third of the votes polled, wired to LENIN, "Motherwell is won for Moscow."

The customary scrimmage for seats on the first day of a new Parliament was even fiercer than usual. The Labour Party, flushed with their successes at the polls, attempted to annex the whole of the Front Opposition Bench, but had to find room for Mr. ASQUITH and Sir JOHN SIMON; while Sir ALFRED MOND, sole representative of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's following, also pegged out a claim there. His chief (who was not present) secured by proxy the corner seat below the Gangway formerly occupied by Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE, Sir CHARLES DILKE—and Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY. It is a good position from which to lead a frontal attack against the Government or to enfilade the official Opposition.

Owing to the change of Government several Conservative Members had to abandon the coigns of vantage they formerly occupied and seek for others. A few, like Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, Sir SAMUEL HOARE and Colonel GUINNESS, had been promoted to the Treasury Bench, and sat there with rather solemn countenances. Lady ASTOR, compelled to leave her corner seat on the Opposition side, was fortunate in securing another almost exactly opposite; though there was—shall I say?—a drop of bitter in her cup of joy when she discovered that she, an enthusiast for Prohibition, was cheek-by-jowl with Colonel GRETTON, the recognised champion of the brewing interest. When the temperance question comes up for discussion some lively duets, antiphonally rendered, should be heard from Bass and Soprano.

Mr. BONAR LAW and Mr. CLYNES led the procession to the House of Lords to hear the Commission read. Some of the younger Labourites were, I fancy, shocked to see that their leader, instead of scowling at the PRIME MINISTER, cordially grasped his proffered hand. At any rate, after the LORD CHANCELLOR had bidden the Commons "repair to the place where you are to sit, and there proceed to the choice of some proper person to be your Speaker," one of them rudely ejaculated, "We will smash all this; we will give you tranquillity." This outburst was not provoked by any reverberating resonance in the LORD CHANCELLOR's voice, or the culprit might have excused himself in SHAKSPEARE's words:—

> "Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
> Else would I tear the CAVE where Echo lies."

On the return of the Commons the Clerk pointed to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, the Father of the House, who thereupon moved "That the Right Hon. JOHN HENRY WHITLEY do take the Chair of this House as Speaker," and addressed to the new Members a well-phrased homily on the value of its historic traditions. This advice, coming from one who had always been in Opposition, was received in silent approval; but when Mr. PRETYMAN, who seconded the motion, proceeded to rub it in, some of the Labour neophytes grew a little restive.

Mr. WHITLEY, in returning thanks, discreetly laid stress on the importance of minorities and the readiness of the House "to listen to any opinion sincerely held." The PRIME MINISTER briefly and unprovocatively conveyed the congratulations of the House; and then Mr. CLYNES, who as Leader of the largest party in Opposition took the *pas*

of Mr. ASQUITH, was careful to insist that his followers had as great a regard for the functions of Parliament as any other Party, and assured the SPEAKER-ELECT that they would always co-operate in maintaining the authority of the Chair.

Tuesday, November 21st.—*Post*, but, I trust, *non propter*, his dignified speech yesterday Mr. CLYNES has already ceased to be the Leader of the Opposition. At a meeting of the Labour Party this morning Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was elected by a small majority (with a Scotch flavour) to fill his place. This smacks of ingratitude, Labour's besetting sin; for, while no one denies Mr. MACDONALD'S ability, there is no doubt that it is largely to the patriotism and moderation of Mr. CLYNES, both during and since the War, that the Party owes its advancement in public estimation, as demonstrated at the polls. But I suppose the Motherwell Muscovite and his "comrades" thought otherwise.

The day was devoted to swearing-in the Members. There was some curiosity to see whether Mr. NEWBOLD would reconcile it with his Communist conscience to take an oath of allegiance to a king; but he did so without turning a hair, though the elevation of only one finger, instead of his whole hand, towards heaven, may have been symbolic of some internal reserve.

Another notable newcomer was Mr. SCRYMGEOUR, the Prohibitionist Member for Dundee and Mr. CHURCHILL'S conqueror. Some disappointment was expressed that he did not appear in an appropriate costume—one composed entirely of blue ribbon, for example. Instead he adopted the frock-coat, once *de rigueur* in the House but now so rarely seen as to be almost the mark of reaction, and—an even greater shock to the Labourites among whom he sits, though he is not a Member of their Party—sported across his ample front a heavy gold watch-chain such as figures in Mr. Punch's pictures of the war-time profiteer.

Wednesday, November 22nd.—More swearing-in.

Thursday, November 23rd.—The KING opened Parliament with full State but with the shortest Speech from the Throne that has ever, I imagine, been composed by a new Cabinet at the start of a new Parliament. Ministers have taken good care that the adage, "Much cry and little wool," shall not apply to them, for beyond an undertaking to carry through the Irish Constitution, to continue and extend the measures taken by their predecessors to ameliorate the lot of the unemployed and (in that connection) to guarantee a loan for the resuscitation of Austria, they have made no promises whatsoever.

It must have been very comforting to Lord SALISBURY, who was acting as Leader of the Peers in Lord CURZON'S absence, to learn from Lord BIRKENHEAD'S peroration that "any capacity he possessed would be used in assisting in their main course the hopes and aims of the Government," as the rest of his speech had rather conveyed the impression that H.M. Ministers were a poor lot, who did not possess the confidence of the country and could not be expected to succeed.

Captain BRASS, the mover of the Address in the Commons, having obtained the ear of the House by a pleasing touch of humour in his opening sentences, ventured upon a little economic lecture, showing how through the ramifications of commerce his constituents in Lancashire might expect to benefit from the proposed loan to Austria. Captain MARGESSON, who seconded, was not quite so daring as his brother-in-arms, but was equally confident that the only permanent cure for unemployment lay in the revival of trade.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD made an effective *début* as Leader of the Opposition, speaking with remarkable ease and assurance, considering that he had only just returned to the House after four years in the wilderness. He might with advantage, perhaps, have omitted his catalogue of the Tory party's sins against Parliamentary propriety—rather in the style of a *Rip Van Winkle* come to judgment, as the PRIME MINISTER observed—but felt the necessity, no doubt, of putting some ginger into his remarks for the benefit of the hotheads behind him. His promise that he himself would "never be a party to such conduct" was however entirely satisfactory.

Judging by the subsequent debate it should not be very long before he has cause to remember his pledge. Mr. NEWBOLD, the Communist, is not, strictly speaking, a follower of Mr. MACDONALD—or of anyone, unless it be LENIN—but his long rodomontade against the futility of constitutional action received a good many Labour cheers. The oratory of the Prohibitionist, Mr. SCRYMGEOUR (clad with singular inappropriateness in a waterproof), was by comparison so mild that his attraction for "Bonnie Dundee" became more than ever a mystery.

Of the Labour Members proper nearly a dozen took part in the debate. But with the exception of Mr. SHINWELL (Linlithgow), whose speech had some "kick" in it, most of them seemed to have come to the House, like Mr. KIRKWOOD (Dumbarton), for the purpose of "smashing the atmosphere," which I take to be very similar to the familiar process of "beating the air."

ST. ANDRA'S NICHT.

The Chairman. "GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU THE TOAST OF SCOTLAND, THAT MEEK AND LONG-SUFFERING COMMUNITY THAT PERMANENTLY GROANS BENEATH THE YOKE OF ANGLO-SAXON DOMINATION."

MR. HOGGE, SIR ROBERT HORNE, LORD BALFOUR, MR. ANDREW BONAR LAW, MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND MR. NEIL MACLEAN.

Echo of the Elections.

Minister. And so you didn't think much of the Tory Candidate?

Scots Farmer. Na, na; nae guid ava. A wheen havers aboot France, but no' a worrd o' Forfarshire.

THE GIRL WHO REFUSED TO BE VACCINATED.

WHEN I make up my mind to a thing I always see it through myself. No amount of personal trouble or inconvenience deters me. The consequence is that the thing is usually done properly and not muddled. I have been told by two people—a palmist and a handwriting expert—that I have a gift for organisation, and I think that perhaps they were not wholly wrong.

So I determined that I, and I alone, would deal with the household in the matter of vaccination.

I knew that if I left the maids to my wife she would be sympathetic instead of firm with any who demurred. I therefore forbade her to interfere in the matter at all. "I will see them one at a time in my study," I said. "If anyone is troublesome I shall soon be able to convince her of her folly. Send Mrs. Messop to me."

The cook was less difficult than I had expected, and the other maids had either been vaccinated recently or showed themselves quite willing to be vaccinated now. I was congratulating myself that my efforts were being attended with their usual success when the last and least of the household, known as Winifred, squeezed herself into the room through the smallest possible aperture and stood before me.

"Does not that door open properly?" I asked, though not unkindly.

"Yes, Sir," she whispered.

"Then another time you should open it when you are going in or out."

"Yes, Sir," she whispered.

"Now, Winifred," I went on, "I wish to speak to you about vaccination. Have you been vaccinated within the last seven years?"

"No, Sir."

"Within the last ten years?"

"No, Sir."

"Then you are no doubt willing, even anxious, to be vaccinated now?"

"Well, Sir—— No, Sir. You see, Sir——"

I held up my hand.

"No, I do not see," I said a little severely. "I shall never see why anyone in his senses refuses to take this simple precaution to avoid a painful and dangerous disease."

"But you see, Sir, I——"

"Do not interrupt me. Painful and dangerous disease, I say. You fortunate young people of to-day know nothing of the horrors of small-pox. It is a dreadful illness, and often most disfiguring. Yes, Winifred, often most disfiguring. Do you wish to be disfigured for life?"

"No, Sir; but you see, Sir——"

"Listen to me," I said. "It is not only a question of your own suffering—that would be bad enough—but if by failing to be vaccinated you were to contract this disease you would through your foolish prejudice and obstinacy be spreading it among your fellows. Anyone who refuses to be vaccinated is a public enemy, Winifred. Yes, a public enemy."

I felt for a moment almost glad that there was one recalcitrant, that I might have an opportunity of exercising my gift, for I think I have a gift, of persuasive eloquence. And I could see that Winifred was visibly affected. She had coloured hotly, she was biting her lip, and I thought for a moment I saw tears in her eyes.

"Well, Winifred, now you understand about it you will allow yourself to be vaccinated, I am sure?"

"No, Sir; I——"

"You will not?" I cried. "After all I have said? And why not?"

"You see, Sir"—and her features by this time were working convulsively—"you see, Sir, *I've had small-pox.*"

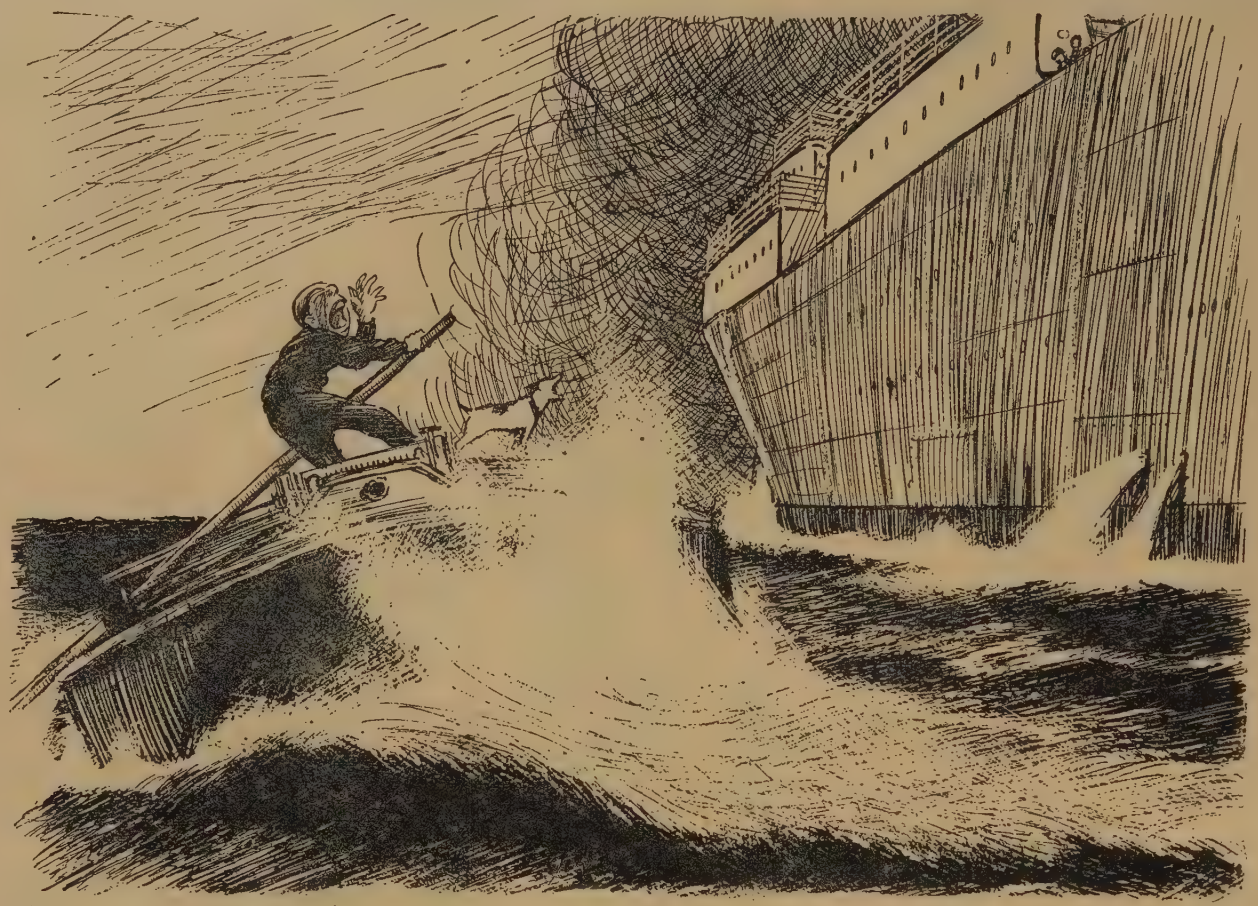
And with that she fled from the room with a strange gurgling sound. A sob, no doubt.

"AND WHAT FOR ARE YE WEARIN' YER BLACKS THE DAY, MR. MCTAVISH?"
"I WAS AT THE BAILLIE'S FUNERAL."
"'TWILL HA' BEEN A GRAN' PROCESSION, LIKELY?"
"AY, BUT VERRA LITTLE ENTHUSIASM."

From a Dutch bulb-catalogue:—

"It is the hyacinth which in the past has laid the lion's share of golden eggs for the Dutch nurserymen, who has made it what it is."

A triumph of cross-breeding.



Bargee (to Captain of swell liner which has passed him rather close). "YOU 'RE WASTED UP THERE, PERCY. YOU OUGHT TO BE SKIPPER OF A WATER-CART."

SOUVENIRS DE VOYAGE.

I.—THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

WHEN you go to Venice by way of the Simplon tunnel the frontier is crossed soon after you leave Brigue, and passports are examined on the train as it bores its way through the mountains, over which, more than a century ago, NAPOLEON'S hordes had tortuously to climb. I don't like tunnels miles long, but being, as I thought, properly visa'd, I sank comfortably back in the cushions and resigned myself to that state of content and anticipation which all travellers should rejoice in as they approach Italy. The shock was therefore the greater when an official arrived with the desolating news that my passport lacked the proper authority and I must return to Brigue by the next train and have it corrected.

I had been travelling for many hours, and the distance to Venice was still considerable; my things were registered through; I had a reserved compartment and all trains were now crowded; my hotel was waiting for me. And now to have to go back to Brigue and wait . . .! It was intolerable.

But also, apparently, it was necessary. You know what these foreign officials are, and this one was carved out of Simplon rock.

I must get out at the next station, he said, and wait till the afternoon train back through the tunnel; and so, murmuring various English equivalents of Kismet, I began to gather together my books and so forth and cram them in the bag and hold-all and prepare to dismount.

But at this moment a stranger appeared, not in uniform, accompanied by the attendant of the *wagon-lit*. In his hand was the passport. "This gentleman," said the attendant, "is a police officer from Brigue"—he looked almost as seedy as the men who peddle bootlaces—"and he can get the passport visa'd for you if you give him twenty-five shillings English money."

"And what will he do with it then?" I asked.

"He will post it to your hotel in a registered envelope."

It was a tempting offer. I hated the thought of going back; I hated even more the thought of not going on; I hated Brigue; but to let one's passport out of one's hands—all my life I had been told never to do that. It is the traveller's unpardonable sin.

Again I examined the man, who had absolutely no presence whatever and was less like a police officer as met in England or France than anything I had ever seen. How was it possible that through him I should be able to override all the passport regulations and proceed on the journey? Every moment he seemed less respectable than before. He now looked like the kind of man who helps a welsher to set up his stand.

But time was getting short: I must decide; so I asked for his credentials, and he produced a very dirty folding card with a photograph in it that might have been himself, and a stamp that might have been official.

As I still wavered the train stopped at the fatal station and he prepared to alight. And, suddenly thinking of Venice and the waters of the Lido waiting for me, I handed him two English pound notes, saying that the change was for himself, and sank again into my seat.

That was, say, Monday. On Wednesday I asked the hotel porter if there was a registered packet for me. None. On Thursday. None. On Friday. None.

On Saturday. None. On Sunday. None. No letters were delivered on Sunday anyway. And by this time I was sure that my passport was gone for ever, and how the dickens I should get another in order to return to England, home and duty I couldn't conceive.

And then on Monday it came and with it a scrap of very grubby paper with some pencil writing on it and an English pound note. The words (I am copying them from the original) were these:—

"MISTER!
Y send you the rest of manay incluset every derengements."

So when DIOGENES comes to me with his lantern and asks for assistance in his search for an honest man, I shall direct him at once to Brigue.

II.—GADBIN II.

I found him a special attraction at the Cirque Medrano, that stronghold of simplicity and primitive fun at the corner of the Boulevard Rochechouart and the Rue des Martyrs: the home of the famous FRATELLINI (*"les Rois de Rire"*), who, after wasting several months of their valuable lives in the uncongenial atmosphere of London *revue*, are now again elaborating drolleries for Parisian nonsense-lovers, among whom, when I am over there, I count myself not the least. It was after their *entrée*, as members of an impossible band, that we all became serious, because the next item was GADBIN II. *"dans son plongeon périlleux"*: words of rich promise in a circus, and not the less so since we had found in the programme a picture of the alarming feat, in which GADBIN II. was seen in mid-air, like St. MARK in TINTORETTO's famous painting, diving from the roof of a huge hotel (the kind that is called "caravanserai" by descriptive writers) towards an odd structure on the ground, while at the windows of the cara—of the hotel the guests watched enthralled, and an immense crowd, expectant and half-paralysed, cheered below.

After a similar structure had been erected in the ring the lights were raised, the band struck up, and a powerful-looking man in tights entered with that glamorous mixture of assurance, popularity, self-esteem, eagerness, enthusiasm and efficiency of which the circus holds the secret. It was GADBIN II. Behind him came his wife, who was, we discovered, to take no more active part in the turn than to be near her lord—perhaps for the last time! For was it not to be a *plongeon périlleux?*

And truly it was made to look so, for the plunger tested every stay before he kissed his spouse tenderly and ascended by a rope ladder to the upper platform high among the great lamps.

The feat was to leap from this point, head downwards, on to a sloping boardway bent like a switchback; and I may say at once that, after various hesitancies and false starts, all calculated to emphasise the danger, the hero did it, and amid thunders of applause bounded off; only, of course, smiling and gratified at being alive, to bound on to the switchback again and off again; and on to it still once more.

"But why," I had been asking myself all through the performance, "why GADBIN II.?" In many years of devotion to circuses and other halls of variety I could remember no such style. Racehorses are sometimes called the second; monarchs too; and we were all at school with minors and tertiuses; but never had I known an acrobat so described.

And then the reason suddenly flashed upon me. This was GADBIN II. because GADBIN the first was dead—*killed in attempting the plunge!*

Did I not say that Medrano's was a stronghold of simplicity? E. V. L.

Admirer. "COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR YOUR AUTOGRAPH?"

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY CAT."

[It is stated that Madame DESTINN, who is on tour in Sweden, has threatened to cancel all her engagements unless the Customs authorities remove their embargo on her cat.]

THE old-time *prima donna*, judging by what we 've heard,
Was in the main a curious if paradisal bird,
Who washed herself in silver and dined off plate of gold,
And led a life recalling the Sybarites of old.

Born with a magic larynx, but very little brains,
And with a perfect genius for never taking pains,
She made a pile of money and chucked it all away,
And never made provision against a rainy day.

For pictures of her follies, her foibles and her "suites,"
Her diamonds and rubies, her pugs and parakeets,
You 'd best consult the memoirs of MAPLESON, who knew
The type from close experience, "monster and charmer too."

The modern *prima donna*, upon the other hand,
Since WAGNER the "canary and cadenza" pattern banned,
Is industrious and thrifty, never runs upon the rocks,
And invests her ample earnings in the best of gilt-edged stocks.

She sings with equal comfort in half-a-dozen tongues,
Displaying an intelligence that 's equal to her lungs,
For she also takes an interest in EINSTEIN and in FREUD,
And by sentimental novels is exceedingly annoyed.

But in spite of all these changes in woman's heart and head
The unregenerate *diva* is not completely dead;
Witness the news from Sweden and DESTINN's final, flat
Resolve and ultimatum about her favourite cat.

Philosophers will doubtless her action reprobate
As running wholly counter to a hygienic State,
And yet life would be duller, less fruitful in surprise,
If every *prima donna* were normal, sane and wise.

In a Good Cause.

I.—PICTURES AND BENEVOLENCE.

EVERY half-crown that is spent as the open-sesame to the Old Masters at the Agnew Gallery goes in its entirety to Lord HAIG's fund for ex-service men of all ranks. Thus the same coin serves one of the best of charitable causes and spreads a feast of delight. No more interesting small exhibition of great paintings can ever have been assembled. You may range from REMBRANDT to GAINSBOROUGH, from VAN DYCK to VERMEER. There are Venetian scenes by TURNER, a stormy landscape by KONINCK and a tender landscape by VAN GOYEN. RUBENS was never a finer portrait painter than in this room. And for the *cognoscenti* there are problems, none the less amusing because they can never be solved, including a Titian that might be a Giorgione. This particular picture, by the way, is dated 1502. Little could its author think, as he laid the glowing colour on, that four hundred and twenty years later it would help to bring in money for English soldiers in distress! We never know our luck.

II.—TITANIA'S PALACE.

Higher up Bond Street, at Humber House, "Titania's Palace" is now to be seen: that marvellous miniature home of the Fairy Queen which the latest and most benign of mythologists, Sir NEVILE WILKINSON, has invented and designed and very largely himself constructed and decorated. Readers of Sir NEVILE's two books, *Yvette in Italy* and *Grey Fairy*, are familiar with the purpose of the Palace, but for the uninitiated it should be stated that its aim is to promote sympathetic thoughts and deeds among children; virtue in this case not being, as usual, self-sufficient, but being rewarded by certain diplomas, orders and badges very gratifying to young people to receive. The two charitable societies which at the moment are the chief beneficiaries under Sir NEVILE WILKINSON's kindly pretty scheme are the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Waifs and Strays.

Mr. Punch is desired to remind the public that the Ypres Ball, organised by the Ypres League, will take place at the Albert Hall on Thursday, November 30th, under the patronage of the PRINCE OF WALES, with Princess BEATRICE as Chairman of the Committee. It has been organised by the Ypres League as a Reunion in aid of the League funds and in particular for the establishment of a Hostel and Club House at Ypres. A percentage of the net profits will be given to Earl HAIG for the funds of the British Legion. There is to be a Pageant of "Eastern Queens of the Ancient World," an exhibition of Military Highland Reels and Sword Dances, and a performance of the Rope Trick by an Indian Fakir. Many Divisions which served in the Salient are taking Boxes.

Tickets for the Ball (including Supper) at £2 2*s.* single, and £3 13*s.* 6*d.* double, and tickets of admission to view, at 7*s.* 6*d.*, may be obtained from the Ypres League Ball Organiser, 100, Eaton Place, S.W. 1 (Telephone, Victoria 5446).

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IX.—APIS.

THE roses grow in Babylon. On slab of moistened clay
A priest is gashing line and arc to cross each other's way;
His pointers nick the path of Bel as moons have waxen full,
And in its opening moon he stabs the emblem of the Bull.

The roses blow in Memphis. From north, west, south and east
Press Egypt's swarthy multitudes bedizened for the feast;
Mid clash of cymbal, twang of lyre and trumpet's warning blare
The Bull God, Ptah incarnate, is passing through the square.

The roses blow in dusty Arles. Each sunlit Eastertide,
From street to street, from house to house, from door to door flung wide,
Bedecked with wreath of laurel, beribboned to the knee,
A Bull is led, and on its back a child laughs merrily.

The roses blow in England. On meadow lands in June,
Gold-spangled in the sunshine, blue-misted in the moon,
The drowsing shorthorn nods and dreams, asprawl upon the green,
Of Apis, King and God of kine, of Hathor, Goddess-Queen.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"In all his peregrinations at home and abroad there were few occasions when Mr. Lloyd George was not accompanied by his Achilles Fides."—*Welsh Paper.*

Almost as indispensable as his Achilles *tendon.*

"NOTICE TO FARMERS AND PIG FEEDERS.

I will convey Pigs by motor lorry to Cork any day at moderate charges. Owners will be taken free."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

In Southern Ireland the pig will now be known as "the gintleman that pays the fare."

THE OLD CLOTHES WOMAN AND HER BLACK BAG.

"I THOUGHT I'D BETTER COME IN ANSWER TO YOUR LETTER, MADAM, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S NO GOOD AS I'M OVER-STOCKED ALREADY—

"JUMPERS—OH, THEY'RE VERY LITTLE USE TO ME, MADAM—

"SKIRTS? OH, I DOUBT IF I COULD DISPOSE OF THEM, MADAM. HAVEN'T YOU ANY HATS?—

"IS THIS THE BEST YOU CAN DO, MADAM? HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY TROUSERS?—

"SHOES? NOBODY WANTS SHOES, MADAM. NOW IF THEY HAD BEEN BOOTS—OR TROUSERS—

"OH, BUT THESE HAVE BEEN WORN, MADAM. THEY'RE NO USE—

"BRAND NEW? YES, BUT THEY'RE CHECKS. CAN'T YOU FIND ANY STRIPES?

"WELL, MADAM, THESE THINGS ARE PRACTICALLY USELESS; THEY'RE A LOSS TO ME AT FIVE SHILLINGS. BUT I'LL TAKE THEM TO OBLIGE YOU."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LAUGHING LADY" (GLOBE).

I SUPPOSE you might call *The Laughing Lady* a problem play: the problem—is love well lost for duty and kindliness? And if so, need it mean going back to a husband who not only bores you hopelessly, but lightly divorces you at the instigation of your mother-in-law, you being entirely innocent? But I don't think it unjust to assume that Mr. SUTRO was more concerned with the witty fabric and neat seams of his work than with the soundness of his answers to ethical riddles. His solutions had the air of having been drawn casually out of a hat as it were. So let no one suppose this piece is over-weighted with any heavy sense of the need of discussing serious problems in a serious time. On the contrary we have got back to pre-war flippancy, and very agreeable and laughter-moving it all is.

Somebody or other had asked *Lady Marjorie Colladine* to dinner for that particular evening. It so happened that *Lady Marjorie* had been divorced with every circumstance of ignominy in the afternoon, and her hostess had consequently a sudden attack of influenza. Other friends had similar visitations. So a rather depressed *Marjorie* rings up her dear old muddle-headed friend, *Hamilton Playgate*, to know if she may come. Of course, of course. But will *Caroline* (*Mrs. Playgate*) mind? Certainly not. She is to come at once. And it was only when he had rung off that the poor man remembered that the *Farrs* were coming. And *Caroline* did mind. For it was *Daniel Farr*, the brilliant K.C., spoken of as a coming Attorney-General and all that, whose relentless cross-examination of the respondent, as indelicate and brutal as it was effective, had torn her defence to pieces and made the evening papers so intensely interesting to her friends.

But *Lady Marjorie* doesn't intend to be crushed. She is to be the *Laughing Lady*. Nor does she flinch from *Farr*; on the contrary, determines by feigning forgiveness to make a conquest, and then to inflict punishment.

By the end of dinner he is in a state of bewildered happiness. He confesses that he believed every word of her evidence, but professional etiquette insisted that he should win his case at any cost to her reputation and to truth—which is putting the claims of professional etiquette pretty high.

By the end of one rubber of bridge—they had cut out—his heart is hers to do as she likes with, and he is consulting her with desperate seriousness about a vital decision which affects his career. Such attractively naïve and impulsive gentlemen may conceivably be called to the Bar, but I doubt if they are of the stuff of which Attorney-Generals are made. Of course the explanation offered is that, though he has been married for twenty years, he has never had time to be in love. Hence this sudden collapse; and the problem—for you needn't wait to be told that *Lady Marjorie*, feigning love, has fallen into the pit which she herself has digged.

THE UNLAUGHING GENTLEMAN.

Outraged Husband. "WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THE LADY? SHE'S MY DIVORCED WIFE—NOT *YOURS*."

Daniel Farr, K.C. . . . . MR. GODFREY TEARLE.
Sir Hector Colladine . . . MR. BRIAN GILMOUR.
Lady Marjorie Colladine . MISS MARIE LÖHR.

As to solutions, *Sir Harrison Peters*, a war profiteer and the most abrupt seducer I have ever seen on the cisponteine stage, suggests a Wolseley, a flat in Cavendish Square and ten thousand pounds in her bank. He narrowly escapes being kicked down the stairs by *Sir Hector Colladine*. *Sir Hector* doesn't see any problem. He has made a mistake and comes to say so. His intellect is not up to the feat of realising that *Lady Marjorie* is no longer his wife, or of seeing any incongruity in vehemently upbraiding his own counsel, *Daniel Farr*, for his conduct of the case—a brilliant flash of genuine comedy. *Sir Hector* in fact is not helpful.

Farr's suggestion is: South America at once. While *Mrs. Farr* has yet another for her: "Why go away? Why ruin his career? I have been expecting you—or someone like you—for twenty years. He has never loved me in this romantic way. I am older than he is, and plain. Why not take him and give him back to me when you 've done with him?"

"You mean that I am to become his——," says *Marjorie*, white with horror and totally unable to pronounce the fatal word. *Mrs. Farr* bows. An admirable passage, played with great simplicity and sincerity by Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, who wore her exquisite black and cloth-of-silver gown like a goddess, a little discounting poor *Daniel's* excuses on the score of her plainness.

Lady Marjorie, thoroughly shaken by *Mrs. Farr's* disconcerting sanity and touched by her distress makes a discovery. "This is not love," she tells *Daniel*; "men give it a harder name." Thus is poor *Daniel* lumped in with *Sir Harrison Peters*, and not unnaturally protests. But still he staggers blindly out of the flat back to *Mrs. Farr*, and *Marjorie*, out of what looks like a mistaken sense of duty, decides to renew her life of inexpressible boredom with her ex-husband. Not the liveliest or most reasonable of endings. Why drag in *Sir Hector* again?

A most diverting comedy nevertheless, admirably put together. Perhaps the rather overweighted pediment of the Third Act was just a little too heavy for the slender pillars of the First and Second, and I thought the audience was perceptibly dashed by *Lady Marjorie's* decision. But a continuous responsive laughter greeted the frequent sallies.

Mr. SUTRO was happy in his interpreters. Miss MARIE LÖHR is better suited where her energy and vivacity have full scope, as here in the first two Acts, than in more solemn parts, and her performance was an interesting one. Every line of Miss EDITH EVANS' part, as the cat with pleasant patches, was enriched by her personality and her unfailing sureness of technique. A brilliant performance. Mr. SUTRO treated her well, and she repaid him with interest. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, as the K.C., had a difficult hand. It would have been easy to have made *Farr* less credible, even incredible. Mr. HERBERT ROSS, Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, Mr. JULIAN ROYCE and Mr. BRIAN GILMOUR well kept up the standard of a good team. A delightful evening, in fact. T.

Late Political Agent. "WELL, MACKINTON, I HEAR YOU VOTED AGAINST US AT THE ELECTION. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU BEING A CONSERVATIVE."

Mac. "WEEL, YE KEN, MA FAITHER WAS YIN, AN' MA GRANFAITHER WAS YIN, AN' MA GREAT-GRANFAITHER AFORE THAT."

Agent. "AH—AND WHAT IF YOUR FATHER HAD BEEN AN IDIOT, AND YOUR GRANDFATHER AN IDIOT, AND YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER AN IDIOT?"

Mac. "WEEL, THEN, SIR, I MICHT HAE BEEN A LEEBERAL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

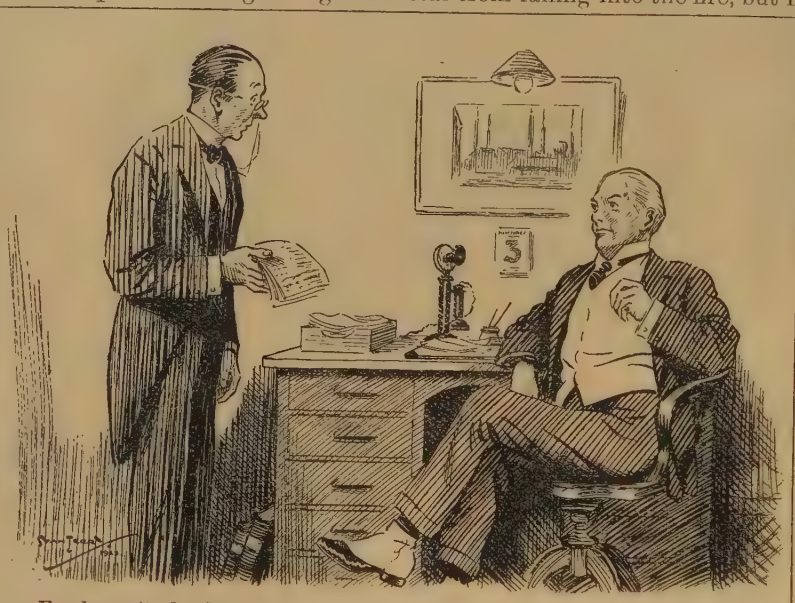
NOT every reader will agree with me, but in my judgment Volume II. of *The Autobiography of Margot Asquith* (BUTTERWORTH) is a very much better book than Volume I. The defects of the author's sparkling qualities are still visible, but they are less prominent than before. As I don't imagine she has paid much attention to the criticisms lavished upon her former work, this is probably due to the fact that the present volume deals with events—the War and all that preceded and followed it in the political world—of such magnitude as to keep in check a too exuberant *ego*. Not that she is ever dull, but she writes here, speaking generally, with a sense of proportion and rarely kicks over the traces of good taste. Volume I. had a heroine—herself; Volume II. has a hero—her husband; and, after making all allowance for wifely love and devotion, I think most readers will put down the book with an enhanced feeling of admiration for the man who was Prime Minister for eight trying years and who never whined when driven from office, but bore himself as imperturbably in exile as in power. Of the agent of his fall Mrs. ASQUITH says little. There is a certain "*X*" who appears in her pages, usually with unfavourable comment, about whose identity the reader may make a shrewd guess. But one may charitably hope that Mrs. ASQUITH may sometimes have erred in her estimate. Taken as a whole her book is a help to the true understanding of the spacious times with which it deals. The letters alone—notably a beautiful one from Viscount GREY—give it permanent value.

I have always understood that the passions—love, hate, anger, fear and the rest—were in themselves neither good nor bad; it all depended on the turn you gave to them. On this hypothesis I find it hard to congratulate *Ann Severn* and *Jerrold Fielding*—as I am afraid Miss MAY SINCLAIR intended that I should—when *Jerrold's* piteous little wife, realising that she is "the one flaw" in "the beauty of their passion," curtseys herself out with suitable apologies, leaving the hitherto furtive lovers "hand-in-hand, like children" awaiting a divorce. You see *Ann* at one time assures *Eliot*, the best and most sagacious of the three *Fielding* brothers, that her love for *Jerrold* "isn't anything physical;" just as she had assured him previously (and in that case with truth) that she was not the mistress of his brother *Colin*. Yet, apart from its physical manifestations (and I found these a little trying myself), there was nothing to prevent *Ann* settling down to a life-long continuance of her love for *Jerrold*, with the entire acquiescence of his wife, *Maisie*. The childhood of *Ann*, *Eliot*, *Jerrold* and *Colin*, and the tender little vignette of *Maisie*, are charmingly drawn. The weakness of *Ann Severn and the Fieldings* (HUTCHINSON) is its attempt to retain the grown-up *Ann*—a woman almost wholly lacking in a sense of spiritual proportion—as the pivot of a series of essentially moral problems.

As far as I can make out there are two of Mrs. ROSITA FORBES: one who wrote *The Secret of the Sahara*, which was a very attractive travel-book, and one who wrote *The Jewel in the Lotus*, which was a not very attractive novel. And now the two have collaborated over *Quest* (CASSELL), in which a brilliant tapestry of Syrian *Reisebilder*, the work of the first, is continuously and superfluously botched with patches of melodrama from the hand of the second. Very likely this *Jekyll*-and-*Hyde* business is the result of an unlucky diffidence on Mrs. FORBES's part. She cannot credit the heightened appeal which her glimpses of post-war Palestine and Syria, of Jaffa, Sarona and Jerusalem, Damascus, Palmyra and Beyrout, would possess if divested of the escapades of her fictitious *Ann Buckleigh*—escapades which range from an indiscreet exploiting, and equally indiscreet flouting, of the English Secret Service, to sentimental encounters with a series of diplomatic and military swains. Yet the book is well worth reading for its descriptions of Damascus alone—the narrow *suqs* overflowing with golden fruit and golden sweetmeats, and the secluded orchards where curiously modern-minded young women sew, study, and teach under apricot-trees in full bloom. And there is considerable shrewdness in much of *Ann's* political comment; above all in her final word upon The Promised Land, "that it has been altogether too much promised."

Mr. GERARD HOPKINS' hero, *Evelyn Rendle*, is a budding novelist and one of the darlings of an obscure and precious Chelsea clique. Salvation—if it be salvation—comes to him by wooing and marrying *An Unknown Quantity* (CHATTO AND WINDUS)—*Joyce Linnet*, who was his agent's typist and lived in virtue at Clapham Junction. She had the air of a pretty simpleton, and *Evelyn's* noble notion was so to mould her character and alter her manners (which on the whole are tolerable, save that she does extend her little finger a little too obviously when drinking her tea) that she might take her place beside him and share his high destiny of despising success but winning "recognition" from the best people. But it is *Joyce* who does the moulding, twisting him round her little finger out of the Chelsea group of unsuccessful, untidy, promiscuous studio-dwellers, and into the dining-rooms, almost as dull, of lesser Mayfair and the company of best-sellers and the makers of best-sellers. *Evelyn* even learns to play golf, and the triumph of Philistia is complete! A novel sincerely felt and carefully worked out. One may have doubts as to whether *Evelyn* would have attracted all the attention he here receives from his friends and critics. But perhaps Mr. HOPKINS, who certainly has no illusions about him, is the best judge of that. Admirable is his treatment of *Evelyn's* hectic wooing.

I imagine that many novel-readers who are neither prudes nor prigs may find themselves not altogether in sympathy with the theme of *Cytherea* (HEINEMANN), but none can doubt that Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER has here beaten his own record for able writing. Before *Lee Randon*, of Eastlake, U.S.A., bought *Cytherea* (who was a most beautiful doll), he had been a prosperous, middle-aged man with a wife (*Fanny*) and two children. It was a bad day for *Fanny* when *Cytherea* took up a permanent position on the overmantel of the dining-room fireplace, for *Lee* had never seen a woman with so magnetic and disturbing a charm. *Fanny* was stupid and exacting, but the morals of the society in which she lived were lax enough to excuse the sharp eye that she kept on her husband, if only her tongue had been less tiresome. *Lee* was becoming more than a little bored by her when he had to go to New York to prevent a celebrated film actress from intriguing herself beyond redemption with his nephew-in-law. Here he met *Savina Grove*, and she reminded him of *Cytherea*. He had saved the film star from falling into the fire, but he himself was quickly in the furnace. I think that Mr. HERGESHEIMER might, in the scenes between *Lee* and *Savina*, have shown more reticence without doing the least harm to his effective picture of a couple of elderly people in the throes of a great passion. *Lee* says ultimately that he had thought *Cytherea* to be "the image of a happy personal fate that, somehow, I had missed, but might still catch up with." His pursuit should discourage middle-aged men from undertaking similar excursions.



Employer (to head clerk). "OH—ER, JONES, I HEAR THAT WILLIAMS COMPLAINS OF FEELING ILL THIS MORNING. AS THERE IS A CUP-TIE THIS AFTERNOON YOU'D BETTER SEE HIM HOME YOURSELF AND BRING A RECEIPT FOR HIM SIGNED BY HIS WIFE."

If our contemporary writers of short stories had to undergo such a severe test as befell the hero of *Kai Lung's Golden Hours* (GRANT RICHARDS), it is permissible to think that several of them would pass quickly to what Mr. ERNEST BRAMAH calls "The Upper Air." *Kai Lung* was by profession "a relater of imagined tales;" but unhappily he incurred the enmity of *Ming-Shu*, who was the vizier of the mandarin *Shan Tien*. This last was an autocrat with a taste for being diverted, and when *Kai Lung* was brought from prison to be sentenced for the crimes of which *Ming-Shu* falsely accused him he always succeeded, with the help of an adoring and adorable maiden in telling the mandarin such a delightfully apt story that his life was from time to time spared. And *Ming-Shu* got angrier and angrier at these postponements. Both in form and in style this volume is a great achievement. Readers unacquainted with Mr. BRAMAH'S art may at first be only amused by the quaintness of the language, but very soon its perfect appropriateness will also be recognised. I have spent golden hours in reading those of *Kai Lung*.

"On and after Sunday the buses which now run on Sundays between Chipping Ongar and Elephant and Castle will be curtailed at Abridge."—*Evening Paper.*

The very place for such an operation.

CHARIVARIA.

THE medical authorities are believed to have the outbreak of vaccination well in hand.

***

Mr. EDWIN SCRYMGEOUR, the Prohibitionist M.P., has admitted that he fell asleep in the House recently. The fact that nobody attempted to awaken him suggests that Members know their business.

***

A Rome message reports an earthquake shock in Italy. We remain calm because there is always the chance that it was only Signor MUSSOLINI dropping a hint.

***

A gossip-writer remarks that there are a good many dances on the *tapis* just now. We do not, however, predict a great vogue for the carpet-hop.

***

We note that the exhibition of the skull of a mammoth at a scientific meeting of the Zoological Society was attended by Mr. H. G. WELLS. Very interesting for purposes of comparison.

***

In connection with a forthcoming nautical play a parrot is being sought which can use appropriately strong language. There should surely be no difficulty in finding one in the habit of screaming, "What is the —— use of a —— battleship?"

***

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, we read, will spend some of his holiday in Spain. Being in need of a little restful recreation, it is thought that he will probably take up bull-fighting.

***

A three-year-old boy of New York City is said to speak three languages. When he grows up and realises that his country is dry he won't have a word too many in his vocabulary.

***

The Parisian lady who paraded the streets in pyjamas in order to be arrested evidently thought there was some law against women over-dressing themselves.

***

According to a contemporary Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's new headquarters were formerly occupied by a fishmonger. But if we know the fish trade the previous occupier won't let that prey on his mind.

***

A marmoset at the Zoo has been named "Lloyd George." We expect the animal brought it upon itself.

***

In the Divorce Court recently Sir HENRY DUKE made absolute one hundred and sixty-seven decrees *nisi* in one day. An American view is that the famous judge was either out of form or must have stopped for lunch.

***

It is expected that Mr. HENRY FORD will stand for the Presidential election. So long as this keeps his mind off his other business we have no complaint to make.

***

Mr. FORD, by the way, is said to build a car every seven minutes. It is too often.

***

A man who claims to have tamed wild lions, tigers and leopards is advertising for a situation. We understand, however, that he absolutely refused to tackle a young haggis on Thursday last.

***

Haggis weighing seven hundred and eighty-five pounds is said to have crossed the Border for the St. Andrew's Dinner at the Savoy Hotel. The *Daily Express* reminds us that this is the largest quantity of haggis ever released for south of the Tweed. So long as Scotland accepts the blame we shall not let it disturb our so-called tranquillity.

***

An American variety artist claims to be able to make himself appear to be twice his real size by means of an optical illusion. There is some talk, we understand, of inviting him over here in order to make him an honorary therm.

***

During recent blasting operations in a Cornish quarry, traces of coal were discovered amongst the slate. We ourselves came across a bit the other day in the last load our coal merchant left us.

***

According to a personal paragraph one of the newly-elected M.P.'s has become inseparable from his silk hat. Newly elected M.P.'s are peculiarly liable to this; and there seems no remedy short of an operation.

***

"To preserve a tooth with a dental abscess," says Colonel Sir WILLIAM H. WILLCOX, "is like nursing a viper to one's breast. It is sure to bite." Anyhow, it may be rash enough to try.

***

"The Latest Thing in Dental Chairs" is a headline in a professional journal. Well, we are grateful to know that it isn't us.

***

Among the paintings by a Russian artist which are now being exhibited in London, one, we read, is entitled "John the Terrible." Can this be a portrait of a distinguished brother brush?

***

A famous Admiral is reported to have been mistaken for an actor by a lady who saw him on a railway-station platform. This error is very rare in the case of gentlemen who are seen on the stage.

***

A rumour is current in military circles that Mr. LOVAT FRASER is being fed on raw meat again.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"He looked into her eyes, heard there the music that has no sound, the eloquence that has no words, then she was in his arms, and the kiss he had stolen became as the camel that leads the caravan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]"

We feared as much.

Undergraduate. "I'VE DROPPED MY NEW MEERSCHAUM PIPE, SIR. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING OF IT, HAVE YOU?"

Near-sighted Professor. "WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, SIMPSON, I DID THINK THAT LAST SHOT OF MINE BEHAVED RATHER ODDLY."

WANTED, A GOLFERS' TRADE UNION.

As an occasional golfer with a handicap of eighteen, I am disturbed to read GEORGE DUNCAN'S suggestion for making British golfers the equal of American. DUNCAN, during his recent trip in U.S.A. with ABE MITCHELL, was greatly impressed by the earnestness of American golfers, and on his return is reported as observing that "we should now have to stop playing at golf and start working at it." My own feeling is that too many of us do this already; and personally I should regret to see an extension of the habit. I can only suggest that those who view the prospect with misgiving should signify their disapproval in the usual fashion by forming themselves into a Trade Union. In view of this threatened campaign for increased output they should band themselves together to maintain the sacred principle of "ca' canny." I suggest the immediate establishment of a National Union of Journeymen Golfers, with the following code of rules:—

Rule 1.—All members of this Union shall be required to pledge themselves to uphold by word and deed the royal and ancient conception of golf as a recreation rather than a career.

Rule 2.—No member of this Union shall be permitted to play before eight o'clock in the morning or after nine o'clock at night. Even on summer holidays sufficient time off shall be allowed for meals.

Rule 3.—The following shall constitute an adequate set of tools:—

1 Driver. 1 Putter.
1 Brassie or Spoon. 1 Niblick.
1 Cleek. 1 Mid Iron.
2 (at most) Mashies.

One jigger may be substituted for the cleek at the discretion of the player. Any member of this Union who is found collecting strange implements like baffy-niblicks and mashie-spoons shall be placed out of benefit for such time as the Executive Council may decree. If he still persists in accumulating hardware of this description, the attention of the National Union of Operative Caddie Masters shall be drawn to his conduct so that necessary action may be taken to ensure that henceforward he shall carry his illegal collection of fire-irons for himself.

Rule 4.—Members are strictly forbidden to produce text-books on the links or to plot out the position of the feet with a tape-measure and chalk. In the address wrist-waggling shall be limited to ten passes backwards and forwards over the ball. Not more than three minutes shall be allowed for the examination of the line of any one putt.

Rule 5.—Each Local Branch of the Union is hereby empowered to compile and keep up to date a black-list of all scabs and blacklegs who

(*a*) have been known to play three rounds a day;

(*b*) practise putting on the drawing-room carpet;

(*c*) turn up their noses at honest members of this Union with handicaps of 12 and higher, or

(*d*) in any other way defy the above Rules, whether in the letter or the spirit.

Any branch shall be at liberty to picket the club purlieus and endeavour by peaceful persuasion to cut off the supply of partners for characters of this type.

Rule 6. (The Golden Rule.)—The nineteenth hole is as important as any that precede it, and shall be recognised as such in any properly constituted match.

I think that will do to be going on with.

HOW TO INTRODUCE A SONG.

I SEE that a play has been recently written by Mr. KNOBLOCK, in which the songs are "introduced naturally from situations that arise" (*sic*). It seems to me that the words which I have quoted convey a covert sneer at the methods hitherto employed in musical drama.

Now, I hate that sort of professional jealousy. What is wrong with the old-fashioned way of leading up to songs, anyhow? What could be more natural, for example, than the introduction of the usual duet (with chorus) of the Prince and the Dairymaid?

There are all the twenty-four Dairymaids chatting noiselessly at the rear of the stage, as is their wont, in groups of three and four. There is the Chief Dairymaid (distinguished from the rest by her teeth, her geographical position and her gold-bound bucket); and there is, of course, the Prince.

What could be more true to life than that the Chief Dairymaid should remark casually to the Prince, "How bright the stars are to-night"?

The rest follows as a matter of course. The Prince clears his throat.

"What do I care for stars?" he asks. "Your love—your love is the star which guides me."

At this point the orchestra, cleverly divining his intentions, begins to make noises. The Prince looks up to where the stars would be shining if it were fine and it didn't happen to be a matinée and there weren't a roof.

Then off he starts:—

"Your love is the star which guides me
Over both hill and dale;
Your love in the end shall lead me
To the cottage by the vale,
Where the bright mimosa blossoms
And the moonbeams kiss the dew;
Your love at the last shall bring me
Back, love, to you."

The Chief Dairymaid thinks it over while the orchestra is whipping itself up for another frenzy, and then remarks with surprising originality:—

"My love is the star which guides you
Over both hill and dale;
My love in the end shall lead you
To the cottage by the vale,
Where the bright mimosa blossoms
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
My love at the last shall bring you
Back, love, to me."

Then the ordinary Dairymaids get the idea and announce, reckless of the misunderstandings which may arise from their employment of personal pronouns:—

"Your love is the star which guides me," etc., etc.

What, I ask again, could be more natural?

And besides, if one is to confine the stage to the conventions of mere life as we live it in Balham, there is only one possible way of introducing vocal music. The author would have to work in a tea-party somehow or other and get the hostess to invite the Prince and twenty-five of her dairymaid friends. Then it would have to go something like this:—

Hostess (*approaching Chief Dairymaid*). How are you, my dear? I'm so glad you've all been able to get away. My husband and I were saying to one another only last night, "To-morrow we'll be able to get Lydia to sing to us." I do hope you've brought your music.

Lydia. Yes, as a matter of fact I have, dear; but I can't possibly sing to-day. You see my throat is so fearfully bad. I couldn't dream of it.

Hostess (*soothingly*). Well, never mind, dear. Perhaps you'll play something to us instead? That perfectly sweet thing you played last time—"The Maiden's Prayer," I think you called it.

Lydia. Oh, but I simply couldn't. I play so badly—and you have company. (*Glances archly at the Prince.*) Perhaps on second thoughts I might manage to get through a duet if the Prince would help me. (*Prince signifies assent.*) It's called "Your Love is the Star which Guides Me." (*Common dairymaids prick up their ears.*) You begin, Prince.

And so on.

And you've got to sit through the beastly song anyway, so why worry about how it's introduced?

THE MISLEADER.

John Bull (*to Communist*). "STAND ASIDE, THERE, AND GIVE ME A CHANCE OF GETTING AT THE REAL MAN—THE MAN I WANT TO HELP."

Shopper. "I WANT A DOLL; NOT ONE OF THOSE MODERN UGLY ONES, BUT NICE AND QUIET—ONE THAT WON'T FRIGHTEN A CHILD."
Shopwalker. "CERTAINLY, MADAM—SOMETHING TRANQUIL. FORWARD WITH ONE OF THOSE BONAR LAWS, PLEASE, MISS JENKINS."

THE VOGUE OF THE RED BRASSARD.

IT was night—Wednesday night. I sat in my armchair, smoking my pipe and thinking comfortably.

"I say, Peter," said Felicity, "I think you ought to be vaccinated."

"By Jove, yes," I said, smoking hard. "And so ought you, Felicity."

"I was done," she replied, "five years ago. It lasts seven years, you know."

"Oh," I murmured, smoking a trifle harder, "then you're all right."

"I think you ought to see about it," she said.

"Yes," I answered, "I must see about it."

* * * * *

It was evening—Wednesday week evening. I sat at my desk writing.

"I say, Peter," said Felicity, "I really think you ought to be vaccinated."

"By Jove, yes," I said, writing noisily. "And so ought—er—the kids."

"My dear old lunatic," said Felicity, "I told you it lasts seven years."

"Quite," I replied, writing more noisily. It was rather stupid of me; everyone knows that Jack (six) and Jill (four) were vaccinated practically at birth.

"Don't you think," said Felicity, "you ought to see about it?"

"Yes," I answered, "I must see about it."

* * * * *

It was morning—Wednesday fortnight morning. I sat at breakfast, reading my letter.

"I say, Peter," said Felicity, "I really think you ought to be vaccinated."

"By Jove, yes," I said, re-reading my coal bill; "and so ought—er—but isn't the epidemic entirely confined to localities I never visit?"

"I don't know. But it's frightfully infectious. Just think of the kids."

"My darling lunatic," I said, "surely you remember that the kids were done practically at birth, and are therefore non-infectable. The thing lasts seven years, you know."

"Well," said Felicity, "anyhow I think you ought to see about it."

"Yes," I answered, "I must see about it."

* * * * *

It was Wednesday again.

"I say, Peter," said Felicity, "about this vaccination. Mother says——"

It is settled. I shall be done to-day. I have the greatest respect for my mother-in-law, and when she wishes a thing I do it on the spur. I am not joking; I hate jokes about mothers-in-law, and my own is far too charming for any nonsense like that. So it is settled. I shall be done to-day.

* * * * *

It is Wednesday again—Wednesday month afternoon.

I am at the office. The telephone bell is ringing. It is Felicity. Will I go straight down to Mother's for dinner? Felicity will meet me there. Yes, rather, I will.

I have put up the receiver.

What's this? A piece of red tape on the floor beside me. It must be one of these vaccination things. Someone has dropped it. The whole staff has been vaccinated except me. Why haven't I been vaccinated? I think I have been rather stupid about vaccination; Felicity has frequently reminded me about it, but I simply cannot remember to get it done. I must see about it to-morrow. First thing to-morrow. Without fail. And to-night we are dining with Felicity's mother; and Felicity's mother says. . . .

This ribbon looks rather neat round my arm; it fits perfectly; it might have been made for me. I may as well keep it there; I shall want it to-

morrow, when I have been done. And Felicity's mother will be frightfully relieved at seeing it; and I would do anything to give the old lady pleasure. Yes, I will keep it on, ready for to-morrow.

* * * * *

It is Wednesday—the same Wednesday night.

"Splendid!" says Felicity. "So you have been done at last. Bravo, Peter!"

This is all wrong. It upsets me. I must explain.

"To-morrow, you see, Felicity," I whispered; "I have arranged to be done first thing to-morrow. But I got the ribbon in advance. I thought the Mater, you know—see?"

And so to dinner.

It is a wretched evening for me. I loathe this ribbon; I wish I had never put the beastly thing on. I did it for the best, but it was a ghastly mistake. I feel like a living lie—a great big living lie. And they keep talking about my rotten vaccination; and my arm is actually beginning to ache where the ribbon is.

"But," says Geoffrey suddenly, "weren't you done in the Army? In 1917, when we were pushed off to Mespot?"

Wait a minute. This is awkward; 1917, in the Army. Mespot. Good life! of course I was. Seventeen from twenty-two is five. I am inside the seven-year limit.

I am saved. I needn't be done. I needn't go on living this awful lie.

"Yes," I reply, "of course I was."

"Well, why be done again?"

"I shouldn't think of being done again. The thing lasts seven years, you know."

"What 's the ribbon for, then?" in chorus.

"Oh, everyone 's wearing them now," I reply. "Don't you think it suits me?"

I feel better now. I am far more comfortable as a clown than as a liar.

And of course Felicity doesn't matter. She is used to me.

More Gaps in our Maps.

"There is reason to believe that an agreement has been reached as regards the Demili Tarized zone, skirting the Maritza."
Evening Paper.

"The Ægean Islands belong to about six different categories, without counting the D'Odecanesus group in Italian possession."
Sunday Paper.

"MATRIMONY.

Widow Lady, with one child, wishes to Correspond with Gentleman born by birth."
Devon Paper.

This is far the best way of being born.

Manager. "I'M AFRAID, MY DEAR, YOU'VE GOT TOO STOUT TO PLAY *CINDERELLA*. YOU'LL HAVE TO BE A FAIRY."

BRAIN WAVES.

[Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER has found the application of electricity to certain regions of the head corrective of the deficiency of nervous energy. Having experimented with the treatment, he has proved that backward, indolent students have by this means succeeded in examinations in which they had previously failed.]

So HOLLANDER has found a means
To end Smith minor's faults,
And give him intellectual beans
By feeding him with—volts!

To sportsmen whose distaste is keen
For mastering learned tomes
We 'll see applied a neat machine
For overcoming ohms.

The don will soon electrify
The dunce whom now he crams;
My goodness! how the sparks will fly
In future "jazz"* exams.!

The coach will turn to engineer
And with mechanics rank;
His bag of tricks will disappear—
Ampères will fill the blank.

So simple! merely push a knob,
As each thickhead requires;
The "juice" will then complete the job
Of turning out "live wires."

ZIG-ZAG.

* *N.B.*—This term should appeal to the thousands of temporary Civil Servants who were put through the recent series of three-minute intelligence tests.

From a list of Labour Candidates:—
"Mr. Mallon Warden, Mr. Toynbee Hall."
South African Paper.

We regret that neither Mr. Warden nor Mr. Hall secured election.

"Wanted, experienced vampers, also girls for running round."—*Midland Paper.*

A chance for some of our flappers.

THE REFUSALS OF MARGARET.

THE SIXTH REFUSAL.

SCENE: *A railway-carriage which is supposed to be rapidly approaching Paris from the South.* Margaret *is alone in the compartment with* Martin.

Martin (*sighing*). In less than an hour, Margaret.

Margaret. I was hoping it would be sooner than that.

Martin. Isn't that rather unkind?

Margaret (*evasively*). It 's very hot. I 'm very hungry. And this is a very tiresome train.

Martin. But we are at least together.

Margaret (*looking at him with some concern*). Is it as bad as that?

Martin. Yes, Margaret, I 've reached the stage when I 'd rather be bored with you than happy by myself.

Margaret (*severely*). I 'm sorry, Martin, but this isn't according to programme.

Martin. I 'm not blaming you, Margaret.

Margaret. I should think not, indeed. I consider that I 've behaved extremely well.

Martin (*regretfully*). *Excessively* well.

Margaret. We agreed to be happy while it lasted and not to be sorry when it was over.

Martin. Admitted.

Margaret. You knew perfectly well that I had other plans.

Martin. So you have always given me to understand.

Margaret. It 's true that I didn't intrude them upon you.

Martin. No, Margaret. To insist would hardly have been tactful.

Margaret. Very well then, what more could you reasonably want?

Martin (*leaning forward and suddenly laying a hand on her arm*). *You*, Margaret.

Margaret (*severely*). I said "reasonably."

Martin. I certainly don't want to say goodbye as soon as we arrive in Paris.

Margaret (*inflexibly*). There 's no alternative.

Martin. There is *one* alternative, Margaret.

Margaret. There couldn't be more. More than one would be bad English.

Martin (*not to be turned aside*). Will you marry me, Margaret?

Margaret (*protesting*). But this is a new idea.

Martin. It 's not new to me. I 've been thinking of it ever since we got into the train.

Margaret. You know perfectly well that it 's impossible, Martin. I 'm already engaged.

Martin. Engagements are sometimes broken off.

Margaret. Not my kind of engagement.

Martin. Are you as much engaged as all that?

Margaret. I 'm tremendously engaged. In fact I 'm going to be married next week.

Martin. Must you do that? I mean, we 've been getting on so splendidly.

Margaret. Holidays don't count. We settled that at the beginning.

Martin. I shall never forget those wonderful days on the Mediterranean.

Margaret. I don't want you to forget them. But you can't marry everybody who happens to come along during the holidays.

Martin. Don't put it like that, Margaret. It sounds so dreadfully casual.

Margaret. But that 's just the point of a holiday. It 's always clearly understood that there must be an end of it.

Martin. I don't like that theory at all. It 's a heartless theory. It 's also a very dangerous theory.

Margaret. Holidays are necessarily dangerous, especially to people who aren't used to them. There ought to be a special course at our schools and universities: "Holidays and How to Use Them." Very few people really know how to amuse themselves.

Martin (*sadly*). I 'm one of them, apparently.

Margaret. Don't let it depress you, Martin. It 's admittedly rather difficult. You see, none of the ordinary rules apply. You 're suddenly turned loose with nothing particular to do, among new people, in new surroundings and in quite a novel frame of mind. No wonder people get confused.

Martin. I suspected at least a week ago that the Mediterranean was bad for me. I ought to have run away.

Margaret. You can't avoid the perils of a holiday by running away. A worse fate might have overtaken you.

Martin. From Scylla to Charybdis?

Margaret. Both were on the Mediterranean.

Martin. But, Margaret, haven't you any feeling at all? You can't just take a taxi at the station and forget all about our time together, and behave as though nothing had happened.

Margaret. There are pleasant things which are only pleasant because they cannot possibly last. Many pleasant things are like that.

Martin. I refuse to consider you as one of them. (*Very persuasively*) Why won't you marry me, Margaret?

Margaret (*exasperated*). I 've already told you that I 'm engaged.

Martin. But if you weren't engaged would you marry me then?

Margaret (*considering the matter*). You 'd make a splendid husband for holidays. But I doubt whether you 'd be a really good husband for ordinary occasions.

Martin. This is base ingratitude. In what have I ever failed you? Don't I always know exactly how to amuse you and where to take you and what you want to do the day after to-morrow?

Margaret. That only proves what I am trying to tell you. You 're so splendid for holidays that I cannot think of you in any other condition.

Martin. So you coolly propose to say goodbye at the railway station and never see me again.

Margaret. Why do you insist on being so very definite? Who knows what may happen in the future? I often go to the Mediterranean.

Martin. But you will be married, Margaret.

Margaret. Even so I shall occasionally take a holiday.

Martin. Very well, Margaret. I 'll consent to lose sight of you for ever in the hope that we shall shortly meet again.

Margaret. It would be lovely to meet again, provided of course it were quite by accident. And I trust you will meet me in the proper spirit.

Martin. It 's saying goodbye in the proper spirit that is so difficult. I know it 's my duty to be cheerful. But it isn't easy.

Margaret. Play up, Martin. Here is Paris.

Martin (*responding heroically*). Paris already? What quaint noises the French porters make!

Margaret. All porters are like that. I think it must be part of their training.

Martin. I 'll get you one, Margaret. Number 48 looks rather nice. (*Out of the window*) *Facteur!*

Margaret. Goodbye, Martin. And don't forget there are *two* hat-boxes.

Martin (*reproachfully*). Do I ever forget? Two hat-boxes, a suit-case and three pieces of registered luggage. *Facteur!*

[*And he hands the light articles efficiently through the window.*

"Waiter, English, aged 24, English and Continental exp., seeks Sit., rest. or lounge." *Daily Paper.*

Anything, in fact, for a quiet life.

From a hospital's appeal for a Nurses' Home:—

"The new buildings will add materially to the comfort of the Nursing Staff, as 27 of them will then have a small bedroom to themselves."

We tremble to think of their present condition.

The absent-minded Gentleman. "IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, CONSTABLE. I AM WELL AWARE THAT THIS IS ONLY A DREAM. I ASSURE YOU THAT I FREQUENTLY EXPERIENCE THIS TYPE OF NIGHTMARE."

DEMOCRACY AT WORK.

(Advance Extracts from "The Memoirs of a Private Secretary.")

II.

No one can say that the people of Puddleton do not take their politics seriously. And they have, of course, a passion for pure politics, untouched by any sort of trickery or the introduction of "personalities." Indeed, on this matter the gang of rowdies (all nationalities) who followed Mr. Slott from meeting to meeting were sensitive to the point of touchiness. They would sit as quiet as mice for minutes at a time while he expounded his policy, but any reference to Mr. Doolan's policy gave enormous offence.

One evening he said quite mildly, "Mr. Doolan announces that he is a Free Trader . . ."

Pandemonium broke loose. "Nah, then, no mud-slinging!" was the manly cry; and strong men rose infuriated in all quarters of the hall, shouting with passion, "You let 'im alone—see! 'E 's said nothink abaht *you*. Let's 'ave *your* policy!"

"I have just *given* you my policy," said Mr. Slott gently. "But Mr. Doolan says . . . ."

"Never mind what 'e says!" cried the generous electors. "We want no personalarities. What abaht CARSON?"

On the other hand, when one of Mr. Slott's supporters, a little schoolmaster, attended one of Mr. Doolan's meetings and asked, at the end of the speech, in the mildest manner the question, "Are you in favour of religious education in the schools?" he was immediately seized by two exceedingly strong men, who pinched his arms, struck him in the stomach with their elbows, bashed his hat over his head and flung him into the street, with bitter yells of "No hooligans *here*!" They understand politics, these fellows.

Two days after Nomination the anonymous warnings began to arrive.

The first said: "One hundred men are being brought over from Dublin to personate both Doolan's voters and your own."

The second (a postcard) said: "Beware of wolesale personation. Two hundred men are coming down special from Glasgow.—A FRIEND."

The third said: "Look out for dead men voting. They are getting one hundred-and-fifty dockers from Belfast for pole-day."

When we had added up all the anonymous letters we reckoned that Puddleton was going to have about seven hundred-and-fifty visitors on polling-day.

Just then the door opened and a mysterious gentleman entered, peered into every corner of the room, locked the door behind him, said, "Mr. Slott's room?" and sat down on his hat.

"What can I do for you?" said I.

The man leaned forward and whispered with great intensity, "*Have you got your eye on Rourke?*"

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
"A HAPPY NOYES TO HEAR."

"Rourke?"

"Rourke. He 's a bad 'un," said the man. "He 'll do you down if you ain't careful. Listen!" he hissed; "I 've come to warn you. *Personation!*"

"Good Heavens!" I said, astounded; "but that 's *illegal*."

"I tell you he 's got fifty Irishmen coming from Liverpool."

"That makes eight hundred," I said. "They 'll have to run a special."

"What 's that?" said the man, glancing furtively over his shoulder.

"Oh, nothing. What do you think we ought to do?"

"I tell you that man Rourke 's a bad 'un. I 've seen him sit down an hour before the poll closed and go through the Register name by name. And, says he, 'There 's a dead man here, and he not voted at all. Will you go out, now, Patrick O'Brien, and vote for the gentleman yourself? And there 's Michael Murphy is away in a ship, and it would be a kindness, I 'm thinking, James Walsh, if some dacent man was to drop a little vote in the box for him, and him tossing on the great sea?' And I tell you, there wasn't a dead man for half-a-mile around that didn't vote that night. *That* 's what he 'll do on Wednesday, I tell you. Vote early and often, he says—and a good motter too."

"Well, how are we to stop——?"

"I tell you; it 's wicked—that 's what it is," said the man. "And you people are a darned sight too innocent."

"I 'm not so sure," said I in a worldly way. "But what do you think we ought to do?"

"*Do!* There 's only one thing you *can* do. *Do the same yourselves!* Get a few hundred good men from London—and see they vote early. Vote early and often—that 's the ticket." And with these words the gentleman stealthily withdrew.

At this point it seemed only fair to inform Mr. Doolan of the sinister preparations being made on his behalf. I wrote to him:—

DEAR SIR,—This is to inform you that no fewer than eight hundred men, natives of Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast and other cities, propose to visit this town on the 15th inst., in order to personate voters, dead, absent or alive.

As you have probably been informed already, a fair number have of course been engaged to act on Mr. Slott's side; but since the transport and feeding of so large a body of men must involve much trouble and expense to both sides, I am to suggest that the arrangements should be cancelled by mutual agreement.

I am to add, however, that in any case where it is considered *essential* for deceased voters to record their votes Mr. Slott will, of course, place no obstacles in their way, provided that the practice is kept within those bounds of decency and due restraint which have been honourably recognised in previous contests in this great constituency.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully, P. HICKS,
Private Secretary.

Nervous Maiden Lady (making for the bathroom). "OH, DEAR, JANE, DO YOU THINK THE PAINTER'S MAN SAW ME?"
Jane (cheerfully). "LOR' BLESS YOU, MUM, DON'T WORRY ABOUT 'IM—'E MUST 'AVE SEEN SOME QUEER SIGHTS IN 'IS TIME."

There was no answer. Polling-day came, and every polling-station was placarded with the awful penalties for "Personation." Each side filled the polling-booths with clouds of personating agents, detectives and spies, so that it was difficult for the mere voter to approach. Soon after breakfast each side caused a perfectly innocent but needy and accommodating citizen to be arrested, and the town rang with the cries of the newsboys, "Arrests for personation! Heavy sentences expected!" During the day these men were haled before the magistrates, acquitted for lack of evidence, and richly rewarded with bank-notes. But the newsboys cried on. Meanwhile the Candidates rushed furiously from booth to booth, hoping at each one to find that some genuine personator had been seized and cast into gaol.

Alas, not one! Can it be that our informants were misinformed? Can it be that there was *no* personation after all? Or—hideous thought!—can it be that what there was went undetected?

We cannot tell. The ballot is secret. But the next day in the street I ran into our mysterious visitor, looking a little less mysterious. "Well, that was a good day's work," I said. (We had won.)

"Yes," said he, "the best I've had for a long time.

"I got a job," he went on happily. "And I wish there was an Election every day."

"What d' you mean?" said I.

"I was one of the men they arrested," he said, "and father was the other one."

A. P. H.

GOUT.

THE statement made last week by Sir WILLIAM WILCOX that gout is almost extinct in this country will come as a shock to those who are not suffering with the disease, and should be a consolation to those who are. At the same time lovers of ancient British institutions will not surrender their gout without a struggle, and it is possible that a campaign for the propagation of gout might be started. We therefore make the following extracts from the newspapers of the near future:—

"To the Editor.

"DEAR SIR,—Yesterday I distinctly saw a man suffering from gout. It is years since this time-honoured complaint last visited these shores, and its return confirms my contention that the change of Government has not been in vain. Yours, DYE-HARD."

DO YOU LACK GOUT?
THEN DRINK FOUR-SHOOTING-STAR PORT,
AND BE A FINE OLD CRUSTY ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.
Gout is just the thing to while away the Long Winter Evenings.
Three bottles a day ensures a generous Gout.
In three qualities—Painful, Extra Painful and Terrible.
STICK TO IT AND VERY SOON GOUT WILL OUT.
Read the following Testimonials:—
"GENTLEMEN,—I have taken only one bottle of your port and it was more than enough."
Major CHUTNEY writes:—"My gout simply feeds on the stuff and asks for more."

THE GOURMAND RESTAURANT.
SPECIAL TABLES FOR GOUT ENTHUSIASTS.
Thirteen-course Dinners. A perfect remedy for that No Gout feeling.
Revive an old English custom and be a Gout Subject.
DINE WITH US.
Our Motto:—"Eat, drink and be merry that to-morrow you may have gout."

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

II.—Homily Moultfur.

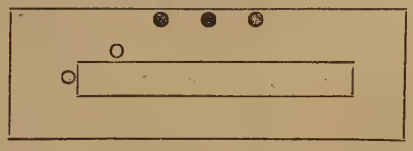
(*Just out.*)

By J*hn M*sef**ld.

Persons.

Mizpah Webfoot.
Kerenhappuch Smith.
† *A Man in Armour.*
† *Homily Moultfur.*
† *Willy Catchmice.*
† *Rake Moultfur.*
Lady Bingo.
Barmy Bingo.
Letta Catchmice.
† *Spirits.*
Soda-water. Liqueurs.

The scene is a panelled room. It looks like this:—



The middle black dot is the Man in Armour. The two side black dots are pictures. One is a picture of Homily Moultfur, and the other a picture of Willy Catchmice. They were lovers, and both died about twenty years before the play begins. The Man in Armour is dead too. He has been dead for hundreds of years. Above him on a panel is painted the Moultfur device, a shaved beaver *passant regardant* with the motto *Sans fourrure et sans fureur*. The long thing in the room is the table, and the two round things are chairs.

The great difficulty in the play is to remember which of the characters are alive and which are dead, and in acting it will probably be better for the dead ones to have a red ribbon tied around the left arm in order to help the audience. In the List of Persons I have put daggers against them.

Scene I.

The two maid-servants; Mizpah *and* Kerenhappuch, *are arranging the two chairs, though, as nobody ever sits down on them, there is not much point in it.* Kerenhappuch *is frightfully old and* Mizpah *is middle-aged.*

Mizpah (*slightly altering the position of the first chair*). Let me see that I have forgotten nothing.

Kerenhappuch (*slightly altering the position of the second*). No, that is all.

Mizpah (*starting*). What is that?

Kerenhappuch. Only a ghost. This house is full of ghosts, no matter how hard one sweeps and dusts. There is the ghost of Miss Homily to begin with. She is always here. She speaks to me sometimes.

Mizpah. Does she really? Lady Bingo's sister? Mr. Barmy's poor dead aunt? That is a picture of Miss Homily, is it not? What a strange name it is—Homily!

Kerenhappuch. Not stranger than yours or mine, Mizpah. The other picture is Mr. Willy Catchmice. He has a strange name too. He painted both those pictures. He was a bad one, he was. He broke Miss Homily's heart. He was a live blind brand of hell. He 's always walking about this room.

Mizpah. Lor, how you do run on! And who 's the man in armour over there?

Kerenhappuch. That was Sir Nibbold Moultfur, the founder of the fambly. He was killed in the Wars of the Roses. He talks sometimes too. But he talks funny, as if he had a cold or something, pore old gentleman.

Mizpah. You let your fancy run away with you, you do.

[*They go out. The church clock strikes twelve.*

The Man in Armour (*huskily, with a whirring, mechanical sound*). A duther day is dead.

Scene II.

Homily Moultfur *comes into the room. She is in white and weeping.*

Homily. I am Homily Moultfur, and I am dead. But I cannot rest. I keep getting mixed up with the live characters, which is very embarrassing. Some of them can see me and some of them can't. Thank goodness we are now going to have a scene of twenty years ago, when there were no dead characters about.

The Man in Armour (*crossly*). You forget be. I was dot livig twedty years ago.

Homily. No, not you, Nibbold. But you don't count, old thing, because you 're in armour and can't move about. (*She looks* R. *and the daylight is turned on.*)

Enter Willy Catchmice, *carrying a parcel.*

Willy. Homily, I love you, but I am very unhappy.

Homily. I love you too, Willy. Tell me why you are unhappy.

Willy. For many reasons. But chiefly because I am a great artist, and yet not as great as I might be.

Homily. Wait a moment. Someone is calling me. I shall be back very soon.

[*Exit.*

Willy. This is a good chance for restoring the Moultfur family jewels that I have just repented of stealing. (*He stuffs his parcel hastily into the head-piece of the* Man in Armour.)

Enter Rake Moultfur.

Rake. Hullo, Willy, what are you doing with poor old Nibbold's head? Have a brandy-and-soda?

Willy. No, thanks.

Rake. Have a gin cocktail?

Willy. No, thanks.

Rake. Look here, this is the only time I come on. If you won't have a drink, what 's the use of my coming on at all? I shall go away and die again. [*Does so.*

Enter Kerenhappuch.

Kerenhappuch. There 's one that had better be getting out of this house and never come near it again, and that 's you, Mr. Willy.

Willy. Why?

Kerenhappuch. Miss Homily is speaking to two people now, Sir. One of them is that farm-girl you painted a picture of and then ruined, and the other is your wife.

Willy. How extremely annoying!

[*They both go out and the stage is empty.*

The Man in Armour (*speaking with great difficulty because of the parcel of jewels which is just where his nose ought to be*). A duther day is dead.

Scene III.

It is afternoon. Homily *is on the stage alone.*

Homily. I am now me—I mean my own ghost again. Last scene I was myself as I was before I became my ghost, if you understand me. I now hate Willy and am going to do everything in my power to punish him. I am going to make it hell for Willy.

The Man in Armour (*revengefully, on account of his sufferings*). That is right. Bake it. You were his victib, ad he deserves to be pudished.

Enter Barmy *and* Lady Bingo.

Barmy. I do wish Letta would come, Mother.

Lady Bingo. Why?

Barmy. Because I love her, and she has promised to be my wife.

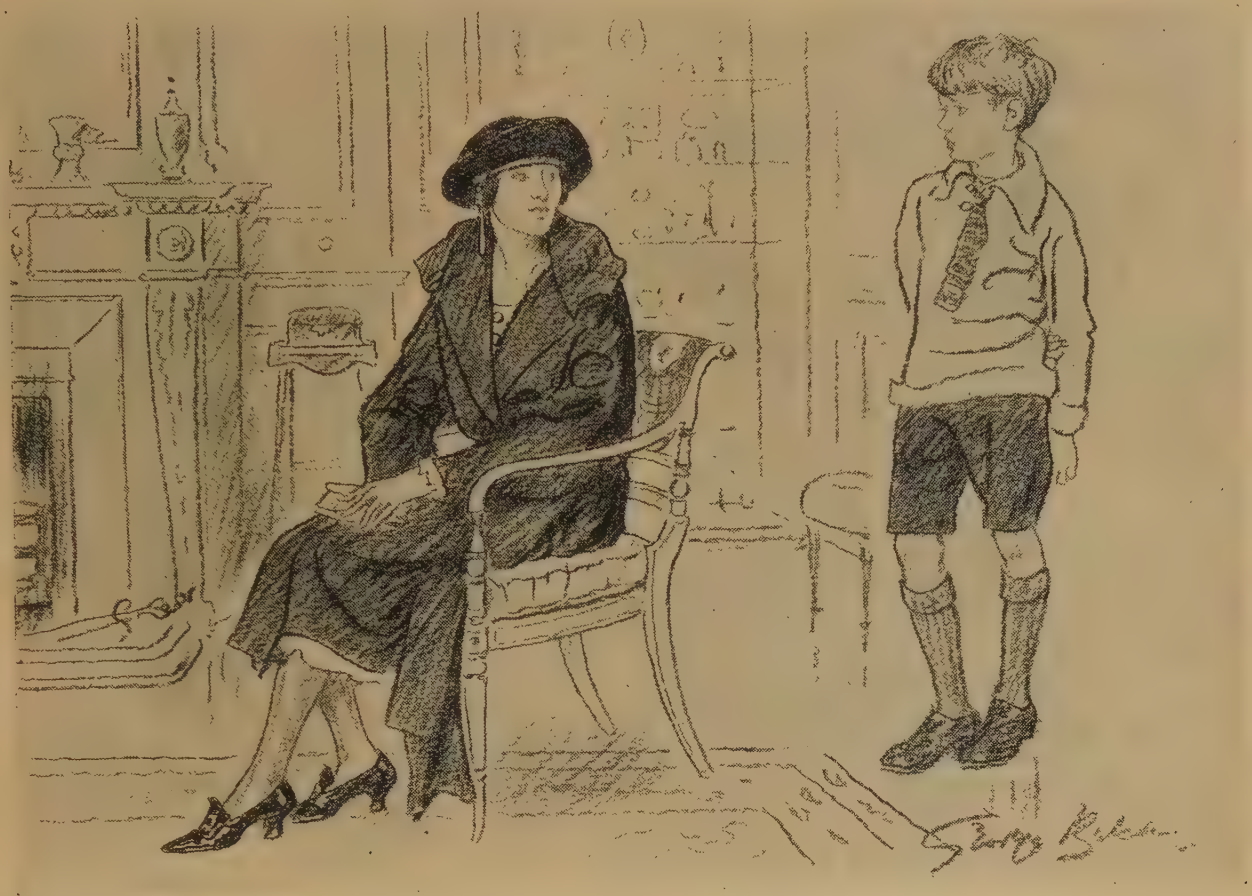
Enter Letta Catchmice, *with the ghost of* Willy *walking close behind her.*

Lady Bingo. I hear, Letta, that you have promised to marry my son. I may as well tell you at once that such a thing is quite impossible. Do sit down, Barmy, instead of fidgeting about like that.

Barmy. I'm not fidgeting about, Mother. I'm standing quite still. That's the ghost of Willy Catchmice fidgeting about. [Willy Catchmice *dims away.*

Letta. Will you please tell me why I shouldn't marry Barmy, Lady Bingo?

Lady Bingo. There are many reasons. In the first place your father, Willy, broke my sister Homily's heart. He used to borrow money from her in order to live with a girl he had ruined. And then he married someone else without telling Homily. Last and worst of all, he stole the family jewels and brought



Visitor. "AND HOW'S DAD?"
Visitor. "CONSIDERING WHAT?"
Small Boy. "PRETTY WELL, THANK YOU, CONSIDERING."
Small Boy. "WELL, HE'S GETTING A BIT OLD, YOU KNOW. HE'LL BE THIRTY TO-MORROW."

our house to poverty. So now you understand.

Letta. I don't care what my father did. He was a beautiful artist.

[*She draws away and stands defiantly under the picture of* Willy Catchmice.

Barmy. I don't know what to do. I must go away at once and decide. (*He rushes out followed by* Lady Bingo.)

[*The* Ghost of Homily *comes into the room and begins to talk to the* Ghost of Willy Catchmice, *which has now thickened up again.* Letta *does not see them.*

Homily. Now I have my revenge. I have made your hell worse. I have prevented your daughter from marrying my nephew. It was I who told Lady Bingo everything you had done.

Willy Catchmice. Oh! Homily, Homily, torture me if you must, but spare my daughter.

Homily. Never!

The Man in Armour. That's right! Go od! Go od! He bust atode!

Re-enter Barmy.

Barmy. Letta, I don't care what your father did. If you will have me I am yours.

Letta. Barmy! (*They embrace.*)

Homily (*speaking to* Willy *as they dim away together*). I relent. Love is all. Willy, I forgive you now. (*They fade out completely, hand-in-hand.*)

The Man in Armour. It is edough. They are released frob torbed. Love atodes.

Letta. Oh, Barmy, did you hear Sir Nibbold? He's even hoarser than usual to-night!

Barmy (*delirious in his new-found joy*). Yes, isn't he? I think I'll give the old beggar a drink. (*He mixes a brandy-and-soda and is about to pour it into the helmet when he sees that there is a package inside, and pulls it out.*) Great Scott! The family jewels!

Letta. Then my father was a good man. He never stole them after all.

Barmy. Bother being good. We shall be rich!

The Man in Armour (*at last speaking clearly again*). Another play is read!

EVOE.

"'Policemen are not entitled to read out their evidence from notebooks like a parrot,' said the Magistrate."—*Daily Paper.*

We should never have believed that any parrot could do this if we had not had it straight from the beak.

LINES TO A FALLEN STAR.

(*After reading innumerable Toy Catalogues*).

BUT yesterday serene and proud,
Beyond the reach of lesser clay,
He ruled a million hearts that bowed
Before the throne of Play.

He ate the luscious fruit of fame;
He drained the heady wine of power;
And stamped the magic of a name
Upon the fleeting hour.

He knew the love whose eye can pass
Beyond the mere external husk,
That brooks no bar of race nor class
Nor Ethiopian's dusk.

Less than the grime that covers him
In some forsaken place, disowned
He lies, a dead forgotten whim—
The Golliwog dethroned.

At Lausanne:—

"The Russian stand is that the Dardanelles should be left entirely 'free' to all commercial ships and entirely 'closed' to all commercial ships."—*Evening Paper.*

As usual the Bolshevists want to have it both ways.

Sister. "OH, BOBBY, HOW TOPPING! WHAT IS IT?"
Blood (in his first year at Oxford). "OH, JUST A COLLEGE WINE CLUB."
Father (formerly of the 'Varsity Eight). "I THOUGHT AT FIRST IT WAS A HALF-BLUE FOR DRESSMAKING."

THE TRUTH-TELLERS.

IT is reported that the University of Pennsylvania has added to its curriculum a course in Truth-Telling. Without any feeling of disrespect for the American nation, one cannot help being glad to see that they themselves have at last realised that—well, I mean, if they think that such a thing is needed in America, who are we to say that it isn't?

Anyhow, what exactly *is* a course in Truth-Telling? I suppose the Professor, letting them down as lightly as possible, begins his first lecture something like this:—

"In introducing to you this somewhat unfamiliar subject, gentlemen, I wish first of all to disabuse your minds of the idea that it is never wise to tell the truth at all. This is not the case. Occasions certainly do arise—I have even encountered them myself—in which, so far from being unwise, it is extremely advantageous to tell the truth. I need only instance the means, familiar to all of us, by which GEORGE WASHINGTON was enabled to attract sufficient initial publicity to qualify himself for the post of our first President. And though his case is possibly unique it will at least suffice to disprove the contention that truth-telling must inevitably end in disaster."

After that, of course, he could go on by easy stages to show that a judicious use of the truth may be made to pay in cases which at first sight might appear doubtful or even positively dangerous, until eventually he would bring his class to contemplate with equanimity the revolutionary notion that it is almost always worth while, before speaking, to pause for a moment and see if the truth would not do as well as a lie.

To be really effective, however, a preliminary study of this difficult subject should be taken in hand at a very much earlier age. By means of "Truth without Tears; or, the Child's Guide to Veracity" and appropriate copy-book maxims, the young idea could have its natural instincts and inclinations gently remoulded. For instance, much could be done by copying out several times a day such sentences as these:—

"I tell the truth once every day."

"My Poppa often tells the truth."

"My Poppa sometimes tells the truth even to my Momma."

"Soon I shall tell the truth twice every day."

"When I am big I shall often tell the truth too."

That, together with a little exercise in Couéism (such as the whole class repeating in unison for an hour each morning, "Every day and in every way I tell fewer and fewer lies"), ought to prove a valuable groundwork before tackling the scientific side of the subject at the University.

The Americans are a very thorough people and what they do take up they take up heart and soul. It is therefore by no means impossible that the University of Pennsylvania may have struck a spark that will set the whole nation aflame; everybody may soon be telling the truth. There must be many anxious minds in America to-day.

"Mr. —— deems it unnecessary to mention Goldsmith's 'mute inglorious Milton.'"
Review Column in Local Paper.

We wonder if he has also ignored GRAY'S "cur of low degree."

"Mr. —— states that the —— Cabaret will continue the same performance as hitherto with a full chorus, stage costumes and principals. The restrictions imposed by the L.C.C. do not come into operation until The Cunarder Andania, outward bound for Canada, left Southampton with a considerable cargo of chestnuts."—*Evening Paper.*

After which, no doubt, the performance will brighten up considerably.

THE SHEEP-TROT.

Strephon George. "OUR RESPECTIVE FLOCKS SEEM DISPOSED TO GAMBOL TOGETHER: SHALL WE TWAIN NOT TREAD A MEASURE TOO?"

Amaryllis Asquith. "NAY, PRESUMPTUOUS SWAIN; I PREFER FOR THE MOMENT TO CULTIVATE AN ATTITUDE OF EXPECTANT HESITANCY."

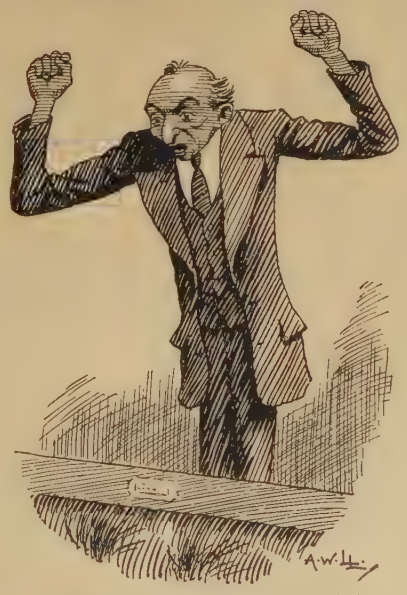
Sympathetic Lady. "AND DOES YOUR ARM HURT VERY MUCH?"
Girl. "NO, IT DON'T HURT A BIT. IT'S BILLY WOT'S BEEN VACCINATED. I GIVE 'IM A 'APENNY TO LET ME WEAR 'IS RIBBIN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 27th.—The new Ministers had their first serious experience of Question-time, and on the whole acquitted themselves well. Frequent cries of "Speak up!" indicated, however, that the voice-production of some of them is capable of improvement. I am sure Mr. LANE-FOX, for example, does not use tones of whispering humility when he is addressing unruly followers of the Bramham Moor.

After the PRIME MINISTER'S warning that the Irish Free State Constitution Bill must be passed by December 6th and could not be amended, debate upon it seemed superfluous. In consequence the Labour Party were very much annoyed when Mr. SAKLATVALA, their Parsee recruit, moved its rejection, on the ground that what Ireland really wanted was a Workers' Republic. They listened uneasily as he poured forth, from the top of his voice, a cascade of sesquipedalian epithets, to the huge delight of the Die-hards, and were greatly relieved when, at the close of his speech, he suddenly descended to the vernacular (as spoken in Battersea) and remarked, "This is all tosh."

The Government are fortunate in having found in Mr. DOUGLAS HOGG an Attorney-General who in appearance, voice and manner bears a strong resemblance to Lord HEWART, the most successful holder of the post in modern times. Looking like "the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft" he delivered his maiden speech to-night, and in dulcet tones charmed away the anxieties expressed by previous speakers as to the ultimate effect of the Bill.



A BREEZE FROM BATTERSEA.
Mr. SAKLATVALA. "THIS IS ALL TOSH."

Tuesday, November 28th.—Owing to Lord CARSON'S sudden indisposition it was Lord LANSDOWNE who interrogated the Government with regard to the compensation payable to British citizens in Southern Ireland for malicious injuries. Lord LANSDOWNE is himself one of the sufferers, for his beautiful place, Derreen, has been sacked by the Republicans; and there was pathos in his final appeal for those whose homes, like his, had been destroyed, but who, unlike him, had no other home to go to.

Speaking with rather more heat than seemed necessary, Lord BIRKENHEAD demurred to Lord LANSDOWNE'S description of the present condition of Ireland. He urged the Peers to remember the state of England during the Wars of the Roses, and to look at these matters "in long perspective." He himself was still hopeful that the Treaty policy would be successful, and that we were now witnessing "the last outburst and welter of destruction in Ireland."

In the Commons a new Writ for South Portsmouth was issued, to the accompaniment of ironical cheers from the Labour Members, who seemed to think that there was some connection between the unfortunate illness that has compelled Major CAYZER to terminate his Parliamentary career and the fact that the PATRONAGE SECRETARY is at present without a seat.

Major TRYON'S task in endeavouring to justify the transference of some hundreds of mentally-afflicted ex-Service men from the care of the Ministry of Pensions to that of the Poor Law Guardians was not rendered easier when Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN joined in the appeal on their behalf. Fortunately, perhaps, for the Government, Mr. JACK JONES created a diversion by addressing the Ministerial Bench collectively as "You dirty dogs!" and being forthwith requested to leave the House.

The way of the economist is indeed hard in a House which is all for retrenchment in the abstract, but dead against it whenever its human feelings are aroused. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE was unfortunate in having to admit almost in the same breath that a lady-doctor doing good work in a Fiji hospital had been "axed" for financial reasons, that a residency for the High Commissioner in Baghdad had cost £167,000, and that we were still paying £5,000 a month to secure the uncertain affections of an Arab potentate, IBN SAOUD.

The Irish Bills passed through Committee. The discovery that, among the further payments which this country had to find, was a salary of eight thousand pounds a year for a Governor of Northern Ireland, caused much criticism. Captain WEDGWOOD-BENN thought if the Ulstermen wanted a Governor they should pay for him themselves. Mr. JOHNSTON suggested that the post should be sold to the highest bidder, as there was sure to be someone with more money than sense who would pay for the privilege of driving through the streets of Belfast in a top-hat to lay foundation-stones. Colonel WEDGWOOD quoted the saying of a famous American, that the man who was fit to govern another was not yet born, and said that was the principle held on the Labour Benches. It is not known whether Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is prepared to agree with him.

Wednesday, November 29th.—Lord BIRKENHEAD has been compared in some quarters to BROUGHAM, whom in the versatility of his genius he indeed resembles. Happily, however, he shows no intention of imitating the conduct of his eccentric predecessor, who after his exclusion from the Chancellorship retired from Westminster and sulked in his tent for a whole year. This afternoon he was on his legs again with a mordant little speech in answer to Lord SYDENHAM'S criticism of our acceptance of the mandates in Mesopotamia and Palestine.

COLONEL JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

AFTER A MEDALLION OF THE INVENTOR OF WEDGWOOD POTTERY, RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

PENANCE.

MR. JACK JONES OF SILVERTOWN.

Whether his object was to disclaim anything more than a technical responsibility for the policy that took us there, and to pin it upon the PRIME MINISTER and Lord CURZON, who were Members of the War Cabinet (as he was not) which decided upon it, or to strengthen the Government's hands in resisting the clamour for immediate evacuation raised in a section of the Press, was not too clear. But, if the last, his aid was not too warmly welcomed by Lord SALISBURY, who advised him to keep his philippics until the occasion arose for their deliverance.

In the Commons Mr. EYRES-MONSELL revealed the curious fact that, while we shall, in accordance with the Washington Treaty, by the end of the year have "scrapped" sixteen ships, the United States and Japan have, so far as is known, not disposed of one. They are, of course, strictly within their rights, as the Treaty has not yet been formally ratified by all the Powers concerned; but the result is that for the time being our battleship strength is markedly inferior to that of our cousins. Sir PERCY SCOTT and his midshipman will be pleased.

The PRIME MINISTER'S announcement that as a protest against the execution of the ex-Ministers in Greece, H.M. Minister had been instructed to withdraw from Athens, produced a surprising number of protests. They came chiefly from the Labour Members, who seemed to think that the Government's desire to save the victims' lives was due to a guilty knowledge of their past. But though Lord R. CECIL and Captain BENN joined in the outcry Mr. LAW was unperturbed.

Mr. JACK JONES expressed his regret that, having lost his temper—the only thing, as he humorously observed, that he had to lose—he had used language that was all right in Silvertown but, he now recognised, was out of place at Westminster. The SPEAKER accepted the apology, and the House, which rather likes Mr. JONES in spite of his frequent lapses, gave him an approving cheer.

The Irish Bills passed their third readings, after a hopeful speech from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Time was left for quite a long discussion on the housing question, in the course of which Lady ASTOR delivered herself of the unimpeachable dictum that "one did not need to be born in a slum to have a heart." She has of course the authority of Sir W. S. GILBERT for this view.

Thursday, November 30th.—The House of Lords could hardly be expected, having regard to its past his-

tory, to receive the Irish Constitution Bill with effusive delight. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who reminded the Peers that he had moved the rejection of the last Home Rule Bill—"it was almost an hereditary duty"—now appeared as the reluctant sponsor of a still more unprepossessing infant. Lord MIDLETON complained that the Government's pledges to the Southern Unionists had been completely ignored in the Constitution as drafted, and Lord SELBORNE declared that the Bill, which would result in there being two Armies—and possibly two Navies—within the British Isles, was "a reckless gamble with the happiness of Ireland and the safety of England." A cheerier note was struck by Lord LONG, who thought it no small advantage that the new Irish policy had been approved in the Dominions and in the United States; and Lord BIRKENHEAD did not allow the weight of his new dignity (earlier in the afternoon he had been formally introduced as an Earl) to prevent him from making some sprightly comments upon the speech of Lord SELBORNE. After a quietist speech from the LORD CHANCELLOR the Bill was read a second time without a division.

Some Members appeared to think that the Government had been guilty of inconsistency in withdrawing our Minister from Athens as a protest against the Greek executions, since they had made no attempt to prevent the shooting of Mr. ERSKINE CHILDERS in Dublin. But the PRIME MINISTER declined to admit that the cases were parallel.

Incidentally—so closely related are tragedy and comedy—he caused the heartiest laugh that has been heard this Session by his remark that "it is contrary to the practice of civilised Governments to put to death outgoing Ministers on account of the failure of their policy." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE seemed particularly amused.

Employer (with unusual geniality). "FINE DAY, SMITH, AFTER THE RAIN."
Small Opportunist. "YES, SIR. ALMOST CRIMINAL TO STAY INDOORS TO-DAY, SIR."

THE ROOKS.

Rooks above a garden cawed,
So the tale doth tell us,
To a lover, "Maud, Maud, Maud,"
Sapient and zealous;
"Birds," I said, "shall name her too,
Name our pretty Phyllis,
Singing birds, the tried and true;
This her laureate's will is!"

So, since almond-blossom crept
Like a flame a-tremble
On the branch where leaf still slept,
Singers did assemble;
Thrushes piped a merry lilt—
"Phyllis sweet! Sweet Phyllis!"
March along the meadow spilt
Yellow daffodillies.

Came the may, and fullest choir
Now my whim affected
In a manner to admire,
Just as I 'd expected;
"Phyllis," rang the merles aloud,
Larks aloft made riot,
"Phyllis," cried the sweet-throat crowd,
Ne'er a voice kept quiet.

But the rooks in raucous strain
Croaked throughout the chorus,
"Maud," they croaked and "Maud" again,
"That 's the one name for us!"
Up they wheeled and out they cawed,
"Wait till Winter's chill is;
We 're the faithful; Maud! Maud! Maud!"
Ne'er a rook said "Phyllis."

Silent now 's each forest way,
Now no necromancy
Of the Spring bids song-birds say
Just what bards best fancy;
But the rooks their lady laud,
Though no may-time mellows,
Faithful to their "Maud, Maud, Maud,"
Staunch Victorian fellows.

Our Infallible Press.

"New members are evidently a little shy at putting down questions."
Daily Paper, Nov. 27th.

"An enormous number of questions is down for answer in the Commons to-day. New members are naturally anxious for information, but unless there is a speedy drop to the normal, question time will have to be extended."—*Same Paper, same day.*

BACK TO BEGINNINGS.

THE tendency to accept no proverb or colloquial saying at its face value seems to be spreading. The other day I was again informed by a pedantic gentleman that the ship in the injunction, "Don't spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar," is really a sheep. A ship, he explained—very lucidly, I admit—could hardly be either the better or worse for the addition or omission of so trifling an amount of preservative, whereas it was of material importance that a sheep's feet should be dipped in creosote, and possibly in the aggregate it might be found that a halfpenny covered the cost of each member of the flock. I thanked him and passed on; and the next time I had occasion to employ the aphorism I said "ship" as before.

And then in last week's *Sunday Times* a correspondent did his best to discredit the superficial meaning of the phrase "It isn't cricket." In your ignorance (which I share) you may have suspected a reference here to the best of games. Far from it. The phrase, according to Mr. B. GRANT of Hampstead, comes from a village in Norfolk called Nether Cornslide, where in the last century a Mr. CHARLES RICKETTS (no relation of the distinguished painter whose home is beside the SHANNON) acted for over forty years as treasurer of the Goose Club. During that period there was never a penny wrong. Hence, when in neighbouring villages the accounts were faulty, the subscribers used to remark regretfully, "It is not C. Ricketts!" As time passed, Mr. B. GRANT of Hampstead would have us believe, the present phrase was evolved.

Believe it or believe it not.

The effect of this iconoclastic letter was to cause me to inquire into other origins, since if we are to be destructive we may as well be thorough; with the following disenchanting results.

"*Get your hair cut.*"—This slang phrase, now seldom, if ever, heard, is supposed to have been flung, some quarter of a century ago, at men with luxuriant locks, just as at the present moment persons wearing beards are taunted with a word which at the moment I forget. But it had no such springs. As a matter of fact it came into force just after Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT had been unexpectedly deprived of the Liberal Leadership by the Marquis of HARTINGTON, and it was really a cry of warning uttered to the Chief Liberal Whip of the day by that shrewd observer of political life, HENRY LABOUCHERE. "Get your HARCOURT" was his constant admonition. What might have been the trend of events had his counsel been taken! Ah!

"*Scot free.*"—This phrase, whatever its original bearing, clearly now applies solely to that blissful time, which some day must arrive, when we shall no longer be confronted by Sir PERCY'S serial letter about battleships.

"*Have a banana.*"—This vulgar command, which had a certain vogue in the London streets, and particularly the Strand, some few years ago, has no reference to the fruit named. It came into popularity during a Spanish Exhibition at Earl's Court and was merely the Cockney correlative of the famous Spanish phrase, "*Hasta mañana.*" The real spelling should be "Hava bañana," meaning "Throw dull care away!" or words to that effect.

THE GIRL WHO THOUGHT SHE WOULD LIKE A SNAPSHOT OF THE PRINCE.

"*Delays are dangerous.*" — Hasty and impulsive people who cover their mistakes by quoting this proverb (which is obviously a foolish one, or there is nothing in its famous counterpart, "Look before you leap") may be interested in learning that for years they have been leaning on a broken reed. The proverb, like so many others, depends for its modern prosperity upon defective hearing. It belongs in reality to the realm of politics and dates from the great days of *The Times*, when The Thunderer could discharge bolts indeed. As the story goes, and there is no reason to discredit it, a youthful member of the Tory party remarked in Mr. DISRAELI'S presence that the power of the Press was greatly overrated. "It may be as a whole," said the PRIME MINISTER, "but remember this: DELANES are dangerous."

"*It's no more use than a sick headache.*"—Many persons have long been perplexed by this saying, for obviously a sick headache can be of the greatest use. It can prevent one from doing all kinds of unattractive things—from going to the office, attending church, dining out or watching an indifferent play. It is the best of excuses. In emergencies it can be man's and woman's staunchest ally. The explanation of this unreasonable phrase is simple. The real word is "haddock," and the comparison was continually in the mouth of a famous

London character in the eighteen-seventies, old 'Erb Lever, known as the King of Billingsgate. "It's no more use than a sick haddock" was his favourite destructive criticism, so often employed that it gradually passed into the language.

"*A stitch in time saves nine.*"—Many a refined and sensitive lady and gentleman (if any are left) who have been in the habit of carelessly quoting this old saw will blush when they learn that in its true form it runs: "A stitch *intime* saves nine."

Notes and Queries, please copy.

E. V. L.

A MASQUE OF THE MONTHS.

(*Written after a course of modern verse, in which a reversion to rhyme of a sort is combined with an intermittent deviation into metre.*)

In January
Miss Anna Airy
And Mrs. Laura Knight
Work by artificial light.

In chilly Feb.,
'Mid slush that muddies
The oafs at the goals,
Those pious souls,
Mr. SIDNEY WEBB,
And Mrs. SIDNEY
And all of that kidney,
Resume their social and economic studies.

In March the jaundiced Pietist
Turns psycho-dietist,
And novelists, o'erjoyed
With JUNG und FREUD,
Explore with infinite pains
Humanity's dustbins and drains.

In April, brisk and showery,
Tales of the New York Bowery,
Of mystery, grime
And dope and crime,
In stacks and piles
Invade the British Isles.

In May, bards sing
Any old thing
From morn till eve,
Till the judicious grieve
And "readers" hurl what they receive,
Wholesale, without a fee,
Into the W. P. B.

In leafy June the bees
Buzz in the trees
As well as in the bonnets
Of those who deal in sonnets.

In fierce July the days,
Though fractionally shorter,
Bring no relief to SHORTER,
Who with a zeal devout
Continues ladling out
The gall of censure and the pap of praise.

In August flies,
Grown to full size,
Disturb the meditative Muse
Of TURNER, SHANKS and RICHARD HUGHES.

In tranquil Sept.,
Now kept
A month of breathing space
For weary printers,
The literary sprinters
Like Mr. MAIS
Put up their pens,
Stylos or fountains,
And seek the glens,
The moors, the mountains.

October, at thy coming chill
Once more poetic teashops fill,
And BLUNDEN, SHANKS, SASSOON and SQUIRE
Rejoin the bright-eyed cherub quire.

November, consecrate to fog,
Dismays the Grub Street under-dog,
But diarists, *incog.*,
Or self-revealed, sparing nor quick nor dead,
Rush in where demons might have feared to tread.

December comes
And numbs
Our ears and thumbs,
But soon
SHAW sounds a sennet
And CHESTERTON or BENNETT
Add variations to the tune;
While "ALDOUS" grimly hoots
And "SACHA" toots
Upon the weirdest of all flutes;
While in the background WELLS
Foretells
The imminent advent of new Heavens and Hells.

Customer. "WHAT! NO CLEAR SOUP? ANYWAY, GIVE US A COUPLE OF COCKTAILS."
Rustic Waitress. "SORRY, SIR, WE HAVEN'T ANY COCKTAIL SOUP EITHER."

"On a seat below her father wiped his eyes."—*Daily Paper.*
One of those hard-faced men.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HAPPY ENDING" (ST. JAMES'S).

IT wasn't really what *you* mean by a "happy ending." The couple did not live happily ever after; on the contrary one of them was dead ever after; but happily dead, because he had been hopelessly in the way; and by a comparatively happy death, for the manner of it was more becoming to him than the manner of his life, which was rotten.

Let me briefly explain why he was in the way. When *Mr.* and *Mrs. Cradock's* ship went down and she escaped with her two children and heard nothing further of her husband—a great rascal—she very excusably concluded that he had been drowned. Left alone to bring up these fatherless children, and a third that was born shortly afterwards, it occurred to her to invent for them a father who was a pattern of all the virtues, and to impress upon them the desirability of living up to the standard which he would have set them if he had been there to do it. In particular she so constantly recited the details of the death which he was alleged to have come by in the noble act of saving a child from drowning that the family could repeat her narrative verbatim. Unfortunately the two elder ones, like the grandchildren in *The Truth about Blayds*, were thoroughly bored by this ancestor-worship, and chafed at the restraining power of the dead hand.

Still, the plaster idol was kept in good repair, and when the original, after an interval spent in very shady courses, turned up under a disguised name to live on his wife's private fortune, she was naturally embarrassed, knowing that if he revealed himself he would shatter the illusion for her children and incidentally ruin in their eyes her own reputation for veracity. The idea of getting rid of him by divorce or by the intervention of the police was open to the same objection, and so she compromised on an arrangement by which he should stay in the neighbourhood incognito and at her charges.

After a time, though she has seen him shamelessly indulging an old passion for the embezzlement of charitable funds, he has almost persuaded her to believe his protestations of love (about the sincerity of which we were left to guess) and to marry him all over again, when she is saved in the nick of time by the discovery that he is exerting an evil influence on the son, whom he frankly regards as a hostage for her good behaviour. Driven to extremities, she would then and there have revealed his identity if mumps had not broken out at Molly's (the youngest child's) school. Arriving home in a joyous state of infection she bursts in just in time to divert her mother from the fatal exposure.

Once again, in the final Act, this child divinely intervenes. In the course of a rather improbable conversation conducted in a punt ("rivercraft," as the programme says, "supplied by HAMMERTON AND CO., Ltd., Twickenham"), she relates to her unsuspected father the hallowed account of his gallant death, word for word as her mother had told it. It is too much for him. He had not been prepared for the mollifying charm of this child—whom, being posthumous, he now meets for the first time—and his tough heart is melted.

COLD SHOULDER OF CALF FOR THE PRODIGAL.

Cradock (alias Conway) . . . MR. ROBERT LORAINE.
Uncle Tony . . . . . MR. FRED KERR.
Mrs. Cradock . . . . . MISS ETHEL IRVING.

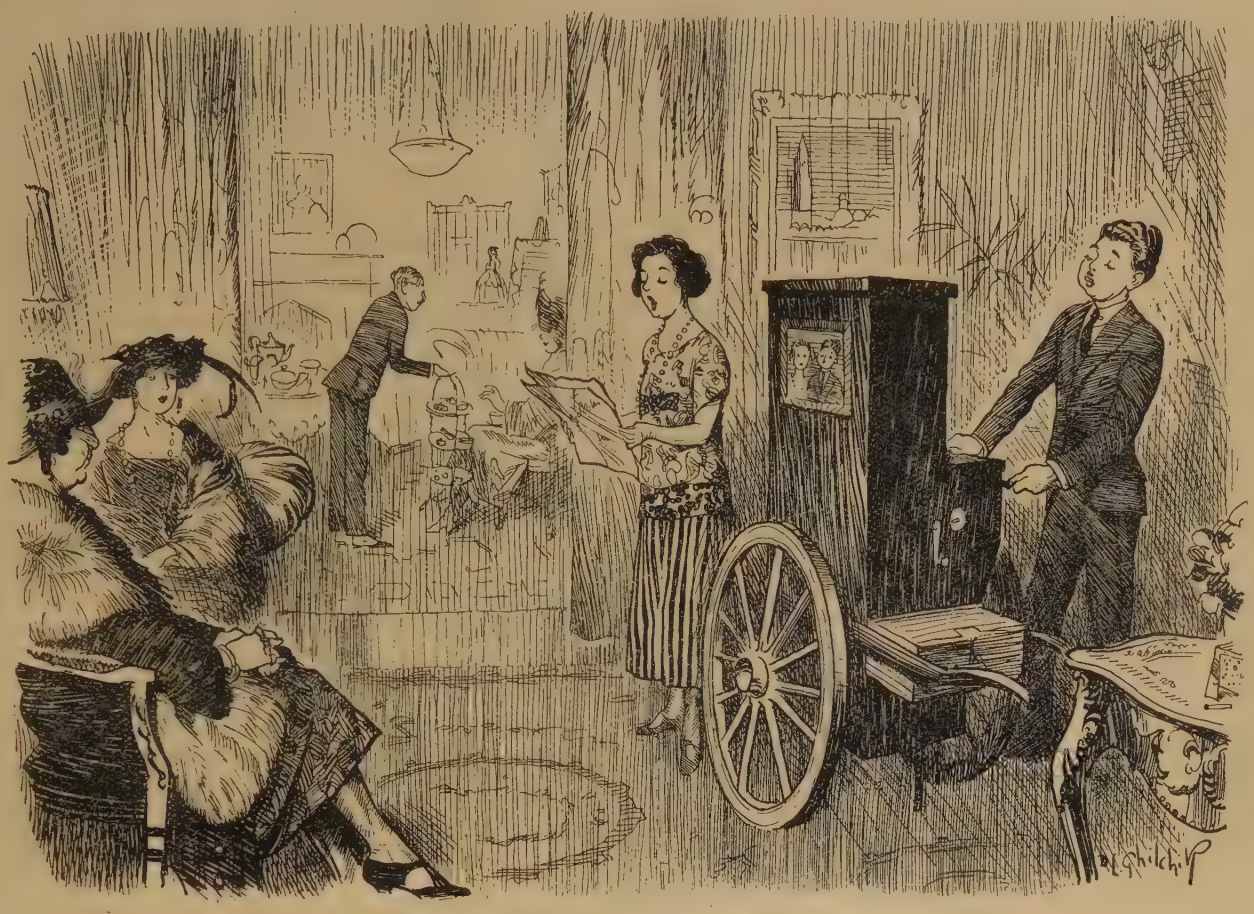
There were now three courses open to Mr. "IAN HAY," the author. *Cradock* might (*a*) clear out and go on living somewhere else, or (*b*) commit suicide, or (*c*) have a fatal accident. I think that *Cradock* himself had a preference for (*a*); I myself was favourably disposed to (*c*). So was Mr. "HAY," but with embroidery. For he makes *Cradock* sustain a fatal accident to his head in the course of a life-saving operation, the identical thing that occurred to him in *Mrs. Cradock's* fiction of his noble end, thus enabling her, in reporting his death, to utilise the very words of her familiar tale. And so, in an atmosphere of almost universal gloom, we got our "happy ending."

In point of fact the ending was the least happy part of the play. The dramatic irony of the close resemblance between *Cradock's* real and alleged deaths smacked a little too much of conscious stagery. But the first two Acts went with a very natural gaiety and were full of wise and witty sayings, though perhaps not always quite appropriate to the lips that uttered them. Thus I doubt if the girl *Joan*, though quick at small-talk, would have had the wit to tell her father, when he called her an oasis in the desert of his life (a stock metaphor of his), that she didn't think she was green enough to be that. And the most felicitous of *Mrs. Cradock's* remarks—"I once thought there wasn't anybody like you, and now I hope there isn't"—was made to her husband when she was in a state of sheer desperation. I thought too that it was a mistake to let her discover her son in the flagrant act of embracing the parlour-maid, because it took most of the sense out of her subsequent terror lest the boy's father should corrupt his innocence in the matter of women. When I have added that there was perhaps a little too much static dialogue (though the temperature of the interest never fell below summer heat), I have come to the end of my negligible fault-finding.

The author was exceptionally happy in his cast. The honours of the evening went to Miss ETHEL IRVING for her very real and moving interpretation of the character of *Mrs. Cradock*. Mr. FRED KERR was at his best and easiest as *Uncle Tony*, a kindly Anglo-Indian, abounding in resourceful philosophy. Miss ELIZABETH IRVING played the part of the elder daughter with a most delightful freshness, and Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS as the philandering son was as natural as one could wish. Miss JEAN CADELL exploited a new vein of her humour as a masculine spinster with a devastating gift of candour.

Mr. LORAINE, in the part of *Cradock (alias Conway)*, made a very fluent scoundrel, but had too genial an air to let me believe in his sinister qualities. Even under an assumed name and without looking at the programme we could always recognise him as that good fellow, ROBERT LORAINE. But perhaps that was part of the art of *Cradock's* disguise—just another *alias*.

After the curtain fell there were three



OUR OPULENT MENDICANTS.

MR. AND MRS. HANDEL-TURNER *(well known on West-End rounds)* AT HOME.

[If certain reports are true as to the fortunes that are being made on the kerbstone.]

more happy endings. They took the form of speeches from the author, the actor-manager and the heroine. The play had a very cordial reception and deserved it well. I am glad to have been among the first of "The First Hundred Thousand" who will rush to be at the front of it. I hope they will suffer less than I did from the uncomfortable congestion of the St. James's trenches. O. S.

THE PIGMY'S LULLABY.

["An immature specimen of the pigmy elephant has been deposited at the Zoological Gardens."—*Daily Paper.*]

Go to sleep, my baby;
Keeper 's coming soon;
He will bring thee, maybe,
Sugar in a spoon,
Or perhaps the moon.

Wouldst thou be a whopper
All of six feet high?
Thou must have thy proper
Share of beezum-by,
Little pigeon-pie.

Kindly Mr. Keeper's
Thoughts are all of thee,
Therefore shut the peepers
(And the row) while he
Goes to get his tea.

Trumpetings of anger,
Bellows of despair,
Wake the pensive langur
And the polar bear
Sleeping in his lair.

Sassaby and eland
And the brindled gnu
Stamp and snort and wheel and
Grumble, "Shut up, do;
You 're waking half the Zoo!"

Porcupines and pottos,
Lammergeyer and lynx,
Grizzlies in their grottos,
Marabouts and minks,
Miss their forty winks.

Apes (devoid of breeding)
Cry with captious grins,
"See what comes of feeding
Green banana skins
To little Jumbokins."

Even dear old Grannie
Hippopotamus
Murmurs, "Yon wee mannie
Makes an awfu' fuss
For sic a little cuss!"

Couldst thou hear, my bantling,
James the camel's sneers,
Blushes would be mantling
To those pretty ears;
Therefore dry thy tears.

Close each heavy eyelid,
Nod the drowsy head
And by dreams beguiléd
Sleep until the red
Sun has gone to bed.

Supper will be waiting
When the dreams are done,
Carrots (most inflating)
And a currant bun
For my precious one.

Sleep, then, little brother,
Till the lights are low.
What! you want another
Brandyball or so?
Positively NO! ALGOL.

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

X.—BALLON D'ESSAI.

WHEN Asia's Ocean spent its tides on Europe's shelving plain,
When Alpine islets reared their crests to stem the northing main,
When Uintatheres were fining down and Wombats waxing fat,
A high-browed, chin-diminished Man,
A tentatative, unfinished Man
Met an unfinished Cat.

In very early, more, or less or fairly early age,
When every tree was laden and fruit was all the rage,
When nights were always balmy and days were always fine,
A hairy, monkey-glanded Man,
A wary, finger-handed Man,
Dipped in his little store of finds,
Flung human caution to the winds
And asked that Cat to dine.

GETTING A BIT BACK.

THE other day a jockey was bitten by a racehorse. That is an incident which, I should have thought, would pass unnoticed, except perhaps by the jockey. But the newspapers made as much of it as if Mr. BERNARD SHAW's beard had been caught in a circular saw and utterly destroyed.

For it seems that jockey-biting by racehorses is a rare occupation. I am surprised. I should have thought it would have happened every day or oftener.

Think of the life a racehorse leads. It is true that he has good food and lives in a stable in which many a man would be glad to keep his wife and family. But the poor thing never knows when its bran-mash is going to be doped. It never can be certain whether it is going to have its toilet performed with a brush and comb or a hypodermic syringe.

This alone is calculated to wear any average racehorse to catsmeat. But there is much more. How very trying to the temper to be brought in seventh in the three-thirty time after time, when, if the jockey had only let you run in your own way, you could have romped home first, with leisure to look round and nod to your friends *en route!*

And how would you like, I wonder, to endure the low-bred laughter of farm-horses at the sight of your socks and the coarse chaff of butchers' cart-horses at your taste in fancy waistcoats—the ones with the large holes for the eyes? And it must be remembered that a racehorse gets very thin-skinned through constant grooming.

The life of a racehorse, believe me, is a dog's life; and since a jockey is generally more easily accessible than a trainer or an owner I cannot marvel that it is the jockey who gets bitten. The only reason I can suggest for the infrequency with which the racehorse seeks this relief is that to its pampered palate the flavour of jockey is repellent.

"In this apartment also is a large collection of miniature plagues by the original Josiah Wedgwood."—*Provincial Paper.*

A protest from the present "Josh" against this libel on the founder of his family is confidently expected.

"After announcing the text, the preacher began by mentioning Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson were discussing the wonders of 'observation'; a sailor in an ordinary man's suit walking in the streets of Malvern would be known to Dr. Watson to be a sailor; so would a policeman with his firm, solid tread."
Church Paper.

Watson appears to be coming on as a sleuth.

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR "TOC. H."

Mr. Punch does not propose to offer any apologies for once again calling attention to the good work that is being done by "Toc. H." (Talbot House)—the generic name for a number of Clubs and Hostels established to keep alive the memory of the famous Talbot Houses at Poperinghe and Ypres, where so many of our fighting men received comfort and care in the dark days of the War. The object of this brotherhood is to foster, among young unmarried men of all social grades, the spirit of mutual understanding; to engage in a peaceful war to end class war, and to make common cause for the well-being of Boys' Clubs, Scout Troops and other such fellowships of the younger world.

Two years ago, in answer to an appeal in these pages, over eight hundred pounds were raised for "Toc. H." as a memorial to its good friend, the late Art Editor of *Punch*, F. H. TOWNSEND, whose name now stands over the Club-room door of London's third Talbot House, at 148, York Road, Lambeth.

Since that day great developments have been made and other Hostels have sprung up. Once started, they are self-supporting; but initial expenses are necessarily heavy, and it is earnestly desired that a sum of fifteen thousand pounds may be raised by December 15th (the seventh anniversary of the opening of the original Talbot House at Poperinghe), when the PRINCE OF WALES, patron of "Toc. H.," is to preside at a festival at the Guildhall.

At this assembly of delegates of the Association from near and far there will be a special ceremony, consisting in the bestowal of Lamps of Maintenance upon the most deserving branches of the brotherhood. These lamps, in bronze, are modelled upon those of the Catacombs and are surmounted by the double cross of the Arms of Ypres. Bearing the legend, "IN LUMINE TUO VIDEBIMUS LUMEN," they are to be the symbols of the working creed of "Toc. H." and will be lit after supper at all gatherings of members by the youngest present.

At the Guildhall meeting the PRINCE will present fifty lamps, and himself light them for the first time.

It is hoped that many will follow HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S example in giving one of these lamps in memory of friends who fell in the War. The sum of ten guineas has been fixed as the qualifying donation for this memorial gift, to be inscribed with the giver's name.

Cheques in aid of the good cause should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer of "Toc. H." (crossed Barclays Bank, Victoria Street), and addressed to The Director, Birthday Appeal, "Toc. H." Headquarters, 23, Queen's Gate Gardens, London, S.W. 7.

Gifts in kind—of furniture, &c.—should be sent to the Hon. Warden of "Toc. H.," 15, Fitzroy Square, W.C. 1.

THE DREAM FAIRY.

SHE sits upon the pillow, tucked away behind your head
(You mustn't wriggle round and look or else she'll fly away);
She wears a fluffy dressing-gown with tassels gold and red,
And there she stays right through the night until it's nearly day.

She's very shy, but if you keep quite still and shut your eyes
She'll tell you tales of Fairyland and lots of splendid things;
Then, just before it's time to wake, she kisses you and flies
(You'll sometimes find a feather on your pillow from her wings).

"HAVE YOU ANY IDEA, COLONEL, WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE 'FLU' BESIDES WHISKY?"
"DAMME, SIR! WHAT *ELSE* CAN YOU WANT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. RUSSELL BARRINGTON'S talent for appreciation and retrospection is hardly at its best in a novel, and while I can well imagine a considerable amount of pleasure being got out of *A St. Luke of the Nineteenth Century* (LONGMANS) by readers who share its author's æsthetic enthusiasms I cannot help wishing that the standpoint of the book had been more frankly personal. I thoroughly enjoyed its Pre-Raphaelite staging—the sitting-rooms at Sales Farm embellished by *Luke Faulkner*, the artist, in true MORRIS fashion, with *cassoni* painted and lacquered by himself; and the little spare-room, "oxide of chromium in colour," hung with small water-colours of the school of ROSSETTI; but to take sustained interest in *Faulkner*, or in his rival, the poet *Roedon*, or in the ramifications of the noble family of *Lavaine*, to which *Elaine*, the elusive ladylove of both these gifted gentlemen, belonged, would tax the staying power of a mid-Victorian. The plot is of the slightest—a misunderstanding as to *Roedon's* attitude towards *Elaine's* married sister, lasting just long enough to let *Roedon* and *Faulkner* finish exchanging their views on philosophy and art before subsiding into bliss and resignation respectively. And the subordinate plot of *Sir Harry Lavaine's* second marriage with the dubiously widowed daughter of a Scotch minister though graceful enough in itself, is a distinct interruption to the tenor of the main story.

Trouble-the-House (METHUEN), more formally known as *Susan Gilvarry*, is eight when Miss KATE JORDAN introduces her to us, nineteen when she sends her off on a world tour and promises to tell us in a sequel the doings of her maturer years. Between those ages *Susan* goes through most of the adventures likely to happen to a healthy, lively, clever little Irish girl, whether she lives in New York or anywhere else, and certainly deserves what her creator calls her "descriptive label." When the poverty inevitable in this sort of American story swoops down on the *Gilvarry* family, *Susan*, in her 'teens, supports them all by her pen, a feat whose probability I should have doubted, only it all reads so very much like autobiography that politeness urged me to try to believe in it instead. Obviously Miss JORDAN has had a very good time over writing her book—it is scarcely a story—but I have not enjoyed reviewing it quite so much. Not funny enough to be called humorous, not serious enough to be taken seriously, all about a schoolgirl and yet hardly for school-girls, it is a very difficult book to place. At least it shows, by its patches of clear insight into motive and character, that Miss JORDAN has more than

the root of the matter in her, and that she can write very pleasantly. All she needs is to make quite sure that she has chosen something worth her trouble to write about, and worth her readers' trouble to read about.

Santa Gorlof, a quite overwhelmingly beautiful Eurasian, flirted with *Prince Rogovich* and then pushed him off the liner into the sea. This, by the way, is not *The Vanishing Point* (HUTCHINSON), the rather unintelligible title which Mr. CONINGSBY DAWSON gives his new novel, though *Santa* made a habit of doing this sort of thing to people she thought bad or cruel. Shortly afterwards *Rogovich's* snow-white wolf-hound, "plunging to death and pointing at her" (she was on the landing tender) "like the finger of conscience," disappeared into the waves. . . . In the penultimate chapter *Rogovich* (snow-white pointer and all) turns up abruptly. The hero, an American millionaire with queer lips ("His lips squared themselves," says Mr. DAWSON, a thing which I have since vainly tried to get mine to do), who has come to sell food to Eastern Europe, overhears the *Prince* uttering the most blood-curdling threats to poor *Santa*, who is helplessly bound. 'Tis the work of a few moments to kill the tyrant, to tie the corpse to his throne with *Santa's* own bonds, and to show him in robes and crown at the window of his palace to the acclaiming multitude, which however is eventually annoyed by his impassive and supercilious airs. . . . In the middle chapters a host of wildly improbable things happen in a wildly incoherent way. A mad Russian idealist, *Ivan Varensky* (obviously founded on KERENSKY), flits in and out of the picture, talking volubly and quite incomprehensibly until he is shot. No, not exactly a plausible romance, but, as the publishers say, it "sweeps you breathlessly over all of the vast area" of Europe.

Flurried Gentleman (returning to compartment where he thinks he has left something behind). "EXCUSE ME, BUT HAS ANYONE SEEN A PARCEL?"

As there are only sixty pages all told in *Brief Diversions* (BOWES AND BOWES) the brevity of it is beyond question or argument. The most indolent of reviewers is disarmed by so modest a demand on his attention, and if he be not diverted into the bargain he will be very hard to please. The Tales—or Fables—which occupy just half the little book are by turns tender, fantastic and *macabre*. Mr. PRIESTLEY has the happy knack of beginning strongly and ending swiftly—above all of treating topical themes suggestively and yet avoiding the plague of shiny neologisms. This sheaf of travesties proves him to be a true parodist, and no trafficker in verbal mimicry. The solemnity of Sir WILLIAM WATSON, the freakishness of Mr. DE LA MARE, "Q.'s" digressive method as a lecturer, the fatal facility of Mr. ALFRED NOYES and the edifying complacency of Mr. DRINKWATER are done to the life. Impersonations of this type are much more than mockery; they reach the level of criticism. The budget of epigrams which completes the volume shows that Mr. PRIESTLEY is quite as much preoccupied with the honey as with the sting. He makes handsome amends to two of the authors whom he has already travestied, betrays none of the fashionable resentment of the past, and is not afraid to declare his admiration of things "far away and long ago." Altogether a witty and chivalrous little book.

Give it time, and the most glorious bubble will burst. Holland, in granting sanctuary to an ex-Kaiser with a puncturable skin, saved the Entente Powers from CROMWELL'S blunder. CROMWELL discovered that a king defeated and beheaded might become an everlasting martyr, but WILHELM II. is found, when left comfortably alive, to be the hollowest turnip-ghost in history. No hand but his own All-highest could so diminish him. In *My Memoirs: 1878–1918* (CASSELL) he whines and protests from cover to cover, and so completely is the whine the man that he does not even realise his posture. The book is not properly a volume of memoirs at all, but of comments on the various events of his reign, the argument throughout being that all that was prosperous was of his own excellent devising, all that was unfortunate was thrust upon him by his advisers. He says that he has always been able to bear the truth, provided it was told him "tactfully"—a delicious expression. One would like to suggest, if it could be done with tact, that his attempt to fix the war-guilt on the Allies is quite childish in the way it slurs over all that would tell against his so-called argument. Of those who read these memoirs not many will be found to feel much pity for this discredited braggart who complains to a deity of his own devising how unpleasant it is to be whipped.

It may be as well to inform those who have read some of Mr. F. B. WILSON'S articles in the daily Press that his language in *Sporting Pie* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is quite intelligible. I should never call him a precisian, but I am grateful to him for refraining from the use of words which were too difficult for a man of ordinary intellect. On the second page of this volume he tells us that no prize is offered to the man who counts up its "grammatical errors." I should not have competed for this trophy even if it had been offered, but I am prepared at least to say that Mr. WILSON might have paid a little more attention to his proofs. To find, on the same page, H. MARTYN spoken of as H. H. MARTIN, and J. T. BROWN presented with an "E" at the end of his name, is rather irritating. Mr. WILSON, however, is a law unto himself, and not at all a bad law either. I have enjoyed my dip into his pie, and testify that, as a gay writer about games and those who play them, he is hard to beat. Full of anecdote and good humour, his book should have the success that Mr. A. J. WEBBE in an excellent preface predicts for it. Its appeal to old Harrow and Cambridge men is sure.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER advises people to spend less. But surely that 's just what we 're doing, at least those of us who can afford to.

***

Signor D'ANNUNZIO has written a scathing indictment of the British Empire. This confirms the rumour that he is getting stale.

***

"I think before I speak, but I never think twice," recently declared a newly-elected M.P. Why should he, when he 's already one above the average?

***

Dr. FLETCHER, lecturing at Keswick, spoke of a man aged 146 years of age who had just had his first illness. Naturally, if people will never give the doctors a chance, they must expect to live on indefinitely.

***

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Chronicle* to say that he has just picked a buttercup in Kent. It is hoped that, upon his giving an undertaking not to do it again, the authorities will let the matter drop.

***

A Silvertown correspondent, informing *The Evening News* that his brother has just picked a buttercup in Kent, asks, "Is it Spring-time or Christmas-time?" The answer is, Christmas-time.

***

M. VENIZELOS has fixed on 1925 as the probable date of his return to Greece. In view of the conditions there we cannot understand why he should be in such a hurry.

***

With reference to Lord NEWTON's question in the House of Lords on the Safety First methods, it would certainly prevent congestion if pedestrians would keep to the left when being knocked down by motorists.

***

Major OWEN RUTTER states that there is no Income Tax in British North Borneo and railway fares have not been increased. At the same time it is unlikely that any patriotic Britisher would leave his country while she is in the throes of a peace like this.

***

Congratulations to Mr. Justice DARLING upon celebrating his seventy-third birthday. A joke a day keeps old age away.

***

When wide open the mouth of a full-grown whale measures twelve feet by eighteen feet, we are informed. This rather suggests that in political matters the whale is a Communist.

***

It is said to be a new idea in France for a child to be named after its mother, instead of its father. Men who have failed successfully in this country assert that it is no new idea to put everything in the wife's name.

***

A contemporary has discovered that there was only one telephone in the world forty-one years ago. It is only fair to the owner to say that he had no idea the thing was going to spread as it has. He must, by the way, have found it very jolly to ring himself up and learn that his number was engaged.

***

We understand from a horticultural authority who specialises in herbaceous borders that several prominent Beavers are having their whiskers bobbed for Christmas.

***

An attempt is being made to popularise ping-pong in France. Naturally, now that duelling has become such a tame pastime, Parisians are feeling the need of some game with a bit of kick in it.

***

"The dogs of war in the East have been chained up," says a political writer. We judge, from the Bolshevist intrusion at Lausanne, that one of the puppies must have got loose.

***

It is reported that owing to stoppage of the clock in the Library tower at Clitheroe, workmen went on with their job long past the dinner-hour. Local authorities who think clocks can stop without causing any serious trouble should take warning from this disaster.

***

Two thousand young trout are to be placed in the river Dart. Preference will be given, we understand, to those that have already learned to swim.

***

According to a lady correspondent in a daily paper there is nothing that produces sunshine in our hearts more easily than a happy smile. Genuine smilers who are willing to live in Thanet should apply without delay to Carmelite House.

***

Unqualified dentists are no longer allowed to practise. It is hoped that something will now be done about the type of patient who goes and has a tooth out simply as an excuse to look at last year's picture-papers in the waiting-room.

***

It is stated that the author of a pantomime song which is likely to become all the rage is a boy who has just left school. We suppose this explanation must be accepted.

***

The case is reported of a school in Wales which is so cold that the ink freezes. It will be remembered that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, as a boy, used to get over this difficulty by means of a red-hot pen.

***

For the purposes of an Elizabethan film Lady DIANA COOPER has had her eyebrows removed. There is no truth in the rumour that the part was offered to and declined by Mr. GEORGE ROBEY.

***

The word "Epsom" has been discovered inscribed on one of the ancient stones of Rome. A parallel to this is the case of "Hurst Park" being found graven on the heart of a punter.

Old Lady. "WHAT IS THAT YOUNG FELLOW WITH A CAP SUPPOSED TO DO?"
Nephew. "OH, HE HAS TO STOP THE BALL FROM GOING INTO THE NET."
Old Lady. "THEN WHY DOESN'T HE?"

"Mr. John Fuller has constructed a globe showing the various countries of the world in relief."—*Provincial Paper.*

Fuller's earth is, of course, the best.

"The modern girl is perhaps a transitional creature. She has not found her post-war legs."—*Evening Paper.*

If she can't find them now, with these post-war skirts, she never will.

THE SLUMP IN NAUTICAL FICTION.

[A leader-writer in *The Times*, discussing the latest books of adventure for boys, says: "The authors are clearly of opinion that a tale of fighting by land is, in this year of grace, desired above all else by our ironic nurseries. The sea, for the time being, has lost its mystery, treasure ships are out of commission, shipwrecks are few, and pirates have joined the army."]

STRANGELY the thought my heart has moved
That we, in whose rough island story
The billows' path has ever proved
The most convenient route to glory,
Should see the latest of our line
Break with tradition and decline
Romances dealing with the brine.

The taste of modern boys, I hear,
Has turned to battles fought on dry land;
They get, I 'm told, but feeble cheer
From watery themes like *Treasure Island;*
Their little heads refuse to hum
Chanteys of pirates full of rum
Seated upon a Dead Man's tum.

They take no interest at all
In shipwrecked mariners; *R. Crusoe,*
His parrot and his *Friday* pall
(With us they never used to do so);
At best the hero, ancient style,
Marooned upon a savage isle,
Provokes a supercilious smile.

Nay more—they hold the sniffiest views
Of longshore fiction's homely fancies;
You cannot get them to peruse
The quayside loves of *Jacks* and *Nancies;*
They all ignore "the sailor's star"
Waving to her affianced tar
As he debouches o'er the bar.

O why are British nurseries thrilled
No more by yarns that feature Ocean?
Have submarines and aircraft killed
The vogue of surface locomotion?
I put it down to PERCY SCOTT,
Who says, and says it quite a lot,
That battleships are putrid rot. O. S.

A DAY OF HEADLINES.

Mollie takes in a penny daily newspaper, chiefly, of course, for its insurance benefits, but secondarily for its hectic headlines, which she persists in regarding as news. Every morning at breakfast Mollie absorbs the headlines. I wouldn't mind so much her doing that (for absorption is a silent process) if she did not, almost immediately afterwards, exude them. I mean she reads them aloud; reads them aloud with all the emotional emphasis and facial expression appropriate to her intensely impressionable nature. Moreover, every headline has to her a personal application.

Thus, "Disastrous Deluge in Dalmatia" will despatch her first to the barometer on a prolonged tapping expedition, next to the hat-stand to see if her umbrella is in working order, and finally to the window, through which she will gaze for several minutes scanning the heavens for men's hands. "Typhoid in Toast?" (with a minute mark of interrogation after it) is the signal for the toast-rack to be whisked from the breakfast-table and sent hurtling through the serving-hatch into the kitchen; while "Startling Suicide Statistics" will infallibly send her scudding upstairs to hide my safety-razor.

I have, of course, in my patient quiet way remonstrated with Mollie. I have reasoned with her where many another husband would (in the present as well as in the Stone Age) have had immediate recourse to his club, but without appreciable effect. However, yesterday I hit upon a plan which should open her eyes to the folly of swallowing these hyperbolical captions of the penny press.

Upon returning from my work (tired, nay, done-out though I was) I cast my usual uneventful day into capitals for her benefit. Here are the results.

Bald Facts:—

(1) I miss my train.

(2) I leave my walking-stick in the next one.

(3) I find the office clock to be ten minutes fast.

(4) I play a couple of games of dominoes after lunch.

(5) I tear up a badly typed letter.

(6) I recover my walking-stick from the Lost Property Office.

(7) I give my weekly sixpence to the crossing-sweeper.

(8) I say "Good-Night" to a policeman.

Headlined (as per Mollie's paper), these bald facts had grown luxuriant hair as follows:—

(1) "TOO LATE.
GET ON OR GET OUT.
THE INFINITE PATHOS OF THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN!"

(2) "SECRET SOURCE OF RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.
AN INQUIRY DEMANDED.
MILLIONS OF POUNDS' WORTH PRESENTED ANNUALLY TO THE COMPANIES BY CARELESS PASSENGERS."

(3) "ONLY TEN MINUTES!
YET A MAN CAN BE HANGED IN LESS."

(4) "HAUNTS OF VICE.
THE DEADLY DOMINO-DOPE.
FATAL LURE OF THE DOUBLE-SIX."

(5) "RASH ACT.
DAINTY MAID IN FLOODS OF TEARS.
'I DONE ME BEST.'"

(6) "OUR WONDERFUL RAILWAY SYSTEMS.
MILLIONS OF POUNDS' WORTH RETURNED ANNUALLY TO CARELESS PASSENGERS."

(7) "HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.
DO CROSSING-SWEEPERS PAY INCOME TAX?"

(8) "SUSPECTED CRIMINAL BLUFFS POLICEMAN.
DARING DODGE TO EVADE ARREST.
DETECTIVES BAFFLED."

"There," I said to Mollie when I had read to her these conflicting items of news (in parallel columns, as it were), "you see how easy and misleading it all is. You see——"

"How clever you are!" she breathed, gazing at me adoringly. I smiled faintly and perhaps a trifle self-consciously. But it was, of course, true enough.

"I merely wished to demonstrate," I began modestly, when she interrupted me.

"Now let *me* try," she urged excitedly.

"Try? Try what?"

"Try to be clever like you. Do let me tell you what *I* did to-day—in headlines."

"Very well," I agreed indulgently. "Go ahead."

"But," stipulated Mollie, "I shan't tell you the actual facts: you 'll have to guess them from the headlines." I bowed acquiescence. Molly shut her eyes and concentrated deeply. Then suddenly: "'NEARLY CRUSHED TO DEATH,'" she whispered hoarsely in capitals. I shifted uneasily in my chair. The sales were on; she had been shopping, of course. "'THE DREAM OF HER LIFE,'" murmured Mollie. I became increasingly uncomfortable. "'WOMEN MUST WEEP,'" she moaned, more poignantly than any harbour bar. I coughed harshly.

Then suddenly Mollie opened her eyes wide and trained them full on me.

"ARE HUSBANDS MEAN?"

she demanded right across the front page.

With a sigh that every husband knows—the sigh that affects a humour it does not feel—I arose and unlocked my desk. My cheque-book loyally shrank away from my reluctant fingers.

"You dear!" whispered Mollie at my elbow. "It 's absolutely scrumptious and has been greatly reduced."

So was my bank balance when I had filled in the cheque. But Mollie looks jolly well in the new hat. It makes a lovely headline.

"Wanted, Chips & Fish, up to £300."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

It sounds like a contract for a Christmas house-party.

A WAY WE HAVE IN THE NAVY.

British Tar. "ANY MORE ROYAL EXILES FOR THE SHIP? TURK OR GREEK, LET 'EM ALL COME."

Aunt. "DID I HEAR YOU GREET YOUR FRIEND WITH 'HULLO, OLD RIP!'? I DON'T THINK IT'S VERY NICE."
Niece. "NO, NO; NOT 'RIP'—'REP.' SUCH A MOUTHFUL TO SAY 'REPTILE' EVERY TIME."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE MANŒUVRER TWINS.

Park Lane,
December 10th.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The mothers of daughters, of whom Lady Manœuvrer is easily leader, are very much in evidence this Winter, bringing out their girls for the parade and canter before they go to the starting-gate next Spring.

I'm a good deal intrigued by their tactics, for in a dozen years or so I shall be looking about on behalf of my little Blanche.

A propos, that small person is coming on in her worldly wisdom in a way to alarm even *me*, my dearest. She went to a babies' party yesterday, where Anthony Brokestone, the Lacklands' small boy, seems to have been 'normously *épris* of her.

"He wanted to dance wiv me all the time, Mummy," she said, "but I wouldn't."

"Why not?" I asked.

"'Cause he's not a good match," replied my tiny *mondaine achevée*.

When I told Josiah, instead of roaring at it as the easiest of jokes, he put on his don't face and said the child oughtn't to know of such things as good matches, and that when she's old enough to marry he hoped she'd marry for love and find her happiness in her home. Wonderful old picturesque views, aren't they, *m'amie*?

"My dear good man," I said, "where *do* you pick up these quaint original ideas? But don't worry. By the time Blanche is a *demoiselle à marier* there won't *be* any good matches, and we shall all be cave dwellers—unless they've taxed us even out of our *caves*."

But to return to the mothers of daughters in general and Lulu Manœuvrer in particular. The poor dear thing had her *twins* to dispose of. *Figurez-vous? Quelle besogne!* Mignonette and Forget-me-not are girls of the moment in all but one thing. Lulu won't have any of the "Don't talk d——d piffle, you silly old dear; I mean to do as I like!" that some mothers endure meekly. She spoke quite plainly to them, she told me, when she laid her commands on them and told them her plans. "You're fearfully alike, darlings," she said, "even for twins. Our job is to make you just as different as we can. Nottie may be her natural self, a girl of to-day with a dash of to-morrow. Nettie is to be a girl of the day before yesterday, quiet, a little prudish (a touch of prudishness will be quite a startling novelty), and is to disapprove prettily and gently of modern ways."

So they were launched in the Little Season in town, and Nottie *faisait à sa fantaisie*, went everywhere, her hair and frocks shorter than the shortest, and "Croppy" Kempton voted her a "rippin' little filly with a fine turn of speed." What Croppy says goes, for he's absurdly eligible. His father invented that fearful pill, you know, *chérie*, and was baroneted. He left a mountain of money, and, though Croppy's a racing man and a polo man and a big-game man and in that action for breach had to pay thousands of the pill money to the balancing woman, "Spick," of "Spick and Span," the equilibrists at the Pallaseum, even *he* doesn't make much impression on the old man's hoard.

Nettie, on the other hand, was very quiet and what used to be called "*reserved*," wore ringlets and an ankle-frock, and her disapproval of almost everything had quite a little success. Lord Westshire, a prig and bore of the first magnitude, but *un parti très avantageux*, was heard to say he was "thankful there were still such girls as Mignonette Manœuvrer."

And then Lulu carried them both off to join a big party at the Oldacres' place in the Midlands.

Poor Nettie had had some extra drill, for Lulu Manœuvrer had heard that Lord Westshire (he and Croppy were both in the Oldacres' house-party) went in for Spiritualism.

"I've got some copies of *Spooks*, the Spiritualist weekly," said this wonderful mother to her twin child, "and you're to get up the subject. Westshire writes for *Spooks* about messages he says he's had from a great-uncle who 'passed over' half a century ago. Remember they always 'pass over.' Never say 'die.'"

And so there they were, my Daphne, at Oldacres Hall—Nettie, prim and demure, not following the hounds, but taking a quiet walk in the park with Westshire, who doesn't hunt, and in the evening refusing to dance anything but an old-fashioned waltz; abjuring the Gleesome Glide, in which they stroke each other's cheeks, and the Kitten's Pounce, in which they purr into each other's ears, to say nothing of the Three-legged Leap, in which each has an ankle tied to the other's.

Nottie, on the other hand, danced anything and everything, jumped over chairs in the obstacle-races in the picture gallery, and slid down the stairs quicker than anyone in the banister races. Croppy seemed quite a little devoted, and all the notice Forget-me-not ever took of Westshire was to call out to him sometimes, "How are your spooks? Heard from your great-uncle lately?"

And then Croppy met with a little accident hunting, and had to stop in for a bit. So one day, when they'd all gone off to the meet, he limped into the morning-room, and there was Mignonette reading an article in *Spooks* by Lord Westshire about his great-uncle.

"You little studious, censorious prude!" said Croppy, sitting down near her. "Why are you so different from your sister? Why d' you disapprove of everything so 'mensely?"

And Nettie looked about to see no one was near and then said, "I'll let *you* into it. You're a good sport and won't tell. I *don't* disapprove of things. I like things."

"What's the idea, then?" asked Croppy, amazed.

"We're twins," said Nettie, "and we've got to be *un*twinny. Mother says *one* girl's a *pity*, but *twin* girls are a *calamity*. So Nottie does as she likes, and *I've* got to be different and not want any fun. And I *hate* it all!" she cried, dashing the copy of *Spooks* on the ground. I *hate* these silly old ringlets and this silly old ankle-frock, and I hate Lord Westshire, with his prosings and his mediums and his spooks and his old dead great-uncle and everything that is his!"

Tailor. "EXCUSE ME, SIR. LOOKIN' AT YOU I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT YOU WAS SO MUSCULAR. MAY I ASK YOUR PROFESSION, SIR?"
Famous Violinist. "A MUSICIAN." *Tailor.* "AH—*drums*, I PRESUME."

And Croppy roared and roared, and then said, "You poor little darling! What a rotten shame!"

After that Croppy had no eyes for anyone but Nettie, and people said, "Wonderful! That little Victorian prude to attract Croppy of all men!"

And Nottie was piqued, and Westshire was piqued, and their mutual peakiness drew them together. He began to talk spooks to her and said, "Scoffers often become the most earnest psychics."

And the end of it, my dearest? Well, perhaps I'd better quote Lulu Manœuvrer herself. "My plans have gone *à travers*, dear Blanche," she said, "but not *à tort*. Darling Nottie and Nettie are well disposed of, and I don't mind which is which so long as one is Lady Westshire and the other Lady Kempton."

Which was required to be done, as the old school-books used to say.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"The two men chuckled with mirthless silence."—*Magazine Story.*
This requires a lot of practice.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

III.—DECEMBER FLAMES.

By R*B*RT H*CH*NS.

"HAVE you never met Lady Raddlehurst?" said Crayfish, sipping a dry Martini at the Embassy Club.

"Never," replied Inchbold, sipping another dry Martini at the same club.

"She is perhaps the most wonderful woman in London. Ten years ago she used to belong to the Old Guard."

"What is that?" asked Inchbold. He was fifty-two years younger than his companion.

"It is the name given to the great Edwardian hostesses who refused to resign in the face of advancing years. Clothing themselves with a *fausse jeunesse* and combining an immense *savoir faire* with a *joie de vivre* equal to that of the youngest Georgians, they still move about in the *monde où l'on s'amuse* with an *éclat* which is truly *incroyable*."

"You surprise me," said the younger man. "Your knowledge of the *beau monde* is prodigious. I cannot think how you acquired it."

"Practice," laughed Crayfish, stroking the short brown-and-grey annexe at the bottom of his face. "Well, Lady Raddlehurst has ceased to belong to the Old Guard. Quite suddenly she resigned, shut herself up and went nowhere. At the same time it became known that she had lost all her jewels, worth fifty thousand pounds. It was very mysterious. *Le monde où l'on s'amuse* was tremendously intrigued."

"Does that apply equally to *le monde où l'on s'ennuie* also?"

"Yes, that was tremendously intrigued too. It did not seem to be a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. She just retired."

"I should be delighted to meet Lady Raddlehurst," said Inchbold.

"Waiter, two more dry Martinis!" demanded Crayfish.

CHAPTER II.

In the vast and dignified drawing-room of her London house Inchbold could not help feeling instantly the fascination of Lady Raddlehurst. Nearly seven feet high, she was now eighty-nine years old. Her face was covered with wrinkles and crowned with waving white hair. Her head reminded Inchbold of the head of a deer. He could never feel quite certain what kind of deer. Sometimes he thought it was a gazelle, sometimes a moose. She was dressed in black and wore elastic-sided boots.

Sitting near her was a beautiful slim girl with sarcastic violet eyes, a Miss Betty van Tromp, a very rich American. When she stood up she was no more than five foot six: she too was crowned with waving hair, but it was only the colour of ripe corn.

As he hesitated which of these to fall in love with, Inchbold felt that Lady Raddlehurst was far more charming than Miss van Tromp. At the same time there was a vivid and ardent appeal about the younger woman, in spite of the obvious drawbacks of her youth and beauty, that stirred him against his will. When he looked at Lady Raddlehurst he seemed to be inspecting a prehistoric monolith of infinitely mysterious significance. When he turned to Miss van Tromp he seemed to be just looking at a girl. Once when she handed him a cup of tea their hands touched. He felt a thrill run through him. Was not this the commonplace emotion of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—an emotion not intellectual, not spiritual, but merely animal?

"Damn the animal!" he muttered half aloud.

"You mustn't speak like that to Chow-Chow," said Miss van Tromp, removing her Pekinese, which was pawing his trousers.

Inchbold blushed.

CHAPTER III.

What was the mysterious secret that had caused Lady Raddlehurst to remove her octogenarian charm from the world? Inchbold decided to have dinner at the Ristorante Basta in Soho and think about it. He liked the Ristorante Basta because one got there macaroni, minestra, Chianti Rosso, ravioli, fascisti, condottieri and zabaione. He could not spell zabaione, but he liked eating it. The music of Naples was played at the Ristorante Basta, and the smoke of Toscanas filled the air.

He had nearly finished his dinner when he noticed at the far end of the restaurant Lady Raddlehurst and Miss van Tromp. Miss van Tromp he knew despised *les convenances*, but he was surprised to see Lady Raddlehurst here. She was too *rangée*, he had fancied, to be so *bohémienne*. Miss van Tromp waved a charming spoon and very obviously invited him to come and eat his zabaione with them. Taking his glass, filled with the rich creamy yellow mixture, he went over to their table. The three talked buoyantly of Italy and Italian songs, while Inchbold's gaze was held now by the one and now by the other. He thought again how magnificently ruinous Lady Raddlehurst looked with her wrinkles and white hair, and how deep was the violet in Betty van Tromp's eyes. But he had no hesitation as to which was the more beautiful. It was a dead snip for decay.

Just then a man, who looked and was dressed like a jockey, came into the restaurant. It was John Orpington the painter.

"Hullo, Betty!" he said without any ceremony. "If you're not going on anywhere, come with me to the Café Royal."

"Who's going to be there, John?" she asked, nonchalantly lighting a cigarette.

"Oh, CHICHERIN and Dean INGE, and FRANK CRANE and SIKI, and the usual crowd. But there's someone you'll like best of all, my beauty. I've found a new subject to paint. He's beautiful. He probably comes from the *bas-fonds*, or even from *les abîmes*. But he looks like a Greek god."

"All right," said Betty van Tromp, "I'm coming."

"Please call my bath chair, Mr. Inchbold," said Lady Raddlehurst. "I am going home."

"I hope you will allow me the privilege of pushing it," he said.

Betty van Tromp shot a malicious glance at him as he supported Lady Raddlehurst through the haze of Toscanas to the door.

It was another victory for decay.

CHAPTER IV.

"No, I cannot get him!" cried John Orpington, throwing his brush fiercely down on the floor. "There is something more in him than that, something that I can't see yet."

The model, a sun-burned young man of perfect beauty, smiled faintly and cast wistful eyes at Betty van Tromp, curled up on a sofa and smoking a black cigar in an amber tube.

"That's because he can only paint vice, Mr. Egyptian," she said to the beautiful young man. "Look at the pictures all round you. They remind one of *Dorian Gray*."

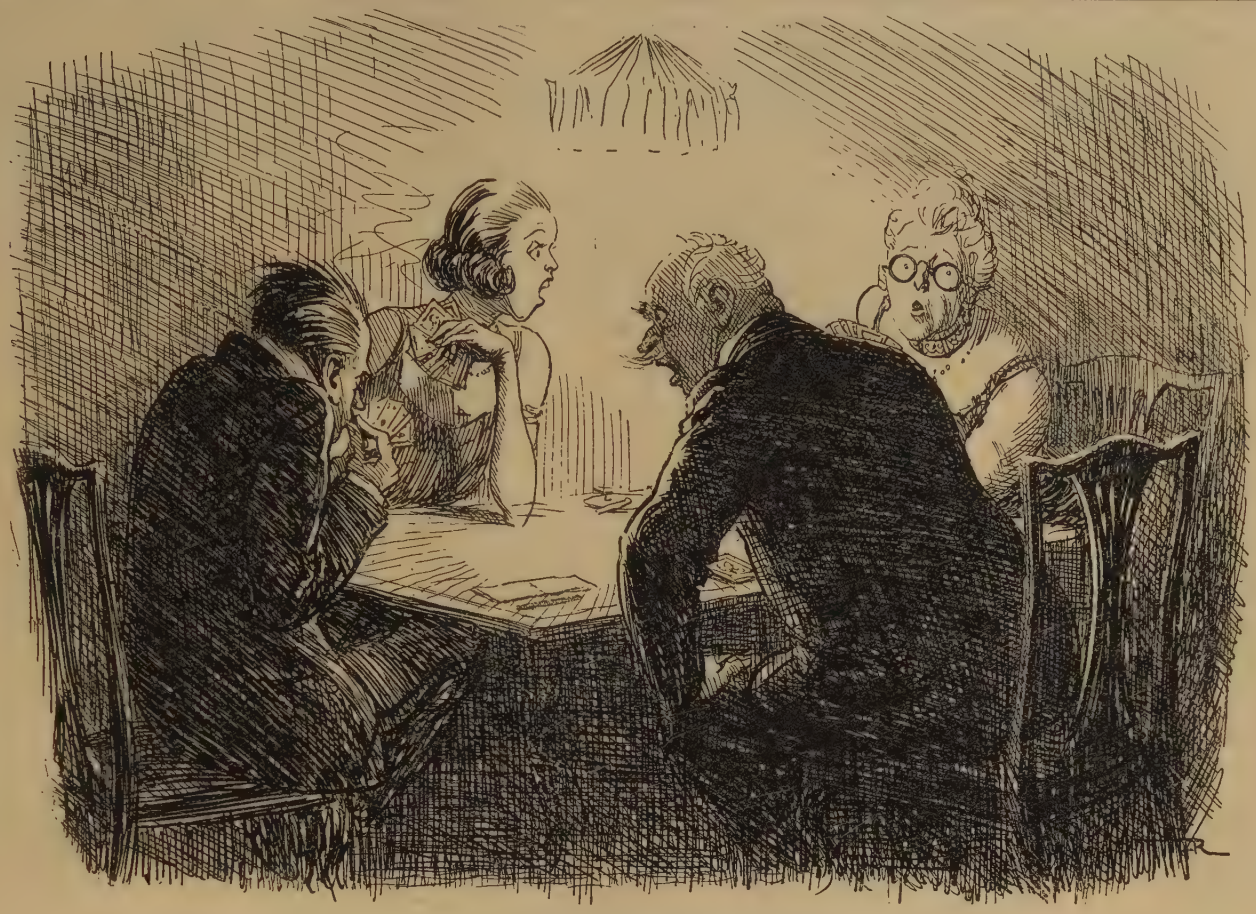
Stanislaus Egyptian looked at the portraits in the studio. Miss van Tromp was certainly right. There were portraits of men and women of the underworld, of the *demi-monde*, of the *bas-fonds*, *gamins* and *gamines* of the gutter and the *ghetto*. Sin stared from every canvas. Even in the case of those that were turned to the wall, sin crept through the back. There was one picture of a judge in his robes and wig, but he looked like a dipsomaniac dog-stealer.

"I have it!" shouted Orpington suddenly, and set to work furiously again.

Betty van Tromp cast a ravishing smile at Egyptian and turned to go. . . .

Ten days later Orpington told her that the picture was finished, and wrenched the easel round roughly that she might see it.

She gasped. It was Egyptian? Yes.



QUICK BRIDGE.

"One Club." "One Diamond." "One Heart." "One Moment."

It was a masterpiece certainly. It was Orpington's finest work. But it was a face stamped through its beauty with the seal of every diabolical crime that the foulest nightmare of imagination could conceive.

"You brute!" she shouted, bursting into tears. "What a *toupet* you have! You have painted a fiend from hell!"

Chapter V.

At the Ristorante Basta Lady Raddlehurst and Inchbold were dining *tête-à-tête*. All was in order. The macaroni, the minestra, the ravioli, the fascisti had been served, the music of Naples and the acrid smoke of Toscanas had been turned on by the management, when another couple came into the room. They were Egyptian and Betty van Tromp.

For some time the second pair did not see the first, and then suddenly a strange look came into Egyptian's beautiful face.

"Pardon me one moment, Betty," he said to his companion; "I should like to give away my macaroni to a poor beggar who is standing outside;" and taking his plate he left her hastily.

At the same moment Inchbold noticed that Lady Raddlehurst had turned pale beneath the enamel which for his sake she had now for some time been wearing.

"Bring Betty here," she gasped, and when the girl came, "Is that man a friend of yours?" she cried.

"He is more," answered Betty proudly, with a scornful look at Inchbold. "We are engaged to be married."

All the *joie de vivre*, the *élan* and the *savoir faire* had suddenly left Lady Raddlehurst's deer-like eyes, and were replaced by a look of infinite compassion.

"Sit down," she said. "I want to tell you how it was that ten years ago I left the Old Guard. After my two husbands had died I was still a young woman of seventy. But all the men of twenty-five with whom I kept falling in love seemed cold towards me. At last, however, I found one more handsome than them all. He was lunching at the Fitz. He looked at me and went out. I leapt up and followed him. I heard him say he was going to France. I went home, snatched up my jewel-case and rushed to Victoria. When I had taken my place in the boat-train I saw him on the platform. He looked at me again and beckoned. I put my jewel-case down on the seat and followed him into the crowd. He vanished. I went back to my carriage and my jewel-case had vanished too. It was not under the seat or on the rack. I felt certain at once that he was a thief and his confederates had stolen it. *That man was the man with whom you came to this restaurant!*"

Betty burst into floods of tears.

"Then Orpington was right," she choked. "Oh, Lady Raddlehurst, how noble you are! I see now what real aristocracy means. I could never have told a rival a thing like that. And now that I have discovered what this hateful Egyptian really is, I suppose—I suppose—— Do you still want Inchbold?"

"No," said Lady Raddlehurst tenderly. "I do not. I have decided to relinquish my *fausse jeunesse* once more. I'm going to marry Crayfish. He is just eighty-five, only a few years younger than I am. Take Inchbold, my dear, *et sois tranquille*."

Inchbold looked up and smiled into Betty van Tromp's violet eyes.

"Waiter," said Lady Raddlehurst, "zabaione for three." Evoe.

THE REFUSALS OF MARGARET.

THE SEVENTH REFUSAL.

SCENE: *Two chairs on the deck of a steamer between Calais and Dover. Margaret is crossing alone, but she has met* Jeremy *on the way.*

Jeremy. Yes, Margaret, I'm from Nigeria.

Margaret. And what do people do in Nigeria?

J. We civilise the natives. It's rather a shame. And you, Margaret?

M. Nothing in particular.

J. But I'm sure you've lots of news. Remember that I've not yet seen a European newspaper. I'm postponing all that.

M. You were always one for postponing things, Jeremy.

J. That's why I'm such a good diplomatist. Diplomacy consists in postponing things until people have forgotten all about them. But (*seriously*) there's one thing I simply cannot postpone any longer. I've been thinking about it a good deal out there.

M. Yes, Jeremy?

J. Will you marry me, Margaret?

M. But that's impossible, Jeremy.

J. Please don't answer in a hurry. I realise that marrying *me* must in any case be rather a problem—even if you cared. There are forty-five reasons why you shouldn't.

"THAT REMINDS ME, HELEN. WE MUST BUY SOME UNDIES, TO-DAY."

M. Forty-five! I thought you were only forty-three.

J. There are two more nails in my coffin since I saw you last.

M. There's a lot to be said for forty-five. I'm not sure that in some ways it wouldn't be more exciting than twenty-six.

J. Why twenty-six?

M. Robin's twenty-six.

J. Robin?

M. My husband, Jeremy. That comes of never reading the newspapers.

J. (*taking the blow manfully*). I congratulate him, Margaret.

M. I'm sorry, Jeremy. You're one of the men I should rather like to have married, if I'd had any choice in the matter.

J. I should like to see this fellow. I can't imagine any young man of twenty-six being a match for you.

M. He isn't, Jeremy. Perhaps that's why I married him.

J. When did it happen?

M. I'm returning from my honeymoon.

J. Alone?

M. Robin joined his ship at Gibraltar. He's a sailor, you know. Don't ask me about the honeymoon. There's nothing to tell.

J. I see. It was one of those honeymoons.

M. Yes, perfectly heavenly.

J. (*simply*). I'm glad of that, Margaret. I'd say more, but you must give me time to recover. And now I suppose that you are going to settle down?

M. Do you think that's really necessary?

J. It's usually taken for granted.

M. I'm not going to take it for granted. I'm all in favour of a little freedom.

J. Does your husband hold the same view?

M. He didn't take to it very kindly. It's the one thing Robin and I don't quite agree about. He wants me to have a cottage at Tunbridge Wells. I've no objection to that. I should rather like to have a cottage at Tunbridge Wells. It would be nice to think of it waiting quietly there in case of need; something pretty and secluded, with a thatched roof and hollyhocks. It would give me a pleasant English feeling. But I found that Robin expected me to *live* in it. We almost had a quarrel about that.

J. On your honeymoon? I thought you said it had been perfectly heavenly.

M. Yes; but Robin isn't an angel. In fact we were almost estranged for quite three-quarters-of-an-hour. He was so miserable that afterwards he bought me a new bracelet.

J. Wasn't that rather weak of him?

M. But I like him to be weak at the right moment. He isn't always weak. He shook me in Venice. It was the only possible thing for him to do. I should have been disappointed in him if he hadn't.

J. Was this also about Tunbridge Wells?

M. There were some Italian Naval officers at Venice and Robin attended a celebration. I warned him not to leave me alone; Venice is so relaxing. But Robin insisted on going to the celebration. He was away for several hours, and I regret to say that Antonio was waiting for just this opportunity. Indeed I rather suspect that he arranged the celebration.

J. Antonio?

M. I called him Antonio because he was a sea-captain. *Twelfth Night*, you know.

J. So Antonio didn't let the grass grow?

M. The grass never grows in Venice. I suppose there are too many canals. Antonio came in a gondola; and I'm afraid that I rather enjoyed it. When Robin returned from the celebration he was quite rude about it and for five minutes we detested one another.

J. And then Robin—er—asserted himself?

M. There was nothing else for him to do. He's no match for me in argument. Luckily, however, we always agree on essentials.

J. Tunbridge Wells, for instance?

M. Robin is much too sensible really to insist on my living at Tunbridge Wells. That was only a mood. Besides I pointed out that there were a lot of retired officers at Tunbridge Wells, some of them in the prime of life. I persuaded him that it would be much better if, while he was at sea, I could be under my father's protection.

J. And Robin was convinced?

M. He had to be convinced.

J. He might have asserted himself.

M. Not that time. I only allow Robin to assert himself when I am wrong.

J. And how is he to know?

M. Isn't that the whole heart of married life?

J. (*dubiously*). Marriage is very complicated.

M. I know it's generally assumed that marriage is the end of the story. But I don't agree with that at all. On

"I THOUGHT YOU FELLOWS HAD TO GET OUT YOUR CHRISTMAS DRAWINGS IN THE MIDDLE OF SUMMER."
"OH, THAT'S A THING OF THE PAST, THANK GOODNESS. NOWADAYS MOST OF THEM HAVE TO BE DONE THE WINTER BEFORE."

the contrary I feel that the story is going to be even more interesting than before. Marriage is an education. It enables one to understand so many things.

J. You were never exactly at a loss.

M. That was merely instinct. Henceforth it will be knowledge. I've learned a great deal from Robin.

J. For example?

M. I've come to the conclusion that a young married woman, if she is at all attractive, can do a great deal of good. Men are so very helpless, and they can't always get married. Sooner or later they feel the need of a sympathetic woman, and it sometimes happens that the sympathetic woman is not quite nice. Sympathy can be so very dangerous, especially without a chaperon.

J. And you are going to be the chaperon?

M. (*reproachfully*). Do I look like a chaperon?

J. You look more like a person in need of one.

M. Exactly. But, being married, I shall be perfectly safe without her.

J. And the young men in need of sympathy—will they also be safe?

M. Quite. I shall try to make them devoted until some nice girl comes along who can make them happy.

J. I see. And then they will be weaned. Incidentally, I perceive at last what is really the matter with you, Margaret. You have caught the complaint of the newly-married. You're a match-maker.

M. Why not? I'm so happy with Robin that I want everybody else to be happy too.

J. (*alarmed*). Don't you start trying to make me happy, Margaret.

M. No, Jeremy. I could never bear to part with you, not even for your own good.

J. And how will Robin like having his house turned into a kind of nursery for young husbands?

M. I think Robin realises that it would be a little dull for me to do nothing at all while he's away.

J. It's a wife's duty to think of her husband.

M. Thinking about Robin isn't an occupation, and I'm quite sure that, if I had nothing else to do, I should soon become rather tired of it. That would be bad for both of us. It's dangerous for married people to be too domestic. Husbands and wives often behave as though they were the only people in the world. That's ridiculous. To begin with, it isn't true. Robin isn't the only man in the world, and it would be very bad for him if he were. I shouldn't know how very much better he was than the others. The fact is, a little distraction doesn't do married people any harm. On the contrary, it keeps them alive and makes them all the more devoted. Besides, Jeremy, we've got to face the fact that Robin's almost always at sea.

J. Yes, Margaret. Husbands almost always are.

[*And by this time the boat is entering the harbour.*

"William —— had been out of work for a considerable time, but declined to go on road-making. He was a fitter, and considered that to take work on the roads would be *infra dig.*"
Manchester Paper.

Well, wouldn't it?

The name of Kingstown has been changed, with the approval of the Irish Free State, to "Dun Laoghaire;" but there is absolutely no foundation for the rumour that the name of Dublin is to be changed either to "Healyopolis" or "Timbuctoo."

THE WAR-MONGERS.

My friend Cheddars takes the "English" class at a certain Preparatory School for Small Boys. This class, I gather, meets only once, or perhaps twice, a week; but by the end of the year, he modestly told me, he has taught them the whole of Geography, English History, the Bible, Spelling and the writing of Prose and Verse. They are dear little fellows, and they call him "Cheese."

The new class which confronted him at the beginning of this term were quickly placed on that steep and downward path which leads to literature and penury. They were invited to write an extra verse to a poem by the late Lord TENNYSON entitled "The Voyage of Maeldune," and I have been privileged to read some of the MSS. They show that in England at any rate the heroic lay is by no means tuneless now. Who knows what Laureate lies concealed in the English class of my good friend "Cheese"? A hundred years hence the learned critics of the Sunday newspapers may be at loggerheads about the propriety of publishing some of these early works; and rather than leave the matter in their hands I hasten to publish a few of them at once.

It will be observed that there is a good deal of rather wilful bloodshed and slaughter in these poems. But so there is in the original, and we must not blame the boys, even though the whole point of the poem is that vengeance is not a good thing. It is really lamentable that four years after the War-to-end-War a number of schoolboy poets writing their first piece of verse should plunge with such ill-concealed delight into such seas of gore. Long ago (in a correspondence in *The Times*, in which Lord SYDENHAM, Sir VALENTINE CHIROL, Patriot, A Business Man and Sir Eliphaz Bib played no mean part) I warned the Government that the best way to secure peace for the next generation was to expel from our schools the fire-eater TENNYSON and other heroic bards. How right I was!

Even more disturbing is the pre-occupation of many of the young singers with DRINK.

The rhythm of the original, as you may remember—or not—is as follows:—

"And we came to the Isle of Fruits; all round from the cliffs and the capes,
Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes,
And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,
And the fig ran up from the beach and rioted over the land.
* * * * * * *
And we stay'd three days, and we gorged and we madden'd, till every one drew
His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they slew;
And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sundered the fray,
Then I bade them remember my father's death, and we sailed away."
Tennyson.

Thompson *mi* gets the right note at once:—

"And we came to the Island of Snakes, and great green ones came from the beach,
And they wriggled about our good ship and tried us poor fellows to reach,
But we tracked them down with our swords and with squeals and with gurgles they drowned,
And then with a grating and bumping our vessel it ran aground.
We jumped off the ship in a trice for a serpent of mighty length
Would have killed us undoubtedly because of its terrible strength.
It happened a certain snake gave a bite which sent you mad,
And as it had bitten us all a mighty battle we had.
We fought and we fought and we slew till we all lay down dead tired,
For all of us had bad wounds and most of us had expired,
And we hated the Island of Snakes, for we 'd suffered great losses that day,
And we drew up our anchors with haste and in anger we sailed away."
Thompson mi.

Young Chandler is less of a poet, perhaps, but not less bellicose in spirit:—

"And we came to the Island of Slaughter and the sea was all red with blood,
There was none who was not a murderer and none did any good.
Blood flowed down the mountain-side, blood flowed in the stream,
We could not but come still nearer the scene.
My men's eyes saw red, they were mad for a fight.
I stopped them, they looked as if they wanted to bite."—*Chandler.*

Smith *ma*, on the other hand, who is one up on Chandler in sense of rhythm, complained to Cheddars that he found a difficulty in thinking of suitable rhymes. How serious was his difficulty may be judged from the text.

As for the *matter* of his poem, I fancy Smith *ma* will be able to hold his own in this wicked world:—

"And we came to the Isle of Fair Maidens who never had seen a young man,
And they each lived alone in a hut made out of the wood of the oak;
For the oak of that isle 'twas pliable and soft, an axe was not needed to cut.
But my men they loved the fair maidens, and the maidens gave us drink
Until, quite drugged, they fell asleep; all save me, I took no risks.
Soon I heard a cry, and I ran to the rescue; in vain, too late!
For the half of my men were dead; so we slew the beautiful maids wholesale;
And I cursed the effeminate isle and the beautiful flappers thereon.
So we slew all the beautiful maidens that murdered the half of my men,
And we ate and we drank of the spoils of the beautiful maids
Till I thought we had had enough, so we sailed far away.
Smith ma.

After these the poet Roberts impresses us as merely anæmic:—

"And we came to the Isle of Everything, which we never had seen before,
And there you could get anything known of in days of yore,
And right on a mighty hill-top was a palace built of sapphire,
This was the property of the mighty God of Fire.
And down in a valley was still another palace
Wherein did dwell the God of our race.
And on a pebbly beach sat the Sea God
Fishing in the waves with his great iron rod.
And in a cave on a mountain with face like a cannibal
Sat peacefully smoking the God of all Animal.
There are other gods, of whom we fear to make menture
For we want to forget all memories of that adventure."
Roberts.

Grenville, however, is quite in the tradition:—

"(1) And we came to the Isle of Folly in an evil time indeed,
(2) For the first thing we came upon was a brook of flowing mead.
(3) And my fellows they lay on their stomachs and drank till they were drunk,
(4) So I told them of my father and called each one a skunk.
(5) Then they got up and rolled about, for they were mad with drink,
(6) And pounded each other till they were black and blue like ink.
(7) And then they fought and some they slew
(8) Until there was left but half the crew.
(9) And then I had to remind them of the Isle in the ocean, and him
(10) Who had slain my father in battle and torn him limb from limb."—*Grenville.*

So is Rogers:—

"We came to the Isle of Drink, the men were hot and silly,
They asked us if we 'd drink with them out of a blood-red lily.
The great god Bacchus was there as drunk as his attendants standing round him,
They were drunk as well as him because they did not move one limb,
And they drunk and drunk as they could, that was why they were hot and fetid,
And we to a man drank like them, feeling we were being petted.
At last we got so drunk that we began to feel like playing,
But a little while after that we got as ripe for slaying.
And when we came to ourselves we realised that on the sod
Lay many men we had slain, and we being very frail
From the wine we had drunk and the fight we had fought, we thought we 'd better set sail."—*Rogers.*

A. P. H.

Levity at Smithfield.

"Excessive weights such as the provincial shows see had no place at Islington. No beast exceeded 19½ tons."—*Daily Paper.*

Lady (concerned for her valuable Persian rug—to new Charwoman). "AND, MRS. SCOLES, *PLEASE* BE CAREFUL WITH THIS RUG—IT IS VERY OLD."

Mrs. Scoles. "THAT IT IS, MUM; BUT I DESSAY WE CAN MAKE IT LAST YOU THE WINTER."

THE ART OF THE UNEXPECTED.

ALL believers in the infinite variety of existence will turn with disgust from the *obiter dictum* of that London magistrate who recently had before him a motorist charged with exceeding the speed limit. "I was driving fast," said the culprit, "because I was going to the dentist." "I don't see that is any excuse," replied the magistrate. "If I were going to the dentist I should be inclined to crawl."

Now, I call that magistrate a thoroughly ungrateful fellow. There he sits day after day, hearing the same old ancient excuses—tales that may be true but haven't the slightest spice of novelty about them—and yet when he gets a really brand-new justification offered to him all he can do is turn up his unappreciative nose at it. In the weary routine of his day the dentist story ought to have blossomed like a rose. Besides, anybody with half an eye could see that it was probably true. Its novelty is its greatest recommendation. Any fool could have stood up and blurted out, "Please, Sir, my wife had just accidentally severed an artery, and I was driving like mad for a doctor." The man who said he was going to the dentist was either a George Washington or a great artist. And I think the Washington hypothesis holds the field.

However, it must be admitted that there would not be much harm done to any contemplated movement for Brighter Police Courts if the incident served to encourage some of our artists to advance unusual excuses. And in the hope that the standard of artistic appreciation may be raised among our magistrates the following little masterpieces are offered for use by those who may find themselves called upon to say something in their own defence:—

For exceeding the speed limit (alternative to the dentist story): "I was driving to meet my wife's mother, who was coming to stay with us."

For not having taken out a dog licence: "As a matter of fact, Sir, the dog in question was about to present us with a litter of puppies and I was waiting to see how many there were so that I could take out licences for the whole lot together."

For having had one's chimney on fire: "I had been reading a pamphlet on smoke pollution and the culpable reluctance of some local authorities to proceed against offenders. This made me so indignant that, without thinking what I was doing, I thrust the evidence of this lack of public spirit on the fire and so accidentally ignited the chimney."

For not having paid one's income tax: "I had been assessed at too low a figure and was meaning to write to the Commissioners about it before I sent a cheque."

For riding a bicycle without a light:—"I was on my way to the police station to ask if they could lend me a match."

If magistrates would give some encouragement to real artists by paying a little more attention to defences of this kind our police courts would soon become places where the Connoisseur of the Unexpected could count on spending a pleasant morning.

Mother (*to small daughter just home from a visit*). "I AM SORRY TO SAY YOUR AUNT GIVES A VERY POOR ACCOUNT OF YOU: 'NAUGHTY, UNTIDY, UNPUNCTUAL, UNTRUTHFUL, INCLINED TO BE IMP——'"

Daughter. "DOES AUNTIE REALLY WRITE ALL THAT?" *Mother*. "YES."

Daughter (*judicially*). "WHAT A THING TO SAY TO THE CHILD'S OWN MOTHER!"

A GENTLEMAN OF THE GUTTER.

DOWN Regent Street came a sandwich-man in a suit of mediæval armour. What he advertised I know not, but there he was, a pathetic knight. I watched him a little shamefacedly as he came towards me, feeling that I also must be to some extent to blame for this humiliation of a fellow-citizen. It is a subject which I earnestly commend to the notice of the society which interests itself in cases of cruelty to performing animals. I was about to look away and try to forget him when a princely person, one of the few who can still afford to smoke Havanas, threw a cigar-end into the gutter. It was quite a considerable cigar-end, more end than I should ever throw away myself, and the knightly sandwich-man, his sombre eye brightening, hastened towards it. He stooped to it; almost it was within his grasp. Then, horror of horrors, tragedy of tragedies, he was thwarted of it. He could not stoop low enough, his armour would not permit it.

There was no time to dally, for behind him came another sandwich-man (undisguised), while a little to the right of him stood a policeman with watchful eye for any obstruction of the gutter, and no particular love for sandwich-men. With a last wild longing look at the cigar-end the Knight passed on, and the sandwich-man behind him, unhampered by armour, stooped and retrieved the prize.

Instinctively I felt that I ought to dash after the Knight and press upon him the price of a whole first-hand cigar. But I am a coward in these matters; shyness and a fatal lack of initiative held me back. So that I was still standing irresolute, staring after the disconsolate Knight, when the unknightly sandwich-man spoke.

"'Ere you are, mate; it 's yours," he said, and thrust the prize into the Knight's hand.

"That one may not be a knight," I said to myself, "but at least he is a gentleman."

"FOR SALE.—One Piano in a fairy good condition."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

Just the instrument to accompany the "horns of elfland."

"Ruler Wanted, used to striker."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

This might suit the MINISTER OF LABOUR.

TO GOVERNOR-GENERAL HEALY.

TIM! TIM!
Here 's to him!
Once a rebel, now a ruler;
Mellowed is your spirit grim,
And your fiery blood grown cooler;
Governments you once defied,
Now your hand the ship must guide.

Lord! TIM,
What a "limb"
You were in those bygone chances!
Full of devil to the brim,
Reckless tongue and venomed glances;
Storming, thrusting, slinging ink,
Broils to you were meat and drink.

Ah! TIM,
Fires grow dim,
Froth and frenzy fail and falter;
Swayed no more by passion's whim
Lay your gift before the Altar;
Soul and body, love and life,
Pledged to heal the age-long strife.

Hail, TIM!
May the hymn
Of a grateful land breathe o'er you.
Hoist your flag, the white sails trim
For the seas that lie before you.
We who watch you launch to-day
Cry, "God speed his fateful way!"

HIS EXCELLENCY THE DOVE.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS AND BEST WISHES TO THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE IRISH FREE STATE.

Growler. "CAB, SIR?" *Reveller.* "THANKS, VERY MUCH. I WASN'T QUITE SURE IF IT WAS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 4th.—The House of Lords passed the Third Readings of the two Irish Bills without a division, though both Lord LANSDOWNE and Lord CARSON took occasion to utter final protests against the methods that had brought them into being. Lord HALDANE thought that Lord LANSDOWNE, quite honestly, had exaggerated the dangers: "he is not an adventurous person." He himself, intrepid fellow, is confident that—some day—Ireland, under self-government, will be as loyal as the other Dominions. "Don't you believe a word of it," said in effect Lord CARSON; "the next thing she 'll demand will be a Republic." The Duke of DEVONSHIRE however refused to be disturbed by this gloomy prophecy—even *Cassandra* must occasionally have tipped a loser—and set against it his personal opinion that the Irish Government would, if they could, "deliver the goods."

Members from Scotland have occupied an altogether disproportionate share of the time of the House this Session in their kindly desire to educate the benighted English. These have, on the whole, listened politely, but their pent-up feelings burst forth when Mr. THOMAS JOHNSTON, after drawing attention to the absence of any representative of the Scottish Office, requested the PRIME MINISTER to "consider the expediency of giving Scottish Home Rule immediately." The cheer that went up from the Ministerial Benches must have shaken the new rafters of Westminster Hall.

With the instinct of the advocate Sir JOHN SIMON, in calling for the repeal of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, addressed most of his speech to the National Liberals. He would not blame them, as Free-Traders, for having helped to pass what they doubtless regarded as a temporary expedient, but urged them to consider how disastrously it had turned out in practice.

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE denied the right of Liberals to challenge the policy of the Act, since it was based upon the Paris Resolutions of Mr. ASQUITH. As for its administration, some of the key-industries were now so flourishing that foreign scientists came to England for their supplies; and while prices had fallen employment had increased.

Mr. ASQUITH indignantly disclaimed "the parentage of this ill-begotten child." It was a proviso of the Paris Resolutions that none of the signatories was to be bound to tamper with his own fiscal system. Sir ALFRED MOND, after footing a delicate measure among the economic egg-shells, announced his intention of not voting either way. The majority of the National Liberals followed his example, but about twenty went into the Opposition Lobby, with the result that the Government majority sank to sixty-two. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE neither spoke nor voted.

Speaking on Mr. BALDWIN'S Resolution which dealt with the Austrian Loan, Mr. NEWBOLD widened the breach that separates him from orthodox Labour by declaring that he regarded the League of Nations "with disgust and abhorrence;" and Mr. SAKLATVALA gave the West an opportunity of imitating the patient endurance of the East by delivering in the small hours an oration which lasted the best part of an hour.

Tuesday, December 5th.—The Duke of MARLBOROUGH has hitherto been unknown as a humourist. But his attempt by means of the methods of psycho-analysis to ascertain the present attitude of the Government to House of Lords Reform was quite lively. Moreover it gave rise to a debate which, though academic, was amusing. Lord BURNHAM feared that the Peers would soon become "a titled mob," and would have to meet, if they met anywhere, in West-

minster Hall. The LORD CHANCELLOR said that the Government had already made it clear that they had no immediate intention of approaching "this grave question," and thereby afforded a text for another of Lord BIRKENHEAD'S impish orations, in which he dwelt with unconcealed delight upon the contrast between Lord SALISBURY'S former "almost incoherent" eagerness for reform and his present acquiescence in postponing it *sine die*.

The new Members of the House of Commons, who have been wondering how the silent little man sitting on the Front Bench below the Gangway had managed to dominate the Assembly for half a generation, had their curiosity partially satisfied this afternoon. While Sir R. WINFREY was moving an Amendment to the Address, dealing with the parlous state of agriculture, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was observed to have moved up to the corner of the Second Bench—the place from which the present GOVERNOR-GENERAL of the Irish Free State (*né* HEALY) used to discharge his arrows of sarcasm at friends and foes alike.

When Sir R. WINFREY sat down Mr. LLOYD GEORGE got up. I am afraid the new Members were a little disappointed. Agriculture at the best of times is not a very lively subject, and it gives little scope for flights of fancy and unexpected turns of phrase. Most of the speech consisted of requests for more information, and when the EX-PREMIER did venture, very tentatively, to suggest some possible remedy, a Labour Member rudely interrupted with "Why didn't you do it?"

Wednesday, December 6th.—Lord NEWTON again urged the Government to make pedestrians "Keep to the Left." London, he said, was now more dangerous than Constantinople, although you might there meet anything "from a tramcar to a dromedary." But Lord ONSLOW was still discouraging, and pointed out that the general public could not be coerced into changing its habits; and Lord LANSDOWNE, who (as a pedestrian only) is a supporter of the Left, admitted that his attempts to obey "the writing on the pavement" had resulted in his being pushed into the gutter.

One of the justifications of the Trade Facilities Bill, under which this country is to guarantee a loan of six millions to Austria, is that it will ultimately increase employment here. Accordingly it received a modest blessing from Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who, however, warned the Government against "tippling in Socialism." It would be much better to "accept the principle for what it is worth"—I don't think some of his followers quite liked this way of putting it—and then apply it "scientifically." Mr. HOPKINSON objected to giving doles to capitalists, and Lord STANLEY made a maiden speech, all about cotton-

"WITH THE INSTINCT OF THE ADVOCATE."
(SIR JOHN SIMON.)

growing, which Mr. T. SHAW (Labour) described as coming "like a breath of fresh air" to a Lancashire man.

Thursday, December 7th.—"I wonder that you will still be talking, Signor

THE RENTRÉE.
MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

BIRKENHEAD; nobody marks you." It is unthinkable that the House of Lords should ever apply to its late Speaker the words of *Beatrice*, but it must be admitted that it is beginning to exhibit symptoms of satiety with his almost daily orations. This afternoon he made two.

The first was a long and elaborate sneer at the Government for having withdrawn our Minister from Athens without having secured the co-operation of our Allies in "this gesture of moral indignation."

The second arose out of the publication in a Sunday paper of a letter written by the late M. GOUNARIS to Lord CURZON in February last, describing the almost hopeless case of the Greek Army in Asia Minor. Lord BIRKENHEAD read out the letter, and also—despite the protests of Lord SALISBURY—the reply of Lord CURZON (not published in the newspaper), bidding the Greeks to remember their ancient glories and hold on. Lord BIRKENHEAD'S point was that, although a Member of the Cabinet, he had never seen M. GOUNARIS' letter; if he had he would have insisted on a very different course of action.

Lord SALISBURY coldly replied that, although it was none of the present Government's business, he had ascertained from the Foreign Office that the letter was circulated to the Cabinet. He thought it would have been better if Lord BIRKENHEAD had awaited Lord CURZON'S return from Lausanne before launching his attack. Under this rebuke the culprit showed no contrition; but, when Lord BEAVERBROOK, as the principal shareholder of the journal in question, intervened to say that it was precisely because of Lord CURZON'S absence that he had refrained from publishing his letter, he suffered in silence. "*Blame* from Sir HUBERT STANLEY!"

The subject was alluded to at Question-time in the Commons. Both Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN disclaimed all knowledge of the letters, and were genuinely surprised when Mr. BONAR LAW stated, on the authority of the Foreign Office, that they had been circulated to the Cabinet.

In the interest of Irish stock-breeders Mr. HARBISON, Nationalist Member for Fermanagh and Tyrone, moved the rejection of the Canadian Cattle Bill. He was supported by Captain CRAIG, the leader of the Ulster Unionists—a good omen, I trust, for the ultimate union of the two Irelands.

"THEY SAY—

That the modern young actor can't get melodrama over the footlights. Instead of smacking his chest and hurling it at the audience, he smiles apologetically."—*Weekly Paper.*

Most of the young actors of our acquaintance—as the result of their Army experience, no doubt—are particularly good at "throwing a chest."

Visitor (in terrific draught). "MAY I VENTURE TO CLOSE THE WINDOW?"
Flat-Dweller. "I'M AFRAID YOU MUSTN'T. TWEETUMS HAS BURIED A BONE IN THE WINDOW-BOX AND HE MAY WANT IT AT ANY MOMENT."

FIELD AND FARMSTEAD,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

XI.—BADGER.

GLOW from east and crow of the cock,
Homeward pads the old grey brock;
Ebon feet and a smudging trail,
Ebon chest and a tar-brush tail,
Magpie face and an iron-grey back,
Ears rimmed white on a ground of black,
Mischief gleam in the gimlet eyes,
Lumping gait as he breasts the rise.
"Ki-ke-ri-ki! Co-co-ri-co!"
Sings chanticleer in the farm below.

Glow from west and screech of the owl,
Luckless night and a fatal prowl,
Thrust and heave at the hen-house door,
Never so loose on its latch before,
Gust of wind and the door slams to,
Never before such a hullabaloo.
Choice enough, but the old grey brock
Fastens on one, the trumpeter cock.
"Ai-ai-ai-ai! Oh-oh-oh-oh!"
Wails the bereaved seraglio.

Door flung wide and a lamp held out,
What 's the riot and racket about?
"Lordy Lord, preserve our sowls,
A dog-faced boggart is eatin' the fowls.
Wheer 's my axe? No, better a gun—
Try ole Jack, he 's sure got one.
I bides here, he 's backed to the wall,
White dog face an' horns an' all.
Hand un quick, he 's big as a calf."
"Hold un straight!" "Hold straight? Not 'alf."
"Ai-ai-ai-ai! Oh-oh-oh-oh!"
Wails the bereaved seraglio.

A CASE FOR THE N.S.P.C.A.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you help? This want of exercise is telling on me terribly and I 'm getting much too fat. Why, yesterday, when I chased a cat, I had to give it up half a mile down the road. My nerve is going too. When the dustman called this morning I just watched him quietly from the kitchen window. (Cook says I ought to see a vet.; it gave her quite a turn.)

No exercise to speak of, that 's the trouble; no scampers on Saturday afternoons; no six miles on Sundays. He never comes home to lunch on Saturdays now; he goes "straight up there" from Town, wherever "there" may be, and doesn't get back till it 's dark. Of course She takes me out for a crawl occasionally, but it 's not the same thing. We just dither round the roads; no fields, no rabbits; and when we come to the High Street I 'm put on the lead! Who cares for motors?

The trouble started the day he brought home a long narrow bag full of funny sticks. Do you know the kind I mean? It 's rather like the case for the umbrellas and real walking-sticks She brings out of the boxroom when we go away for a holiday. (I begin to wonder if we shall ever go away for a holiday again. If He takes that beastly bag with him I shan't go; I 'd sooner stay with Cook.)

I say everything I can, and I look all I know every time he goes out; but it 's always "Some other time, old fellow." "Old" is the word; I 'm ageing terribly. Will you please see what you can do? Try to find out why I can't go "there." It 's somewhere out-of-doors, I 'm sure, because his shoes are often very muddy when he comes back, and if it 's fit for him it must be right for me.

Yours sincerely, BINKS.

P.S.—As soon as you can, please. I 've just discovered a second bag hanging up in the hall. If She 's going to desert me too——

A Paradox of the Film.

Notice outside a cinema:—
"THE INVISIBLE POWER.
Now Showing."

"Governess . . . required for Jan., to Teach Two Girls, 8 and 5½, on P.N.E.U. lines."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We hope she won't give them inflated ideas.

FLOWER OF THE PRAIRIE.

A Sketch for a Film Scenario.

ALTHOUGH the sun had long since sunk to its rest, a blaze of light streamed from the windows of the "Cactus and Coyote," the saloon which served the needs of the Texan village of Wilsonville. Within sat a little knot of men recklessly drinking bottle after bottle of kola, coarsely jesting one with the other, and capping rhymes.

In a far corner sat the only other customer, Columbus P. Reid, a rising young cowboy, the son of the late mayor of the village. A frown settled on his tanned features as he watched the scene of debauchery which was being enacted before him. Intemperance in any form disgusted him, and his disapproval of the conduct of the party grew more marked every minute.

At last it seemed that things must soon come to a head. Maddened by the kola, the ruffians were fit for any devilry. One of them began to sing; another, careless of appearances, threw his coat open and laughed aloud. Columbus said not a word but gripped his lasso all the tighter.

Behind the bar, Minnie, the attendant, grew plainly more apprehensive as each hour passed. Mutely she seemed to implore Columbus not to leave her unprotected in such company.

At last Pete, the half-breed, sprang from his seat and staggered towards her.

"I know what, you chaps," he shouted. "Let's kidnap Minnie here and take her to our eyrie. What?"

And one and all cried "Let's!" All save Columbus, who silently gripped his lasso tighter still. He determined to bide his time. If it came to horse-play he would show them that even he, a cowboy, could render some account of himself.

The ruffians seized the trembling girl. Bravely she resisted them, but they were not to be dissuaded. At last she screamed. Columbus could stand it no longer. He rose from his seat.

"Unhand her," he cried, stamping his foot; "unhand her; unhand her, I say!"

But the ruffians were beyond the influence of reason. Ignoring his protests they rollicked out into the night with the poor girl in their arms. Making for the stable in the darkness they thrust her into a saddle-bag, mounted their steeds and galloped away.

Left alone in the bar, Columbus remained for a while buried in thought. He had long loved Minnie secretly, and he did not like to think of her in the hands of such scoundrels. Then, like a flash, he made up his mind. He would tell the police.

"THE RUFFIANS SEIZED THE TREMBLING GIRL."

Hastily helping himself to a drink he gulped it down and darted out to the stable where his piebald steed was tethered.

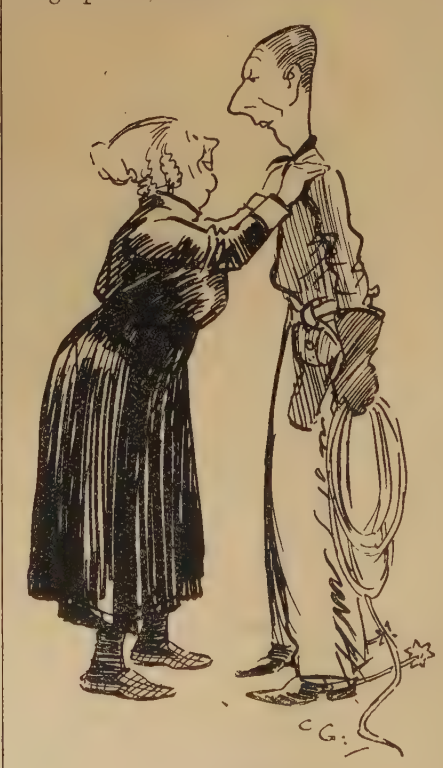
As he groomed it he made a rapid mental calculation. Four hundred and eighty-three miles to the nearest police-station. If he hastened he might reach it by Friday. They would send detectives. In a month, perhaps in three weeks, Minnie would be free. He chuckled at the thought of how he would outwit the rogues.

Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He must tell his mother. Leaving his horse half-groomed he walked pensively along the road and up the hill to the old homestead.

His mother, hearing his call, quickly got up and dressed. Briefly he outlined for her the day's lurid events, winding up with an account of the strange doings of the evening. Then he told her of his determination. She smiled curiously when he had finished and patted him on the shoulder.

"Ah, hothead, hothead," she said, "I know that nothing that I could say would dissuade you. You are the image of your father. Go; and good luck go with you, my hothead son!"

He felt unaccountably happy as he strode manfully back through the village to the tavern. The stable was still shrouded in darkness when he reached it.



"MY HOTHEAD SON!"

As he entered he stumbled over his horse, which, foreseeing arduous work, had wisely lain down to snatch a few moments' rest. He was about to arouse it when—stay, what was this in his saddle-bag? He opened it and shook out the contents.

Tenderly he caressed her and comforted her while she told him her story. It appeared that in the darkness the ruffians had mistaken his saddle-bag for one of theirs, and in their haste to decamp had inadvertently left Minnie behind—safe and sound, though perhaps a little crumpled.

"And what were you going to do on horseback at this time of night?" she asked.

Very modestly he explained his purpose to her, while she listened in open-mouthed amazement.

"You would have done this for me?" she said at last.

"'Twas nothing," replied the cowboy, "or scarcely anything."

"How you must love me!" she exclaimed.

Hand-in-hand they walked out into the stable-yard, and the sound of their troth-plighting mingled softly with the snoring of the piebald.

THE GOSSIPS.

GOLDEN rushes stand a-row
Where our wintry Thames doth go,
Gossips, oh, I know them well,
Ever with a tale to tell,
For of all things on a stalk
Rushes are the ones to talk.
Once a barber ('tis in Greek writ)
Told them an important secret;
Could they keep it? not a bit;
All abroad they bruited it;
Still a listener listening hears,
Rustling in the bulrush spears,
Midas has an ass's ears!

Well, I like a gossip too,
Just to help the Winter through,
So I 'll stand this morn and listen
Where the old grey waters glisten.
Then the reed beds, rustling dryly,
Cease of Midas and, all slyly,
Speak of Summer and her kin,
With the personal hint thrown in;
Tell of lovers who have made
Love in their receptive shade.
Never, mark you, moor a skiff
Near the tell-tale rushes if
You don't want them to repeat
Every delicate conceit
That a Summer bard may voice
For the maiden of his choice.
More, a vow that 's paid in June
May seem vastly out of tune
Whispered by some listening traitor
To the payer six months later!

But enough of Amaryllis,
For the season cold and chill is,
And I 'd make each whispering mummer
Tell me more things of the Summer:
Tell of Junetide's jovial rout
And a legendary trout;
Tell of long blue eves that dim
While I wait, in vain, for him;
Or of marvels manifold—
Meadows spangled white and gold,
Chestnut candles, pale or pink,
Thirsty kingcups by the brink;
Mayfly coming down a-cock,
Wafts of lilac at the lock,
Where laburnum's aureate rain
Comes, like Jove, to earth again . . . .

If one credits all one hears
From the gossip bulrush spears,
Midas had an ass's ears;
Also, 'neath a Summer's blue,
Others have been asses too;
But 'tis shown that June 's so jolly
She 's excuse for any folly.

"G. K. CHESTERTON,
The Man Who Knew too Much."
Publisher's Announcement.

We have long suspected this.

"Sir Philip Gibbs has written a fine novel in 'The Middle of the Road.'"—*Daily Paper.*

We wonder the police did not stop him.

First Nut (to second taking his turn at trying to open stubborn bottle of champagne). "IF WE COULD ONLY GET SOME OF IT DOWN OUR NECKS WE MIGHT BE STRONG ENOUGH TO OPEN IT."

THE CONVERT

IN the valley of Avoca,
In the old Victorian times,
When one fed on tapioca
And regaled oneself on rhymes,
Ignorant of great ASOKA,
But enthralled by pantomimes,
I would chant *πίνω πέπωκα*
And the other paradigms.

Now I wander East of Mocha,
In those Oriental climes
Where the teaching of ASOKA,
Perfect cure of Western crimes,
Heals a poison worse than coca,
Heals an evil worse than rhymes—
Βλώσκω ἔμολον μέμβλωκα,
Devastating paradigms.

At the Cattle Show.

"The premier breed is the Aberdeen Argus."
Evening Paper.

This breed is, of course, related to the Fife Io.

Our cynical Preachers.

From a church notice:—
"7.00 p.m.—'The Discontented Bride.' Come and bring another."—*Canadian Paper.*

BALLAD OF THE BAFFLED CRUSADER.

THERE was an old Prince of Peru who, while visiting Honolulu,
Bought a vessel and chartered a crew for an urgent and perilous quest;
He had sworn an implacable feud against the maleficent brood
Who threatened in force to intrude on the peace of the ultimate West;
And he vowed to demolish the "Mutts" and the "Jeffs," and the flappers and "knuts,"
And the people who prattle of "putts" in a time of distress and unrest.

The start was perfection almost as they skirted the Chilean coast;
The Prince was a generous host and the weather delightfully fine;
And the days sped serenely along, enlivened with dance and with song,
With poker, *bézique* and ping-pong, and the best of good living and wine.
But, alack! 'twas too blissful to last, and ere the first fortnight was past
They met the full force of the blast and the mountainous masses of brine.

The ship was a clinker-built brig of a somewhat extravagant rig,
And she wallowed about like a pig in the grip of the murky monsoon;
And the rigging got tied into knots, and the sailors demanded more tots,
Or retired in disgust to their cots when the Captain refused them this boon;
And they carried along past the gates that guard the approach to the Straits
Of Magellan, misled by the Fates in a total eclipse of the moon.

So in rounding Cape Horn with the log out of gear and a shortage of grog
The Peruvian bark in a fog crashed into a tramp from Japan,
Which, ostensibly laden with jade and bales of embroidered brocade,
Was plying a contraband trade in goods that were under a ban.
Both vessels were promptly upset and the water was painfully wet,
But the mariners managed to get to the shore on a catamaran.

They had hardly set foot on the strand before they were seized and trepanned
By a grim anthropophagous band which inhabits that desolate shore,
Who had never heard tell of the "Jeffs" or the "Mutts" or the musical clefs,
But were all of them cannibal *chefs* and versed in that horrible lore——
No, I cannot proceed with my tale, for it causes my courage to quail
When I think of the Prince who set sail but never returned any more.

If you ask, "Is a moral conveyed by the Prince's disastrous crusade?"
The answer, I fear, must be made in emphatical tones, "There is none."
It was just an adventure in rhyme; and the lure of the triplicate rhyme
Deflected me time after time from the course I intended to run;
But this at the least I may plead in defence of an otiose screed—
That it takes but two minutes to read and may well be forgotten in one.

THE RIVALS.

(*The following correspondence belongs to December, 1922.*—E. V. L.)

From Mrs. Horace Spong to the Rev. Samson Spong.

DEAR SAMSON,—I was so glad to hear from Lydia that you are better. We have been rather nervous about you, for a cold at this time of year is often difficult to throw off. Horace is better too, and we are making our plans for Mentone as usual. I don't pretend to care much for this annual exile from home, but Horace counts on it.

I am, Your affectionate Sister, GRACE SPONG.

The Rev. Samson Spong to Mrs. Horace Spong.

DEAR GRACE,—I can't think what Lydia was about to tell you that I am better. I am not better. If anything I am worse. Indeed it is within the bounds of probability that I shall never be anything but a wreck, for this cold is the most malignant that I ever had, and gives me no peace. I am miserable all day and at night unable to sleep. Either I am coughing or I have the feeling of being smothered.

Tell Horace that I envy him his recovery: he was always so much stronger than I. In fact, our dear mother often expressed surprise that as an infant I survived at all.

You are fortunate in being able to get to the South of France and avoid this terrible climate. I should like nothing better, but I dread the journey too much; nor would my straitened means, much deplenished by excessive taxation, permit it. Horace has always been so richly blessed in worldly goods.

Your affectionate Brother, SAMSON SPONG.

Mrs. Samson Spong to Mrs. Horace Spong.

MY DEAR GRACE,—Please don't write to Samson again about his condition. He much resented my telling you that he was better, although as a matter of fact he is—much better. He eats better, is more cheerful, except when he recollects that he is an invalid, and sleeps well. He may not always sleep right through the night, but, like all men, if he is awake five minutes he thinks it is two hours.

Yours, LYDIA.

Mr. Horace Spong to the Rev. Samson Spong.

DEAR SAMSON,—Grace has given me your message about my recovery. I only wish I had earned it; but, alas! I feel anything but a convalescent. In fact, in confidence, for I should not like everyone to know, I am conscious of increasing weakness daily. I have even kept it a secret from Grace. There are some colds that seem to sink deeper the more you nurse them, and mine is one of them.

I am sorry for the pessimistic tone of your letter, but I feel sure that things are not so bad with you as you say. It is possible to take too gloomy a view of oneself, especially when one is weak, and I have discounted your remarks in consequence. You are a strong man *au fond* and you will shake this off very soon, I am convinced.

We are off to Mentone next week. It is a dreary business, but Grace likes it there, and what she likes is law with me.

Yours, HORACE.

The Rev. Samson Spong to Mr. Horace Spong.

DEAR HORACE,—I wish you wouldn't write nonsense about

THE MAID WHO WAS BUT HUMAN.

my being strong. I am not strong and never was. I was always delicate, even before cold after cold enfeebled me, and now I am a wreck. Surely I am the best judge as to how ill I am! Now you, I consider, are strong. You may not look it. Only a strong man could undertake a journey to Mentone at this time of year, no matter on what pretext he went.

I will say good-bye, my dear brother, as it is exceedingly unlikely that you will find me here when you return in the Spring. Yours, SAMSON.

Miss Hilda Spong to the Rev. Samson Spong.

DEAR UNCLE SAMSON,—I was very glad to hear the other day from mother that you are better. I send you a little present now as at Christmas I shall be far away in Switzerland with a Winter Sports party. We are going to some place thousands of feet up, where skating and ski-ing and bob-sleighing are a cert. I will send you a card from there.

Your affectionate Niece,
HILDA.

The Rev. Samson Spong to Mrs. Horace Spong.

DEAR GRACE,—I should be glad if you would address the enclosed envelope for Hilda and despatch it to her Swiss address, and let me know if the postage is deficient. If you are yourself writing to her you might give her a hint that it would be kinder not to send me a card, as she has undertaken to do. I feel sure it would suggest snow and be harmful to me in my present delicate state. She is a dear girl, but her letter about those Alpine heights, although meant, I am sure, in all good faith, gave me a severe shock. I have just now to be very, very careful.

Your affectionate Brother, SAMSON.

P.S.—Tell Horace that what he wants is more employment. It is when one is idle that one broods on one's health. He should take up some hobby.

Mr. Horace Spong to the Rev. Samson Spong.

MY DEAR SAMSON,—I really must protest against the suggestion in your letter to Grace that I am a *malade imaginaire*. Fortunately Grace and I understand one another and there is no fear of any mishap; but I can believe that there are households which might be undermined by such insinuations. So far from being idle, as you put it, I am continually busy. There is not a penny spent in this establishment, indoors or out, that I am unaware of; I see all the tradesmen's books; I know exactly how much petrol the car uses from day to day; in fact, I am constantly vigilant and interested. Please do not again refer to the matter.

While on this subject, let me say that it is increasingly borne in upon me that you made a terrible mistake when you gave up your living. You were far less faddy about yourself when you had your duties to perform. You were also more considerate for others. Your very gloomy reference in your last letter to your imminent decease might have caused me a really serious relapse, had I not just run into Corder in our London hotel and had a talk with him about you. But from what he says you are getting along famously.

My love to Lydia. Yours, HORACE.

The Rev. Samson Spong to Richard Corder, M.D.

DEAR CORDER,—I am sorry that after all these years we should have to part, but I must ask you for your account. I cannot continue with a medical man who gossips about his patient. I was much distressed this morning to learn from my brother that you had told him I was better. Apart from the fact that I am not, I hold that a doctor's first duty is not to tell. You have greatly shaken me.

I am, Yours sincerely,
SAMSON SPONG.

Squire's Daughter (after reading letter from cottager's son abroad). "AND WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THE STRIPED KIMONO YOUR SON SAYS HE 'S SENDING HOME?"

Rustic Mother. "YOU MAY WELL ASK, MISSIE. I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO PUT IT IN ONE O' THE PIG-STIES; BUT WHAT I'M GOIN' TO FEED IT ON GOODNESS ONLY KNOWS."

THE PROPOSAL.

I WROTE a really clever thing the other day; it was called "The Proposal." I don't know that I have ever done anything quite so distinctive. Not only was the dialogue original to a degree, but it showed that insight into human nature which is confined to writers who are exceptionally gifted.

I sent it to the editor of one of those new periodicals which appear occasionally. He was very nice about it. He said the beginning and the middle were not quite what he wanted, but the climax was admirable. Would I make the necessary alterations? So I left out the beginning and the middle, and with a few opening remarks sent it back to him.

He returned it. He said he was very sorry, but on reading it through again he thought it a little too diffuse. Brevity, he pointed out brightly, was the soul of wit. A subject of this sort ought to be a single coruscation, or rather a beat of two young hearts in unison. Would I make the necessary alterations?

So I cut it down to diagram form, thus:—

The Proposal.

..... ?

..... !

I pointed out that this did not really convey the full brilliance of the dialogue, but it had the merit of compactness.

He sent it back with his compliments.

"Although it is rumoured that Easter Island has disappeared, there is no ground for believing this."—*Provincial Paper.*
There wouldn't be.

Huntsman (who has galloped half-a-mile to a holloa). "WHERE DID YOU SEE 'IM?" *Boy.* "SEE WHO?"
Huntsman. "THE FOX, OF COURSE." *Boy.* "I AIN'T SEEN NO FOX."
Huntsman. "WHY THE BLAZES WAS YE HOLLERIN' THEN?" *Boy.* "THAT'S WOT I BE YERE FUR. I BE SKEERIN' ROOKS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"The most precious gift of any Present is that it provides you for the Future with a Past—at the best enjoyed; at even the worst, got over"! This delightful adage, which you will find on page 275 of *A Scrap Book* (MACMILLAN), sums up the spirit in which Professor SAINTSBURY has chronicled at random, with a characteristic blend of truculence and grace, the outstanding deeds and discussions, visions and meditations of a singularly gratifying and grateful life. Despite (or because of?) his express aversion from "complete or continuous" reminiscences, he has certainly succeeded in giving the world all the plums and the best part of the pudding of an excellent autobiography; without the customary modern additions of the cloth that wrapped it up and the hot water in which it was boiled. None of its glorified jottings has appeared before, except the two little "Necrologies" on AUSTIN DOBSON and ANDREW LANG. And when a man has walked home three nights a week for seven years with ANDREW LANG, and enjoyed nearly half a century's friendship with AUSTIN DOBSON, what he has to say about them will bear reprinting. For grace I would commend the Disraelian "*Miracle de Nôtre Dame d'Amours*," and that dainty fragment of *Eliana*, "On the Taxation of Eau de Cologne;" and for truculence (a very good thing in its way) the philippics on "Local Coercion," "The Right to Education," and the foibles of English democracy, *passim*.

"Readable" is the epithet I should choose of all others to apply to the literary work of Judge PARRY, who has ranged widely for some years over the pleasanter fields of literature, from fairy stories to the Letters of DOROTHY OSBORNE. In *What the Judge Thought* (FISHER UNWIN) he displays on almost every page that "shrewd, genial and amiable philosophy of life" to which a perspicacious publisher calls our attention on the inside of the wrapper. Perhaps the more personal sections of his book make the best reading. But I like his papers concerning ABRAHAM LINCOLN, O'CONNELL the Liberator, the WHISTLER-RUSKIN controversy, RUFUS CHOATE and WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD. In his sketch of that master of irony, Mr. Justice MAULE, he adds one or two fresh stories to the well-known collection in *The Life of Lord Brampton*. But, speaking generally, I should not say that Judge PARRY has made many additions here to our store of harmless tales. His chief merit lies in the fact that he is seldom dull, though he certainly tries himself rather highly when he takes as the subject for his sixth chapter the Psychology of Perjury, and he is perhaps rather heavily humorous when he discourses at length on the Law of the Lost Golf Ball. But he possesses a useful fund of out-of-the-way knowledge, and deals it out not too seriously, with a hidden twinkle in the eyes behind his *pince-nez*. An eminently readable book, I repeat, calculated to go excellently well with a pipe after tea on a foggy winter afternoon.

Mr. H. A. VACHELL, in *Change Partners: A Vagabondage*

(HUTCHINSON), weaves agreeable variations on a familiar theme. Two old friends long separated, a middle-aged K.C. with a judgeship in prospect and a world-famous contractor, meet by chance and compare notes. Both are a little out of condition, disillusioned, bored with their excellent wives. They recall a vow, made many years ago, to repeat, should occasion offer, a tour in Brittany, whose many picturesque and friendly patron saints (these Mr. VACHELL treats with a sort of respectful levity which must be extremely flattering to them) may bring peace to their souls. They leave their respective homes furtively with meagre knapsacks and light purses, the contractor, passionate for the simple life, giving away the K.C.'s one box of exquisite cigars to the guard at Waterloo, where they had mobilised. The deserted wives meet for the first time in war council, set off in pursuit, working separately from a common base and, of course, each finds and half falls in love with the other's perfectly charming husband. Many diverting things happen. Surely never was there such a foursome of bright epigrammatists and aphorismatists, so that indeed one can never tell, without consulting the labels, which one of the vagabonds is speaking. Naturally all ends happily and properly; and, as naturally (Mr. VACHELL being the author), the two men soon fall from their first fervour of renunciation and lapse upon the most admirable omelettes and ragoûts, vintage claret and esoteric liqueurs.

STUDY OF A HUMOURIST WHO HAS FOUND THE MATERIAL FOR A BRILLIANT JOKE, AND FOR THE LAST HOUR HAS BEEN WATCHING THE WAITING-ROOM DOOR FOR AN AUDIENCE TO SPRING IT ON.

The plot of Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT'S latest novel, *Alas that Spring——!* (HUTCHINSON), is nearly as simple as a plot can be. A lonely little Anglo-Indian girl, brought home by her widowed father to an old Irish house, meets the rollicking brood of youngsters who live at the nearest big place, loves the eldest son, *Lord Shaen*, is loved by him as far as it is in his nature to love, marries him and dies of her own will when she finds that there is no faith in him. Miss MORDAUNT makes *Henrietta's* intense reserve and passionate devotion understandable; she makes it seem inevitable that, when her husband's dishonesty and unfaithfulness kill her joy in him, they should kill every other joy and interest too. But *Lord Shaen* himself, like most of the nobility and gentry in the book, is a figure such as an embittered Socialist might have created for his own delight. Indeed he is so complete a cad that I was only just able to believe in him as the object of *Henrietta's* devotion. It is not an exhilarating novel, but little *Henrietta* is a creation one will not easily forget, and Miss MORDAUNT'S ability to make her story out of the characters of her people, instead of out of extraneous events, has never been better proved. I could wish that she would master the correct way of referring to a clergyman; but she is not alone among novelists in her apparent ignorance of this everyday detail.

The author of *Through the Shadows with O. Henry* (DUCKWORTH), who with Republican simplicity calls himself AL JENNINGS, met the late WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER (better known as O. HENRY), when both gentlemen were fugitives from what in America is understood to be justice. They renewed their acquaintance in Ohio Penitentiary, which house of correction, if Mr. JENNINGS is to be believed, was conducted with an appalling brutality. In this horrible prison, whose worst tortures he seems to have been spared, O. HENRY began to write those stories which eventually won him livelihood and renown. I gather that he encouraged AL JENNINGS also to attempt authorship. After their release they haunted New York together. Although AL JENNINGS'S narrative sheds a ray here and there upon O. HENRY'S character and methods, it is mainly concerned with the terrifying, if slightly incoherent, exploits of AL JENNINGS, lawyer, outlaw, holder-up of trains, shooter-up of saloons and general desperado. In the United States alone would AL JENNINGS be possible, and I think I might safely say the same of his book.

A sub-title tells us that *Roseanne* (COLLINS) is "an old-fashioned story," but to whatever age its fashion may belong I protest that it is unbecoming to Madame ALBANESI. I have looked in vain for the quiet dignity that is usually to be found in her work. *Roseanne's* career was almost hectic. True, the dice were heavily loaded against her, but we shall find it difficult not to lay some of the blame on her altruism, which often amounted to folly. Fortunately she was loved by a very perfect knight; not a mere knight in rank—indeed his name was "*Justin, Viscount Abergwym*, and he was the son of the *Marquis of Glamorgan*, who in his turn was the elder son of the old *Duke of Cambria*." So we leave *Roseanne* with every prospect of becoming a duchess; but she had already made so many renunciations in her short life that I think it possible she may, from habit, renounce her title. And now that Madame ALBANESI has taken a holiday in the realms of improbability I hope she will return to the kind of work which she does so excellently well.

I advise all of you who are not too tired of tales of the South Sea Islands to read *South of the Line* (HEINEMANN), if only to convince yourselves that the art of writing a short story is far from being lost in England. Especially delightful are the first eight tales, in which Mr. RALPH STOCK tells us of *Felisi*, a native girl of endless originality and charm. But in nearly all these yarns, whether they deal with men as incurably optimistic as *Ingram*, or as bored with what we call civilization as *Fenner*, Mr. STOCK not only writes admirably but also keeps a clever surprise for the finish. He is already well known to discerning readers as the author of *The Cruise of the Dream-Ship*, and I undertake that his new book will not disappoint those who found pleasure in that unusual and exhilarating story.

CHARIVARIA.

WITH the approach of Christmas it has been noticed that many a child is treating its father as one of the family.

***

"Turkeys and geese are looking fine this year," according to a Smithfield Market expert. As a fact, though they may look fit and well, they never feel very chirpy about this time of the year.

***

Income Tax has now been introduced into the Soviet States. Optimistic Russians regard this as a preliminary to the introduction of incomes.

***

There is one thing to be said in favour of the Turks. When they started their last war they didn't threaten to make the world safe for anything.

***

"Disciplinarian Governess" advertises that she teaches riding and languages. The very thing for backward or diffident Masters of Foxhounds.

***

In the opinion of members a sheet hung in the new London County Hall has made speakers less audible than before. It is felt that two sheets might have even better results.

***

With so many murders being committed in America just now we begin to think that the official report, stating that American citizens are as safe in Turkey as in their own country, may verge upon the truth.

***

According to a contemporary a ten-months-old baby-girl in America has got sixteen teeth. Provided she came by them honestly we doubt if anything can be done about it.

***

In the opinion of Sir HUGH ALLEN people like to see a musician when he is playing. If he is visible you certainly get a better aim.

***

The Birmingham Post tells us that a woman-shareholder in London has been instrumental in putting a declining business on its feet. We men are always willing to give credit to a representative of the second oldest sex in the world.

***

Signor MUSSOLINI has denied that he is hostile to Italian Labour. The sympathy of at least one section of Italian Labour with the Fascisti is denoted by the black shirt-fronts of Soho waiters.

Workmen recently found, eight feet below the surface of a road, seven stone coffins hundreds of years old which apparently had never been occupied. This looks as if newspapers used to pay death claims in those days as well.

***

The Duke of LEINSTER proposes to return from America in a twelve-foot ketch. It is remarkable what people will do to get away from a dry country.

***

A contemporary has discovered that no professional burglar will break into a house on the thirteenth of a month. That burglaries do take place on those nights is merely evidence of how the profession is being ruined by amateurs.

***

Lord BEAVERBROOK is writing a series of articles on careers for young men. We have always thought there was room for a postal course on Millionaire-Training.

***

Mr. HENRY FORD has been writing his life story, in which he confesses that he started to make those cars deliberately.

We gather from the recent conduct of its Members that Labour stands for freedom of screech.

***

A rumour is current in Naval circles that the two new battleships are to be called the *Percy* and the *Great Scott*.

***

With reference to the prevalence of shop-lifting a London magistrate has remarked that, in the busy season, tradespeople are at the mercy of these thieves. There seems nothing for it but to shut the shops during the rush hours.

***

A French investigator has discovered that the character of a person's dream depends in a great measure on which side he lies. Lawyers have very mixed dreams.

***

Sir GEORGE PEREIRA has discovered a mountain in Tibet which he believes to be higher than Everest. If this should prove correct the labours of future Mount Everest Expeditions would of course be greatly lightened by the knowledge.

***

Rear-lights for pedestrians are advocated in the Press. In our opinion this would make it too easy for motorists.

***

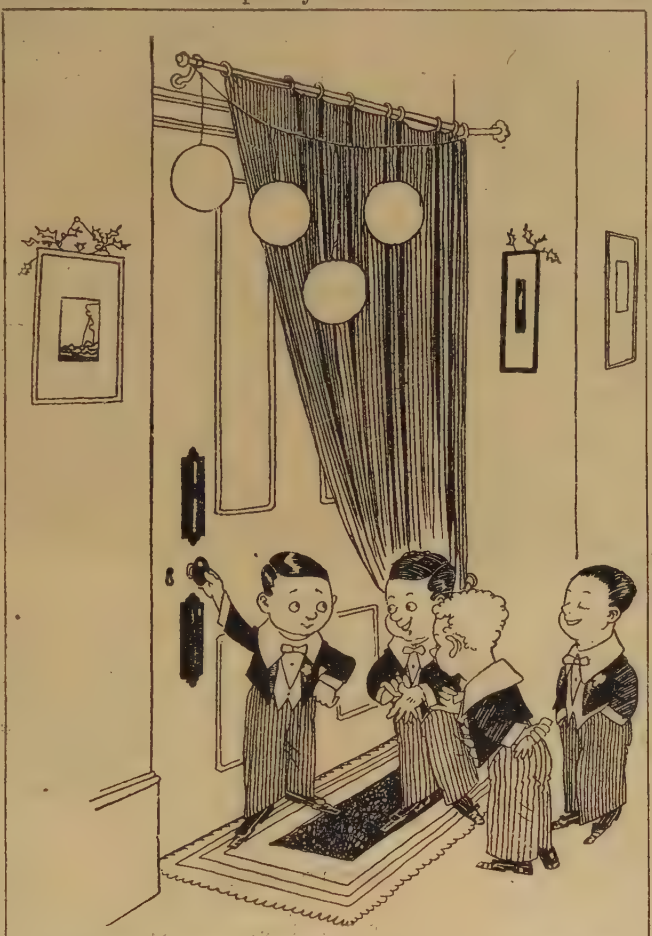
Attention is again drawn to the costliness of London fogs. We are more than ever convinced that they ought to be given up till times improve.

***

Mr. A. C. MACLAREN is reported to have said that putting a touring cricket team into the field without enough practice is apt to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Nothing was said about the duck.

***

"Is the Sun safe?" is a question raised by the scientific correspondent of *The Times*. In view of the many arrangements now being made for next summer we rely upon our powerful Press to see that this matter is not left in doubt.



The Host. "NOW, BEFORE WE GO IN I'D BETTER WARN YOU, MEN. MY GOV'NOR INSISTED ON DRESSING UP LIKE FATHER CHRISTMAS—SO USE A LITTLE TACT."

"Whalley Abbey consisted of a choir of three boys and a nave of ten."
Ecclesiastical Paper.

If we know anything of choir boys there is a "k" missing.

"The Thurso schooner Hosanna, while on a voyage from London, ran ashore near Spurn Point yesterday. The crew were rescued by wifeboatmen."—*Glasgow Paper.*

The Darlings!

CHRISTMAS ON THE EXTREME LEFT.

(*Dedicated to the loudest and most resilient of the Labour Members.*)

OF those to whom the Season calls
To take the jocund hour and cull it,
Some have my pity as the thralls
Of a profound and gaping gullet;
This is the goal of their desire—
In flesh of turkey-fowl to wallow,
And, stuffed with plums and ringed with fire,
Pudding to follow.

Others a finer sense of mirth
To nobler recreation spurs on;
They like to think of Peace on Earth,
To picture ISMET kissing CURZON;
They welcome, in a League of Love,
The mistletoe's symbolic berry,
And Waits that plead with Heaven above
To "rest you merry."

To others yet—I speak for one—
Christmas is not all pipe and tabor;
'Tis but a pause from labour done
To make us fit for further labour;
Solely concerned to store enough
Of health and nerve to do our job, you'll
See us career through green and rough
Spanking the globule.

So with my brothers who (like me)
In Labour find life's purest beauty—
SCRYMGEOUR and JONES and LANSBURY,
Half-dead with Parliamentary duty;
Oh, not for these a Yule mis-spent;
True to the vows of their high calling,
They 'll just replace the strength that went
In midnight brawling.

Champions of us, the slaves of toil,
Against the tyrant LAW'S oppression,
New force they need if they would foil
His minions in the coming Session;
Therefore this counsel I suggest—
To cease from flapping Soviet banners,
And study, in their well-earned rest,
A guide to manners.

O. S.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(*By our Fleet Street Flâneur.*)

IT is so often objected that the restaurants and supper-clubs are killing the old-fashioned English Christmas that it is a pleasure to be able to relate one instance in which an effort is being made to revive the true atmosphere.

At Nero's, work is practically completed on a facsimile of a mediæval banqueting-hall, where a real Yuletide feast, comprising roasted peacocks, a boar's head, and, of course, the wassail bowl, is to be served on the long table.

Giovanni, the incomparable Maître d'Hôtel, will preside in the character of a Norman baron, and all who participate will be expected to be attired as if they had just come over with the CONQUEROR.

A real jester in cap-and-bells—a little bird has whispered to me the name of the one and only George Gravey—will keep the table in a roar; and minstrels will discourse seasonable music which some of our cleverest composers have adapted to the requirements of the modern ear. I am told, by the way, that Hans Plunck's "ragging" of *Good King Wenceslas* is a delight.

Among those who have already booked places are Cora Morant, the famous actress; Lady Jessica Shylock, daughter of the Earl of Spitalfields; Lord Kilconey, the Irish sporting peer; Prince Prong, of Annam; "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation, and Captain Chok, the Ruritanian Military Attaché. Others who leave it too late may think themselves lucky if they are able to squeeze in among the servitors below the salt.

* * * *

From all I hear of the preparations for the Three Professions Ball, which is, of course, to be held under the patronage of an imposing list of Ecclesiastical, Legal and Medical dignitaries, it is evident that no effort is being spared to ensure an unprecedented success.

Among the distinctive features arranged so far are the Ruridecanal Country Dances, the Inns of Court Quadrilles and the Surgical Lancers. Lord Oakenskull, I am told, has promised to tread a special measure; and perhaps the sensation of the night will be provided by Sir JAMES CANTLIE'S highly-trained troupe in their terpsichorean sketch, "Too Young at Seventy."

For the sake of convenience the laity attending will be classified as Parishioners, Clients and Patients.

I need hardly say that fancy dress will be *de rigueur*, and that handsome prizes, which include a year's spiritual counsel, legal advice or medical opinion at option, will be given for the best costumes. These will be judged in the first instance by the Dean of St. Doldrums, Mr. Justice Deerie and Sir Albert Penn-Dix, the famous surgeon; but anyone dissatisfied with the awards will have the right of appeal to a higher tribunal drawn from the Bench of Bishops, the Lords of Appeal and the General Medical Council.

The band of The Devil's Own will be augmented by clerical flautists and a one-stringed harper from Harley Street. Eminent counsel will supervise the bar, and at supper all viands that require carving will be dissected on operating tables by skilled anatomists.

It is hoped that, after expenses are cleared, there will be a profit sufficient for the humanitarian object of the promoters—namely, to provide soup for small-hour queues outside the Old Bailey when a murder case is on.

* * * *

I sometimes wonder if it is fully realised that the most potent factor in averting stagnation from the stage on both sides of the Atlantic is Charlie Chockram in his constant voyagings between the two.

On his return from his latest trip of discovery to the States—to say nothing of a trunkful of musical pieces and plays, including two or three by Zeb Gosh, "The Bronx Pinero"—the indefatigable Charles has brought over quite a cargo of new blood in the persons of Lola Bola, a soprano of surprising power, from Arizona; Blue Moose, the Medicine Man of the Wish-Wash Indians, whose symbolic dancing is calculated to put any Russian ballerina into the shade, and the Kentucky Agricultural Players *en bloc*. The last-named, Chockram tells me, are to start a SHAKSPEARE Cycle as soon as a theatre is decided upon, and he is confident that their pure Elizabethan pronunciation and freedom from the influence of modern conventional renderings of the Bard will be a revelation to London.

I am firmly convinced that this one man is doing more to promote Anglo-American understanding than all the politicians and propagandists put together.

Our Unnatural Historians.

"The llama, coming as he does from Thibet, is accustomed to anything in the way of weather."—*Weekly Paper.*

Unlike the lama, who performs his priestly functions in the sub-tropical climate of South America.

UP THE SAME TREE; OR, THE DAWN OF A UNITED IRELAND.

[A united protest was made by Parliamentary Representatives of Northern and Southern Ireland against a clause in the Importation of Cattle Bill subjecting Irish beasts to the same restrictions as Canadian.]

Courtly Old Gentleman (to Bridesmaid). "LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOUNG LADY, YOU WERE IN YOUR CRADLE, AND I HOPE I MAY BE PERMITTED ON THIS AUSPICIOUS OCCASION TO DRINK TO THE HAPPY RENEWAL OF OUR ACQUAINTANCE."
Bridesmaid. "WELL—BUNG-O!"

THE REJUVENATION OF CLUBLAND.

TRUE to its self-imposed mission of brightening life in all its aspects, *The Pall Mall Gazette* has started a campaign for galvanizing what it elegantly calls the "Dead-as-Mutton Clubs" into an activity which will render them fit places for the modern young man.

Three Clubs are specially mentioned by name as falling within this category, but it is clear that it includes all the leading London Clubs of old standing. They are all as dead as mutton, and they are all complacently contented with their condition and indisposed to change it by a hair's-breadth. And that way, according to the sapient *P.M.G.*, suicide lies, for they are doing absolutely nothing to get younger members. This naturally opens up the whole question of the modern ideal of Club life, on which the views of the *P.M.G.* carry a magisterial authority. For the proprietor and controller is none other than that illustrious magnate and publicist, Sir JOHN LEIGH, Bart., M.P., who is idolized in Lancashire, which, as we are never likely to be allowed to forget, is always a day ahead of the rest of England.

We have it, then, on this unimpeachable authority that "the younger generation is no longer content to sit in stuffy armchairs and read the literary reviews."

The amount spent on periodical literature and upholstery is obviously wasted. The young members, who are the only ones who count, don't want to read *The Quarterly* and *The Edinburgh*, *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Fortnightly*, *The Spectator* and *The New Statesman*. Their feelings on the subject are best expressed by *John Finsbury's cri de cœur* in *The Wrong Box*, when his brother sent him *The Athenæum* to solace his enforced seclusion in the country: "Golly! What a paper!"

The young and enlightened Clubman does not want to read reviews or browse on books. He does not want a library. What he does want is "facilities for sports and theatricals, swimming-baths and lectures on the latest kind of activity." He also "expects the Club to have athletic grounds attached." He must have music, and apparently he must have dancing, otherwise how can the Clubs compete with the dance cabarets?

All things considered we cannot help marvelling at the moderation of the *P.M.G.* in view of the appalling and suicidal selfishness of the upholders of the old traditions, who regard a Club as a sanctuary, a haven of rest, a refuge from the dominion of din. To cater for the modern young man instead of his grandfather is not enough. The constitution of every leading Club needs to be revised, so that it should be impossible for any grandfather to be a member at all, unless he can produce a certificate of fitness guaranteeing his ability to take an active part in the sports, dancing and theatricals which are indispensable to the maintenance of these social centres. Failing this, an age limit of, say, thirty-five should be imposed, and with the elimination of senility, bookishness and sedentary habits, a splendid vista of vivacity might yet be opened for the derelict and demoded Clubs of Pall Mall and Piccadilly.

We may add that personal inquiries conducted by our representatives with the utmost discretion indicate that there is a very general desire on the part of elderly and aged members to conciliate the younger generation.

An F.R.S. writes: "I am all for moderating the austerity of Club life by a little judicious levity, and cannot help thinking that an occasional *thé dansant* would go a long way to take the Megatherium out of the atmosphere of cold storage which has marked it of late."

A Bishop expresses similar views. "The claims of youth," he observes, "cannot be disregarded. Personally I regret that the proposed Pogo test is one which I cannot hope to pass, but its enforcement is quite in keeping with the spirit of the age. As HORACE remarks, in the amended text of the Rev. RONALD KNOX, *Omnes eodem pogimur.*"

A well-known Judge sends us the following examination paper which has been set to all the members of his Club

"WHY ARE YOU PUTTING THAT GREASY STUFF ON YOUR LIPS, MUMMY?"
"BECAUSE THEY 'RE A LITTLE CRACKED, DEAR."
"IS THAT THE SAME STUFF DADDY PUTS ON HIS HEAD EVERY MORNING, MUMMY?"

of twenty years' standing, confirmation in membership depending on their securing seventy-five per cent. of the maximum marks:—

(1) Compare the relative influence exerted on the present generation by TOM and WILLIAM MORRIS.

(2) Write an appreciation of the Sisters TRIX with special reference to their voice-production.

(3) Discuss the employment of negroid performers in jazz-bands.

(4) Write brief notices of the following: CYRIL TOLLEY, SIGISMUND FREUD, GEORGE ROBEY, Dr. FRANK CRANE, Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN, *Mutt* and *Jeff*, CRIQUI and SIKI.

(5) State the economic and eugenic arguments in favour of the all-night opening of restaurants and clubs.

(6) Discuss the probable results on the stability of the present Administration of the appointment of Mr. ROGER WETHERED as private secretary to the Hon. F. S. JACKSON, M.P.

"In spite of his 52 ears General —— is extraordinarily fit."—*Evening News.*
That is why we shall not wish him "A Happy New Ear."

'ORACE THE CONQUEROR.

"Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen. . . ."

FOR the fourth time in an hour I laid my pen down and thought bitter things about the human race. First a band; then carol singers; then an orgy of bell-ringing in which at least seven churches must have taken part; and now more carol singers.

And I wanted to work. What right, I reflected, had these people to prevent me from earning my Christmas dinner? Why should my children go without toys because a few coarse-lunged itinerants chose to make the night hideous? (No, I know that it doesn't sound right, but it 's the way that I was reflecting. And I haven't got any children, but it would have been all the same if I had.)

I determined to put a stop to it. Kindness was thrown away on such people. I decided to be harsh, brutal, heartless—like a miser in a Christmas story, only more terrible. I began to feel almost sorry for the doomed carollers as I waited for the inevitable knock.

Then it came, and I rushed to the hall-door and flung it open fiercely. A tiny figure stood alone in the porch with hand ready outstretched—the child could not have been four years old. But I was not in the mood to relent.

"What the blazes do you want here?" I barked as unpleasantly as I could.

From the darkness at the bottom of the steps there came a scuffling sound and a high-pitched voice squealed out:

"Come away from 'im, 'Orace. 'E 'll 'it yer."

But, although the suddenness of my attack had obviously disconcerted him, "'Orace" stood his ground. Heroically, by dint of swallowing, he choked a rising whimper and strove to deliver his message. But he had lost his cue.

"Please—please—please," he managed to get out between swallows. Then in a moment the words came back to him and there was breathless relief in his squeaky voice as they tripped out, "Please—'ave you got a penny for the old guy?"

And now "'Orace" and his troupe serenade me nightly without fail, and have, I fancy, recommended me to several of their friends in the profession.

A DIALECT BLUEBEARD.

(*Mr. Punch has given us a Bluebeard play in his Almanack. This one is quite different. It is as played at the Intellectual Theatre by the Dialect Company, recruited from North, South, East and West of the British Isles, for a special Sunday evening performance.*)

Characters:—

Aaron Bluebeard.
Mrs. Bluebeard (*his mother*).
Fatima.
Annie (*her sister*).
Samuel } *her brothers.*
Daniel }

The curtain rises on the living-room at the Bluebeards', *dingy, heavy and Mancunian.* Mrs. Bluebeard *is knitting in an armchair by the fire.* Bluebeard *is finishing a gigantic meal at the table.* Fatima *is watching him.* Annie *is reading "The Daily Mirror" on the horsehair sofa.*

Bluebeard (*wiping his mouth on the back of his hand*). Ay, that 's good. (*He heaves a contented sigh and fills a pipe from his pouch.*) Gie 's a light, Fattie lass. (Fatima *lights a spill at the fire and holds it to his pipe*). Yon meat 's tasty, Muther.

Mrs. B. (*tartly*). Ay, and well might be at the price. One-and-ten a pound at the Stores, and 'Obson's, down the street, charging one-and-tenpence-'apenny. Ruinacious, I calls it. How 's a woman to keep body and soul together, I don't know, and that girt wife of yours spending good money on her fal-lals, dressin' herself up like a tiddy-fol-lol.

Bluebeard. Hoots—dinna blather, woman.

Fatima (*indignantly*). Och, shure and I never! It 's a hard woman you are, Mrs. Bluebeard, and no mistake.

Mrs. B. And will you sit there, Aaron Bluebeard, and hear your own mother insulted and never lift a finger in her defence? A pretty pass things is coming to.

Annie (*clapping her hands*). Oh, Fattie . . . Samuel and Daniel is in for the semi-finals . . . Did you ever? . . . What a town there 'll be over this!

Mrs. B. Them good-fer-nothing brothers of yours 'ull end their days on the gallus.

Annie. Indeed and they won't, then. Begorra, wasn't the Scoutmaster afther saying——

Fatima. Och, never heed her, Annie. She 's no worth havering about.

Mrs. B. Will 'ee let your wife drive your own mother out of the room, Aaron Bluebeard? Never have I been so put upon whatever. Bejabers and I won't stand it! (*Rising with dignity.*) Mark my word, Aaron, you 'll live to rue the day you wedded with yon impudacious bit of skirt, and you 'll be sorry you never heeded your mother's words. [*She flounces out.*

Bluebeard. Eh, lass—shure and never heed Mither's tongue. It 's a sharp tang, but her heart 's in the right place.

Fatima (*weeping*). It 's 'ard on me, Aaron. I done my best. She 's a crool woman—and me wot never 'ad no child to tug my skirts with its little hands.

Annie (*crossing to her*). Dinna greet, my bonnie wee sister, dinna greet sae sair.

Bluebeard (*patting her*). Eh, lass, eh, lass, tak' a drappie of hot poteen to calm yersel. (*Throws keys on table.*) Ah 'm goin' oot t' tak' t' bull-poop oop street. By gum, ye can get me some of the hot poteen ready against I come back. But dinna ye open yon cupboard, lass. Dinna use yon great key. [*He goes out.*

Fatima (*leaping up*). Shure and begorra, Annie, I 'll see the inside of yon cupboard now, what I 've longed all my days to see before. Aaron 's gone t' tak' bull-poop oop t' street. He 'll never know. Quick, lass, help me.

[*They run to the cupboard door and unlock it with difficulty.* Fatima *looks inside, then falls back with a groan.*

Fatima (*in a hollow voice*). Boanes! Boanes! Women's boanes!

Annie. His wives . . . Ah 've read in t' paper of a man wot married six wives and murdered them in t' cupboard.

Fatima (*in the same deadly voice*). Boanes! Women's boanes!

Annie (*hearing steps*). He 's coming! Quick, lass. Shut t' door.

[*She closes the cupboard door as* Bluebeard *comes in.*

Bluebeard. Ah 've took t' bull poop oop t' street . . . (*He sniffs hard.*) You 've been openin' yon cupboard, lass. You 'm wait here till I fetch a bit of strap tiv 'ee. (*Shouts out of the door.*) Muther! Muther! (Mrs. Bluebeard *comes back.*) Here 's young Fattie been openin' of my cupboard, Muther.

Mrs. B. What did I tell ye, Aaron Bluebeard?

Bluebeard. Ye 'll bide here, Fattie lass, till I come down to ye. [*He strides out.*

Fatima (*in a dead voice*). Boanes! More boanes! My boanes among 'em! (*Suddenly*) Quick, Annie . . . look fra' winder and say if ye can see Samuel and Daniel. They 'm be coming over to a dish of tea this evening.

Annie (*at window*). Ochone—but there 's nothing to see, lass, but the broad white road and God's blue sky.

Fatima. Boanes! Ah, God, I waur a wicked, sinful woman to disobey my bounden husband's word . . . Boanes of a white woman! (Mrs. B. *gives a loud chuckle.*) D'ye see anything, Annie?

Annie. Nowt but the dust and the gleamin' road and the catkins on the willow bough.

[*Re-enter Bluebeard with a strap.*

Bluebeard. Come 'ee over here, my vlower. An' Ah 'll teach 'ee what inside of cupboard tastes like.

[Fatima *crosses to him as in a dream.* Mrs. B. *licks her lips in delighted anticipation.*

Annie (*wildly*). They 're coming, Fatima—they 're coming!

[Bluebeard *lifts the strap.* Samuel *and* Daniel *rush in, dressed in footer shorts.*

Samuel. Top o' the marnin' to ye, Fattie.

Annie. Save her . . . he 's a-killin' of her!

Daniel. 'Ere, ye girt scrawf, ye 'll be afther laving my sister alone, I 'm thinking.

Samuel. And it 's the way ye 'd be killing of herself, Aaron Bluebeard, is it, and the mist a-hanging from the trees?

Daniel. Ye 'll lave her alone, yer ugly flat-nosed braggart, or it 's my fist ye 'll be tasting.

Fatima (*in thrilling pure English tones*). How dare you speak to my husband like that? How dare you interfere between my husband and me? Leave the house this instant, you great ill-mannered ruffians, before Aaron here throws you out into the street. And you too, Annie, for encouraging them.

[*Thoroughly cowed, they go.*

Bluebeard (*dropping the strap in amazement*). Eh, you 'm a braw spirit, lass. Forgive Oi, Fattie, and gie Oi a kiss. [*They kiss.*

Mrs. B. (*rising and stalking out with dignity*). You 'm a girt fool, Aaron Bluebeard, mark my words!

(CURTAIN).

"Viscount —— was fined 40*s.* yesterday for driving a motor-car without lights.

Mr. —— asked that Lord ——, who was only 200, should be dealt with leniently on account of his youth."—*Provincial Paper.*

We don't wonder the plea was ignored. The culprit must have long passed his second childhood.

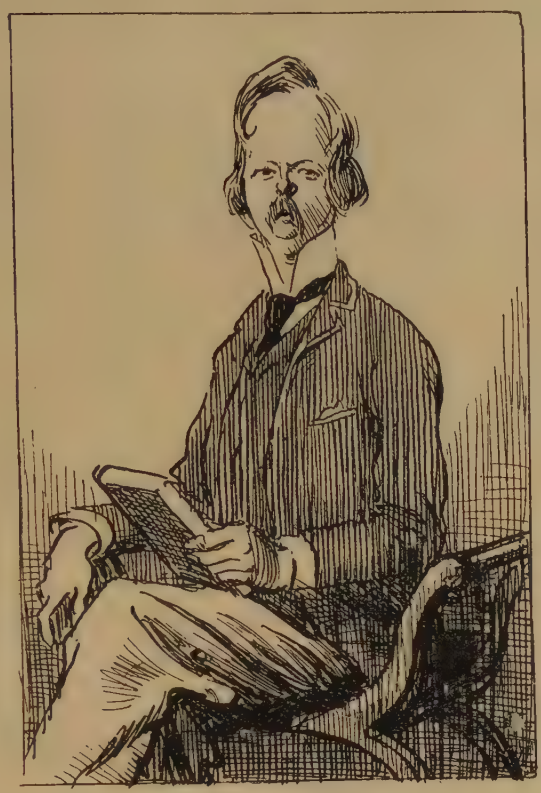
"Mr. T. M. Healy, the Governor-General of the Irish Free State, arrived in London at an early hour.

He is expected to remain here during the next three days.

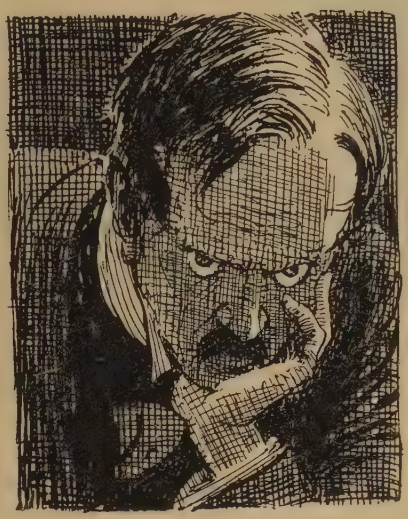
He will have important audiences during his tay."—*Daily Paper.*

Apparently the afternoon function is preferred by Mr. HEALY to the breakfast gatherings so dear to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

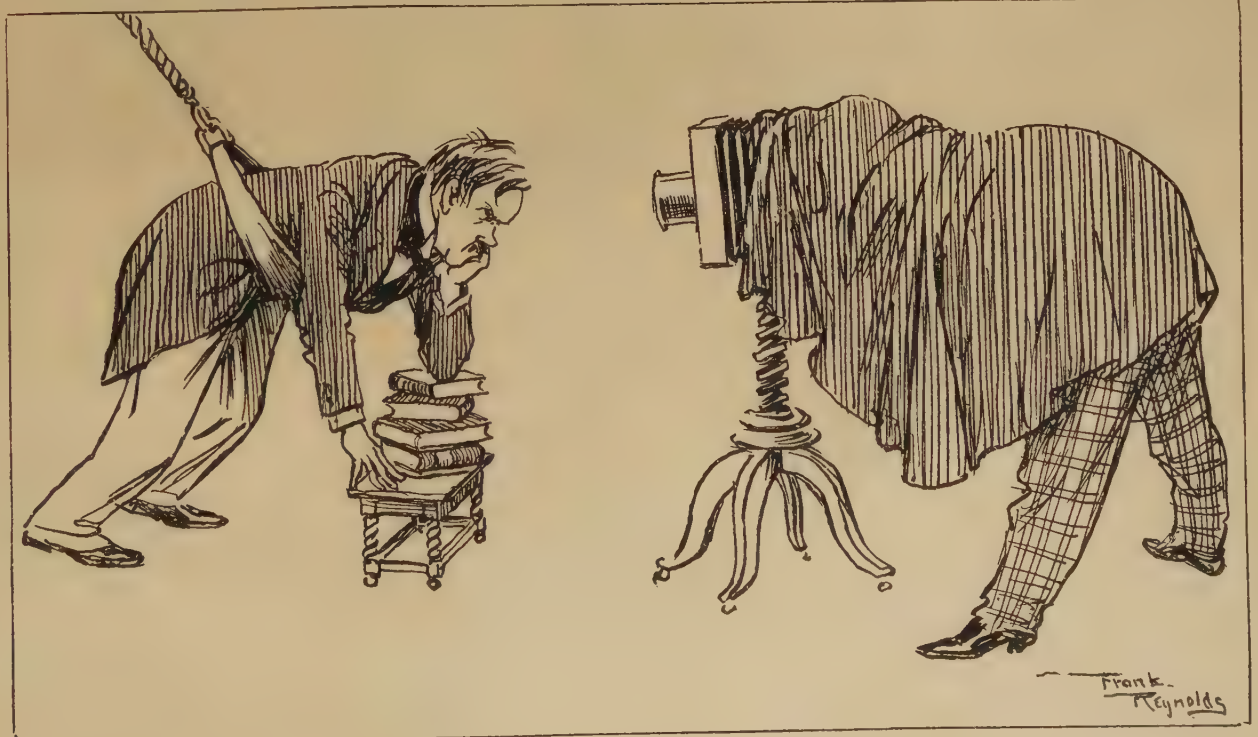
THE ORDEAL BY PHOTOGRAPHY. WHAT OUR CELEBRITIES HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.



IN TIMES GONE BY IT WAS THE HEAD REST—



BUT NOWADAYS—



HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT THEY DO TO THEM.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

IV.

EDWARD FERGUSON.

(In the manner of the South Sea School.)

CHAPTER I.

ON the verandah of the low white bungalow built upon a hill a man was sitting alone. The evening air was warm and passionate, filled with a vague uneasy calm. Below him lines of feathery coco-nut trees plunged steeply to the soft breast of the lagoon. Outside the lagoon the tide raced relentlessly, and there was always a low roar of rurf upon the seef—I mean to say there was always a low roar of surf upon the reef. In the distance, sharply silhouetted, lay Papahuitoto. In the further distance, rather more faintly silhouetted, lay Tuhuitutu. They seemed ethereal, figments of a dream. At any moment one fancied that they might fade away and disappear from sight. Sometimes, when there happened to be an earthquake wave, they did. Fresh islands, however, arose in their place, just as awkward to pronounce, and the lazy mysterious life of the South Seas went on unchanged.

Edward Ferguson was a handsome dark-haired man of about twenty-five years old. He was wearing nothing but the *lava lava*, which is the native costume, and eating nothing but *paw paw*, which is the native food, and drinking nothing but *kava kava*, which is the native drink. He wore no hat. On his head was a crown made of the waxen blossoms of the wild *Hibiscus hibiscus*. One of the beauties of Polynesian tales is that they give such excellent practice to the printer.

Amid the dusky gloom of the house, where only a single oil-lamp was burning, there moved now and then the shape of a woman. That was Uiala. She was beautiful as a pagan goddess, with eyes like deep pools, and her long black curling hair rippled to her feet. She too was crowned with flowers. She was not immoral. Immorality, as we understand it, does not exist on the islands. She was, however, absolutely unmoral. Immorality is one of the hideous diseases of our Western civilisation, but unmorality is not even banned at MUDIE'S.

Having finished his meal, the man clapped his hands softly together, and the girl came out.

"Ta la leefa," he said.

"Ta la lufa," she answered, and began to clear away the plates.

When she had gone the man remained motionless, thinking. A yacht had come into the little harbour that day. It was *The Seagull*, belonging to Bellamy, the multi-millionaire. He had brought his daughter Miriam ashore with him. Once—long ago—Edward Ferguson had known Miriam Bellamy.

The stars came out. Tuhuitutu faded away. Papahuitoto followed. Ferguson lit a cigar. A hibiscus blossom floated from his wreath and fell to the ground.

Mother. "WELL, DEAR, I HOPE YOU 'RE ENJOYING THE WINTER SPORTS."

Daughter. "YES, RATHER! I 'VE HAD PROPOSALS FROM THREE OF THEM ALREADY."

The lazy mysterious life of the islands still went on. Impatiently he brushed a fragment of *paw paw* from his moustache and strode into the house.

CHAPTER II.

Edward Ferguson had been exiled from civilisation for one of those offences which white men cannot forgive. Many sins are condoned by the standards of Western society, but his was not one of them. He had become an outcast and a *pariah* on the islands for so long that their lazy mysterious life had enchained him. He followed no regular occupation, but every now and then traders would come to the island and ask for copra, and Edward would give them some. He used to comb the beach for it. This provided the money for his simple needs, his cigars, the cotton for tying hibiscus wreaths, and now and then a long bout of drinking at the bar of Milligan's Hotel.

To-day, in the cool of the early morning, he had plunged into the thick of the tropical vegetation to gather mangoes and bread-fruit for dessert. It was Fate, presumably, or else mosquitoes that made Miriam Bellamy rise so early and sent her out to the same spot. He saw at once that she recognised him in spite of his *lava lava*; saw also that she did not know, that she had not heard, that she loved him still. . . .

"Edward!" she cried. "What are you doing here?"

Could he explain? Tell her everything? A thousand times no!

"I unexpectedly got a job with a San Francisco botanist to gather hibiscus plants," he said hastily and caught her outstretched hands in his. "I had no time to warn you before I went."

Why, after all, should they not have this one golden glorious hour together? Green parrots flashed through the branches and a silence more eloquent than words fell between them. Together they filled his basket with the monstrous red and purple fruit and looked down upon the shimmering lagoon.

Did they see a glimpse of dark tresses, a gleam of blossoms move sometimes between the stems of the plantains, hear a rustle now and then in the dark leaves of the crotons?

They did not.

CHAPTER III.

Talking to Milligan, the stout American-Swede with the blonde hair, stood a tall man, reeling slightly. He was wearing white ducks, a singlet and a panama hat. His eyes were glassy, but his face was drawn with pain.

In the madness of that morning hour yesterday Edward Ferguson had promised Miriam to come aboard her father's yacht and return to civilisation. He, the low-down white, at whom the traders pointed the finger of scorn; he, the man whom London had exiled for breaking one of the most sacred laws of his caste and kind, had made this mad impossible pledge. And Miriam knew nothing—nothing. How could he tell her what was being said of him in

"ARE THESE TO-DAY'S CAKES?—BECAUSE YESTERDAY'S WEREN'T."

England, what was thought of him here? How, above all, could he tell her about Uiala?

He could think of only one way. She should see him dead drunk and know what manner of beast he was. Therefore had he come and said to Milligan, "Give me all the gin you have in the bar." He had drunk it, but it would not bite. Then he had said, "Give me all the rum you have got in the bar;" and he had drunk that, but it would not bite either. Then he had begun to drink rye whisky, bottle after bottle; and the last bottle had bitten. He was now thoroughly under the influence of alcohol. And all the time he watched Milligan with one glazed eye, and the white road outside with the other.

Suddenly he saw that which he desired and flung his glass with a sure aim in the hotel proprietor's face. In a moment he had been bundled out of the door, staggered helplessly, pulled himself together and swept off his panama hat with a low bow in front of the pompous Bellamy and the girl who held his arm.

"Goo' evening, Miriam," he said, and collapsed on the road.

Thus he was happily spared the sight of the horror in her eyes as she passed proudly on.

CHAPTER IV.

Stumbling, groping, a few minutes later, he took the homeward path between the coco-nut and the pandanus trees. Just where the way forked to run steeply upwards towards the white bungalow he stumbled over something soft, and fell again. The body of Uiala lay across the road. She had thrust the long blade of her *sarong* into her heart.

He rose and staggered on blindly, not upwards, but down, down towards the lagoon. There was only one thing left to do. He would swim out into the shark-infested waters, infested with sharks, and there find peace.

As he came to the edge of the warm lazy ripple and divested himself of his ducks and singlet, leaving only his *lava lava* and panama, he espied a bottle left by the ebb, and, thinking it might contain more whisky, broke off the neck. There was nothing inside it but a cutting from an old newspaper, the English *Prattler* of eight months ago. With the purposeless concentration of the drunkard he began to read. The second paragraph that caught his eye ran:—

"CONFESSION BY A BILLIARD-MARKER.

"Considerable sensation has been created in fashionable circles by the withdrawal of a long-standing charge against the good name of the well-known Mr. Edward Ferguson. He was accused, as will be remembered, by the billiard-marker of the Athenæum Club of deliberately jogging the elbow of the Bishop of Halifax during a tournament, thereby causing his lordship to run a *coup*. The official in question has now confessed upon his death-bed that he was himself guilty of the offence, which was provoked by irritation at his Lordship's long delay in making the stroke."

"Too late," muttered Edward Ferguson, and waded out into the lagoon. A few moments later only a panama hat remained floating above the spot where the slim brown sharks struggled and wheeled.

Papahuitoto and Tuhuitutu faded away. Night came with her canopy of stars. The air grew heavy with the languid scent of hibiscus blossoms, and a coco-nut fell with a low roar in the woods. Then all was still. The lazy mysterious life of the islands went on unchanged.

EVOE.

Con Fuoco.

"'Is not his word like a fire' was declaimed with notable force, the fuel power of his voice being reserved until the final phrase."
Provincial Paper.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

SIXPENNY DIPS.

RECENTLY I took George Rowland to the Dome of Dance with a lady-friend of his. They are both West End dancing experts and the admired of Nero's and the Nouveau Riche.

Now the Dome of Dance is almost wildly respectable. It is evacuated respectably at midnight, and provides no refreshment more sinister than a Sundae. But in George's view anything west of Earl's Court is practically in the East End; and he had pictured the Dome as a very low haunt indeed, peopled principally by Russians and other criminals, and surrounded by well-equipped opium-dens, to which, after a few rather passionate dances, the fast young aristocrat is lured by a decoy-girl, and there drugged, robbed and ultimately destroyed.

When we entered the place he stood amazed. The dancing was in full swing, and a number of suburban ladies and gentlemen were revolving assiduously round a large block of ice. The ice stood in a sort of tray in the centre of the room and was decorated with coloured lights and ferns. The dancers wore an expression of pain, sorrow or remorse—except a few who sidled furtively along the rails, and these merely looked desperately unhappy. The band was playing "Rubinstein's Melody in F" as a one-step. They looked very happy indeed, and one of them sang through a megaphone, "Do'an't tell *me* to go to Dix—ee."

George was fascinated by the ice.

"What's that in the middle?" he asked.

"Ice," I said.

"Good Lord! What's it for?"

"Cooling the passions," I said. "You get a tough crowd here."

"Ah!" said George, brightening up.

"Well, take the floor, you two," I said, adding with a touch of bravado, "I may have a Sixpenny Dip."

"A *what?*"

"A Sixpenny Dip—a dancing partner—one of the instructresses, you know."

George was shocked. "Do you mean to say you can *hire* a partner here?" he said.

"Yes. They sit in that pen. The men are in the other one—over there. But a man costs ninepence."

"Good *Lord!*" said George. "But that's *disgusting*. No wonder you get a tough crowd. They can't dance, though. Come on, Daphne."

Daphne and George flung themselves into the solemn crowd with derisive movements of the shoulders. Heading swiftly for the block of ice they executed with great *bravura* the very latest step. The name of it escapes me, but George tells me it has taken Nero's by storm and broken many hearts at the Nouveau Riche.

The step looked simple. First George stood in one place, rotating rapidly on one heel, while Daphne ran round him on one toe, the other foot being raised in such a manner as to make it clear that she was wearing a very costly petticoat. Then George stood in another place, rotating rapidly on the other heel, and Daphne ran or was whirled all round him, with the other foot raised; and there was no doubt at all that she was still wearing a petticoat.

When they had done this two or three times there emerged from behind the block of ice a man in full evening dress, with a face like an exceedingly analytical novelist. He tapped George on the shoulder and (as I afterwards heard) said, "Sorry, Sir, but we don't allow that here. This is not the West End. . . ."

George came scowling off the floor, but I fled. Rather than run the risk of being seen by the Master of Ceremonies embracing the deplorable Daphne, I would dance with dips and nothing but dips.

I bought six tickets and stood sheepishly with some other desperadoes near the pen.

In theory the thing is easy; the ladies sit in the pen during the interval between dances, and you wait at hand till the music starts, deciding in your own mind, but, of course, without staring, which will be the best sixpenny-worth. There were about twelve, and I decided that seven of them were much the best. The music started, and I waited just a moment—not shy or anything, but not wishing to be too forward, you know. During that moment all my seven selections departed swiftly into the arms of stronger men. However, the other five looked pleasant and kindly enough in their neat uniforms. I whispered boldly (to myself), "May I have this, please?" and advanced like a wolf on the fold.

Then my tie wanted straightening, and when I had put it right there remained but one ewe-lamb in the pen. She looked pleasant and kindly enough in her neat uniform; at the same time, out of the whole twelve, I should scarcely have put her higher than, say, twelfth. However . . .

I approached and said in a manly voice, "Oh—er——!"

The next thing I knew we were cannoning into the ice. The ice reminded me of George's comments on the "dip" system, and I felt desperately wicked.

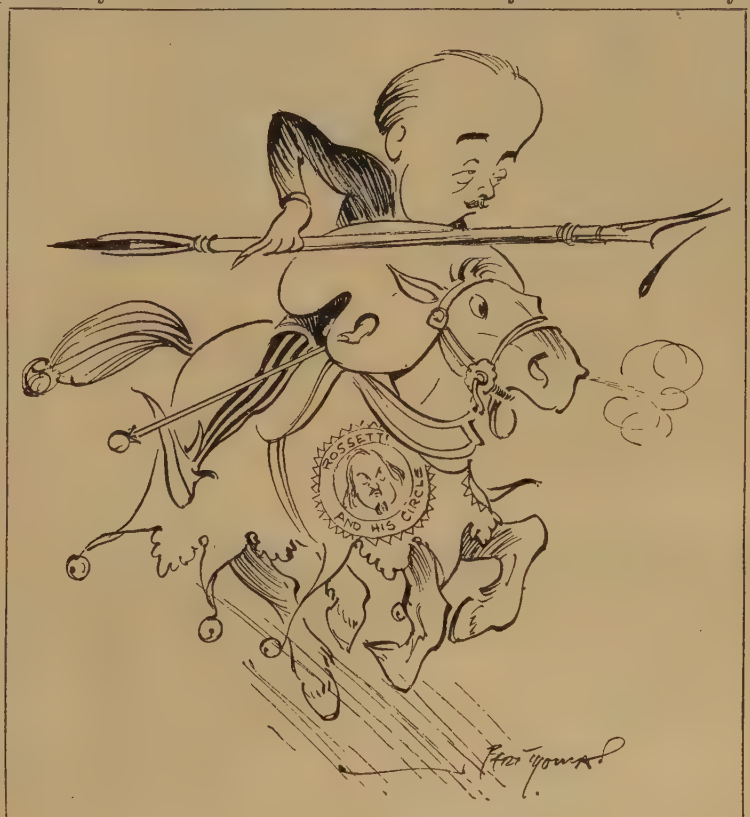
While we danced we conversed; and while we conversed I began to feel less wicked.

Anyone who has ever danced with a not very talkative leg-of-mutton will appreciate my new sensations.

I was sorry for the girl. I said, "Not much of a life this, is it?"

"It is and it isn't," she said.

We danced round the room, while I thought this out.



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
COUNT MAX OF RAPALLO,
THE KNIGHT OF THE TWO-HEADED LANCE.

Then I said, "Tiring life, I expect?"

She said, "In a way—but there it is."

We danced round the room again.

Then I said, "You get a queer lot of partners, I expect?" and trod heavily on her toe.

"Some's better than others," she said.

Having wormed out the secrets of her life in this way I sought to impart a lighter tone to our conversation.

We passed close to the ice.

"Funny—that," I said.

"Funny?"

"The ice."

"Yes, it's naice, isn't it?" said she. "The ferns and that."

"Ought to be a salmon on the top," I said brightly.

"Pretty, wouldn't it?" she said gravely.

Then the music stopped. She held out her hand. I clasped it warmly, pleased by this evidence of human feeling.

She said, with no great emotion, "The ticket, please."

I unclasped hastily, and she fled back to the fold, clasping the ticket.

For the next dance, made bold by experience, I secured a charming partner—easily the eleventh best. She seemed full of life; and this was a special dance. The band played an air from *Tannhäuser* as a waltz. The ordinary lights were lowered, and from the balcony great beams of coloured light were shot across the gloom, making the dancers green and blue and heliotrope in turn. It was a very passionate scene.

Under the spell of the music and the lights and the voluptuous rhythm of the dance we talked.

I said, "Not much of a life, this—is it?"

She said, "It is and it isn't." And suddenly her face turned a livid green, like an old cheese.

I whispered, "Tiring life, I expect?"

"In a way it is," she said.

I looked into her eyes, and her face went a bright blue. I looked across the wide floor and saw a multitude of men and women, some green, some blue, but all enchanted. I saw George. George was behaving himself now. But he had gone green.

I said, "You get a queer lot of partners, I expect?"

She turned heliotrope. I felt that I had gone too far.

Controlling herself, she said, "Some's better than others."

I saw then that there was a Standard Conversation for Dips, which I was following almost too closely for this romantic dance. The music, the lights, the shadowy spaces, the coloured women, the ice—— A thrill ran through me.

I murmured passionately, "I like you best heliotrope."

She said, "I think the mauve's naicer."

The music stopped. I gave her a ticket, though it seemed a sacrilege. Then I gave her my four remaining tickets. For, as she quaintly said, she got a commission on each.

A commission on the aching hearts of men! Ah me!

"Well, you've been going it!" said George. "This *is* a place!"

"Ha!" said I, the unrepentant libertine.

"Oh, George," said Daphne piteously, "*do* let me have a Ninepenny Dip!"

A. P. H.

Soaked Sportsman. "HERE, I SAY—MOVE ON A BIT!"

Stalker. "HOOTS, MAN! YE CANNA STIR AN EYELASH. THE HIND IS OBSAIRVING SOMETHING UNUSUAL."

From an article on "The Mystery of Dean Inge":—

"Half the world regards him as the Gloomy Dean; half regards him as a great revealer of Truth; and the other half thinks he is just a very witty and 'brilliant' man."—*The Isis.*

This seems to confirm the Cambridge view of Oxford mathematics.

A postcard lately received by a landlord:—

On the Front.

"Sir,—Kindly leave my rent untill next Tuesday Week and Oblige. Mrs. N."

On the Back.

"Listen to the joyous message the merry Christmas bells are telling."

Small but unrepentant voice from the corner. "I SUPPOSE THIS IS WHAT DADDY WOULD CALL A 'SCENE,' MOTHER."

A NEW NOTE.

IN Tubes and places where they travel there is displayed at present a poster of which the appeal is curiously arresting. The wording runs more or less as follows:—

"THERE ARE NO SPORTS
TO EQUAL UMPTIDDY'S PORTS."

Just that.

The connection between "sports" and "ports" may not perhaps be apparent to some minds; it is not to mine. The only thing that they would seem to have in common is the fact that they happen to rhyme. Is this a new note in advertising? The possibilities are rather fascinating. Let us consider them.

"THERE ARE NO BREEZES
TO EQUAL THINGUMMY'S CHEESES."

No, that has not quite the right air of abandon. There is just a suspicion of connection between "cheeses" and "breezes." Let us try again:—

"THERE ARE NO LAMAS
TO EQUAL PEABODY'S PYJAMAS."

That is better.

Then, to change the metre:—

"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN AN ELECTION ADDRESS
TO EQUAL THE PRESSEMTITE PATENT TROUSER PRESS?"

Or,

"I DON'T THINK THERE'S A SINGLE COW IN DORSET
TO COMPARE WITH THE ROYAL KIDDERMINSTER CORSET."

And just one in *vers libre* (I like *vers libre*; you don't have to think so much):—

"IT IS
IN THE HIGHEST DEGREE IMPROBABLE
THAT IN THE COURSE OF
YOUR EXISTENCE
YOU WILL EVER CHANCE TO ENCOUNTER
ANY RIGHT-ANGLED TRIANGLE
THAT QUITE COMES UP TO
BALDENBURY'S TEETHING POWDER FOR
PREMATURELY DENTIFEROUS
INFANTS."

It doesn't even have to rhyme.

RISTLE-RUSTLE.

As I go up alone at night around the curving stair
There's a curious little Something that sits waiting for me there;
And softly ristle-rustling down the passage on to bed
He comes, sometimes behind my back and sometimes on ahead.

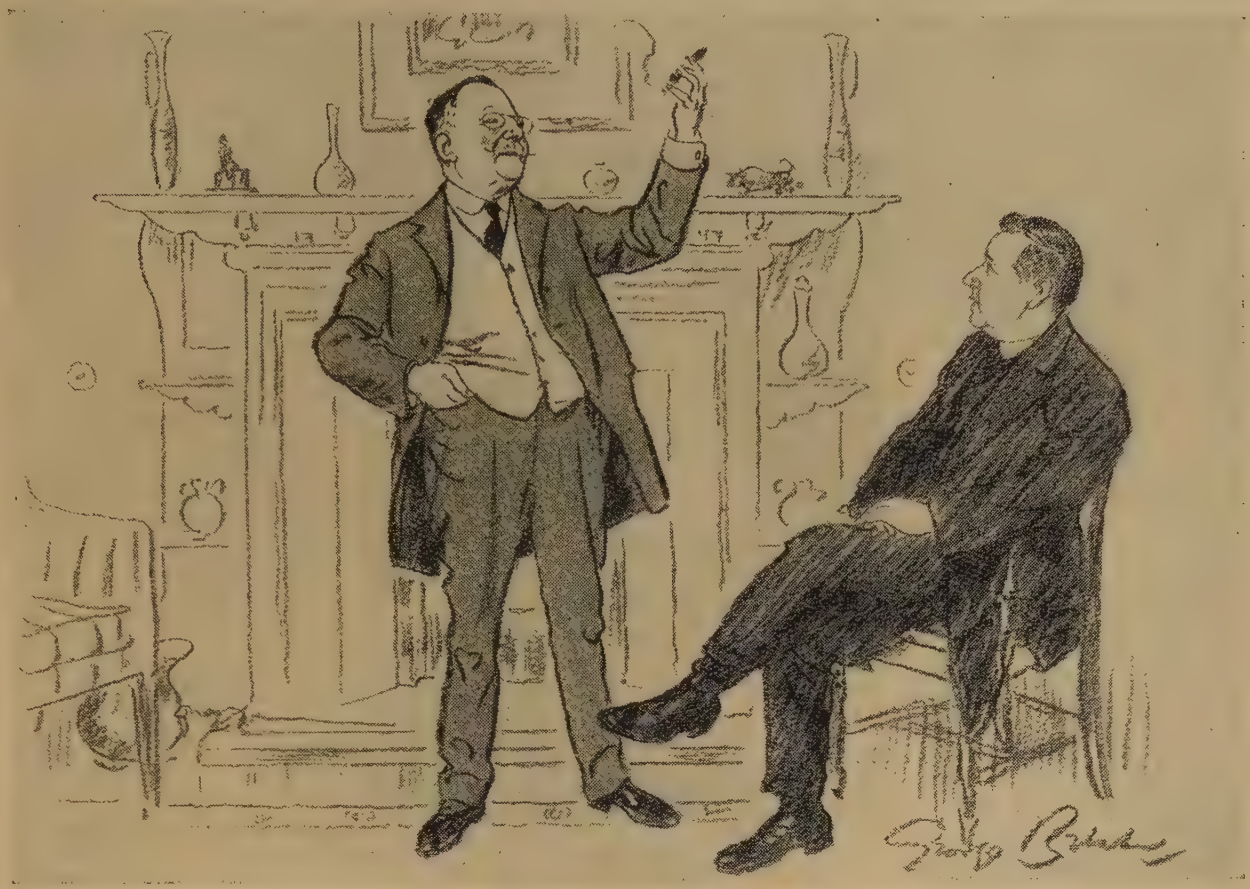
I always know where he will be: behind the linen store
In the dim and dusky corner by the empty bedroom door;
And softly, when I pass him, without any rush or bustle
He comes stealing out to join me with his curious ristle-rustle.

I once was rather frightened when I felt him coming near,
But there's not the slightest need, because he doesn't interfere;
He never speaks nor touches me—I hardly know he's there
But for his ristle-rustle ristle-rustle on the stair.

I don't know if he thinks he goes with me, or I with him
Along the lonely passage with its corners dark and dim;
Perhaps he sleeps somewhere near me, this little Shadow Elf,
And's afraid to ristle-rustle down the passage by himself.

REPARATION WAITS.

Germany. "LUCKY THEY 'RE NOT ALL SINGING THE SAME TUNE OR I MIGHT FEEL MORALLY BOUND TO GIVE THEM SOMETHING."



Vicar (to new parishioner). "I'VE JUST BEEN ON A VISIT TO MY SON AT OXFORD, MY OLD UNIVERSITY. IT SEEMED STRANGE TO BE STOPPING AT 'THE MITRE.'"

Profiteer. "AH, THE DEAR OLD ALMA MITER."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 11th.—The prospect of hearing an apology from Lord BIRKENHEAD, coupled possibly with the hope that he would "put some ginger in it," drew a good many people to the House of Lords. There was no lack of provocation in the opening remarks of Lord LINCOLNSHIRE, who in stentorian tones underlined all the unfortunate phrases used by the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR last week in regard to the GOUNARIS-CURZON correspondence. But Lord SALISBURY was the soul of discretion, and contented himself with the unembroidered statement that the correspondence was circulated to the Cabinet in the usual way. For his penitential service Lord BIRKENHEAD wisely preferred "the use of Sarum" to that of Lincoln. First thanking Lord SALISBURY for his "moderation" he said that, owing, probably, to the state of his eyesight at the time, the correspondence had not been brought to his attention; and expressed his regret that he should have made "so confidently" a statement that on examination had proved to be without foundation. Nothing could have been more correct; and the seekers after sensation went away unsatisfied.

In the Commons a similar statement by the PRIME MINISTER brought forth a similar apology from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. He attributed his non-perusal of the correspondence to illness [in point of fact the whole Cabinet was at the time almost *in articulo mortis*] and also to the fact that a month earlier he had told M. GOUNARIS that the only hope of peace was that he should withdraw the Greek troops from Smyrna and put himself entirely in the hands of Lord CURZON. The House gave him an approving cheer, and no one was cynical enough to point out that the explanation aroused almost as many questions as it set at rest.

AN UNFAMILIAR DISH.
THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD.

The approach of the Prorogation is always heralded by the DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN'S request for returns of the number of divisions, closure motions, motions for the adjournment, etc., during the past Session. This year they were in an unusual form, the period covered being "Session 2 of 1921 and Sessions 1 and 2 of 1922." Four sessions in two years! Let us hope the Mother of Parliaments is not becoming "broody."

Having failed, in spite of a multitude of Questions, to obtain much information from the SECRETARY OF MINES regarding recent colliery explosions, Mr. HARDIE wrathfully inquired, "Does the hon. gentleman know anything about gas?" Mr. LANE-FOX nobly resisted the temptation to reply that, thanks to hon. Members opposite, he was learning more about it every day.

The PRIME MINISTER announced that the Channel Tunnel is definitely "off"—unless private persons are prepared to put up the money for it; and that the two new battleships are definitely "on," and will be laid down forthwith.

Tuesday, December 12th.—In supporting the Government's proposal to guarantee a loan of six-and-a-half millions to Austria Lord BUCKMASTER built up an elaborate argument on the alleged coincidence between the fact that the Central European markets constituted twenty per cent. of our trade, and the fact that we had 1,300,000 unemployed, or just about twenty per cent. of our industrial population. It must have been rather a shock to some of their Lordships to learn that out of some twenty millions of voters only six-and-a-half millions are employed, even in good times; but no one challenged the figures.

During the Congo agitation before the War Mr. MOREL gained a reputation for knowing a good deal about the Equator. He seems, however, to have something to learn about the Poles. When he stated this afternoon that the recent Polish manœuvres were conducted "under the supervision of French generals," and added a number of details regarding French military activities in that region, Colonel GUINNESS replied that the manœuvres were conducted entirely by the Poles, that the only French senior officer present was there as a spectator, and that no foundation could be traced for the rest of the allegations. The future Foreign Secretary of the Labour Cabinet must try again.

The Government once more refused to bring in a Home Rule Bill for Scotland, though there is no doubt that English Members, suffering from the spate of "Doric" that swells day after day from the Labour Benches, are beginning to look kindly upon the idea. Possibly, however, at a closer glance the Scots themselves would look askance at it, for when Sir J. BAIRD announced that the SECRETARY for SCOTLAND would, whenever he could, receive deputations in Edinburgh, instead of obliging them to come to London, Mr. PRINGLE declared that the proposal would be very unpopular with the deputations.

A discussion on the silver coinage produced several amusing speeches. Mr. NICHOL asserted that GOOD QUEEN BESS made a profit out of withdrawing the debased coinage issued by her Papa, and wondered why the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could not do the same. He also declared that a modern florin, if left for a few minutes in a pool of beer became indistinguishable from a penny. This of course only occurs South of the Tweed.

Sir CHARLES OMAN also said several rude things about the coinage, which "comes to pieces in your hands, like the housemaid and the milk-jug." Mr. BALDWIN replied that he personally had never had any coins that crumbled to pieces in his pocket, but added that perhaps he had not been able to keep them long enough.

ATROPOS AND THE "ABHORRÉD SHEARS."
MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.

THE WILD MAN FROM BRIDGETON.
MR. JAMES MAXTON.

On the question of unemployment the Labour Party rather resembles the little girl who did not want to go home but wanted to be at home now. Because the Government cannot by waving a wand at once find work for everybody, but have to be content with measures that will occupy a few thousands, some of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S obstreperous followers would like to make all business impossible. Setting out with that intention they managed to keep the House (and incidentally the officials) up till nearly dawn; but at last Mr. BALDWIN moved the Closure, and the "abhorréd shears" put an end to their antics and romantics.

Wednesday, December 13th.—Nature has gifted Mr. LANSBURY with a stentorian voice, which, however useful it may be at street-corners, is a doubtful benefit in the House of Commons, for it imparts to his lightest word the accent of a threat; as when this afternoon he protested against the "callous indifference" of Ministers in not voting ten millions more to the Unemployed before the Prorogation. Roused by his saxophonic call, the wild men behind him jumped to their feet shouting and gesticulating. The SPEAKER tried to quell the uproar, but in vain. The OPPOSITION LEADER made no attempt to restrain his unruly followers, who continued their demonstration until the PRIME MINISTER rose and told them—that he had nothing more to tell. Then they subsided, with the proud consciousness that they had accomplished what every Party in turn has done before them—clamoured for the Moon and got it.

Thursday, December 14th.—With admirable logic Lord CARSON argued that, if Northern Ireland was still part of the United Kingdom for purposes of taxation, she ought to be so regarded for all purposes, and her cattle ought not to be subjected to the same restrictions as those of the Free State. But as he was unable to explain away St. George's Channel his plea was disregarded.

The PRIME MINISTER is a most obliging person, but he cannot perform impossibilities. When Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY asked whether he intended to continue "the Russian policy of the late Government" he politely replied that if the hon. Member would first describe it he would endeavour to answer the question.

After yesterday's escapade the Labour Party seemed to be slightly chastened, and managed to restrain itself even when a graceless Tory suggested that November 11th should be observed

Lady Candidate (*to Heckler, who has been pestering her for a plain "Yes" or "No" to his various questions*). "IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION WILL YOU ANSWER 'YES' OR 'NO'?"
Heckler. "WITH PLEASURE." *Lady Candidate* (*employing well-known device*). "HAVE YOU STOPPED BEATING YOUR WIFE?"
Heckler. "NO; I BEAT HER THIS MORNING." *Lady Candidate*. "WHAT!!!" *Heckler*. "YES—THREE UP AND TWO TO PLAY."

as "a day of penance for Conscientious Objectors," and Lady ASTOR complained that the Admiralty sent all its repair-work to "the North, where the Socialists come from."

A propos of repairs, Colonel LESLIE WILSON, having been refitted at Portsmouth, sailed into Westminster Harbour amid cheers.

Friday, December 15th.—In a final protest against the Prorogation Mr. LANSBURY recalled the occasion, some three hundred years ago, when Members held the SPEAKER down in the Chair in order to assert their right to legislate without leave of the Crown. Happily no attempt was made to re-enact the scene. Mr. WHITLEY, having reminded Mr. LANSBURY that at present he did not represent the majority of the House, led the way to the House of Lords, where the KING's Speech was read.

From Smith Minor's Chemistry Paper:—

"A *molecule* is the smallest mass of substance that can exist in the Free State."

In Ireland they call it an Irregular.

THE REFUSALS OF MARGARET.

THE EIGHTH (AND LAST) REFUSAL.

SCENE: *A bench in a rustic arbour in the garden of* Margaret's *cottage at Tunbridge Wells.* Margaret *has been gardening and her scissors and leather gloves are beside her on the bench.* Harry *is seated on a large watering-can at her feet playing with a garden syringe. He is a thoroughly nice boy who hopes to be twenty-three some day.*

Harry. Margaret, I've had enough of this green-fly. I'll finish the job in the morning.

Margaret. No, Harry. We're told that the sun oughtn't to go down on our wrath.

H. Why this sudden passion for tidying up?

M. I had a wire this morning. Robin's coming home to-morrow. He likes to have everything shipshape. He's a sailor, you know.

H. (*darkly*). Your husband?

M. Yes, Harry.

H. (*in sinister tones*). I shall of course be delighted to meet your husband.

M. I think you will like Robin. He has a very pleasant way with young people.

H. (*boiling over*). I won't stand it, Margaret! You're perfectly heartless.

M. (*in alarm*). Harry! You're breaking the syringe.

H. (*desperately*). I won't be treated like a child. You've no right to talk in this callous way about your husband after all that's happened.

M. On the contrary, I think that it's high time we *did* talk about him.

H. We should have thought of that before.

M. Before what?

H. You know quite well what I mean, Margaret. Why do you think that I've been a sort of under-gardener here for the last three weeks?

M. Because you're fond of gardening.

H. (*viciously*). I *hate* gardening!

M. Then you've been very deceitful. You've told me a hundred times that you loved working in my garden.

H. That's a very different thing.

M. To tell the truth I was just a little doubtful about your passion for horticulture. No one really fond of it

M.F.H. (seeing notoriously dangerous lady approaching). "HI! HI! LOOK OUT! LOOSE HORSE—WITH A WOMAN ON IT!"

could show so little talent. You've spoiled my roses and ruined my carnations. They were Malmaison, too. I very nearly dismissed you for that.

H. (*tragically*). It would have been better if you had.

M. Aren't you sorry for what you've done?

H. I may have made a mess of your garden, Margaret, but that's a small matter compared with what you've done to me. You've made a mess of my life. (*He buries his face in his hands.*) I shall never love another woman as long as I live.

M. (*with motherly compassion*). Why didn't you mention this before?

H. (*bitterly*). I should have thought it was sufficiently obvious. It was one of the things that go without saying.

M. But you knew I was married. And you've often played with the baby.

H. You never once mentioned your husband.

M. Isn't he also one of the things that go without saying? Didn't you ever consider him at all?

H. How could you expect me to consider him? You were so wonderful. It seemed absurd to think of you as a married woman, like other married women. I was just happy to be here and to live in a kind of dream. Then all of a sudden here's a husband turning up from nowhere.

M. It was very careless of you, Harry, to forget that I was married. How did you account for the baby?

H. (*pettishly*). I've told you already. It was all a happy dream. I never really thought about the baby.

M. You were very fond of the baby, Harry. Didn't I catch you the other day trying to feed him with chocolates? They were liqueur chocolates too. Full of green Chartreuse.

H. (*in self-defence*). How was I to know that they were full of green Chartreuse?

M. You might have known that chocolates at seven-and-sixpence a pound are not for babies.

H. (*exasperated*). I'm not talking about the baby. The baby's a side issue.

M. On the contrary the baby is fundamental.

H. I tell you I was living in a dream.

M. Yes, Harry, you've said that before. But babies don't happen to one in a dream.

H. I can't take it in, Margaret. To think of you as really married is impossible. I accept the fact, but I can't realise it.

M. (*soothingly*). You'll realise it better when you see Robin.

H. How can you expect me ever to see Robin? I'm not entirely without feeling. There are heartless people in the world—I have good reason to know it—but I'm not one of them.

M. No, Harry, that's just the difficulty. If you hadn't been such a nice impressionable boy I shouldn't have found it necessary to bring you to Tunbridge Wells. Do you remember a certain evening at Brighton? It was before I had the pleasure of your acquaintance.

H. I don't remember anything before that happened. Life began for me on the day when I first met you.

M. Then it must have been a previous existence. There was a widow in it, Harry.

H. (*flushing*). Mrs. Ellison was almost a second mother to me.

M. Mrs. Ellison has already been twice married. The third time pays for all, so they say.

H. (*crossly*). I haven't a notion what you're talking about.

M. You were the third time, Harry, and I think you would have paid pretty heavily. So would your real mother, who's a perfect dear but not very discerning. Even *she* would have seen through Mrs. Ellison. I decided for her sake that, if you needed a second mother when the first was absent, I was better fitted for the part than the lady at Brighton. For one thing I know rather more about it, having one baby of my own already. How old are you, Harry?

H. I don't see what that 's got to do with it?

M. It has a great deal to do with it.

H. I shall be twenty-three in September.

M. Then it 's high time you fell in love with a girl of your own age. This craze for married women, not to mention women who have been twice married, is disgraceful at twenty-two. Boys of nineteen are, I believe, subject to that sort of thing; but at your age, Harry, it 's morbid, like having the measles when you 're grown up.

H. (*shocked*). How can you talk in that dreadful way, Margaret?

M. Poor Harry! You 'll have some nasty shocks before you 're very much older. Why didn't your mother send you to school?

H. Mother believes in home life.

M. In that case there 's only one thing to do. We must get you engaged to some really nice girl before you have any further opportunity of disgracing us all.

H. I shall never look at another woman after this. (*He rises from the watering-can.*)

M. Where are you going, Harry?

H. I 'm going to pack.

M. Don't be foolish. It will be just as nice for you here with Robin as it was without him. You won't see quite so much of me; but there 'll be billiards with Robin in the evening, and when I 'm busy with him myself you will be able to play tennis with the girl next door. You must have noticed her, Harry.

H. I have no eyes for any woman but you.

M. She plays a very good game, and I think your mother would approve of her. She has the most charming blue eyes.

H. (*sulkily*). They 're not blue; they 're grey.

M. (*instantly alert*). That settles it, Harry.

H. What do you mean?

M. I mean that you 're a dear observant boy, and that your mother will be delighted. She shall dine with us every evening.

H. My mother?

M. No, Harry; the girl next door. You 're quite sure about her eyes?

H. (*shortly*). Of course I 'm quite sure. She 's been working all the evening on the other side of the hedge.

M. (*solemnly*). After this I shall always believe in Providence. And now, Harry, I 'm going to be very nice to you. I will come and help you with the green-fly.

[*She hands the syringe to Harry, who obediently accepts it.*

(THE END.)

Reginald. "THEY SAY THE VIOLIN IS THE NEAREST APPROACH TO THE 'UMAN VOICE."
Lilian. "NO—REELY? I THOUGHT THE GRAMOPHONE WAS."

MARIAN.

(*With homage to "Phyllida."*)

THE children of my brother
Are awful in their ways;
Replete with cruel wisdom,
They question all he says;
But Marian, my Marian,
As kind as she is sage,
Tempers her independence
With tolerance of age.

My brother tells a story
As deftly as he knows,
Désirée lifts an eyebrow,
Young Henry kicks his toes;
But Marian, my Marian,
Is very well behaved
And never tires of hearing
How my Princess was saved.

The children of my brother,
Whenever they have guests,
Resent his wistful presence
And shudder at his jests;
But Marian, my Marian,
Invites me by command,
Proclaims my social graces
And reaches for my hand.

Despite the festal season
My brother's heart is chill;
His children choose their presents
And put them on his bill;
But Marian, my Marian,
Would grieve if given cause
To doubt the use of chimneys
Enjoyed by Santa Claus.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"UNHARMED IN A FURNACE.
Wonderful Escape of Modern Daniel."
Evening Paper.

From a magazine story:—

"'There are one hundred and fifteen pounds in the bank,' announced the Chinaman—and the fact that Tung should have won all that money dotted the last iota of misery in Cohen's soul."

When we were at school we were never allowed to dot our iotas.

FILMED TO A FOX MASK.

THE great head grinned on its oaken shield,
The lip updrawn and the fangs revealed,
And Fancy's firelit film unreeled—
You know of "Sweet Fancy's" way?
She showed me the story, the ever green,
Of the finest hunt that ever had been,
And the stoutest fox "what ever was seen"
Since NIMROD'S nebulous day.

Act 1, 'tis in Oakshot Wood, we know,
And half of a hundred years ago;
A setting moon she is drifting low,
Three hours ere the peep o' day;
There 's a shadow gaunt in that shadowy frame,
'Tis the great fox comes, 'tis the fox of fame,
With his long wolf jaw and his coat of flame,
Down in his den to lay.

But when he 's come to his lodging's door
They 've stopped him out, as they 've done before,
And *that* must be a bit of a bore
When you 're tired with sport or fray;
But he curls to sleep 'neath a starry sky,
An ear up wind, in a whinbush dry,
Till he hears the huntsman's, "Try, lads, try!"
And a horn shake far and away.

For there 's all two hundred acres in
Great Oakshot Wood, and, or thick or thin,
'Tis stiff with bramble and thorn and whin—
A difficult draw, you 'd say;
So he yawns and rolls in a shaft of sun,
And stretches his long limbs one by one,
Then off he jogs up a jack-hare's run
With a gibe from a jester jay.

His brush is full and its tag 's snow-white;
His coat of copper burns darkly bright;
He 's lithe, he 's lissom, a heartening sight—
Would any man say me nay?
But the echoes fly in the aisles of oak,
For twenty couple of hounds have spoke,
And they sing the line of him where he 's broke
As sweet as a roundelay!

His point, his point 's five miles along,
But he 's got there gay and he 's got there strong,
And little he recks of that hunting song
Nor yet of a scenting day;
But what, an he finds the earths "put to,"
Is a game, a galloping fox to do
With twenty couple a field from "view"
And the hills long leagues away?

Three miles he runs like a light-tossed leaf,
And again three miles ere he thinks of grief,
And anon three miles like a hunted thief
(And quicker our reel makes play);
Then down he claps in a patch of rush,
With a tired ear cocked for the cry to hush,
And now he runs for his brush, his brush
That droops to the killing clay.

The rooks they rise and they mob him black,
They stoop a-swoop at his lifted back,
"He 's on!" they yelp to the bristling pack,
"He 's on, but he 'll hardly *stay*!"
The gold eyes sink in the grim grey head;
He 's stiffening, cold, and his brush is lead;
He has lived, by licence, on crime most red,
And here is the bill to pay.

For, all too beaten to take the plough,
He turns him short in the hedgeside now
Where the dark vale mounts to the downland's brow,
His Vale of the Shadow grey;
There 's a lifted lip to a rush of foes,
A scuffling surge in the blackthorn rows,
And he passes, pinning a fox-hound's nose,
In the old and the honoured way.

* * * * * * *

Still the grey mask grins on its oaken shield,
With the lip uplift and the fangs revealed,
Though it 's fifty years since his doom was sealed,
Since they blew him "Away! Away!"
And long, long, long shall his name be green
And his fame be filmed upon Fancy's screen
For the stoutest fox "what ever was seen"
Since NIMROD'S shadowy day.

PUZZLE PEOPLE.

YOU have known them previously, of course, as those irritating little imbeciles A., B., C. and D. who fuss their way through the arithmetic books, filling cisterns, running races, mowing fields and so on to such an extent that you have wondered whether they ever go to bed. At this time of the year they camouflage themselves in more or less festive attire and grin at us from fancy volumes with such titles as "A Hundred Tricks for the Yule Fireside." Silly tricks they are, too; quite as bad as filling cisterns with holes in them.

They are no longer A., B., C. and D., but Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson (or Tom, Dick, Bob and Harry), and they tell us foolish little stories about one another. They relate how Robinson invited Smith, Brown and Jones to a Christmas dinner to meet his relations and share a seventeen-pound turkey. They explain that Robinson carved the turkey so that his old grandfather had seven-eighths of an ounce less than Brown, who had two-and-a-half ounces more than the maiden aunt could put away, while Smith shared a leg and half a wing with Cousin Florrie. How much seasoning, they ask, did Jones get?

Their cold calculating ideas of hospitality annoy me. They are so bumptious, too, with their easy chatter about seventeen-pound turkeys. You do not find them doing their tricks with a plate of ox-tail soup or a homely slab of roast beef.

Puzzle people are obsessed by the notion that no human being is fit to be invited to a party unless he or she can do tricks. Horace is wax in their hands. On each successive New Year's Day Horace resolves firmly to have nothing more to do with them, and by the next Christmas he is as much a public nuisance as ever. It was through their seductive agency that, after weeks of patient practice in clubs and restaurants, he mastered the knack of balancing a shilling on the head of a needle by inserting the shilling in a cork which had a couple of forks stuck into it. Ever since then hostesses of juvenile parties have fought for him. He is inundated with invitations throughout December, and long before Christmas arrives he is not fit to live with. He is at one with Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson and all their grisly brood. He works out exasperating problems on the tablecloth, and gets arrested while surreptitiously practising card tricks on the Underground Railway.

Against this type the only means of defence lies in violent and unflinching attack. For that reason I have possessed myself of a natty little brochure entitled "One Thousand Riddles for Young and Old, or a Feast of Fun for Christmas Day," and at the first approach of Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson I shall start feasting.

MEDAL DAY; OR, THE PERFECT WIFE.

THE WORM WITHOUT A TURN.

THE Man with a Grievance came in with a look of fury, rang the bell as though it were an adversary, and flung himself into a chair. When the waiter came he ordered a potent mixture and glared round at the company.

"I've had letters from two editors," he announced. "And they're both cowards. It's monstrous. The Press is supposed to be our friend; but I ask you!"

"Who supposes it to be our friend?" a mild man inquired.

"Everyone," said the other. "Doesn't it get things done? It boasts enough of doing so anyway. Didn't it bring about the Election? Didn't it—— Bah! of course it's supposed to be our friend, the friend of the helpless."

"Personally I have always looked upon it as an enemy," said the mild man.

"That doesn't matter," rejoined the other. "What matters is that this country's in a bad way. There's no pride left. No one takes any pleasure in keeping his word—no tradesman, I mean. No one really puts his back into anything—again I mean no tradesman. I keep my word, I try my hardest. Perhaps you do. But no tradesman does. Let me give you an example, first of the way we're treated by tradesmen, and then of the contemptible timidity of editors."

Two or three of the others got up and left, but the less brave of us remained.

"A fortnight ago," the Man with a Grievance resumed, "I went to some Stores to order some things for my cottage in the country. Necessaries—most essential things. It was a Friday, and they were to be delivered on the following Tuesday. Everything was in stock; there was nothing to cause the delay; and the promise was exact: Tuesday next. I paid for them on the nail—a little over fifteen pounds—and left without the faintest qualm.

"On the following Wednesday I went down to my little place expecting the things to be there. They weren't there. And they didn't arrive till Saturday, and every kind of inconvenience was the result. As I said, they were necessaries of life: food, drink and so forth; and we had some people shooting. What do you think of that? Well, so far as the immediate trouble is concerned, I'm calm. It's over. We managed somehow. But the broken promise? Ah! That's different."

He banged on the table beside him and his whisky-and-soda leapt into the air. "What worries me," he shouted, "is the impossibility of doing these big places any harm. They promise things, they break their promise; and you can do nothing. You're their victim. I was a fool to have paid, you say. But I had to pay; it's cash down. That's what maddens me. They had the use of my money for a week before I got the goods.

"Well, ever since it happened I've been trying to get equal with them; but how can you do it? If I say I'll never deal at the place again, what harm does it do them? None. If I persuade you and all my friends never to go there again, what harm does it do them? None. Fresh people are always rolling up. Old customers may be valuable to little firms, but these big Stores find new ones all the time. And there's no one to complain to, either. A little man is there himself; you can give him what for. But who ever got within sight of the spider inside the web of these big places? Who ever spoke with a managing director? The most you get is a word with some underling, who is very sorry and will make inquiries. I know all about it, because I've been there. I've had some. If there's anything in their word, which there isn't, the whole place is making inquiries; and what will the end be? They'll throw the blame on the railway company. No, they're impregnable. We can't touch them. If the Press would help, we might.

"That's what I'm coming to. After thinking about it for a long time I decided to write to *The Chimes*. So I wrote a letter, quite moderate in tone, asking how it was that tradesmen no longer made any effort to keep their promises and mentioning my own case as an example. Do you know, they wouldn't put it in. So then I sent it to *The Daily Telephone*, and they wouldn't put it in, either. So far from putting it in they both returned it. So then I wrote out a personal advertisement for each paper. It was a perfectly simple and straightforward statement. It said as briefly as possible that people who were thinking of dealing with the Stores who had treated me so scurvily might like to know that I had tested their so-called capability and despatch and found them wanting. No libel there, you'll note; nothing but facts. But neither editor would put it in, and, judging by their letters here"—he waved two envelopes at us—"I don't believe there's an editor in London who would. Talk about the freedom of the Press! There's no such thing. Talk about the papers wanting to get efficiency into life! It's rubbish. They don't.

"And the outrageous thing is that these Stores are allowed to advertise their wonderful establishments in these papers, but any ordinary person who has been stung by them is not allowed to advertise his disappointment. What we want is a League of Customers to print the truth about these places and find the money to fight the libel actions, if any.

"After this I thought of getting sandwichmen to parade in front of the building warning people not to go in. But I couldn't get a printer to set up the placard. Nothing would induce them. So then I decided I'd stand outside myself and waylay customers; but I thought it wise first to ask my lawyer about it. He was horrified. 'You'd be stopped and sued,' he said. 'What for?' I asked. 'For slander,' he said. 'Slander!' I said. 'Slander your grandmother! This would be the truth.' 'That doesn't matter,' he said.

"So there you are!" concluded the Man with a Grievance, again punching the bell. "They've got us all the time. You can't hurt them; they're too strong. They're stronger than truth." E. V. L.

"I SAY, NURSE, FATHER CHRISTMAS HAS SENT ME A BOX OF REAL TOOLS."

Conductor. "ALIGHT HERE FOR THE ZOO." (*No response.*)
Fair Straphanger. "I MADE SURE ONE OF US WOULD HAVE GOT A SEAT AT THIS STATION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

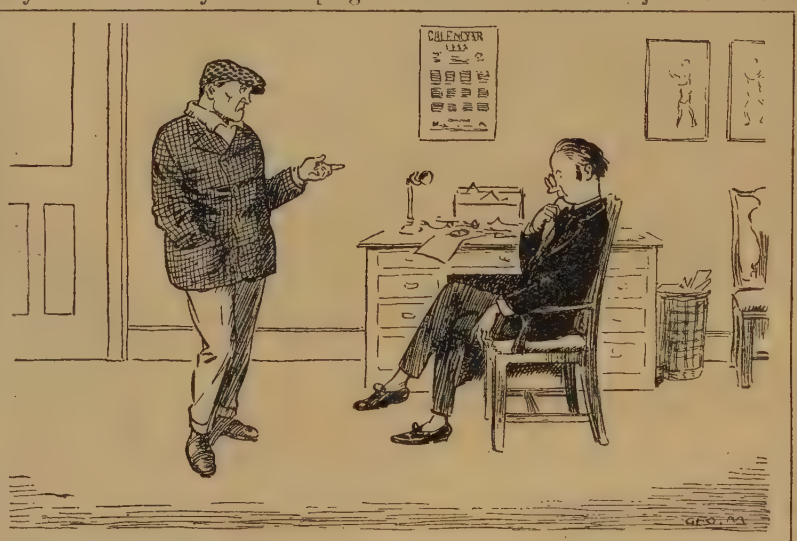
(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THE qualities which go to make Mrs. J. L. GARVIN'S *As You See It* (METHUEN) the engaging little volume it is are those which enrich such unpretentious records as HAWTHORNE'S *Notebooks*, records whose deft and affectionate glimpses of ordinary domestic life at home and abroad anticipate or recapture the reader's own enjoyment in similar surroundings. True Mrs. GARVIN has contributed far more than the easy-going labours of a diarist to her present miscellany. But although she can tell a touching short story—and does so in "Going Home"; or can turn out a graceful lyric—as witness "Le Petit Manoir"; and can plead the appeal of a heroine—as in "Sainte Jeanne and Her Message," still her most admirable talent is purely descriptive. And who with the least heart for the *ephemera* she so sensitively describes would wish it otherwise? It is hardly her fault that the French section of the book—the writer's memories of Boulogne—has ingredients unquestionably more racy than the English: fairs where you eat fried potatoes powdered with rock-salt; peasant acquaintances who congratulate you on possessing feet "precisely like the feet of Monsieur le Curé;" crop-headed little DU MAURIER boys who sing the *Berceuse de Jocelyn* for love of Madame—and fifty centimes. Mrs. GARVIN does her best with Chelsea. But Chelsea, after all, is tinsel, whereas, if the Boulogne memories are a trifle thin at times, it is the thinness of beaten gold.

I don't know any one of our novelists who makes you so definitely feel that you have personally visited the places he takes you to in the course of his story as Mr. F. BRETT YOUNG. After reading *Pilgrim's Rest* (COLLINS) I am convinced that I should not feel a stranger in Johannesburg and its suburbs, and that I know quite a lot about the ways of miners on the Reef and how it feels to play a lone hand like *Hayman*, Mr. BRETT YOUNG'S hero, who refused to be bullied into joining the Union. Africander of English stock, miner and discouraged prospector, he comes across a dead man's pocket-book, with clues to gold discovered by its owner, and an address. Brought by chance to that address he finds something better than his distant gold-mine in the friendship and love of a girl, full of character and courage, and able, though of gentle birth and ways, to estimate the true worth of his own rugged character and high courage. The stormy atmosphere of the Rand strike of 1913 is most plausibly reproduced, and the exciting narrative is sustained without any recourse to the unlikely. And what admirable little sketches of his minor characters the author roughs out on his margins, in particular the portraits of the queer, reprehensible but good-hearted Italian folk who kept that very dubious hotel! A very sincere, imaginative and workmanlike book, for which I would cheerfully sacrifice half-a-dozen best-sellers. But I hope this will turn out a best-seller itself. It ought to, if good work counts.

If ever a book set out to be notorious it is the one for which Mr. G. A. B. DEWAR and Lt.-Col. J. H. BORASTON are

jointly responsible. In *Sir Douglas Haig's Campaigns* (CONSTABLE) not only is there throughout the two volumes very much contentious matter acrimoniously projected at the reader, but, lest one should miss the "revelations," there is provided a preliminary summary of information "hitherto suppressed or overlooked." This is indeed playing to the Press Gallery; "Reviewing Made Easy" would be a suitable sub-title for this section. The non-contentious reader will rather regret that the authors, in reinforcing the very great soldier whose professional reputation they have undertaken—perhaps a little unnecessarily—to defend have relied so much on the policy of the counter-offensive. Such matters as the decision to undertake the Flanders offensive in the autumn of 1917, the inner history of the NIVELLE battles, or, most of all, the responsibility for the shortage of troops on our Fifth Army front in March, 1918, are too deadly serious to be handled in this factious vein. When occasionally the writers, departing from their main purpose, which is to present a running argumentative commentary on some three years' campaigning, cease repeating themselves or one another and turn to a description of the actual fighting, their work is much more admirable. But such narrative chapters have little connection with the rest, and the book as a whole will certainly be judged on other grounds. For this purpose the first few pages and the appendix will suffice.



Knock-out Smith (to expert who invents names for pugilists). "LOOK 'ERE, GUV'NOR, CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANOTHER NAME FOR ME? I'VE BEEN PUT TO SLEEP IN MY LAST THREE SCRAPS, AND I 'ATE TO BE LAUGHED AT."

The Expert. "OH, THAT'S EASY. WHAT ABOUT 'KNOCKED-OUT SMITH'?"

It is the two-fold public of children and grown-ups so skilfully enlisted by Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME in *The Golden Age* that Miss EVELYN SHARP has recaptured in *Who Was Jane?* (MACMILLAN); and if her success is perhaps less complete than his it is only because her psychology is a thought less subtle and her plot makes a rather greater demand on the credulity of her readers. *Jane*, a small distressed damsel from the slums of Notting Dale, is rescued during an otherwise unepisodic visit to London by the thirteen-year-old *Denys Chalfont*, and brought to his home in the country, with the assurance that she will be treated as one of the family until she can find her long-lost parents. This is not a mere *ballon d'essai* on *Denys's* part, for *Dr. Chalfont* has a theory that all who claim his hospitality must be unquestioningly entertained; and so the arrival of *Jane*—with the previous arrival of her starving donkey and the subsequent advent of her nomadic "*Daddy*"—is allowed to have its maximum effect on the *Chalfont* children, their friends *Diana* and *Christopher*, and the whole village of Little Mandeville. The riddle of *Jane's* identity is very cunningly solved. I caught Miss SHARP throwing me off the scent more than once, but I entirely failed to run the mystery to earth unassisted. It would be hard to better Mr. BROCK'S delightful illustrations.

Mr. LACON WATSON is a philosopher—not one of those austere commanding fellows who help mankind along its pathway to the stars with books on "The Origin of Belief" and "Time as a Co-efficient of Free Will," but a philosopher of the little things of life. And, as life consists almost entirely of little things, Mr. WATSON, when he picks up some component pebble from the daily mosaic—Pat the strong silent turtle, or Heber the champion revolving white mouse—and examines them between the finger of interest and the thumb of mirth, has no difficulty in holding our attention. In *Phyllis—and a Philosopher* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT) we find the philosopher in the foreground, and *Phyllis*, the philosopher's wife, the composite woman that presides over all our establishments, providing the continuous stimulus for the philosophy. The subjects covered range from tortoises and clubs to travel and the taking of opportunities, and generally the discourses, which begin and end with a charming inconsequence, furnish some fresh thought or, better still, flatter us by putting into words the things we are always thinking ourselves. The Average Man, in this age of Press-propagated giants, has few BOSWELLS to do him justice. It is the philosophy of this type—cheerful, shrewd, superficial perhaps, but essentially practical—that Mr. LACON WATSON proclaims. And, unless I am mistaken, the Average Man will retaliate by taking home to his own Phyllis a copy of *Phyllis—and a Philosopher*.

Sir BASIL THOMSON took charge of the Criminal Investigation Department in June, 1913, and in *Queer People* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) he tells us with considerable humour of his strange experiences during the War. Seldom does he speak bitterly of the various odd and dangerous characters who sat in the low armchair in his office. "I made," he says, "a discovery about that low armchair. The fact is that if you want to get the truth out of a witness the worst way is to put him in a box above the level of the cross-examining counsel." Spies naturally are frequent in these pages, and the almost ridiculous incompetence of many of them is made very manifest. In a book that is packed with interest from beginning to end I found the chapters, "Footnotes to Peace Conference" and "The Royal Unemployed," the most absorbing. In the former Sir BASIL quotes an epigram, ascribed to Herr RATHENAU, that "The Treaty of Versailles set out to Europeanize the Balkans and has only succeeded in Balkanizing Europe;" and in the latter he gives us a brief but extraordinarily illuminating account of the EX-KAISER. It is a volume that deserves an index, and I hope this honour may be conferred upon it in its next edition.

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald fired the first of the many big guns which Labour is training on the evils of the day. His was a speech which played in and out the ranks of the Government like a nerve-touching rapier."—*Labour Magazine.*

Surely the official organ of the Labour Party should make up its mind whether it wants Mr. MACDONALD to be admired as an artilleryman or as a fencing-master.

CHARIVARIA.

THE EX-SULTAN OF TURKEY insists that he will not return home. The consensus of opinion in Constantinople is that he has guessed right.

***

The new CALIPH OF ISLAM is growing a beard, and prayers are being offered in the mosques for its luxuriance. This is regarded as the end of the game of "Beaver" in the Near East.

***

"Will the Lausanne Conference lead to anything?" asks a headline. Yes, almost certainly—to another one.

***

We note with satisfaction that a milk-can is being exhibited which is fitted with rubber to render it noiseless. Experiments are now proceeding in connection with a silencer for the milkman.

***

A school of bottle-nosed sharks has been reported off New York. Outside the three-mile limit, we hope.

***

In connection with the armed man who was seen driving a Ford car in Piccadilly the other day, the latest theory is that he had run out of petrol and was just frightening the thing along with a revolver.

***

At the age of forty an Eskimo woman is very old. In our own country a woman at that age would be about twenty-two.

***

A copy of *Hansard* is to be placed daily in the Chorley Free Library. If a subdued tone is observed in future Parliaments it will probably be due to the fact that Chorley has its eye on Westminster.

***

According to a weekly journal the end of the world cannot take place until 1994. It is this continual postponement that gets on the nerves of our pessimists.

***

A tremendous increase in the number of golfers is reported for the year. On the other hand the epidemic of small-pox is on the wane.

***

A correspondent writing to *The Daily Mail* asks "What is Happiness?" It is evident that such a question could only be put by some person not living in Thanet.

***

A Spanish anarchist complains that he is continually stopped in the streets by children. It must be most annoying when one is walking along thinking out a new assassination to be pestered by children for cigarette-cards and bits of bomb for mementos.

***

An American Court has decided that a man has a perfect right to get drunk in his own house. The trouble will begin, of course, when the neighbours rush round to know where he got the stuff.

LENIN is now reported to be suffering from a wandering mind and loss of memory. It must be peculiarly distressing when TROTSKY looks in for a chat about the dear old days of the Red Terror.

***

Lord RIDDELL considers that Mr. H. G. WELLS is one of the world's greatest minds. Great minds, as the saying is think alike.

***

Mr. ARTHUR S. VERNAY, an American hunter, is starting for Bombay at the end of this month to search India for a pink duck of which no specimen is now in any museum. Our only fear is that the notorious dealers in Bombay duck may try to impose on him with a dyed one.

***

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER announces that the number of people actually paying income-tax is 2,400,000. The round figure fills us with misgiving that he may have overlooked ourselves.

***

A Sunday paper discusses the question whether some people have a sense that enables them to dispense with a compass. It has been observed that if you blindfold a Scotchman he invariably travels South.

***

A prima donna has confessed to an ambition to go on the films. She is not in our thoughts when we say that we could mention more than one singer admirably suited to the Silent Drama.

***

Sir A. CONAN DOYLE asserts his conviction that the time is coming when everybody will be able to foretell future events. So there seems to be hope even for our racing prophets.

***

Sir HENRY NORRIS, M.P., says he would like to see professional footballers become referees when their active playing days are over. Brutal though it seems, it would serve them right.

***

"Do we respect old age?" asks a weekly journal. Personally we always raise our hat to a restaurant egg.

Mistress. "DID YOU WATER THE FERNS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, NORAH?"
Norah. "YES, MUM. CAN'T YOU HEAR THE WATER DRIPPING ON THE CARPET?"

"The light car of to-day," writes a contributor to a motoring journal, "is not too great a burden for the average man." In fact, if the chest is fully inflated at the moment of impact, he should survive the ordeal without much inconvenience.

***

Only another five days and it will be possible for the first cuckoo of the year to be heard.

***

M. MARCEL, at the age of eighty, is still waving hair. He's lucky to have any to wave.

***

According to *The Times*, as quoted in last week's *Punch*, there is a slump in Nautical Fiction. And yet it is reported that a beggar is going about with a story that he lost his leg in the barbed-wire entanglements at the Jutland battle.

"Bratza, the little Serbian violinist, plays in his natural costume."—*Provincial Paper.*
It sounds just like Cupid, bow and all.

NEW YEAR REFORMS.

RESOLVED AS FROM JANUARY 1, 1923, TILL FURTHER NOTICE:—

To rise resilient with the lark
And set a little after dark,
For wisdom lies that way and health,
And I am told it leads to wealth.

To wear adjacent to my chest
All the year round a flannel vest;
Deeply to breathe and up my nose
To work an antiseptic hose.

To check a tendency to feed
Beyond the bounds of actual need,
And drink at meals the happy mean
But never, never in between.

To smoke tobacco cool and mild,
Which stops my nerves from going wild,
But not exceeding, let us say,
Some four-and-twenty pipes a day.

To keep my constitution fit
By running in the Park a bit;
Or, when it rains, to do indoors
Some exercise that opes the pores.

My little lyre at times to tweak,
Not under pressure once a week,
But, like a linnet up a tree,
With perfect spontaneity.

To pay my taxman on the stroke,
As if I really liked the bloke;
To dance for Charity, nor pause
To wonder what may be the Cause.

Not to condemn an Age too much
That lacks the mid-Victorian touch,
But bravely suffer Georgian bards
And bear with flappers' glad regards.

To love the man who lives next door
Just like myself or even more,
And do to others (which I don't)
What they should do to me, but won't.

In fact, with all the might I can
To try to be a better man. O. S.

ELIZABETH ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"CHRISTMAS presents is orl very well if you gets the right kind," declared Elizabeth, "but one place I was at the missus give me an alarm clock. I must say I thort it a bit too thick."

I murmured sympathetically. Though Elizabeth is one of those people who can be roused from slumber only by artificial means of a particularly violent character there was in the idea of such a gift a hint of calculated cruelty.

"Some folks 'as such queer notions o' presents," continued Elizabeth. "I wunst knew a girl 'oo always gave books. Just think o' it, 'm. *Books!* Wot 's the good o' books, I want to know. Now *I* like to choose things wot 'll make a show for my money. An' that reminds me, 'm, can I go out one arternoon this week? I got somethink speshul to buy."

Every year, a few days before Christmas, Elizabeth makes this same request couched in the same words. Knowing its significance, my heart sank. Elizabeth meant to go forth and buy presents for Henry, the Kid and me. And her views on presents are strong—at times even savagely violent. She follows some dark and devious plan of selection which she terms "givin' folks somethink accordin' to their tastes." Thus, to Henry, who is a dilettante in art, she gives pictures. Elizabeth, I repeat, gives pictures to Henry. To me she presents ornaments. Let that bald statement suffice. The Kid, who has never at any time needed the slightest incentive to make a noise, receives brazen deep-throated trumpets, quick-firing pistols and the like.

Our trouble does not end with the mental and physical shock we get on first catching sight of these offerings. You see, Henry, who is kind even to animals, says we mustn't hurt Elizabeth's feelings by discarding her gifts. We must appear to honour them. Therefore, if you come to see us, don't peer too closely into the dim recess near the piano or you may be surprised to discover a pair of oleographs framed in velvet in our æsthetic drawing-room; or marvel that behind a treasured Dresden-piece in the Verni Martin cabinet there lurks a vase which boldly announces itself in gilt lettering as a present. Nay more, that its *provenance* as a present was Southend.

"Yes, I got somethink very speshul to buy this time," repeated Elizabeth tensely. There was that in her fixed expression and enhanced breathing which made me feel apprehensive. What atrocity had she planned to give us this Christmas? Was it possible that civilisation could produce anything more hideous than her gifts of the china dogs with red bows or the blue glass vases with the lustres?

"If you don't mind tellin' me, 'm, wot you think is a reely nice present for a gentleman," pursued Elizabeth. "I thort myself that a watch an' albert——"

I stifled a groan. Unexpected horror awaited Henry and me if Elizabeth's gifts were going to take a personal form. "Lots of gentlemen hate watches and detest alberts," I said hastily; "and surely you are not thinking of spending so much money on a present?"

"I don't mind, 'm, seeing' as it 's for my young man," she said complacently.

"Why not get something simpler?" I said, relieved that Henry was not the gentleman in question. "Does your young man smoke?"

"No, 'm, not just now, becos—becos——" she paused and twisted her apron while a rapt look came into her face—"*'e 's saving up to get married.*"

"And are you saving up as well, Elizabeth?"

"I 'm tryin', 'm. An' the only thing that bothers me is that if I gets my young man a watch I won't 'ave no money left over this month to get somethink for you an' master."

"Then I should certainly advise you to get him a watch," I said joyfully, rising up and calling the young man blessed as I left the kitchen.

* * * * *

"My dear," remarked Henry to me as we entered the dining-room on Christmas morning, "I thought you said we were to be spared Elizabeth's presents this year. Well, look at that."

I shuddered as my gaze rested on a clumsy parcel at the side of each plate.

"I 'm afraid mine is a picture again," said Henry, as with trembling fingers he removed the wrappings. "I can only hope it won't be a Biblical subject, like the last. What 's yours, Netta? Tell me the worst."

"I 'm not quite sure, Henry, but I believe they 're termed plaques."

"Yes, that 's wot they are—placks," said Elizabeth, entering abruptly with the coffee. "My friend 'as a pair over 'er mantelpiece, an' they look fine. I 'ope you like 'em, 'm. An' I got somethink for Miss Moira that 's sure to suit 'her. 'Simbles,' the man sed they wos."

"Symbols?" I queried.

"Cymbals," corrected Henry in a faint voice, as the Kid with a whoop of joy revealed the contents of her parcel.

"But, Elizabeth," I protested, "I thought you were not going to give us presents this year, as you had to buy that watch."

Elizabeth set down the coffee-jug with a crash. "I didn't buy no watch an' albert," she remarked.

"But your young man, who was saving up to get married——"

"Yes, 'e wos savin' up to get married, *but not to me.* I 've 'eard as 'ow 'e 's gettin' married this Christmas—the 'ound! But there, I 'm not worryin'. I 'm getting that used to young men that I wouldn't trust one on 'em as far as I could throw 'im, not if I wos dying. Any'ow, I 'm reel glad I got your Christmas presents after orl."

"Henry," I said as Elizabeth's lank form disappeared kitchenwards, "is it—is it a picture again?"

"Yes; JACOB selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, in a gilt frame," moaned Henry.

"You 'll have to hang it in your study," I said firmly.

But Henry's reply was drowned in the clash of cymbals.

AN INHERITED HABIT.

The New Year. "HALF FIRST-CLASS RETURN TO PARIS, PLEASE."

Kind old Lady (*to perturbed youth*). "CAN I HELP YOU, LITTLE MAN?"
Youth. "WELL, IF YOU SEE A PASTY-FACED KID LIKE A LOP-EARED RABBIT YOU MIGHT TELL HIM HE 'LL GET A JOLLY GOOD HIDING FOR GIVING ME THE SLIP."

INSET.

WHEN I left the house that morning I had felt morose, shrivelled and red in all the wrong places. But by the time I had reached the High Street so many robust individuals had shouted "Healthy Weather!" to me—or even it seemed sometimes *at* me—that they had *Coué'd* me into a positive glow of hardy manhood. Indeed, so fully had I come under the influence of suggestion that I myself remarked "Healthy weather!" to the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe when I chanced upon her outside the fishmonger's.

"Healthy?" repeated the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe (whose name, I may tell you, is pronounced just as it is spelt, with the exception of the death-like silence of the second "b" and the "e"), "Healthy?"—with a snort of incredulity.

"As it were," I temporised, feeling all at once chilled to the marrow.

"Well," amended the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe grudgingly, "everyone to his taste. Just hold King of the Snows a minute, will you? I want to go across the street to the chemist's. Back in half a moment."

Before I had time to protest—though, in candour, I confess that I would not have dared to do so, for the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe is one having authority—she had thrust into my hand the looped end of the cable-like leash which held King of the Snows captive.

"Be a good boy," admonished the Honourable (to the dog, of course); "Mother 'll be back quite soon. She 's just going to buy——" Then, possibly remembering my presence, she paused momentarily and added somewhat lamely—"necessaries."

King of the Snows and I watched the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe speed across the street and vanish within the chemist's shop; then we looked at each other. King of the Snows is a St. Bernard dog. He has sore eyes; he has a trickly mouth; he is cow-hocked. In no sense is he a real St. Bernard. In particular he wears no flask of brandy about his neck. He growled in a frost-bitten way.

"Good lad," I said firmly. He jerked up his head and nearly dislocated my wrist encircled by the loop of the leash.

"Steady," I counselled him unsteadily and in some pain.

King of the Snows sat down warily, his red-rimmed eyes fixed anxiously upon the portals of the chemist's shop. His attitude conveyed to me the impression that his sitting posture was not intended to be permanent; certainly he could not be regarded as a safe seat. Therefore, in order to carry out "Mother's" mandate to "hold" him, I, with a couple of graceful movements, somewhat in the manner of a teetotum, engirdled my body with the leash. This brought me close, disquietingly close, to King of the Snows. And it was at that moment that Lady Wrackenham swung staggeringly round the corner on her bicycle and began to shape a mid-sea course down the shoals of the High Street.

Those of you who, through lack of opportunity or, more probably, inferior social status, have not had the privilege of meeting her ladyship, had better be reminded that her name, Wrackenham, is pronounced "Ram," to rhyme with "Ham;" also that, as they say in the rose catalogues, her form is "round, full and globular," and that, when riding her bicycle, she is a "free bloomer." She is not a good performer on the bicycle. She zig-zags. Furthermore

she gives repeated warning of her approach by shouting "Hi!" To-day was no exception. "Hi!" she shouted.

King of the Snows needed but this. For several minutes he had been brooding over the disappearance of the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe, and Lady Wrackenham's staccato signal seemed to confirm his worst fears. "Mother" needed help; she had been swallowed up in a snowdrift imperfectly disguised as a chemist's shop, and he must dig her out. With a bark that was meant to be reassuring, but which distressed me frightfully, he bounded forward. I bounded with him.

"Hi!" screamed Lady Wrackenham again; and even her voice zig-zagged.

But King of the Snows was not to be thus deterred from his humane mission. Perhaps he thought he had a monk behind him and that gave him confidence. All I can say is that, if monks accompany St. Bernard dogs on their life-saving expeditions in the way I accompanied King of the Snows across the High Street, they must keep themselves awfully fit.

"Hi!" cried Lady Wrackenham gaspingly for the third time. And then the front wheel struck King of the Snows shrewdly between the ribs, and Lady Wrackenham dismounted—chiefly on me, bringing us both to a recumbent position.

"Help!" she moaned and flung her arms about me. Unfortunately I was powerless to aid her. I was firmly attached to Kings of the Snows, she was firmly attached to me, and King of the Snows was firmly attached, sentimentally, to the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe. Therefore Lady Wrackenham, myself and parts of the bicycle moved slowly but surely in the direction of the chemist's shop, drawn thither—as though we were a sleigh—by the too faithful St. Bernard. A small but enthusiastic crowd greeted our arrival at the curbside. The whole affair was an extraordinarily painful one, physically, socially and morally.

But what was perhaps more painful still was that a photograph of the scene of the accident (the spot marked with an ×) appeared in the next number of our local paper, and in the top left-hand corner, inset, a portrait of myself, just head and shoulders, but quite good, quite good. The deplorable part of it was that by some foolish error— Well, the reporter explained it all to me later. He had obtained my photograph on the plea that he wished to present to his readers the features of "the gentleman who had behaved so gallantly." He had also meant to secure a snap-shot of King of the Snows, but the Honourable Mrs. Crabbe had objected to such publicity. It was therefore just a mistake that beneath my photograph inset should have appeared the misleading description: "THE UNMANAGEABLE BRUTE THAT CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE."

Husband. "FROCK'S A BIT THIN FOR A NIGHT LIKE THIS—WHAT?"
Wife. "HOW DO I LOOK IN IT?" *Husband.* "OH, PIPPING!"
Wife. "THEN IT'S PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE, THANKS."

"Mr. Alderman —— declined to make an order for money found on accused to be handed over, as he said he wanted it to pay for a bed instead of having to sleep on a hard board."
Daily Paper.

This Alderman is evidently a conscientious fellow. No sleeping on the Bench for him.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Our new South Side Palais de Dance is to be called the Plaza, at which we mildly remark our amazement at the current idea that it makes a place of entertainment very high-class to give it a French or an Italian title."
Glasgow Paper.

From "Astronomical Notes" in a local paper:—

"The winter solace occurs this year at 3 p.m. on December 22."

Personally, we had ours on the 25th after dinner.

DIVORCE REFORM.

A NOVELIST'S VIEW.

I AM a novelist of distinction. I think I may say without false pride that I have achieved everything a great author can achieve except publication. And I wish to protest against the flaccid attitude of novelists in leaving militancy to the Bishops in the matter of divorce. The Bishops have their grouse, I know, but at the best it is only a matter of principle with them. Whereas with us it is bread-and-cheese.

Take my own case, for example. I can think of none quite so deserving of attention. At this moment I have on the stocks a novel which, for sheer intellectual mastery, force of diction, poignant irony and vital presentation of passion can have few rivals amongst modern masterpieces. I have given it the rousing title of "Behind Prison Bars," and the frontispiece, already designed, depicts a lovely woman striving with long white hands and ringed tapering fingers to break asunder those relentless vertical rods we instinctively associate with the First Division. And for four hundred odd pages my whole creative energy is spent on the rending pathos of this luckless creature, tied for life to a drunken husband, struggling for light and air and joy and anything but matrimony. The husband never stops drinking till the last page, when, with a touch of incomparable realism, he is knocked down by a 'bus in the Fulham Road. And his widowed wife, even as she identifies him, discovers that she is free at last, free to marry the man she has loved all along without knowing it.

Now see what happens. Every day the Press bristles with articles by ex-Lord Chancellors precipitating divorce for the wives of confirmed drunkards. They can wax sentimental over *them*, but does ever a tremor of pity stir their forensic souls for the authors whose very sales depend on presenting such hopelessness in dramatic art? Supposing legislation is altered before my novel is marketed? I ask you—supposing? All that helpless poignancy made the butt of every *blasé* reviewer? It is that which makes me a novelist militant.

Think, just think, how hard it is to raise a scare these days. Time was when you could send your name down to posterity simply by making your hero revolt from orthodoxy. And those who so glibly complain that the modern novel lacks the compelling force of its predecessors little take into account what obstacles there are in the way of stirring controversial dust and pulpit thunders in an age when morality itself has lost much of its Victorian horse-power. Personally I am driven to that last stage of extremity and furtive optimism that contemplates a petition to Parliament; and I venture to think that the immediate political upheaval offers a timely moment for us novelists thus to make our grievance patent. It will indeed behove Ministerial and Parliamentary fledglings to propitiate a section of the community that has it in its hands to mete out retaliation with all the equipment—and much of the genuine material—of high farce at its disposal.

I invite therefore any other member of the profession who is also feeling the pinch of these proposed social relaxations to offer his signature to a petition which, after opening in the classic manner, will resolve into proposals as follows:—

I. That we repudiate the findings of the Divorce Commission and all subsequent concession to human frailty as compromising both to the sanctity of marriage and the life of the home.

(This is an essential clause. If only this sanctity can be secured to us, a novelist can make either husband or wife elope with someone else with a reasonable hope of exciting and even shocking his readers, and, under special conditions, of even getting his book banned.)

II. That Divorce (outside existing regulations) should only be tolerated under the following exceptional conditions:—

(*a*) If a woman possesses youth, beauty, naïveté and indefinable charm, and is generally competent to create the widespread human appeal that in fiction propagates new editions and sets film rights in motion, a certain exercise of discretion may be left to the Divorce Court Judge.

(It is recommended, however, that this prerogative be only exercised with the strictest caution; no larger loop-hole being necessary than to enable an author still to call his last chapter "The Way Out," should it be detrimental to his plot to dispose of the superfluous husband by heart failure, the gallows, or drowning at sea.)

(*b*) A strong silent man united to a dangerous lunatic might, after years of mute suffering and tongue-tied passion for an unattainable woman, be allowed special dispensation, not on any pretext so frivolous as his irresistible fascination, but solely in consideration of his temperamental dumbness, which would presumably prevent him from inciting emulation among his club-room associates.

(Clause (*b*) is a special concession to feminine novel-readers, whose influence on the circulating libraries no novelist can afford to ignore.)

STEPPING WESTWARD.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains
  There comes a wondrous tale
Through journalistic fountains
  That spout and never fail:
Her rocks that seemed abiding,
  Her summits cold and clear
Are slowly, sternly sliding
  Some twenty yards a year!

The course of empire taking
  Its way towards the West,
That Arctic land is shaking
  From its perennial rest;
And on its current drifting
  The icy mountains go,
Inevitably shifting
  The simple Esquimaux.

Or is it that some sun-spot
  In its majestic course
Exerts upon this one spot
  Accelerative force?
And will this move of Greenland's
  Proceed at faster rates
Till, fairly caught between lands,
  It dams the Davis Straits?

Or has the wash of ages
  (Like laundries of to-day)
Reduced by easy stages
  The width of Baffin's Bay,
Leaving the westward channels
  Shrunken and strained and tight,
Like our domestic flannels
  Sent home on Friday night?

Ah! why does Greenland wander?
  What is the force that draws?
Now, as I deeply ponder,
  I seem to guess the cause:
The West has ceased from drinking;
  And this, methinks, is why
All Canada is shrinking
  From also going dry.

A GREAT LIAR.

MOST people have met a liar. If you haven't I know of no better place for making good this defect than the smoke-room of a West African liner. Why this should be I don't know; but so it is. The beginner can learn a lot there. Men who have been truthful from boyhood up make one voyage and then start to tell lies.

Coming home recently from West Africa I drifted into the smoke-room on the first day of the voyage about 6 P.M. —an hour to go before the first dinner bugle—and found assembled a cluster of sportsmen swopping lies about things they had shot. They were all of a certain youthfulness, except one, who was grizzled and lined and tanned, his eyes deep-sunk; and when he wasn't chewing the stem of his pipe he was worrying at his moustache. Spare he was, and silent. I put him down as a prospector

First Rustic (*in course of conversation about neighbouring town*). "THEE CAN TALK, BUT I DOAN'T RECKON THEE WASS EVER TU MAIDA STETTON."

Second Rustic. "NO, CAN'T ZACTLY ZAY I WUZ EVER TU, BUT I 'SE BEEN MOST TARRIBLY NIGH UN."

or mining engineer, with Bolivia, India, Mexico, Australia and Tanganyika behind him.

The Young Lads went on talking. You 'd never believe the experiences they 'd had. The rhinos they 'd hunted round and round a giant ant-hill. The two hundred pounds' worth of ivory they 'd got from one elephant. The lion and leopard they 'd bagged with a right and a left. The hippos they 'd stabbed mortally with a *machete* from a canoe. And so on.

It was great, and I loved every moment of it.

Towards seven o'clock the supply of veracious experiences showed signs of petering out. There are limits. And still the Ancient in the corner had not spoken. So one of the Young Lads gave tongue again to ask him, "Now, Sir, you 've been years on the Coast, surely you 've had some curious things happen to you?"

And the Old One answered and said, "Only one. And that was in October last year. I started out alone one evening with a ·22 bore rook rifle, hoping to get a guinea-fowl or a bush-fowl. I hadn't gone far from my bungalow when, upon rounding a corner in the path, I came bang on top of a lion." And he paused.

"Yes," jumped in one of the Young Lads; "did he clear off?"

"No," replied the Ancient slowly, "he didn't. Being flurried, I pooped off at him with the rook rifle."

"Great Scott!" said another of the Young Lads. "You got him through the eye into the brain, I expect? Dashed risky thing to do, though, trying to shoot a lion with a ·22 rifle." This very knowingly.

"No," answered the Mining Man, "I got him in the ear; the merest flesh-wound, which only irritated him."

"Heavens!" said a third Young Lad, "what happened then?"

"Who to?" drawled the old man. "The lion? Nothing. The brute just knocked me over and ate me up. He seemed thoroughly cross."

The Expert.

"A MERINO SHEEP FARM. SELECTION, IMPROVEMENT AND MANAGEMENT By B. A. Lamb."
South African Paper.

"Next day the Prince had a long, hard day with Lord Bathurst's hounds from Charlton, and had a good ride over some favourite country, the pack running for three hours without cause."—*Daily Paper.*

Except of course the loyal desire to give HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS a good time.

TO THE ARCHITECT OF MY HAPPINESS.

(*On reading in a Daily Paper of the arrival of the Girl Architect.*)

How oft as I wistfully pondered
Your strange indefinable charm
My mind in perplexity wandered,
Obsessed with a secret alarm;
'Twas in fact the decided suggestion
Of brain in the width of your brow
That deterred me from putting the question,
Dear Chloë, till now.

For I deemed you would daily endeavour
From domestic restraint to be free;
That you 'd prove just a trifle too clever
For a colourless creature like me;
I pictured you fretting and fuming,
Inclined at my dulness to grouse,
And wholly averse from assuming
The cares of a house.

But my doubts you have lately refuted,
And I post you these stanzas to say,
If you 'll have me I 'm sure to be suited
In every conceivable way;
For your talent, if, candidly, showy,
Will hardly permit you to roam,
Since you 're learning the art, my dear Chloë,
Of making a home.

Carollers (singing well-known passage). "'F-FEAR NOT,' SAID HE, FOR M-MIGHTY DREAD HAD S-SEIZED THEIR T-TROUBLED M-MIND."

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

II.—SECRET GOLFING.

AT three o'clock on a dull December afternoon two young men might have been observed walking at a brisk pace along the odious thoroughfare of High Street, Kensington.

Indeed, they *were* observed.

George Rowland was carrying a bag of golf-clubs, shining, weighty and formidable. The bag had an impressive water-proof lid to it, but this was thrown back so that the full splendour and variety of the clubs might be revealed. From the waist of the bag depended a ball-sponge of costly and unusual design, and fixed to it was a tripod device by which the bag could be made to stand on its end at need, and thus relieve its owner of the intolerable strain of stooping to pick it up.

George himself was dressed in a provocative cloth cap, a tweed golfing-coat and breeches, stockings of the most fluffy wool, and heavy brogue shoes with soles of double thickness richly studded with clusters of three-inch nails.

The ends of his coloured garters dangled tastefully down the calves of his legs, and over his shoe-laces there flapped contemptuously as he walked two substantial leather aprons, fringed with a valance of tiny leather tongues, and serving what purpose I have never been able to discover.

George strode arrogantly through the herd of shoppers, making no secret of the fact that he was dressed for golf on a week-day; and not a few of those whom he prodded inadvertently in the back with his driver or struck about the knees with the lower end of his bag turned to look with interest at the fresh-faced young athlete.

I too carried, but naked, a brassie and an iron; and I followed guiltily in George's wake, striving, however, to look like a man who has been buying brassies and irons for Christmas presents. I was dressed very simply. But for the shameless youth in front of me none would have guessed that I was about to play golf.

Or rather practise golf. For we were bound for the premises of the enterprising Day-and-Night Golf-Club in Kensington. "It 's nearly as good as the real thing," said George with enthusiasm. "Opens your shoulders, pulls your game together. You get the air, you get the exercise——"

"And you can wear the clothes."

"Well, I *can't* play golf in trousers," said George good-humouredly.

We bought two tickets, entitling us to half-an-hour's practice each. A small but uniformed caddie with a MARCEL grin ushered me into a kind of cubicle, curtained on three sides; and there I nervously removed my overcoat, with something of the sensation of persons about to confront a Medical Board.

The fourth side of the cubicle was open to the air, and about fifty yards away was a huge net, the size of a large house, and lettered at various heights A, B, C and D. All the cubicles faced this common obstacle, and in front of each was a small but objectionable bunker.

Through the curtains on my left came the sound of a rhythmic panting and groaning, and at brief but regular intervals a golf-ball emerged into the open and entered one of the bunkers. In the west the Kensington sun was sinking.

The boy brought me a heap of sand. Then he brought me a basket contain-

ing ninety-six golf-balls. Then he teed up one ball and stood expectant, grinning.

"Hit the A, Sir," he said. I swung my brassie . . . .

He teed up the ball again, grinning.

"Do I use *all* these balls?" I said.

"Yes, Sir," he said. "Eight dozen."

I swung again. The ball struck the C belonging to the second cubicle to the right.

Now there were only ninety-five.

A little strenuous working and there were only eighty-nine. At this point Marcel departed quietly from the cubicle, grinning.

To be left alone with eighty-nine golf-balls is a great temptation. I sat down and lit a pipe.

The Kensington sun had set. The great net hung dimly in the dusk; beyond it the high trees grew dark and ghostly. I smoked contentedly.

It occurred to me that secret golfing is a very ugly thing.

Next-door the sounds of laboured breathing and rhythmic physical exertion continued; and, occasionally, the sound of wood striking a hard ball. One man at least was seeing the thing through. On the other side, George too was aiming balls in quick succession at the net, and as often as not hitting it.

"How goes it?" he cried cheerily. "Quite like the real thing, isn't it?"

"Quite," I said. "There's a terribly slow couple in front of me. I can't get on at all."

"Forty-five," counted George with satisfaction, and hit it clean over the net into the trees.

Forty-five. And I was eighty-nine, and sixteen minutes had gone. And I was wasting good money . . .

That wretched basket destroyed my peace. It fascinated me. I drew it towards me. Those reproachful balls—eighty-nine balls—two balls a penny—one must do *something* with them. I took one out. My fingers itched. I took out three . . .

For five minutes I was perfectly happy.

To juggle capably with three balls has long been one of my minor ambitions. Alas, in real life the opportunities for practising this art are sadly limited. Someone always wants to play tennis with the tennis-balls. Someone always wants to keep the oranges for eating. Here at last I had found the perfect place for juggling. Absolute privacy—unlimited material. . . . I had long been no mean performer with two. In five minutes I was practically a master of three.

Then George peeped round the corner and caught me.

"I CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND, DEAR, HOW THEY USED TO PLAY THIS GAME IN TOP-HATS."

"What *are* you doing?" he gasped.

"Playing catch," I said. "It's really too dark for golf, isn't it?"

"Oh, but I'll soon put that right," he said confidently, and disappeared.

Sure enough, almost immediately the cubicle was generously illuminated and a powerful searchlight was flung upon the net.

"*There!*" said George with pride, and resumed his game.

"I appeal against the light," I protested feebly, knowing well that there was now no hope. Somehow or other I must drive my eighty-nine balls into or towards the net, or I should stand condemned as a slacker—or, worse, a wastrel.

I took my brassie; I built fifteen tees in quick succession, and smote fifteen balls with vigour into the night.

Building tees in quick succession is exhausting work. I took my iron.

I leaned upon my iron and, breathless, mused a while.

The moon had risen. A sort of frenzy seemed to have possessed the golfers. On every side, with new devotion and with audible comments on Fate and kindred subjects, they smote their ninety-six balls into the weird unnatural light, seldom pausing to observe in which direction (if any) they went. And I thought, How great a thing is Civilisation and how noble a thing is Progress, in that our forefathers were content to play at the barbarous game of bowls in the broad noon-day, while we in our wisdom can bang a golf-ball at the moon by the aid of electric light!

But I had five minutes to go. And seventy-four balls. How could I face Marcel again? Not to speak of George?

I too must render my tribute to Civilisation and the Spirit of Golf.

Stealthily I took a handful and flung them reverently at the moon.

The subsequent handfuls, with considerable skill, I rolled or tossed into the bunker on my left.

When George came in the basket was nearly empty. "Got any over?" he asked.

"Only three," I said. A. P. H.

SHOCKING TRAVESTIES.

V.—THE PREHISTORIC STORY.

Chapter I.—THE COMING OF THE ICE.

THE man, Uk, was hungry. So was the woman, Gr. So was the boy, Squêl.

For many, many moons now Uk, counting them on his toes and afterwards pegging them out with little sticks at the mouth of his cave above the rock-ledge, had sensed that the world was growing colder and colder. Long ago, almost before he could remember it, the bush vegetation which had clothed the upper slopes of the volcanic mountain had withered away and been replaced by barren boulders, in whose crevices the snow never seemed to melt. Amongst all the animals and birds there was a great moving southwards. Flocks of flamingoes, of dodos, of dinosaurs constantly passed overhead, making for the warmer lands. The boy, Squêl, sniffled. Cave megatheria and cave woolly rhinoceroses grew less frequent, and when Uk saw a primordial elephant now he noticed that it had a disconsolate as well as a primordial look in its eye.

"We have no food," wailed the woman, Gr.

"There is still part of the cave aurochs I killed three nights ago," returned the man.

"It is too chilled to eat," replied the woman. "Squêl cannot get his teeth into it. What is happening to the earth, O Uk?"

"It is the beginning of the Pleistocene or Glacial Period," he growled surlily. "I shall take out the bow, Twang, and have another try at an aurochs."

Gr shrugged her shoulders. The bow, Twang, was an invention of which the man, Uk, was particularly proud. He had fashioned it by chance out of a stick of yew with a thong tied to it which he had used for beating Gr. He had never killed anything with it yet, and the frozen aurochs lying on the rock ledge had been obtained by battering the beast slowly to death with a flint axe when it was lying old and ill. But whenever Uk came back from hunting he would say, "I nearly killed an aurochs this time with the bow, Twang."

And Gr would laugh mockingly.

Now for a long time, in the glacial chill which had fallen over all that land, aurochses had become so shy and scarce that Uk had almost ceased to wonder whether the proper plural of the word was aurochses or aurochs. But he still took out the bow, Twang, and hoped. If they could not find warm meat again they would die.

Chapter II.—THE TRIUMPH OF TWANG.

Weary, dispirited, unsuccessful once again, Uk returned to the rock ledge, climbing up by means of a strip of mastodon hide fastened to a boulder, another invention of his own which had taken many moons to devise. The knot now only broke once in three times. This time it held.

"Well?" came the shrill voice of Gr from inside the cave.

"Nothing," he answered gloomily.

Even as he spoke he heard a terrible snarling noise behind him, and, turning, beheld, monstrous, golden-tawny and grinning at the foot of the ledge, incarnate Fear. The woman, Gr, cowering with the boy, Squêl, in the cave, heard the quick intake and gasp of his breath.

"What is the matter?" she cried. "What is down there?"

"Incarnate Fear," answered the man, Uk.

"Do you mean a sabre-toothed tiger?" she inquired rather pettishly.

"Yes," he replied, "a third as tall again as the largest Himalayan tiger, with two long sabre-like tusks projecting downwards below the lower jaw. I am going to shoot at it with the bow, Twang."

Gr heard Twang twang.

"What has happened, O Uk?" she cried.

"My shaft remains quivering in its huge tawny flank," said Uk, "but that has not sufficed to check it. The gigantic brute has made a tremendous bound and is clinging with iron claws to the top of the ledge. I am going to shoot again."

Once more Twang twanged.

"What now, O Uk?" wailed Gr from the interior of the cave.

"The pointed hickory," answered Uk, "has gone down into the gaping gullet, and with a horrible coughing screech the monster has recoiled. It is creeping away with howls through the undergrowth. I think it is going to die."

"I am glad of that," said Gr.

It was the first Bag of the Bow.

Chapter III.—THE THAWING OF THE FOOD.

Days passed and the cold grew intenser still.

The wounded sabre-tooth had been tracked to his lair and eaten warm. The woman Gr had made a magnificent tawny mantle for herself out of the creature's hide to replace the wrapping of coney cave hyæna skin which she had worn in the earlier part of the season. Uk, considering the skull to be a good specimen of the Quaternary Period, had buried it carefully in a siliceous deposit amongst the rocks, but had given the two sword-like teeth to Squêl.

Since his first triumph he had killed three mammoth marmots, a mylodon, a mystagogue and a musk-ox with Twang, the bow. But food was still scarce and it remained a great trouble that what was left over from the evening meal was frozen too hard by morning to be fit to eat. In spite of all his efforts Gr and Squêl often went hungry, and their wailing offended his ears. He used to point out to Gr the strange beautiful glow in the Northern sky in order to take the woman's mind off her troubles.

"See, Gr, there is the *aurora borealis!*" he would cry.

"Did you say *aurora* or *aurochs?*" was her only response.

Then Uk would take up his flint axe and batter at the frozen meat in the vain attempt to make it tender enough to chew. It was when he was trying to break up in this way the chine of the musk-ox that a marvellous thing occurred. Often enough before Uk had noticed that when he missed a carcase and hit the hard stone beneath it, bright strange flying things like butterflies sprang into the air. He had never been able to understand the puzzling phenomenon. On that morning it so happened that Gr had been sweeping

A SUGGESTION FOR BRIGHTENING THE ZOO AND COPING WITH THE HOLIDAY TRAFFIC.

out the cave and had left a heap of dried sticks and moss lying near the frozen meat. Suddenly, as Uk toiled, he became aware of a grey, shadowy, snake-like thing that sprang from the dried litter. It began to make a curious crackling sound, and a moment later worms of red and gold seemed to be crawling beneath the leaves. He cried out in alarm, bringing Gr and Squêl from the cave. All three of them stood gaping in wonder at the darting glistening things, and the boy Squêl put his hand down as if to touch them.

"Hot!" he said, "like the sun." And then with a little cry, "They sting!"

"Trample them to death," said Uk. "I am tired now; I am going inside to rest." And he went into the cave.

Uk was awakened from the long sleep of exhaustion by a strange, penetrating and delicious perfume that seemed to come from outside the cave. And, sniffing vigorously, he crept out as though to stalk it. On the rock ledge he beheld an extraordinary sight. A ravenous red-and-yellow monster was devouring an enormous pile of sticks, and near it, quite unterrified, stood Gr and Squêl, holding pieces of blackened flesh in their hands. Every now and then they held them out towards the monster's many tongues, which licked at them greedily with a hissing noise; then they drew them away. A sound of roaring and a delightful odour pervaded the air.

"Have some," said the woman, Gr, placing a charred rib in the man Uk's hand. He chewed ecstatically and asked for more.

"What is this thing?" he gulped between mouthfuls.

"An invention of my own," answered Gr. "I call it the food, Grŷll."

"Mankind has made a long step to-day," said the man, Uk, still gnawing, "out of the darkness of primordial chaos towards the light of civilisation. He has discovered an artificial means of rendering his food more palatable."

"Yes, dear," said the woman, Gr.

And she was right. It was the Beginning of Roast Beef.

Chapter IV.—THE ROLLING OF THE BALL.

In the meantime the boy, Squêl, who had eaten meat till he could eat no more, was amusing himself in a strange way. Taking a number of pieces of half-warmed musk-ox fat he had kneaded them into the shape of a large ball and pressed into the mass wild berries which he had plucked from the trees, and fragments of primordial orange and citron peel which had long been lying about the floor of the cave. For some time he rolled this lump up and down the ledge with his hands and feet, and then growing tired of his game he fixed it on one of the teeth of the sabre-tooth tiger and held it out to the woman, Gr, placing, as a last thought, a sprig of primordial holly on the top of the speckled ball.

"Look! More food!" he cried.

Gr broke a piece off and ate it. She gave a cry of rapture and handed some to Uk. He swallowed it and held out his hand.

"Me too!" shouted Squêl.

It was the first Plum Pudding.

EVOE.

Artist (to son home for the holiday). "I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT THIS REPORT OF YOURS."
Son. "HOW FUNNY! I'VE JUST BEEN LOOKING AT THIS NOTICE OF YOUR THINGS IN THE BOND STREET SHOW. THEY DON'T SEEM TO THINK MUCH OF EITHER OF US."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"CITY WAREHOUSE FLOOR COLLAPSES.

The top floor was loaded with packing cases. Some of the cases fell through the 12ft. gap, but beyond a big dust cloud there was little damage. It is thought the floor was overloaded."—*Daily Paper.*

From an advertisement of "Favourite Classics":—

"Omar Khayyam's Poems — By Ella Wheeler Wilcox."—*Canadian Paper.*

We must get these; they should be a bright change from FITZGERALD'S version.

Small Girl (to mother who is inclined to be sentimental over her daughter's first loss of a tooth). "WELL, MUM, I LOOK AT IT LIKE VIS—FANK GOODNESS ONE LESS TO CLEAN."

TREASURE TO BE TROVE.

THE recent wonderful discoveries in Egypt have caused me to regard with new interest the common objects of my office.

Who knows that ere 1923 has reached its Christmastide this city of London may not be overtaken by some calamity which will reduce it to ruins beyond repair and of no use even to a New Zealander?

Then doubtless, in a far-distant day, a party of eager archæologists, penetrating with pick and shovel the rubbish of the centuries, will come upon a piece of sealing-wax, and know that their labours are on the point of being rewarded.

When at last a clearing has been made they will find no jewels (unless the New Year brings me unexpected luck), no vessels of refined gold, no cunningly chased adornments of the umbrella-stand or the waste-paper basket. But there will be a well-nigh boundless supply of steel nibs suitable for mounting as brooches, and paper-clips will be there to be linked together into rare and curious watch-chains.

Considerable mystery will attend the unearthing of a strange receptacle within a receptacle, for they won't easily guess that the blacker of the two is a thing I used to put on my head when attending occasions of high festivity or exceptional gloom.

But the climax of their astonishment may be expected when they force the lock of my roll-top desk and the contents are disclosed to view.

With the tenderest care they will handle the paste-pot, not so much because of its contents as because of the chaste simplicity of its design. I should not be surprised if they refuse fifty pounds for it. And on examining the inkwell they will marvel at the smallness of the drinking-vessels of the time; and later their chemists, getting to work on the traces remaining of its contents, will claim to have discovered the favourite beverage of the hardy race to whom the inkwell belonged.

"See!" they will exclaim on finding among my papers an un-receipted bill, "so sudden was the cataclysm that the poor fellow had not even time to pay his tailor." And when they read on the exposed leaf of my tear-off calendar, "February 3—It is never too late to mend," they will claim to have evidence, as they look round upon the chaos about them, of the decay of an ancient philosophy.

The box of cigars that Grimlow gave me two Christmasses ago will be found intact save the one which I was misguided enough to light. I have labelled them, "Not to be Smoked," for this at least I owe to posterity. And I think I hear the hoarse cry of "Gold, gold!" when they espy the fountain-pen with a gilt band round its middle which I bought for three-and-ninepence from a respectably-dressed man who said he had found it in the street. Perchance the secret of a lost art will be yielded up to them when they get to work with their acids on this glittering feature.

And, as in my mind's eye I behold them turning over some of my rejected MSS. and deciphering the wonderful thoughts that are enshrined in their hieroglyphics, I derive some solace from the thought that perchance, after all, one or two may yet be published.

Commercial Candour.

"*DANCING.*
WHY SPEND A DULL EVENING ELSEWHERE?
LET'S GO TO THE ——."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"He was small, shabby, and unshaven, his sandy hair and incipient beard lending him a weak, effeminate air."—*Scottish Paper.*

Sort of a Queen Beaver.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

UNCLE SAM (*to European Beggar*). "TAKE THIS BAG OF GOLD. DID I SAY 'GOLD'? NAY, 'TIS SOMETHING FAR MORE PRECIOUS THAN THAT." [*Collapse of Beggar.*

DANGERS OF GOLF: A WARNING.

I AM in hospital. The doctor thinks that I may perhaps be out again in about six weeks. My clavicle is almost repaired, my tibia has been neatly spliced, my phalanges are nearly all reset and my patella is gradually coming back into a more or less normal position. Let me tell you about it.

The Golf Club to which I belong, and of which I am, I believe, Captain for the current twelve months, has a rule, derived from Royal and Ancient customs, whereby the Club's Captain is elected in September each year by a majority vote of the members, and inaugurates his year of office by driving a ball from the first tee. An expectant crowd awaits the ball; the lucky individual capturing it returns it to the Captain, who rewards him with a five-pound note, and the ball is placed in a glass-case in the club-room, with an inscription, "Driven — yards by — on the Inauguration of his Captaincy, September, 19—."

The election this year provided more than usual interest. Superior golfing skill has hitherto constituted the qualification for a Captain-Elect; but on this occasion a considerable number of members held the opinion that my thirty years' connection with the Club and the unfailing consistency of my play (my handicap has steadily remained at the maximum ever since I joined) justified my candidature. The rest of the members were in favour of Judkins, who is +4 and is thinking of entering for the Amateur Championship next year.

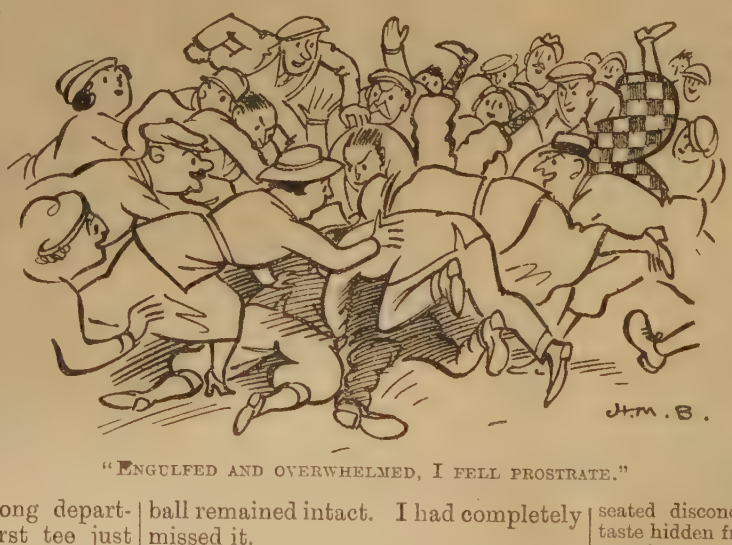
The Club enjoyed all the excitement of a General Election. A ballot was taken instead of the usual show of hands, and the voting resulted: Highbrow-Jones, 39; Judkins, 38. As my friends put it, I was one up on Judkins.

Four o'clock the next afternoon was the time fixed for the ceremony of playing myself in. I confess I felt slightly nervous, for driving is not my strong department. Arriving at the first tee just before the appointed hour I found an enormous concourse of spectators, foremost among them Judkins, clad in his chess-board plus fours. The vista to the first bunker was lined with caddies and others, each bent on acquiring a five-pound note, while a few optimists waited beyond, and one eccentric on the first green.

As the Club clock struck four a nice new ball was teed and I proceeded to

"THE BALL REMAINED INTACT. I HAD COMPLETELY MISSED IT."

address it. My past life flashed through my brain, with a relentless background of Judkins's loud checks. My knees began to wobble. I set my teeth and decided on direct action before my optic nerves might become hypnotized. I swung my club and let drive. . . . The



"ENGULFED AND OVERWHELMED, I FELL PROSTRATE."

ball remained intact. I had completely missed it.

* * * * *

For a moment I was petrified. Should I claim a trial ball or a sighter, and take another stroke with loss of distance? I had no time to decide, for the mob, headed by Judkins, swooped wildly in my direction. Engulfed and overwhelmed, I fell prostrate under a forest of legs and falling bodies, and was trampled into the earth.

I understand that some of my friends eventually collected me and brought me to the hospital, where I was sorted out by the doctors. When at last I recovered consciousness I found, pinned to my coverlet, a note from Judkins claiming the five pounds, and mentioning that the ball had been duly placed in the Club. Pullington, who visited me yesterday, tells me that Judkins has had the ball inscribed: "Teed by W. Highbrow-Jones on the Inauguration of his Captaincy, September, 1922."

I shall never really like Judkins.

My newspaper has repudiated my sports insurance claim on the ground that the accident was not caused by golf. The Insurance Editor's letter adds, "On the contrary"—whatever that may mean.

But the point which is troubling me is this: Have I complied with the rules of the Club regarding the duties of a Captain-Elect? Pullington tells me that Judkins has taken legal advice and holds that I must drive again from the first tee.

I will resign first.

Notice in a park near Paris:—

"The horse-promenadeurs are defended from footing on the walk path."

Not much hope for the Entente if they talk like that at Conferences.

"PERPIGNAN, France, Dec. 7. —A train was blown off the track near the Fitou station yesterday by a minstrel of great violence."—*Canadian Paper.*

A trombonist, we assume.

"The —— Town Council last night adopted the scheme of the Advertising and Band Committee to engage brass bands for next season. No band is to play for more than a fortnight at a time."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Good.

"Great bowls of roast potatoes passed from hand to hand, punctuated by exclamations as too late, one or another of those seated disconcerned varying delicacies with taste hidden from view. Then came the merry surprise of Christmas pudding with tasty pies of mince. Then the dewry mead began to flow freely."—*Local Paper.*

From internal evidence we should have supposed that the flow had begun before the potatoes went round.

HOW WE "AGONIZE" NOW.

DO NOT LET Botulism, Beri-beri or Thrombosis interfere with good cheer at this festive season. Drink Bulfin's astigmatic analgesic non-alcoholic Poppo. It is sound, salubrious and delicious.

VERY OLD CLOS VOUGEOT, reliable, mellow and emollient. Special offer from stock of wine company in liquidation at 1*s.* 9*d.* a bottle, in cases of one dozen. Promotes hilarity and conduces to longevity. Also oddments of Château Yquem, Tokay and Cassowary Claret. Special terms to invalid Rabbis. Apply SQUINCHLER AND GORM, Saffron Hill.

JAMBOLINE, Pongoroon, Botocudo Nose-Flute, Tahiti War-Conch, Winnipeg Whistle, TAUGHT quickly by world-travelled instrumental expert. No musical knowledge required. Fees moderate. Write STENTOR NOYES, 7, Sonora Mansions, Stunting-House Square.

POISONED MALAY KRIS.—Gold-mounted; suitable for fancy dress. A constant source of excitement. Will sell for £50 or best offer. Write LORD JIM, Sampan Lodge, Shoreham.

TO CONNOISSEURS.—"Axed" Admiral offers for sale pictures by REMBRANDT, TITIAN, VELAZQUEZ, GOYA, SIGISMUND GOETZE. No sum too small, no sum too large. Inspection invited. Write ADMIRAL OF THE GREEN, The Oaks, Bosham.

FOR SALE.—Pedigree Baby Grand Piano, suitable for a country congregation. Rich fruity tone. The chance of a lifetime. Can be played with impunity by Children or Beginners. Cost £150; will take £175. Write Box 234, c/o Messrs. Stuggy, Barbecue Lane, E.C. 5.

CULTURED LADY willing to relieve Parents going abroad for winter sports of the charge of their young children. Every educational facility; nursery theatre with latest horror plays; psycho-analysis at all hours; instruction by a Certificated Student from Boar's Hill in prosody; lessons, if required, in fairy-photography, the camel-walk, pogo and ping-pong. Pure milk. Full details from EGERIA, Montessori Mansions, East Grinstead.

BUY HIM A POP-OFF TROMBONE PIPE, with the new and ingenious invisible sliding keyboard. Worked by the breath. No choking. No syncopation. Sedative yet sonorous. Of all Tobacconists.

GENTLEMAN admirably equipped by Nature for the liberal expenditure of £20,000 a year invites suggestions for his Endowment from benevolent Millionaires. Advertiser has perfect manners and a fastidious taste in food, but is a conscientious objector to hard work of any kind. Unmarried at present. Address "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON," c/o Messrs. Pulling and Legge, Didlington.

PARIS, Latin Quarter.—Charmingly-furnished Dwarf Flat suitable for a Classical Student. Constant cold water. Cottage piano—benzoline keys, powerful tone. Write PORTER, 49, Rue Frivoli, Paris.

TO LOVERS OF ANIMALS.—Historic Tortoise, hundred years old, reputed to have belonged to SYDNEY SMITH. In excellent condition. For sale, 5 guineas. Or would exchange for Party Frock, length 45 ins. Write DOLELESS, The Doldrums, Moreton-in-the-Marsh.

WIDOWER, much reduced, wants nice Fur Coat. Height 5 ft. 10 ins. Also Sable Coat, Stole and Muff for daughter, who is being trained as a professional dancer. Would offer in exchange handsome Amazon Parrot, brilliant talker and objurgationist. Write "BARONET," care Messrs. Billing, 390, Hay Hill, W.

THE CLIMBER (HOME WINTER SPORTS).

"The 'Sherlock Holmes' cap has appeared in New York and is bidding for a high place in popularity for the season.

Those familiar with the adventures of Mr. Holmes and his dear Watson will require no description of the new headgear, with visors at both sides."—*Glasgow Paper.*

So *Sherlock* could see through his ears. This explains a lot.

EVIDENCE.

Adrian Fane to Ursula Slight.

(EXTRACT.)

I SUPPOSE you will be coming to London this January as usual, and I shall be delighted if you do; but I warn you that you will find a great increase of vulgarity, and you will be wise to avoid Piccadilly Circus and Shaftesbury Avenue by night, for they are now rendered unbearable by a hideous assortment of electric advertisements which set the nerves on end and make any reasonably sensitive person scream. London used to be dark and dingy at night, but the new spirit of vulgarity and tawdriness is at work and garishness abounds. It is with the streets as with the papers: a fierce competition to catch the eye prevails. But whereas you are free to avoid papers you cannot avoid these signs. The world has got into a very bad way, and these monstrous flares, in imitation of America, I suppose, are indicative of it. And the state of mind of those who are influenced by them! Think of the psychology of the man who buys a real car because he sees a car made of electric bulbs with (marvel of marvels!) revolving wheels. Is it possible he can say to himself, "Hullo, I must have one of those!"? And yet that is the only inference that can be drawn from this otherwise reckless expenditure of electricity. I give it up.

Roger Bovey to Mabel Brewster.

(EXTRACT.)

The theatrical district of London is just now a feast of riotous restless colour. Piccadilly Circus and Shaftesbury Avenue are a blaze of electric signs, all moving, and all, in the mass, although bizarre, most beautiful. I know you may think this an extravagant thing to say, but I mean it. To come round the corner of Piccadilly from the West in the comparative dimness and suddenly to be in the midst of this brilliance and diversity is a very remarkable experience, which appeals to the vein of simple wonder and childishness that is in us all—even, say, Lord HALDANE. But the unexpected and the dazzling are not, you remind me, necessarily beautiful. I admit it, but I repeat that these signs in the aggregate *are* beautiful. I revel in them. On my way home from Fleet Street in the late afternoon, I stop to watch them, and I don't care who sees me. May there be many more and always brighter and always more variegated and always funnier!

Extract from Police Report.

Austin Talbot, a motorist, charged with damaging a car in front of him in Piccadilly Circus on December 23rd, said that he had been driving for years without an accident. He admitted colliding with the car preceding him on the night in question, but pleaded that the glare of the electric signs immediately before his eyes was to blame. Such accidents, he affirmed, were likely to increase if the lights at this spot were allowed to multiply. They were a danger to the public.

Extract from a Brighter London Journal

New York must look to her laurels, as anyone visiting by night Piccadilly Circus, Shaftesbury Avenue and Leicester Square, to say nothing of the Strand, will readily admit; for the assemblage of humorous and effective electric signs now to be seen there is amazing and quite equal to anything on the much-extolled Broadway façades. Americans are astounded at the rapidity and triumph of this new development in London's advertising genius and gaiety.

Henry W. Peabody to Mrs. Peabody.

(EXTRACT.)

London is a mighty fine place, but it would be all the better for a good gale, such as we had in the Atlantic coming over, to blow all through the winter and clear its fogs away. Some days you can't see your hand before your face. I have been to all the famous places, from Westminster Abbey to the "Cheshire Cheese," and I'm gradually learning to do the right things, one of which is not to wear a Derby hat with evening dress. The biggest joke here is the electric light signs in Piccadilly Circus, which the boobs gape at from dusk till the small hours, as though they meant anything at all. If they were to see Broadway they'd be struck by lightning; but they think their little show the best ever. Why, compared with our White Way, it's like a candle to a conflagration.

Mrs. James Board to her Mother.

9, Brick Row, Hoxton,
December 28th, 1922.

DEAR MOTHER,—We had a very quiet Xmas, times being so bad and Jim on low wages. I managed to get a good hot dinner for them with a flag in the pudding and some almonds and raisins after and then Artie recited his piece and Emmie sang a little ship is on the sea. We stayed in all day till the evening and then we had a bus ride to Piccadilly Circus to see the lights. They are just lovely and we were there for an hour or more watching all the funny things they do. The children loved them and Emmie said she thought heaven must be like that. And then we had another bus back and I wasn't sorry either I was that tired. Perhaps things will be better next year and then we can go to a pantomime too, which would suit me better because then I can sit down.

Your loving daughter, EMILY.

E. V. L.

THE GARDENING DENTIST.

Mr. Carey Ease, my dentist,
M.D., Mus.Bac., D.S.O.,
Is, besides, the best, intentest
Gardener I know;
While I loiter in his chair,
Cosiest of easy seats,
He, engaged in some repair,
Tells me all his garden feats.
(*As he works the man repeats*
All his horticultural feats.)

"I love gardens," cries he gaily;
"It is my habitual rule
In my own to labour daily
With a single tool;
While the Summer dawn is red
You may see me, in its glow,
Down a border or a bed
Diligently ply my hoe."
(*All along my lower row*
As he speaks he plies his hoe.)

"Then, again, when chill October
Dims the sky and damps the ground
And the world is sad and sober,
Daily I am found
Planting tree and bush and creeper,
Corm and bulb of every grade,
Digging deep and ever deeper
With my trusty Sheffield spade."
(*In my jaw he plies his trade,*
Excavating with his spade.)

"If through drought the soil should harden,
Yielding not to gentler means,
Then perforce I give my garden
Figurative beans;
Out I take my—'Stop,' I say,
'Pause and ponder half a tick;
It has rained a lot to-day;
Do you need your heavy pick?'"
(*You must own it's pretty thick*
Chipping ivory with a pick.)

"A conference of Prime Ministers of all German states has been summoned for Wednesday."—*Evening Paper.*

Wallenstein's Lager is the best.

"Good General, plain cooing, at once."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Very few of the generals that we know could be mistaken for turtle-doves.

"The Datoh Bandar of Sungei Ujong has, by special notification in the F.M.S. 'Gazette,' been exempted from the provisions of the Wild Animals and Birds Protection Enactment."—*Malay Paper.*

We trust his Highness will enjoy his freedom.

THE EXPRESSIVE SEX; OR, HOME-MADE MYSTERY DRAMA FOR HUSBANDS.

"THAT YOU, DAPHNE? YES, JOAN SPEAKING. WHAT?" . . .

"MERCY! YOU *CAN'T* MEAN IT!!" . . .

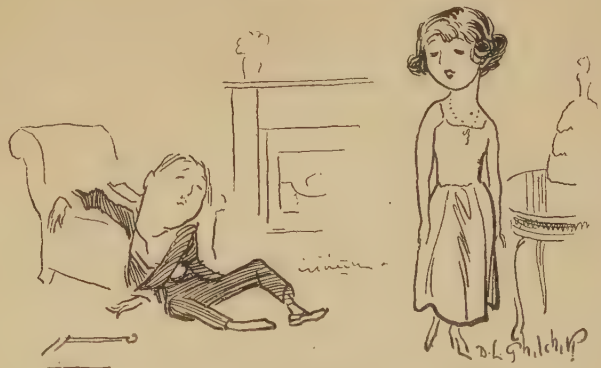
"GOOD HEAVENS!! IS THAT SO?!!!" . . .

"OH! BUT I *AM* SO GLAD!!" . . .

"AH! TERRIBLE—TERRIBLE!!!" . . .

"N—NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT!" . . .

"SPLENDID!!! CONGRATULATIONS!! GOOD-BYE, DEAR!"



"DAPHNE'S JUST RUNG UP TO SAY SHE'S DECIDED ON THAT ORGANDIE FROCK WE SAW, AFTER ALL."

Small Boy (excitedly to teacher who is explaining a picture of Britons contesting the landing of the Romans). "PLEASE, MISS, WHICH IS OUR SIDE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is nothing "bonnie" about *The Briary-Bush* (HEINEMANN), which is Mr. FLOYD DELL'S uncomfortable symbol for marriage; but that need not deter any reader with an old-fashioned leaning towards the institution from following the fortunes of *Felix Fay* and *Rose-Ann Prentiss* on their merits, their so-called marriage being merely an experimental *liaison* sanctified by the briefest ceremony known to the State of Illinois. The prologue and epilogue of this adventure—and the greater part of its action—are staged in Chicago; and the whole forms a sequel to Mr. DELL'S first novel, *Moon-Calf*, which, in the manner of Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE, seems to have seen the hero safely over the distempers of his introspective youth. The present story of his promotion from twenty-dollar-a-week reporting into an existence sparkling with cocktails and dramatic criticism is strictly subordinate to the intricacies of his relationship with *Rose-Ann*, an undisciplined efficient young lady with a thoroughly modern zest for living her own life in the most intimate masculine society. Her husband's secondary entanglements are merely important as the mechanism of his final reunion (on sounder matrimonial principles) with *Rose-Ann*. But the character of the heroine's ecclesiastical father, whose disgust at "the bedevilment of business" led him to enter "the one profession where nobody is expected to succeed," would redeem a far less able and intelligent book than *The Briary-Bush*.

"In the summer of the year 1879 a well-built and unusually handsome boy of fourteen years of age stood with his bicycle at the corner of Marlborough Place and Hamilton Terrace. . ." Thus, with the practised hand of the novelist, does Mr. MAX PEMBERTON open his memoir of *Lord Northcliffe* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). An interesting volume, even if it shows signs of somewhat hasty compilation. Mr. PEMBERTON, from that summer morning on which he discovered a brother enthusiast for the old high bicycle of the period, became the handsome boy's very sincere friend and disciple, and is able to give much interesting detail about the days before we had our *Daily Mail*. Everyone likes to read how success comes to the fortunate few; and ALFRED HARMSWORTH was assuredly marked out from the first for a pioneer in journalism. The instinct was strong enough to make him start a school magazine (which he set up himself in a little shop in Kilburn) before he was sixteen. Then he had a native restlessness that was not without its significance. He loved rapid locomotion. As early as 1895 he rode a motor-bicycle in France, and it ran away with him and leaped a hedge. The next year he was in possession of a 6-h.p. Panhard, and after that it seemed to his admiring biographer that he bought a new model every month. Indeed he lived his life at express speed; it is hardly surprising that he never became an old man. And already this is the second volume dealing with his meteoric career which has come out since his premature death.

The Dreamer (CHAPMAN AND DODD) of Mr. W. L. BLENNERHASSETT'S rather inconsequent story is a soft-witted Russian priest who loves his vodka and his deceased wife's sister, the first being apparently a proper, the second an improper, thing in the Holy Russia of 1905, the year of the Revolution that followed the Japanese War. Religious scruples

induce him to abandon his cure of souls. He leaves his village and tramps to St. Petersburg, much in dread lest he be haled before the Ecclesiastical Tribunal for condign punishment. Yet he still wears his priestly garments, which is unwise, but convenient for the author, who wishes him to be used as a "provocator" to lead the crowd to its doom, after the fashion of Father GAPON of Bloody Sunday fame. Like GAPON he meets his fate at the hands of a revolutionary, who shoots him for a traitor, whereas he is merely an ass. So simple indeed is he that it seems to me unlikely that revolutionaries carrying their lives in their hands should confide in him so artlessly. To which Mr. BLENNERHASSETT, who knows his Russia at first hand, is obviously entitled to reply, "My dear Sir, it is a very unlikely country altogether." And I may add that anything that throws light on it which is sincerely written, as this book is, cannot fail to be interesting.

Merely to get the hero and heroine safely married to each other never seems to me a sufficient justification for the writing of a full-length novel. I must admit that on the whole I like them to marry, but their story must tell me of some growth in their love, or their understanding, or even of their yearly income; it must not leave them as it found them. That is why I am so disappointed, and rather cross too, with Mrs. ALICE PERRIN'S new book, *The Mound* (METHUEN). She has created quite a good situation in the wooing of that self-possessed, clear-sighted gentlewoman, *Leila Wylde*, by the raffish *Noel Stanford*, whose peculiar combination of frankness and impudence left me nearly as uncertain of my feelings towards him as *Leila* was of hers. When *Noel* inherited the Jasâni estate and its "mound," the site of celebrated Buddhist remains, and *Leila* sent him off to India to prove himself a man, I settled down to enjoy a good story. But in spite of Mrs. PERRIN'S ability to handle Indian local colour I was disappointed. Plenty of incidents occurred, but there was no story. The Epilogue abruptly told me that *Noel* had sold the mound and married *Leila*, but as far as their attitude to each other was concerned he might as well have done it half-way through the book. He is so original a character that I should have liked very much to know him better. The publishers assert that the book "deals with the influence of Buddha on the Englishman who has acquired the Great Teacher's burial-place," but I have failed to gather that it had any effect on *Noel* beyond depressing him a little.

Mary Kirwan of Connemara, the heroine of Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON'S story, *The Miracle* (HUTCHINSON), had "a long look in her eyes," and you know at once that she is going to have trouble before we are done with her. Starting with rustics for her parents she saw nothing before her except drudgery or marriage (which in her class of life meant much the same thing). A young Roman Catholic priest arrived in the parish; and *Mary* began to watch for his visits to the farmhouse. In the development of his tale Mr. THURSTON treads on dangerous ground, and may possibly give offence by his treatment of one incident; but in the main he has avoided the pitfalls that he asked for. In his drawing of *Joe Fennel*, the fisherman who became *Mary's* husband, he has given us an excellent study of faith and devotion. And his "girl with the long look" is herself worth something more than a brief glance.

If we have many Ambassadors as amorous as *Lord le Battye*, in *The Whispering City* (HUTCHINSON), I can no longer wonder that our relations with foreign Powers are sometimes a little strained. This wonderfully handsome nobleman was a great lover and a great hater, and as I gather that the response of Spanish women to handsome lovers is not exactly reluctant you will understand that *le Battye's* career in Spain was domestically disastrous. The story is put into the mouth of *M. le Mervier*, a renowned nerve-specialist, who, when staying in the South of Spain, met the son of *Lord le Battye* and saved him, almost at sight, from committing suicide. By this time the Ambassador was dead, and his son had inherited, along with the title, something considerably more provocative of sudden death. For in a way that *M. le Mervier* seemed to understand, though, as I am no nerve-specialist, I never clearly grasped it, the dead father possessed a power over the son that produced trances and extreme mental torture. The intricacies of this passionate story, in which even the heroine's nostrils share the general tendency to palpitate, are so bewildering that one marvels at the ingenuity of Miss GABRIELLE VALLINGS in controlling and unravelling them. Fertile in incident, she has also a nice sense of atmosphere, and no one has ever succeeded so well in making me realise what the bull-ring stands for in the life of a Spaniard.

Young Highbrow (at boarding-house revels). "NOW, MY DEAR MISS SMITH, LET US TRY TO REMOVE THE REPROACH SO OFTEN LEVELLED AGAINST US AS A NATION, THAT WE TAKE OUR PLEASURES SADLY."

The Trumping of King Tutankhamen.

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to Lord CARNARVON and Mr. CARTER.]

THEY thought him safe beneath Time's wing
And left him sleeping with the Shades;
But all in vain; their cherished King
Fell to the Two of Spades.

Commercial Candour.

"THE GREATEST BARGAIN IN GRAMOPHONES EVER OFFERED. This instrument is without equal at anything approaching the price, £5 5 0 (Usually £3 3 0)."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper.*

"Playing over the —— Golf Links yesterday, Mr. —— did the tenth hole—1,130 yards—in one stroke. This is the third feat of the kind in the history of the club."—*Irish Paper.*

The Green Committee, we understand, are now considering how they can further lengthen the course.

WAVES.

IT was late at night and the shops were shut. Only one was brilliantly illuminated, and that was the electrician's, where bulbs covered with different coloured shades gave a fantastic splendour. A large notice-board had been placed outside the shop, bearing the words:—

"WIRELESS MUSIC NOW ON."

It was no wonder that the ragged boys who ought to have been in bed pressed their noses against the pane, or that the little old gentleman with the red and cheerful face, whose coat fitted so badly behind, was irresistibly attracted to enter.

He found inside a young man standing in front of a brightly-polished wooden box from which wires proceeded in every direction.

"I suppose you've come to listen-in?" said the Electrician. "What exactly would you like to hear?"

"Are there any limits?" inquired Mr. Punch—for Mr. Punch (most surprisingly) the little old gentleman was.

"Practically none," replied the Operator. "With the ordinary receiving apparatus, yes. But this is not quite the ordinary apparatus, nor am I quite the ordinary electrician. At the present moment there happens to be a rather mediocre concert going on. Perhaps you would like to try that first?" And removing Mr. Punch's hat he placed upon his head a stiff leather-covered hoop, with two blinkers for the ears, and so harnessed him to the magic box.

"I feel rather as though I were going to be photographed," said the Sage. There was a buzzing, and then he heard:—

"I loved a girl with the name of Susan,
She was the one I hated losin';
When she left me she married her cousin—
Ow! Isn't it awful?"

"It is," murmured Mr. Punch sadly, removing the equipage. "I think I will listen to something else now, if you don't mind."

"What about the Concert of Europe?" asked the electrician with a smile.

"Surely," said Mr. Punch, "there's nothing at the present moment deserving of that old-fashioned name? What precisely do you mean by it?"

"By an ingenious contrivance of my own," said the Electrician, as he pushed in and out two small metal knobs at the sides of his box, "I have enabled this instrument to catch not merely sounds, but wave-lengths of

thought as they proceed from the brains of politicians and ambassadors. If you listen-in now you will hear what the Premiers of England, France, Italy and, yes, Germany are thinking. Or, again, you may hear the views represented at the Lausanne Conference, or those which are held by the various delegates to that much-abused body the League of Nations."

Mr. Punch listened-in very earnestly indeed.

"There seems to be a great deal of oscillation," he said after a few moments, removing the clipper from his head and addressing the mysterious electrician; "and the trouble I believe to be this. In the case of the Conferences one gets a certain number of national representatives, each insisting upon certain Rights; and, in the League of Nations, we have a similar company of delegates insisting upon certain Wrongs. In neither case does it appear whose Right or whose Wrong is the most important and should take precedence of other Rights and Wrongs. What seems to be wanted is some key word that would be helpful to everybody, and I do not find it in 'Reparations' or 'Justice', or 'Guarantees,' very suitable at the proper moments though such words may be."

"But where do you find it, if I may ask?" said the Man with the Box, a little resentful perhaps of this intrusion of a moralising spirit into scientific affairs.

"I find it in Common Sense," said the Sage. "Common sense on the subject of International Trade. It seems to me that if one country is bankrupt and another is devastated, and yet another has over a million men unemployed, more work, more production and more exchange of goods are the only vital necessities, whatever the wrongs or rights of the case may be. When the hero and heroine are wrecked upon a desert island and find the fraudulent financier already there, they must all join in hunting for yams and building a raft with driftwood before they can hope to make him disgorge his ill-gotten gains."

"Possibly with this new Government of ours—" said the Electrician.

"Possibly," said Mr. Punch. "But we seem to be forgetting your little machine. Is there anything more that you would like me to hear?"

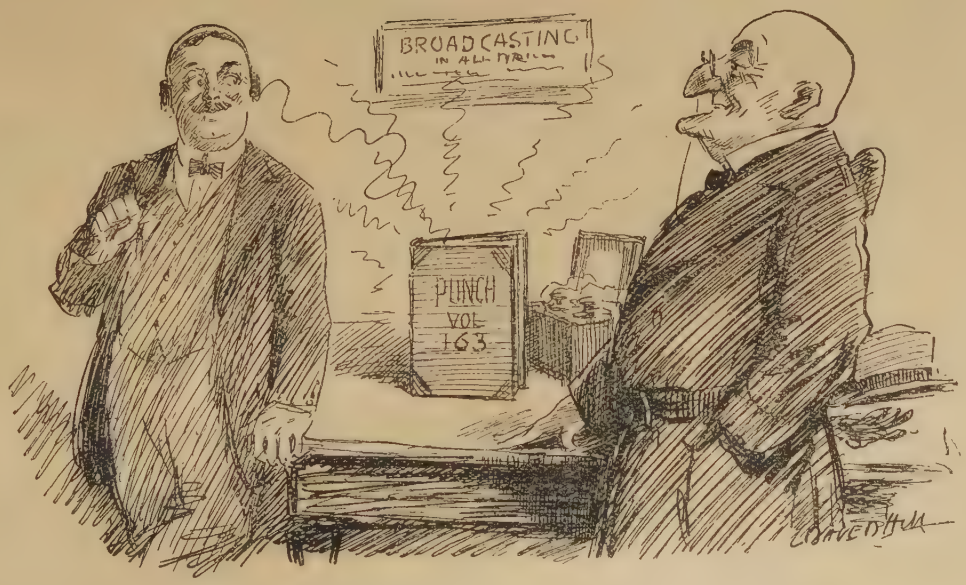
"If you will wait a moment and let me adjust the wave lengths a little you shall hear all the news of the day;" and indeed in a few moments Mr. Punch was able to distinguish a clear and very self-satisfied voice which announced the closing positions of the various markets and the results of the principal football matches in a most pontifical and oracular way.

"What a beautiful voice he has!" commented the Sage; "there has been nothing like it since Dodona and Delphi. I suppose it would be possible to have sermons, or even original poems, broadcasted in this delightful manner?"

"Certainly," replied the Electrician, "or even the little lecture which you gave me just now on work as the medicine for international complaints."

"Oh, my lectures have been broadcasted already," replied Mr. Punch. "Wonderful as the powers may be of your mysterious box, I have here a little instrument of my own for the transmission of thoughts and opinions, both grave and gay, which even your aerial contrivances cannot surpass. Let me invite you to listen-in to my

One Hundred and Sixty-Third Volume."



Cartoons.

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD
Asia Minor Duet (The) ... 229
Cattle-Drummer (The) ... 109
Cheerful Giver (The) ... 613
Clearing the Ground ... 373
Debtors (The) ... 133
Fallen Idols ... 325
His Excellency the Dove ... 565
I could not love thee, Dear, so much ... 85
Into the Limelight ... 517
Key (The) ... 13
Man who found Himself (The) ... 493
New Liberty (The) ... 51
Non-Party Statement (A) ... 301
Old Formula for a New Folly (An) 445
Out of the Ashes ... 37
Party Distinctions ... 421
'Plane Tales from the Hills ... 253
Promise and Fulfilment ... 60-61
? ... 469
Reparation Waits ... 589
Scapegoat that Turned (The) ... 397
Sheep-Trot (The) ... 541
Stirring up Peace ... 349
Watch on the Bosphorus (The) ... 277

RAVEN-HILL, L.
Alas! poor Bonar ... 459
Bogey, Bogey ... 387
Bond (The) ... 181
Brute Creation (The) ... 219
Conference Cure (The) ... 63
Darkest Hour (The) ... 205
Deadly Logic ... 315
Dry Humour ... 363
Envoy of Amity (The) ... 237
Farewell to the Union ... 507
Fascisti Spirit (The) ... 435
Fleet Street Frankenstein and his Monster (The) ... 339
German Menace (The) ... 99
"I'm for ever blowing Bubbles" 157
Incorruptible (The) ... 27
Inherited Habit (An) ... 603
Law and Disorder ... 3
Misleader (The) ... 531
Nine Years After ... 243
Semi-Suicide Club (The) ... 75
Spread of Democracy (The) ... 411
Tinopolis ... 123
Unfinished Symphony (The) ... 483
Up the Same Tree ... 579
Way we have in the Navy (A) ... 555

REYNOLDS, FRANK
Aerial Fantasy ... 195
Decline in Marriage (The) ... 171
Mid-Channel ... 147

SHEPARD, E. H.
American Fairyland (An) ... 291

Articles.

À BECKETT, MAJOR W.
Hints to Ex-Officers ... 430

ALLEN, A. W.
Progress ... 348

ALLEN, INGLIS
Literature *v.* Chemistry ... 194

ARMSTRONG, REV. C. B.
Cassidy's Battle ... 485
First Mission (The) ... 452
Limerick Mail (The) ... 276
Lost City (The) ... 300
My Little Grey Home in the West ... 228

BARNES, A. G.
Fortune-hunter (The) ... 233

BARRATT, F. R.
Sad Story of a Lost Memory (The) 234

BELL, NEIL
Lines to a Fallen Star ... 539

BENNETT, RODNEY
Ristle-Rustle ... 588

BIRD, A. W.
Autreville Tragedy (The) ... 322
Entente Cordiale ... 346
Gentleman of the Gutter (A) ... 564
Girl who refused to be Vaccinated (The) ... 521
More about the Power of the Press ... 238

BIRKHEAD, H.
Dickens Peril (The) ... 390
Distinction in Girls ... 155

BLAIKLEY, MISS E. L.
Husband of Mrs. Bright-Smith 472

BLYTON, MISS ENID
Pretending ... 180

BRETHERTON, CYRIL
Pigmy's Lullaby (The) ... 549
Road (The) ... 279

BRIGHTWELL, L. R.
Diehards (The) ... 250

BROWN, C. L. M.
At the Oval ... 100
Commercial Traveller (The) ... 352
Complete Conversationalist (The) 290
New Wireless for Old ... 2
Super-Gooseberry (The) ... 184

BROWN, HILTON
Autumn Nights ... 252
Emancipation Day ... 236
Four-Year-Old ... 12
October Running ... 395
Old Man's Shop (The) ... 16

BRUCE, F. A.
Art of Raising an Audience (The) ... 175

BURNETT, W. HODGSON
Stop it! ... 303

CAIGER, HERBERT
Our Lunatic Idealist ... 180

CAMPBELL, CAPT. D.
Fusaldar's Appeal ... 177
Magic Ham (The) ... 486
Reflex Paraplegia ... 402

CHALMERS, P. R.
Charley ... 425
Chiron the Centaur ... 402
Fallen Star (A) ... 269
Faun (The) ... 473
Filmed to a Fox Mask ... 596
Golden Grasshopper (The) ... 137
Gossips (The) ... 571
Heather Ale ... 78
Helen ... 113
Hymn of Honey (A) ... 310
In July ... 54
In the Looking-Glass ... 451
It all Depends ... 509
Nausicaa Speaks ... 204
Partridge Drive (A) ... 318
Rabbits and Hares ... 224
Rooks (The) ... 545
Speedwell (The) ... 41
Sweet Peas (The) ... 156
To a Cock Pheasant ... 498
Undisheartened Dryad (The) ... 369

CHANDLER, MISS B. W.
Terror by Night (The) ... 334

CLARK, DUDLEY
New Journalism (The) ... 208
Puzzle People ... 596

CLAYE, MRS.
Next Door ... 214

COLVILE, REX
Blob and the Hell-hound ... 474
Day of Headlines (A) ... 554
Deadly Automatics (The) ... 200
Inset ... 604
Red-haired Lodger (The) ... 52
Rival Prophets ... 226
"Such Stuff" ... 324

COX, A. B.
Brown Berry (The) ... 428
Lost Follower (The) ... 477
New Note (A) ... 588
Truth-tellers (The) ... 540

CRUICKSHANK, MISS H. B.
In Praise of Bogs ... 272

CURRIE, A. M.
Fifteenth of November (The) ... 462
Flower of the Prairie ... 570
How to introduce a Song ... 530
New Unit: A Fantasy (The) ... 220
'Orace the Conqueror ... 581
Science and the Atom ... 54

DAVIES, MISS S. M.
White Magic ... 274

DEANE, C. V.
Our Poetical Advertisers ... 274

DEARMER, GEOFFREY
Fame ... 221

D'EGVILLE, A.
Parliamentary Methods for our Public Schools ... 1

DINNIS, MISS E. M.
Good Dog Tinker ... 164
Kindred Spirits ... 53

DRENNAN, MAX
Remarkable Experiences with a Medium ... 342

DRUTEN, JOHN VAN
Dialect Bluebeard (A) ... 582

DUGDALE, GILES
My Prep. School ... 214

ECCOTT, CAPT. W. Y.
Mot that Missed (The) ... 357

EDEN, MRS. H. P.
Uncle Jo eph assists at a Coup d'Etat ... 458

ENGLISH, CAPT. DOUGLAS
Field and Farmstead—
Apis ... 524
Badger ... 569
Ballon d'Essai ... 550
Guinea-fowl ... 406
Kitten-cat ... 342
Mole ... 438
Otter ... 159
Reparations ... 430
Reynard ... 476
Rudiments (The) ... 379
To my Dog ... 330
Woodmouse ... 495

FARJEON, MISS E.
Chocolate Bus (The) ... 244

FAY, STANLEY J.
Balloon Story (A) ... 232

FITZPATRICK, CAPT. J.
Great Liar (A) ... 606

FORDHAM, E. W.
Crusader (The) ... 64

Articles—*continued.*

FOX-SMITH, MISS C.
Lift by the Way (A) ... 294
London Seagulls ... 44
Port of Dreams ... 163

FREEMAN, R. T.
Second Thoughts ... 17

FYLEMAN, MISS ROSE
Frontier (The) ... 150
Return (The) ... 92
Thieving Goblin (The) ... 271

GARLAND, A. P.
Brightening Britain ... 190
Compleat Etiquetter (The) ... 452

GARVEY, MISS INA
Blanche's Letters—
All about Mannequins ... 414
Manœuvrer Twins (The) ... 556
By the Bandstand at Omnium-Gatherum-on-Sea ... 236

GIBBON, MISS M. M.
Charlie ... 161

GILLMAN, W. H.
Eleventh Man (The) ... 138
Worms that Turned ... 116

GLASGOW, GEORGE
How to report an Accident ... 419

GOODWIN, ERNEST
Letters (The) ... 396

GOODWIN, J.
Seaside in August ... 185

GOUDGE, B. M.
Uses of a Godmother (The) ... 244

GRAVES, C. L.
American defeat (An) ... 276
Ballad of the Baffled Crusader ... 572
Bibliotherapy ... 307
Complaint of the Gas Consumer ... 264
Convert (The) ... 571
County Lyrical Championship (The) ... 304
Frugal Father (The) ... 399
Glorinda: A Portrait ... 176
Handel in Pall Mall ... 467
Holiday Fashions ... 128
How we agonize now ... 615
Justice to Uncles ... 273
Library Reform ... 308
Lines on a Recent Restoration ... 212
Literary Lispings ... 234
Love me, Love my Cat ... 524
Male Beauty of the Film (A) ... 501
Masque of the Months (The) ... 547
Medicinal Minstrelsy ... 378
Millennial Musings ... 19
Ministers who might have been ... 466
Modern Minstrels ... 418
Modernity ... 329
Music in the Doldrums ... 20
Nero Redivivus ... 270
New Uses for Music ... 406
Noble Nomenclature ... 262
R.A.M. and its Heroes (The) ... 32
Rejuvenation of Clubland (The) ... 580
Roland: A Memory ... 116
Samarcand ... 58
Secrets of Success ... 152
To an eminent Publicist ... 486
To R.B. ... 77
Transformations ... 450
Triumphs of Youth (The) ... 84
Two of a Trade ... 354

GÜLLICK, L. B.
Adjoining a Golf Course ... 124
Free Newspaper (A) ... 82
Going and coming back ... 197
Mania of Development (The) ... 270
Next Summer ... 231
Resolution from the Chair (A) ... 358
Sanity of Science (The) ... 310
Straw Down ... 500
Vogue of the Red Brassard (The) ... 532

GUTHRIE, F. ANSTEY
Marmamoochy (The) ... 10

HALL, MRS. BASIL
Desolation ... 298

HARRIS, R. W.
Deputation (The) ... 328

HENNIKER HEATON, MISS R.
Week after Next (The) ... 314

HERBERT, A. P.
Advowsoneer (The) ... 488
Clerical Scandal (A) ... 130
Cruise of the *Clio* (The) ... 170, 213, 222, 256, 280
Dangerous Game (A) ... 34
Democracy at Work ... 514, 536
Hospital for Trees (A) ... 105
Man about Town (The)—
Secret Golfing ... 608
Sixpenny Dips ... 586
Never Again ... 292, 316, 340, 364, 392, 414, 440
Pin-Drops ... 74
"Rag" (A) ... 4
Saviours (The) ... 321
Song of Mullion (A) ... 261
War-mongers (The) ... 562

HODGKINSON, T.
Appeal to the Head (An) ... 345
Le Mot (far from) *Juste* ... 272
Only Possible Profession (The) ... 258
Search Party (The) ... 425
Useful Present (A) ... 458
Wasted Heroism ... 220

HOLMES, W. K.
Crewe ... 223
To a Suburban Owl ... 449

IMAGE, MRS.
Mosaic Antiquity (A) ... 390

INGHAM, MISS M. A. D.
Facial Acrobat of Fiction (The) ... 375

ISAACSON, MISS S. M.
Sterner Sex (The) ... 426

JAY, THOMAS
Charivaria ... weekly
Gout ... 537
Mud ... 467

JENKINS, ERNEST
Animals, Vegetables and Oddments ... 304
Bay (The) ... 268
Comrades in Harmony ... 495
Coppers' Coppers ... 304
For the Holidays ... 78
Getting a Bit back ... 550
Go to Bath ... 358
Holiday Guest (A) ... 179
Hypocrite (The) ... 427
Man who Spared Siki (The) ... 405
Peril of the Pictures (The) ... 319
Treasure to be Trove ... 612
Way Out ... 262
Work a Pleasure ... 275

JERRIM, E. R.
Propaganda by Suggestion ... 160

JOHNSON, P. H.
Signpost (The) ... 410

KENCHINGTON, F.
Belittling the Booty ... 485

KIDD, ARTHUR
Case for the Courts (A) ... 175
In Defence of the Badger ... 362
To the Architect of my Happiness ... 607

KILPATRICK, MRS. F. A.
Elizabeth on Christmas Gifts ... 602
Elizabeth on the Election ... 484
How not to say Good-bye ... 207

KING, P. J.
What's Sauce for Jerry ... 122

KNOX, E. V.
Albert and I ... 266
Berserk ... 154
Best Seller (The) ... 188
City of Dreams (The) ... 372
Daft Tournament (The) ... 462
Early Efforts—
A. S. M. Hutchinson ... 126
Ethel M. Dell ... 26
George Moore ... 8
H. G. Wells ... 102
Joseph Conrad ... 56
Thomas Hardy ... 80
Famous Cricketers (The) ... 140
Hubbub in Hampstead ... 320
Leaving the Country 318, 344, 388, 412
Shocking Travesties—
"Amazing Precincts" (The) 490, 510
"December Flames" ... 558
"Edward Ferguson" ... 584
"Homily Moultfur" ... 538
Prehistoric Story (The) ... 610
Still Sublimer Confidences ... 242
Straight Fight in the Antipodes 436
Sublime Confidences ... 218
This Liberty ... 202
Van Tromp ... 296, 368
Waves ... 620

KREYER, C.
Other Middlesex *v.* Surrey Match (The) ... 183

LAMBURN, MISS R. C.
Question of Human Nature (A) ... 186

LETTS, MISS W. M.
Bad Halfpenny (The) ... 50
Garden Party (The) ... 246
Slayboy of the Northern World 74
Swing of the Pendulum (The) ... 174

LEWIS, M. A.
Race for Life (A) ... 20
Watch-Keepers (The) ... 42

LOCKER, W. A.
At the Play—
"Broken Wing (The)" ... 172
Essence of Parliament ... weekly during Session

LUCAS, E. V.
All at Fives and Nines ... 70
Back to Beginnings ... 546
Conundrum (A) ... 249
Deal that failed (The) ... 164
Evidence ... 616
Fishes' Revenge (The) ... 286
Intermediary (The) ... 476
Luck of the Week ... 44, 178, 354, 498
Mother's Counsel (A) ... 448
Rescue Day by Day ... 224
Retort Imaginary (The) ... 140
Rival Arts (The) ... 94
Rivals (The) ... 572
Snowball (The) ... 114
Souvenirs de Voyage ... 522
Struggle-for-Lifers (The) ... 394
Symmetry ... 332
Trans-Alpine Paradox (A) ... 428
Trencher and the Pen (The) ... 210
Twelve Courts (The) ... 6
When I am White ... 308
Worm without a Turn (The) ... 598

LYON, M. D.
Great Finish (A) ... 420

MCLELLAN, R. S.
Glesca' Fitba' ... 370
India-rubber Pipes ... 68

MCMASTER, BRYCE
Trout Inn (The) ... 139

MAGILL, ROBERT
Art and Commerce ... 487
Our Departmental Chars ... 26
Our Problems of Conduct ... 196

MARTIN, N. R.
In 1952 ... 379
Our Hidden Ruler ... 371
Problem of the Serial (The) ... 104
Slandered Nation (A) ... 405

MATKIN, CHARLES
Election Poster (The) ... 492
Police Problem (A) ... 338
Proposal (The) ... 574

MELVIN, H. E.
July in Whitehall ... 91
Ladies' Doubles (The) ... 198

MUIR, WARD
Improving One's Vocabulary ... 376

NORRISS, CECIL
Charivaria ... weekly

OGILVIE, W. H.
Elfin Painter (The) ... 246
Everest ... 108
Keswick Driver (The) ... 132
Right Sort (The) ... 226

O'NEILL, H. D.
My Wife's new Hat ... 129

PALMER, JOHN
Refusals of Margaret (The) ... 424, 442, 464, 496, 512, 534, 560, 593

PALMER, MISS P. A.
More Irish Treaties ... 386

PARTRIDGE, MISS M. M.
Income-Tax Appeal (An) ... 482

PEACH, L. DU GARDE
Bad Luck ... 148
Battle of the Unions (The) ... 400
Birnam Wood ... 248
"Our Bruisèd Arms" ... 98
Vote: A Way out (The) ... 468

PETTER, MISS E.
Divorce Reform ... 606

PHILLIPS, GORDON
Art of the Unexpected (The) ... 563
How to advertise Advertisements 153
Pearl and the Portent (The) ... 378
Wanted, a Golfers' Trade Union 530

POCKLINGTON, G. R.
In the Interests of Economy ... 447

POPE, MISS JESSIE
Noise ... 327

PULLING, C. R. D.
Thankfully Received ... 227

RALEIGH, H. M.
Changeling (The) ... 89
Playing with Fire ... 330
Wishing Pipe (The) ... 258

RICHARDSON, R. J.
Babble of Babylon ... 30, 80, 146, 294, 362, 438, 506, 578
Charivaria ... weekly
Cricket Requisites ... 11

RISK, R. K.
Scotland's Tribute ... 116

ROBERTS, E. L.
Spot on the Sun (A) ... 478
Usurper (The) ... 401

ROSE-TROUP, CAPTAIN J. M.
New Use for Red Tape (A) ... 508

ROSS, ADRIAN
Asoka ... 305
At the Receipt of Custom ... 285
"Colantha" ... 497
Lords and Ladies ... 173
Stepping Westward ... 606

SALUSBURY, F. G. H.
A la Française ... 115
Marian ... 595

SCOTT, G. F.
Travellers' Joy ... 218

SEAMAN, OWEN
At the Play—
"Beating on the Door" (The) 478
"Cat and the Canary" ... 454
"Happy Ending" (The) ... 548
"Last Waltz" (The) ... 380
"Risk" (The) ... 46
Christmas on the Extreme Left 578
End of the Season (The) ... 122
Front Opposition Bench (The) ... 506
Gallant Paupers (The) ... 50
Great Event (The) ... 482
Hills and Wells of Wales (The) ... 290
Married Voters ... 458
More Argument for "Summer Time" ... 2
More International Championships ... 98
Negative Counsel ... 386
New Year Reforms ... 602
On the good Ship "Carlton," late "Coalition" ... 410
Our Anti-British Press ... 366
Slump in Nautical Fiction (The) 554
Smyrna and the Profiteer ... 338
Tino: A last Phase ... 314

SIEVEKING, G. E.
New Suit (The) ... 128

SMITH, L. B. G.
False Alarm ... 78

SOMERVILLE, P. F.
More Sporting Theory ... 245

SPENDER, MISS B. E.
Souvenir ... 317

STEWART, K.
Good by Stealth ... 272

STUART, MISS D. M.
Flower Show (The) ... 351
For the Day of Remembrance ... 444
St. Paul's ... 430

SYKES, A. A.
Brain Waves ... 533
Slop ... 434

SYMNS, J. M.
Desert Optimist (The) ... 36
Lallubhai's ... 255

TALBOT, A. J.
Bridge Luck ... 386
Orations, Ltd ... 434

THORLEY, WILFRID
Fiddler (The) ... 188

THORP, JOSEPH
At the Opera—
"Immortal Hour" (The) ... 404
At the Play—
"Body and Soul" ... 284
"Devil Dick" ... 502
"East of Suez" ... 260
"Laughing Lady" (The) ... 526

TILSLEY, J. F.
Ruling Passion (The) ... 18

TOURS, B. G.
Dangers of Golf: a Warning ... 614

TRAVERS, BEN
Somerset Mystery (A) ... 382

Articles—*continued.*

TRENAMAN, S.
Feathered Freights..... 36
TREW, CAPT. M.
Excusative (The)..... 286
TROTTER, MRS. A. P.
Kind Little House (The)..... 203
Old Selfish House (The)..... 178
Snail Song..... 233
WALKER, J.
Case for the N.S.P.C.A. (A)..... 569
Dream Fairy (The)..... 550
WARDLE, CAPT. M. K.
My Father knew an Ancient Man..... 43
WATSON, E. H. LACON
Masters (The)..... 166
WEBB, F. G.
Semper Idem..... 378
WHITE, E. P.
Æsop revised for modern Readers 44
Cure for Love (A)..... 306
Gardening Dentist (The)..... 616
Smoker's Match (A)..... 242
WHITE, R. F.
Nerve..... 162
WHITING, MISS M. B.
To Governor-General Healy..... 564
WILES, LANDOR
Platitudinarians (The)..... 176
WOOLNER, MISS ENID
Morn..... 333
Tragedy of a Rebellious Hero... 118

Books Reviewed.

Adventure of Living (The)..... 360
Alas that Spring——!..... 576
Alias the Lone Wolf..... 24
Amid Snowy Wastes..... 239
Ann Severn and the Fieldings..... 527
Anne against the World..... 360
Art of Cricket (The)..... 120
As You See It..... 599
Autobiography of Margot Asquith 527
Babbitt..... 455
Baker's Dozen (A)..... 167
Bent Twig (The)..... 288
Big Peter..... 144
Bill the Bachelor..... 192
Black Gang (The)..... 360
Briary Bush (The)..... 618
Brief Diversions..... 552
Brushwood..... 71
Captain Blood..... 384
Captain Quality..... 408
Career..... 47
Carnac..... 311
Cathedral (The)..... 431
Change Partners..... 575
Charles Rex..... 407
Cloak of Gold (The)..... 407
Cricketer's Log (A)..... 264
Cuckoo's Nest (The)..... 287
Cytherea..... 528
Dark House (The)..... 263
December Love..... 431
Dreamer (The)..... 618
Earlham..... 504
Enchanted April (The)..... 503
Expansion of Europe (The)..... 168
First Impressions of America..... 240
Forty Years On..... 384
Friendly Round (A)..... 383
Futility..... 192
Gentle Julia..... 144
Glimpses of the Moon (The)..... 239
Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy..... 96
Grays (The)..... 71
Great Grandmother (The)..... 336
Great Husband Hunt (The)..... 48
Great Prince Shan (The)..... 288
"H. B." and Laurence Irving..... 167
Happy Fool (The)..... 192
Harbour Lights..... 24
Haunted Seventh (The)..... 96
Head of the House of Coombe (The)..... 47
Heartbeat..... 215
Hidden Force (The)..... 168
Honest Man (The)..... 504
Hornet's Nest..... 408
House of the Beautiful Hope (The) 24
Huntingtower..... 264
I Walked in Arden..... 240
In a Grain of Sand..... 287
Jane and Herself..... 456
Journey in Ireland, 1921 (A)..... 336
Judge (The)..... 95
Kai Lung's Golden Hours..... 528
Kipling Anthology (A)..... 504
Kitchen Essays..... 215
Knighton..... 408
Ladies Only..... 432
Lady of the Salons (A)..... 23
Lanty Hanlon..... 72
Lark (The)..... 144
Lilian..... 479
Lloyd George..... 504
Lord Northcliffe..... 618
Lover at Forty (A)..... 432
Man who could not See (The)..... 95
Man who Knew too Much (The)... 479
Many Waters..... 312
Mary Lee..... 335
Memorials of S. James's Street.... 143
Memories of Men and Horses..... 191
Miracle (The)..... 619
Miss Map..... 383
Mound (The)..... 619
Mr. Ambrose..... 48
My Discovery of England..... 47
My Life and some Letters..... 407
My Memoirs, 1878-1918 (Wilhelm II) 552
My Sentimental Self..... 216
Mystery at Geneva..... 503
Narcissus in the Way..... 71
Ninon..... 120
Odds and Ends of a Learned Clerk 360
On Secret Patrol in High Asia.... 264
On with the Motley..... 96
Optimist (The)..... 432
Ourselves when Young..... 216
Outsider (The)..... 216
Overlooked..... 335
Ovington's Bank..... 480
Peregrine's Progress..... 480
Phyllis—and a Philosopher..... 600
Pilgrim's Rest..... 599
Plot (The)..... 311
Points of View..... 479
Princess of Yellow Moon..... 312
Private Diaries (of Sir Algernon West)..... 359
Public Scandal (A)..... 215
Pyramid (The)..... 312
Queer People..... 600
Quest..... 528
Rachel Bland's Inheritance..... 384
Ralph Carey..... 239
Really Romantic Age (The)..... 455
Red Heritage..... 456
Ring Valley (The)..... 480
Roseanne..... 576
Rossenal..... 288
Rovering to Success..... 120
St. Luke of the 19th Century (A).. 551
Scrap Book (A)..... 575
Sea Wrack..... 23
Second Empire (The)..... 143
Secret Cards..... 192
Shallowdale..... 48
Sir Douglas Haig's Campaigns..... 599
Social and Diplomatic Memories.. 455
Soliloquy..... 359
Some Things that Matter..... 119
Son of the Middle Border (A)..... 312
South of the Line..... 576
Sporting Life (The)..... 288
Sporting Pie..... 552
Stolen Fruit..... 120
Tale of Triona (The)..... 431
Tales of My own Country..... 335
Taste of Eve's Apple (The)..... 191
This Freedom..... 119
Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies..... 167
Treasure of Golden Cap (The)..... 383
Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel (The)..... 336
Trouble-the-House..... 551
Tyranny..... 72
Under the Black Ensign..... 287
Under Ten Viceroys..... 72
Unknown Quantity (An)..... 528
Vanishing Point (The)..... 552
Variety..... 263
Vehement Flame (The)..... 191
What the Judge Thought..... 575
What we Want and Why..... 95
Whispering City (The)..... 619
Who was Jane?..... 600
Wild Nature and Country Life... 240
Witch Doctors..... 168
With the Prince in the East..... 456
Women of the French Revolution 143

Pictures and Sketches.

ARMOUR, G. D. ..15, 43, 67, 91, 115, 137, 167, 191, 215, 223, 250, 269, 332, 356, 379, 427, 479, 503, 527, 575, 594
BATEMAN, H. M...79, 117, 177, 247, 282, 283, 295, 525, 546, 573, 597, 614
BAUMER, LEWIS..12, 39, 57, 84, 159, 176, 196, 233, 252, 300, 324, 348, 372, 396, 420, 439, 468, 492, 540, 564, 585, 612
BELCHER, GEORGE..11, 71, 81, 111, 129, 311, 327, 359, 375, 403, 423, 447, 471, 495, 519, 539, 567, 591, 607
BESTALL, A. E. .. 161, 241, 288, 429, 502, 514
BIRD, W. 121, 279, 337, 361, 408
BRIGHTWELL, L. R. 168, 320, 610
BROCK, H. M. 31, 119, 172, 249, 377, 418, 473, 491, 569, 618
BUCHANAN, FRED 184
COBB, RUTH 49
CURRY, R. 126, 190, 368, 529
DIXON, G. S. 289
DOWD, EDWARD 235
DOWD, J. H. .. 5, 33, 142, 193, 217, 231, 305, 509, 547
DOWD, L. P. 346, 404
EVANS, TREYER .. 73, 104, 154, 187, 201, 329, 365, 388
FENNING, WILSON 136
"FOUGASSE"..7, 103, 125, 149, 212, 259, 331, 367, 391, 415, 455, 515, 535, 561
FRASER, PETER 41, 97, 166, 173, 265, 298, 553
GARDNER, F. 90, 108
GHILCHIK, D. L. 48, 65, 83, 113, 209, 237 238, 251, 287, 307, 352, 395, 477, 500, 549, 581, 617
GRAVE, CHARLES .. 42, 92, 118, 185, 234, 323, 357, 371, 394, 409, 419, 467, 501, 522, 570
HARRISON, C. 6, 87, 216, 453
HART, FRANK 17, 175
HASELDEN, W. K. 46, 284, 380, 454, 478, 526, 548
JENNIS, G. 441
KNIGHT, J. C. B. 450
LENDON, W. W. 25
LLOYD, A. W...16, 39, 40, 65, 66, 87, 88, 112, 135, 145, 169, 328, 376, 400, 424, 448, 457, 504, 520, 543, 544, 563, 591, 592
LOW, HARRY 322, 433
LUNT, WILMOT 333, 560, 584
MARTIN, L. B. 160, 192, 202, 360, 385
MILLS, A. WALLIS..19, 28, 52, 76, 100, 124, 153, 179, 207, 239, 245, 273, 297, 319, 345, 370, 393, 412, 443, 460, 484, 511, 532, 556, 580, 604
MORROW, GEORGE..24, 47, 72, 96. 120, 144, 162, 174, 199, 240, 264, 285, 306, 312, 336, 340, 384, 401, 425, 456, 474, 480, 496, 552, 576, 600, 619
NORRIS, ARTHUR 313
OWEN, WILL.....22
PARTRIDGE, BERNARD 1
PEGRAM, FRED..... 132
PETT, NORMAN..... 432, 601
RAVEN-HILL, L...53, 148, 197, 224, 281, 347, 405, 621
READ, H. H. 308
REYNOLDS, FRANK..4, 32, 36, 58, 77, 101, 139, 228, 263, 276, 303, 317, 351, 369, 413, 431, 451, 461, 481, 489, 508, 513, 545, 559, 583, 611
RIDGEWELL, W. L. 464, 577
ROWNTREE, HARRY 299
SHEPARD, E. H...9, 29, 55, 82, 107, 130, 156, 180, 204, 220, 255, 260, 271, 316, 343, 364, 399, 444, 463, 485, 516, 537, 563, 588, 615
SHEPHERD, J. A. 127, 189, 499
SIMMONS, GRAHAM.....442, 497
SMITH, A. T ..163, 268, 353, 416, 472, 533, 595
SPEED, LANCELOT 18, 68, 213, 232, 426, 521, 587
STAMPA, G. L...23, 35, 89, 131, 150, 183, 203, 221, 227, 261, 293, 309, 335, 355, 383, 389, 417, 436, 475, 488, 512, 543, 571, 599, 608
TERRY, STAN 528, 574
THOMAS, BERT..34, 56, 95, 106, 114, 138, 143, 151, 152, 186, 200, 208, 225, 248, 257, 275, 280, 292, 296, 321, 341, 344, 381, 392, 407, 440, 449, 465, 487, 490, 523, 536, 551, 557, 586, 593, 605
THORP, J. H...105, 155, 244, 382, 437, 466, 609
WATERS, D. B. 256, 428
WATTS, ARTHUR..21, 45, 69, 93, 141, 165, 211
WILDE, JOHN 505
WOOD, STARR 8, 598